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CURRENT OPINION



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A Review *of the* World

Chills and Fever on the
Stock Exchanges.

WHEN the compass begins to wobble, even a Columbus may turn pale. Our national compass seems to be a bit wobbly

these days and the Stock Exchange has been showing signs of panic. Just how the business man should lay his course for the near future has become a puzzling problem with more than two unknown quantities in it. A reconstruction of our whole tariff schedule is a serious enough thing. The proposed remaking of our whole banking system is in many respects still more serious. But more serious than either, and more disconcerting, is the readjustment going on in the relations between government and large industrial enterprises. It is this that is springing surprises upon us week after week and bringing upon the stock exchanges a case of chills and fever. There is that noted captain of industry, Charles M. Schwab, for instance, who employs 20,000 men at Bethlehem—not of Judea. A cable from Berlin last month reported him to have been saying that at the rate union labor is now marching in this country he will consider himself lucky if, fifteen years hence, his property is intact and his life spared. There is H. S. Priest, of St. Louis, attorney for the receivers of the St. Louis and San Francisco railway system. Investing money in American railroad securities just now, he says, is like taking the gambler's chance, because of the legislative exploitation to which the railroads are now subjected. All business, he goes on to say, is in a halting condition for

the same reason. It needs emancipation from legislative influence. "It has been pursued until it is a nervous wreck." Colonel George Harvey finds that development of natural resources in this country has practically ceased, and "the business of a mighty commercial country is, in a comparative sense, at a standstill."

A Bewildering Series of
Events for the Business
Man.

JUST what policy the present administration is going to adopt in regard to the trusts is still a matter of uncertainty. Several confusing things came to light last month. The attorney-general's course in trying to reopen the case against the tobacco trust by means of a graduated excise tax on any company doing more than a certain amount of business each year was regarded at first as incredible and then denounced as intolerable. The final passage of the sundry civil appropriation bill with the clause forbidding the department of justice to use any of its appropriation for prosecuting labor unions or agricultural organizations for violations of the Sherman law, elicited protests equally emphatic. The testimony elicited by the Senate Committee in West Virginia, showing that martial law had been declared at the request of the labor union leaders, and man after man tried, condemned and sentenced to state's prison by courts-martial while the regular courts were in session, was a bewildering development. The action of a federal grand jury in the same state, in indicting the labor union leaders for conspiring with

mine-owners of other states to restrain trade in West Virginia in violation of the Sherman law was another astounding piece of news. Then came the Minnesota rate decision, following close on the failure of the Frisco system, with its 7,500 miles of railway, and for a time it looked as tho Wall Street would blow up. "The wearied business man," said the *Wall Street Journal*, "toiling to make a living for himself and his family and his work-people, wishes he could have something like finality in the never-ending assault upon efficient business conditions."

The Supreme Court Speaks—
A "Wild Stampede" Ensues.

THE plight of the railroad man is beginning to excite an especial degree of sympathy. So far have we come from the days of the haughty railway magnate with his "public be damned" attitude, that the *N. Y. Journal of Commerce* admits that the railroads "are in a suppliant mood toward the public" and "willing to submit their claims to judicial consideration and accept what a fair and reasonable judgment will allow." The *Chicago Tribune* sees "a decided reaction in their favor," indicated by the veto of a full-crew bill in Oklahoma and the approval of an important merger in Texas. The decision of the Supreme Court last month on the Minnesota rate case is regarded by the *Journal of Commerce* as "the first step in a momentous adjustment of state and national jurisdiction." Two important questions were considered in this decision and in the subsequent decision a week later on rate cases in



THE CRIME OF BEING A BUSINESS MAN
—Rogers in N. Y. Herald

Missouri, Oregon, Kansas and West Virginia. One of these questions relates to the never-ending controversy over states' rights; the other relates to the basis of physical valuation for railroads. It was this decision that threw Wall Street into what the papers called "a wild stampede" in one direction one day and into another "wild stampede" in the opposite direction the next day. Or perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that the headlines in the newspapers created the first stampede and the decision itself created the reaction. For the opinion handed down by Justice Hughes is long and closely reasoned, and the views taken of it are strangely conflicting.

Penalizing Efficiency in the Railway Business.

WHAT the court decided was that the rate of two cents a mile fixed by the state commission of Minnesota for traffic wholly within the state and a maximum freight rate fixed by the same commission were legal for two railroads—the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern—and illegal for a third—the Minneapolis and St. Louis. The reason for this is that the latter railway proved that such rates would leave it no profit and were therefore confiscatory, while the other two railways failed to show that the rates would be confiscatory in their case. The subsequent decision of the Court in the Missouri rate cases was similar. In the case of some railroads the rate was decreed confiscatory

and in others not. The apparent effect of this is that several rates may exist at the same time in the same state, an inefficient road being privileged to charge more than an efficient road! But as a matter of fact, the N. Y. *Times* points out, this permission for some roads to charge a higher rate than others is "an illusory kindness," inasmuch as economic experience shows that "there can be but one rate between competition companies or competitive points." In other words, shippers will not pay one road the higher rate when they can pay another road the lower rate for the same service. The economic effect of the decision is to establish the state rate for all roads, at least for all competitive points.

The Supreme Court's Decision in the Railway Rate Cases.

BUT the political effect of the court's decision is more fundamental. The railway attorneys argued that the fixing of any rates by the state for interstate railroads is illegal since Congress has sole power to regulate interstate commerce, and if each state is to be allowed to fix its own rate a conflict must ensue. The decision on this point has been awaited with keen solicitude. If each of the forty-eight states can fix their own rates independently of each other and independently of the federal regulations, the complexity of the situation for the trunk lines is apparent at a glance. What the court decides is that Congress has the power to fix rates; but until Congress exercises that power, the state can make rates. "The court," says ex-President Taft, in commenting on the decision, "holds that Congress has complete power to control interstate commerce and to regulate it, and that this necessarily includes the power to regulate such business within state lines as affects indirectly interstate business. But the court holds that until Congress acts in respect to such business within the state it must be left to the action of the state. It further holds that the present interstate commerce act does not cover or seek to regulate such state business by its terms, and that in no other statute has Congress declared its intention to take over control of this class of state business." Until Congress, therefore, takes further action, each state can

regulate the rates for all railroads on intrastate traffic, provided it makes rates that are not confiscatory and which do not interfere with the interstate regulations already in force. As the interstate commerce commission had made no claim of such interference in the Minnesota or Missouri cases, the court refused to nullify the rates. On October 14th another set of cases is to be argued, in which the interstate commerce commission has claimed that interference with the federal regulations ensues from the action of state commissions in Texas, Alabama, Florida and Louisiana. The decision on these cases is necessary to a complete understanding of the future situation of the railroads.

Conflicting Views on the Effect of the Court's Decision.

WE ARE fortunate to be able to give our readers almost any kind of comment they want on this decision of the Supreme Court! It is, says the N. Y. *Evening Post*, "an advance toward the railways' chief desire—the orderly regulation of both state and interstate rates." It is, says an official of one of the roads affected, as quoted (without being named) by the *Wall Street Journal*, "the worst blow the railroads have received in ten years." In the judgment of another high railway official, Newman Erb, the decision will "go far to establish confidence the world over in American railroad investments and should be helpful in the present condition in restoring confidence and general prosperity." Mr. Erb believes that other state legislatures will undoubtedly be deterred by the decision from making rates. But as the interstate commerce officials view it, according to the N. Y. *Evening Post* correspondent, "the net result of the court's decision will be to stimulate rate-making and rate-reduction by every State Railroad Commission or Legislature in the country," and will give courts and lawyers all they can do in the near future in determining just when a rate is confiscatory and when it is not. As the Buffalo *Times* looks at the matter, the decision "is a distinct victory for states' rights." As the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* (and most other papers) look at it, it is "a strong assertion of the doctrine of nationalism as opposed to the doctrine of states' rights." The Brooklyn *Eagle* finds that the Court has "cleared the atmosphere," and the Toledo *Blade* finds that it "has made the question more difficult and forbidding for the average citizen and brought new complications into the labors of lawyers, railway men, shippers and experts."



"OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHUT YOUR EYES"

—Murphy in *San Francisco Call*



"WHO'S GOING TO TAKE CARE OF US?"

—Kemble in *N. Y. Evening Sun*

The Supreme Court Gives a Broad Hint to Congress.

IN THIS wide variety of opinion one gets an idea of the confusion that prevailed last month not only in Wall Street but in business and legal circles generally as to the effect of the decision. But a careful study of these varying views seems to reveal that the favorable comment is made by those who are considering the ultimate effect of the decision and the adverse comment is made in contemplating the immediate effect. The immediate effect is to make certain a diversity of rates in different states and even to make possible a diversity of rates within each state. Not forty-eight different legal rates for the country but two or three times that many are conceivable, and a separate case for the courts might conceivably arise for each railroad in each state, as to whether a rate is confiscatory in its particular case. The ultimate effect may be the direct reverse of all this. The decision may result in one rate for the whole country if the broad hint of the Court to Congress is taken. The confused situation thus needs to exist only until Congress makes up its mind to regulate intrastate as it now regulates interstate rates!

Putting the Railway Question Back Into National Politics.

AS ONE corporation lawyer puts it, the Court took the position of "refusing to skin any skunks for Congress." The decision, says the *Wall Street Journal*, clears the way for Congress to act; but "who supposes that Congress is going to take

it or be able to take it during the next half dozen years? A Democratic Congress surely won't; and would such a Republican Congress as we had before the last election, with a strong insurgent Republican element ready to make common cause with the Democratic members, do any better?" The *N. Y. World* (Dem.) is unable to see any reason, however, why a Democratic Congress should balk at such legislation, for it is "not in conflict with any known principle of the Democratic party"; and the Progressive *Chicago Tribune* sees no reason in the world why Progressives should balk at it. "This decision," it says, "so admirably free from ambiguity or legal metaphysics, presents to Congress a question with which it is the duty of that body to deal as promptly as due deliberation and wise determination permit. We have been shirking this issue ever since the establishment of the regulative principle. We can afford to shirk it no longer." The *Tribune* goes on to say:

"The railroads have complained that we have not known our own minds; that we have subjected them to incompatible policies; that they are being crushed between the upper and nether millstones of regulation and enforced competition, of general regulation and local discipline. The railroads have been in the main right in this complaint. It is to be devoutly hoped this issue may be determined without partisan division, without selfish, short-sighted local interest, without demagoguery or misguided devotion to shibboleths. Perhaps no greater responsibility confronts Congress to-day than to face this question with the honesty, foresight, and courage of statesmanship."

One of the unfortunate things about the decision, says the *Baltimore Sun* (Dem.), is that it may thus "throw the railroad-rate question back into national politics."

The U. S. Senate Decides to Investigate West Virginia.

EVERY question that arises nowadays in national politics seems in one way or another to impinge upon that "twilight zone" where the end of the powers of the state and the beginning of the powers of the nation merge more or less indistinctly. The dispute with Japan has brought that zone clearly into view. The Minnesota railway rate cases have done the same. In the regulation of the trusts the same region stands out clearly in all the discussions. And now the troubles in West Virginia between the miners and the mine-owners has resulted in action by the United States Senate which goes further, according to Senator Bacon, than anything yet done to break down the rights and powers originally reserved by the states. "It is the first time in the history of the country," says the *News and Courier* of Charleston, S. C., "that Congress has ventured to undertake an investigation of the official acts of the executive authorities of a sovereign state." Opposing the act for the appointment of a commission of inquiry, Senator Bacon said:

"If the time has come when the official acts of a state through its courts cannot be depended upon to establish and do justice and maintain order; if the time has come when that particular function which the Supreme Court of the United States times without number has said

to be the function of the state can no longer be left to the states; if the time has come when the states can no longer be relied upon to accomplish and perform that duty, then we have reached the sad period when our dual system of government is a failure."

But the appeal of Mother Jones prevailed over the Senator's arguments.

A State of War Declared in West Virginia

THE coal strike in West Virginia was begun in April of last year.

Three times during the next ten months pitched battles ensued between armed forces—the miners on one side, the mine-guards on the other. Three times was martial law declared, and offenders were summarily tried by military commissions and sentenced to the penitentiary. The ordinary courts seem to have been open all this time, but for some reason failed to cope with the situation and were ignored by the commissions. Twenty-five or thirty murders had been committed and no prosecutions had been made in the regular courts, according to the then governor, Glasscock. The final "battle of Mucklow," as it has been called, and the arrest of Mother Jones, traveling organizer of the United Mine-Workers of America, first woke the nation up and brought the contest into the newspaper headlines. Mr. Michelson writing for *Everybody's* and Mrs. Fremont Older writing for *Collier's* described the scenes in lurid colors that compelled attention. Now the whole country has been amazed to learn the details of what has been going on for over a year, as witnesses have been summoned before the Senate committee to give their testimony. There have been cases where the courts-martial, or military commissions, have sentenced men for longer periods than the maximum sentences imposed by the criminal laws. One man was sent to prison for seven and a half years for perjury. Others were sentenced for four and five years for "interfering with officers." Forty-nine men were tried at one time by one of the military commissions. "There was no opportunity for a man to get a new trial on the discovery of new evidence, no opportunity to get bail, no possibility of a stay of execution." Ex-Governor Glasscock explained that the long sentences were imposed for "moral effect." He had an understanding with the commission that if they would make the sentences heavy he would see that they were afterward suspended!

Putting the Constitution of a State in Cold Storage.

BUT the real surprise of this West Virginia drama lies in the fact that both Governor Glasscock (one of the seven governors who urged Mr. Roosevelt to become a can-

didate for President) and his successor, Governor Hatfield, took the step of declaring martial law at the urgent solicitation not of the mine-owners but of the miners themselves and their labor union officials. The operators were the ones who protested against this course. There seems to be no room for doubt on this point. Preceding the Senate investigation, a committee of Socialists, including Mr. Debs and Victor Berger, made inquiry into the situation and reported as follows:

"He [Gov. Hatfield] had inherited martial law from Gov. Glasscock, and the reason he permitted it to remain effective was because he was requested to do so by the union miners themselves, to prevent them and their organizers from being assaulted and beaten up by the Baldwin-Feltz thugs in the employ of the mine-owners. This statement of the governor was subsequently verified by all the officials and organizers of the United Mine Workers."

This Socialist committee vindicates the present governor—Hatfield—but blames his predecessor; yet the latter gives the same reason for his action that Governor Hatfield gives—the desire to protect the miners from the mine-guards supplied by a detective agency. "There was a reign of terror," says Ex-Governor Glasscock, and he considered martial law an "absolute necessity." The Supreme Court of the State upheld the legality of his course, but one judge dissenting. This has brought forth caustic and open criticism of the court, "I have great respect for courts," remarked Senator Cummins, one of the Senate commission of inquiry, "but that is the most extraordinary thing"—referring to the decision—"I have ever heard in all my life." "I am going to ask to have it"—the decision—"printed," said Senator Kern, "as a Senate document, because it exposes the iniquity not only of the conditions in West Virginia but of the court itself." Apparently the constitution of the state was set aside temporarily as well as the courts. It declares that the writ of habeas corpus shall never, under any circumstances, be suspended, either in war or peace, and that no citizen not in the military service shall ever be called on to answer before a military court for a civil offense, even under the plea of necessity.

"The Wreck of a State."

NEWSPAPER comment on this condition of affairs in West Virginia seems, for the most part, to be held in reserve, pending the report of the Senate committee. But the N. Y. *World*, which was one of the first papers to send a special correspondent to the seat of trouble, expresses itself editorially without re-

serve. Far more serious, in its opinion, than the proclamations of the two governors or the disorders and assaults of the strikers, is the course of the State Supreme Court. In two judgments (Nance and Mays, and Paulson, Batley, Boswell and Mary Jones), it accuses the court of having "falsified facts and falsified law openly, defiantly, arbitrarily." The basis of the court's decision was that Kanawha county was in a state of war, and was to be considered as "enemy country," or conquered territory, over which the governor had a right to exercise practically unlimited power. Says the *World*:

"The territory placed under this terrorism is not conquered, is not belligerent, is not menaced by a foreign foe and is not 'enemy country.' It is a part of what once was free America. It is inhabited by those who once were free Americans, most of them peaceable. Every authority but one quoted in defense of this tyranny by the West Virginia court refers to actual war, to districts occupied by hostile armies, to regions battle-stricken in which the courts were no longer open, to territories invaded or conquered by armed hosts. The one exception is that of the State of Colorado against the Western Federation of Miners, and the record even here has been distorted in its presentation. What Colorado did in that emergency was to sustain the civil authorities by force of arms. What West Virginia has done is to suppress and supplant the civil authorities by force of arms."

"Martial Law Must Stop at the Door of the Court-Room."

SUCH a situation, says the *World* further, concerns every inhabitant of the United States, for "if a republican form of government may be wrecked in one state it may be wrecked in forty-eight states." The judgments of the court are "the boldest assertions of autocratic power ever recorded in the United States." The N. Y. *Evening Post* is one of the papers that has reserved its comment until the Senate inquiry is finished; but it gives, with evident approval, a digest of some of Senator Borah's remarks before the Senate in discussing this case:

"When public order cannot be preserved by the ordinary officials, let the soldiery be called in without hesitation. Let rioting and insurrection be put down with the sternest hand. If the processes of the courts cannot be executed by sheriffs and constables, let them be executed by the militia. But, affirmed Senator Borah, martial law must stop at the door of the court-room. The troops may run down and arrest criminals and hold them under guard; but when it comes to ascertaining their guilt and fixing their punishment, that is a work for judge and jury."

When Is a Man Drunk? WHEN Sam Jones, the evangelist, was once asked why he persisted in chewing tobacco, his answer was, "to get the juice out." An equally simple statement of the reason why a man gets drunk is, because he drinks too much. But that answer hasn't the finality of Sam Jones's answer, for the question immediately arises, What is too much? Mr. Roosevelt emerged triumphantly last month from an attempt to prove to a jury in Michigan that he never in his life drank too much and therefore was never drunk. He proved it to the satisfaction not only of the jury but of the judge and even of the defendant in the case, his libeler. But the lawyers for the defense missed a great chance to make the case one of scientific as well as political interest. Had they taken the position taken by many total abstainers they might at least have prolonged the trial and confused the issue. That position is that the word "drunk" applies to every man who drinks alcoholic liquors either in large or small doses. A man may drink but little and be a little drunk, or he may drink much and be dead drunk. Mr. Roosevelt admitted that he drinks a little once in a while. Many a teetotaler holds that a little is too much, and that a single glass of champagne is competent to make a man a little drunk. If that issue had only been raised we might indeed have had a cause célèbre, with noted scientists and philologists on the witness stand as well as statesmen. It was not raised, and the question when is a man drunk still remains to be decisively answered.

Mr. Roosevelt's Libel Suit.

ALL the same it was an interesting occasion. Not only was Mr. Roosevelt himself there, but a large number of other important men were present, among them ex-Secretary Robert Bacon (a chum of Roosevelt's at Harvard), ex-Secretary Garfield, ex-Secretary Newberry, Dr. Rixey (surgeon-general), Lawrence F. Abbott, Gifford Pinchot, William Loeb, Jr., Jacob Riis, Edmund Heller (the naturalist), and a number of newspaper men. It is said that it is impossible to prove a negative; but Mr. Roosevelt came as near to doing that impossible thing as any man ever came. Practically all of his active life was covered—his home life, his campaign tours, his hunting excursions, his war experiences, his life at the White House, his habits at public banquets. Not one scintilla of evidence appeared to show that he had ever been visibly affected by alcoholic liquor. The statement made in *The Iron Ore*, a weekly trade paper published in Ishpeming, Mich., with a circulation of two or



"LIPS THAT TOUCH LIQUOR SHALL NEVER TOUCH MINE"

—Kirby in N. Y. World.

three thousand, was: "Roosevelt lies and curses in a most disgusting way. He gets drunk, too, and that not infrequently, and all his intimates know about it." After Mr. Roosevelt's intimates had testified one after another, George A. Newett, the proprietor of *The Iron Ore*, rose and made a statement of retraction. He admitted that he was unable to secure any evidence of his charges. He said:

"Both my attorneys and myself, in numerous places in various parts of the country, found reputable witnesses who were willing to swear that from observation during certain of the addresses and public appearances of Mr. Roosevelt, they believed that he was intoxicated when they saw him.

"We have been unable, however, to find or produce witnesses who will swear that they have actually seen Mr. Roosevelt drink to excess. When the statements attributed to such persons were sifted, it was found in each instance that the witness did not himself know that Mr. Roosevelt had drunk to excess, or that if he had made such claim he was not willing to testify.

"It is fair to the plaintiff to state that I have been unable to find in any section of the country any individual witness who is willing to state that he has personally seen Mr. Roosevelt drink to excess."

Mr. Roosevelt's Habits as to Drinking.

HOW does it happen that, as Mr. Newett stated, forty men were willing to depose that, in their opinion, Mr. Roosevelt was intoxicated when they saw him? The probable explanation is given by a correspondent of the N. Y. Times. He says:

"There are certain peculiar mannerisms of his, known to all who have seen him often, such as a muscular action of the jaw which bares his teeth when he is speaking very earnestly, and a falsetto sound in his voice when he seeks to be emphatic. Those who hear him speak imagine that these are intended as efforts at humor on his part, but they are natural, unconscious, and unavoidable. . . . It is no secret that most of the people who imagine they have seen Roosevelt drunk base their belief on a glimpse of these queer mannerisms."

What Mr. Roosevelt's actual habits as to drinking are he explained at length with every appearance of absolute candor. In the last fourteen years he has not drunk whiskey half a dozen times. He has never, since he has been of age, "been in even the smallest degree under the influence of liquor." He has not drunk anything at a bar in twenty-five years. He never drank a cocktail or a high-ball in his life.



UNCLE SAM: "If I allow your most undesirable class, the coolie labor, to come over here and acquire land and property—"



—Will you allow my most undesirable class, the predatory trust, to go over to Japan and acquire land and property?"

—McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune

PEACEFUL ADJUSTMENT OF OUR DIFFERENCES WITH JAPAN

Magnitude of the Issue in Anti-Japanese Legislation.

THE size of the issue raised in California in the recent enactments against the Japanese seems to grow greater the longer it is considered. The new land law seems to have settled nothing. There is dissatisfaction in California over the clause giving the Japanese the right to make three-year leases of agricultural lands, and the demand is made that the law be submitted to a popular referendum, the effect of which would doubtless be a vigorous fanning of the flames in the style of the sand-lot agitation against the Chinese forty years ago. The Japanese government, so far from being satisfied with the situation, has made formal protest to our state department, asserting that the "equal protection of the laws" guaranteed by the fourteenth amendment of our federal Constitution to "any person within its jurisdiction" is violated by the new law. The questions raised not only involve the fundamental relations of our federal government to the states, and the international relations between Japan and the United States, but the still wider and deeper relations between two great races. In this form it is recognized in European capitals, and especially in London, as a world-issue of the largest possibilities. "California," says the *Baltimore American*, "has opened the Pandora box and the world will have to bear with the ills let loose." "The magnitude of the question," says the *London Times*, "is out of all proportion to the immediate dispute."

"The Gravest Issue of a Generation."

THE first striking result of the new situation was seen in our Senate last month when the subject came up of renewing the twenty-five arbitration treaties made during President Roosevelt's administration with nearly all the nations of the civilized world. "Bitter opposition," it is reported, developed to the renewal of these treaties, and the opinion was expressed by many

senators that the treaties "were all doomed together." Not all the opposition was due to the fear that we might be obliged to arbitrate before the Hague Court the question raised by the new anti-alien land law of California. The fear that the question of Panama Canal tolls might also have to be arbitrated was an important factor. As a result of the combined opposition on these two questions the leadership of the United States in the matter of international arbitration is placed in jeopardy. But this is not the only side on which the Japanese question affects Washington. Japan's protest raises three issues which are likely to reach our Supreme Court—the alleged violation in spirit of an international treaty; the alleged violation of the federal Constitution, and the rights of the Japanese as belonging to the "white" and not the Mongolian race, to citizenship under our present naturalization laws. "The knotty and far-reaching questions," remarks the *Atlanta Journal*, "which, it was predicted, would grow out of California's ill-considered anti-alien land act are materializing. A problem that was relatively simple in the outset, that was limited to one group of facts and that might have been diplomatically solved without provoking other and complex issues, has become manifold and profoundly disquieting." The *Baltimore American* considers the issue "undeniably the gravest that the United States has had to meet in a generation."

Has California Gained Anything by the New Law?

YET with all this disposition to view the question in its larger aspects and its future bearings as a very serious one, the immediate effects of the controversy seem to be less serious than were expected. The Japanese Parliament, for one thing, proceeded promptly to appropriate \$500,000 for the Panama-Pacific exposition, thus dispelling one apprehension that had been entertained. The *Los Angeles Times*, which fought the

anti-alien legislation bitterly, has since come to the conclusion that a matter "of little or no consequence legally" was given unmerited importance by the despatch of Secretary Bryan to California. "The Japanese," says the *Times*, after studying the new law, "will not lose a chance to buy an acre of land by the law, and California will gain nothing by it except the ill-will of a people who have not been obtrusive and who, so far from exercising their legal right to colonize here, have for years lessened their incoming and increased their outgoing." The *N. Y. Tribune* also thinks that the actual relations between the two nations have been but little affected by the law itself. "We are utterly unable," it remarks, "to see any aspect of the situation which can stir reasonable resentment or anger in either nation." A still more unexpected conclusion has been reached by Theodore A. Bell, the Democratic candidate for governor of California in 1906. So far from viewing the law as an injury to the Japanese he objects to it for a directly contrary reason. It is "worse than no law at all" because it not only confirms the Japanese in all their treaty rights but extends their privileges so as to permit "a perpetual leasing of lands." He adds: "Senate bill No. 5, therefore, if not an invitation to the Japanese to come here and settle upon our lands, at least gives an implied assent to their immigration into California. Besides, if Japan insists, it gives her provocation, if not justification, for the abrogation of the 'gentlemen's agreement' against immigration that accompanied the treaty of 1911."

The Japanese Sure to Win Social and Political Equality.

LOOKING at the larger aspects of the question, that student of Japanese affairs of many years' standing, Dr. William Elliot Griffis, formerly professor of physics in the Imperial University at Tokyo, concludes that "another 'irrepressible conflict' is before us." Whether this is to be an

armed conflict or not he does not say; but of the final result he seems confident. In the end the Japanese, both deserving and winning success, "will gain social as they have already won political equality with Occidentals, and the world will be the better for it." He bases this conclusion upon their history and upon their ethnological character. It is absurd, he says, to class them as Mongolians. They are the most un-Mongolian people in Asia. Physically unlike, the two races are mentally antipodal. The Japanese are a composite stock, made up of four races—Aryan, Semitic, Malay and Tartar. The borrowing of Chinese writing and models was an accident, a mere matter of geography. The aboriginal people of Japan were the Ainu, and they were white and their speech was Aryan. They were conquered but not exterminated, and were incorporated among their conquerors. Hundreds of roots in the Japanese, Sanskrit and Aryan languages are the same. But there are no traces of Mongolian influence. Says Dr. Griffin (in the *North American Review*): "The Japanese are not 'Mongolian.' They justly refuse to be classed as such. It is the disgrace of the United States that the Japanese cannot as yet obtain citizenship."

Where the Scientists Are
All at Sea.

LITTLE stock is taken in the ethnological argument by the *Springfield Republican*. "It is useless," it says, "in practical affairs, to trouble with such refinements of genealogy about which scientists are likely to quarrel until doomsday." Whether the Ainu was really the aboriginal of Japan is disputed. Whether he was an Aryan no one knows. How far his blood has entered into that of the Japanese it is impossible to tell. Professor Keane sees in the Ainu physical characters which "point to a remote connection with the Caucasian nations"; but Hlilgendorf, Doenitz and Scheube conclude that they were Mongolians. Moreover, no one can locate a primitive Aryan stock. It is disputed that the blond races of northern Europe were Aryans. The suggestion is made, even, that the Anglo-Saxons and Teutons came from Africa. Max Müller, the great apostle of Aryanism, used the word not to denote a race but a language. Aryans meant to him "simply those who speak an Aryan language." What we must concern ourselves with, therefore, says the *Republican*, is not the speculations of ethnologists regarding prehistoric periods, but the character of different peoples as they are to-day. "The difference between the Japanese and the Chinese may be as great as the difference between a Sicilian and a German; but the difference between any

Oriental and any Westerner is incomparably greater." The *Republican* does not, however, tell how our judges can construe the phrase "white race" in our naturalization laws without a resort to ethnology. As a matter of fact, so the N. Y. *Journal of Commerce* points out, our own federal government has committed itself to the statement that the Japanese are not Mongolians. This was done in the bill of complaint filed by the government against the Board of Education of San Francisco in 1907.

Solving the Problem by
Naturalizing the Japanese.

WHETHER or not the Japanese are Mongols, there is a strong motion that the simplest and best way of solving the problem that has arisen is to give them the right to become citizens. But this does not mean to allow unrestricted immigration. Dr. John R. Mott, secretary of the international committee of the Y. M. C. A., believes in naturalizing them with the understanding that the Japanese government will continue to restrict the migration of its subjects to our shores. Galen M. Fisher, for fifteen years a resident of Japan and secretary for the Y. M. C. A. for that country, speaking in behalf of this same policy, argues as follows:

"Admission of Japanese to citizenship by the United States might set the democratization of that country ahead by fifty years. The Japanese have never wanted it until now, and their desire for it at this time is a result of the growth of democratic ideals in their country. Japanese recognize that there is an economic objection to permitting their subjects to come to this country, and they would still recognize and respect this objection if they were given citizenship."

Dr. J. Ingram Bryan, connected with the Imperial Naval College at Tokyo, puts his finger on the same spot. "Will America have trouble with Japan?" he asks. "As an experienced resident of Japan I answer yes, unless American ideas of justice and international amity undergo a radical change. At present America denies to Japan the right hand of equality. America grants the privilege of naturalization and citizenship to Europeans and refuses it to Japan. This is universally regarded by the Japanese as offensive and unjust." In support of this policy an extract from a message sent to Congress by President Roosevelt December 31, 1906, is being widely distributed. Referring to the hostility toward the Japanese in this country as "most discreditable to us as a people," Mr. Roosevelt went on to say: "I recommend to the Congress that an act be passed specifically providing for the naturalization of Japanese who come here intending to become American citizens."

Let Japan Have the
Philippines.

WHATEVER we do or don't do, the Japanese, says a writer in *Harper's Weekly*, are bound to obtain the Philippines soon or late. This writer, Victor Rousseau, warns us that the issue between the two nations is due not to sentiment but necessity. Japan has a population of nearly fifty millions on an area of about two-thirds that of California, and two-thirds of this area is mountainous and valueless for agriculture. The average farm in Japan is about three acres in extent. No other nation, not even Germany, is in such need of colonies. "She must expand or die of inanition." There is only one territory, we are told, where she can adequately settle her surplus population. The Philippine Islands have an area larger than that of Japan and a population of less than eight millions. They are in the direct path of Japan's southern expansion. Says Mr. Rousseau:

"Thus it is inevitable that Japan must acquire the Philippines, peacefully if she can, forcibly if she must. The law of self-preservation is mightier than any of the Commandments. Her galling poverty, which is advanced as her most urgent reason for keeping the peace, is thus her keenest incentive. No state has been restrained from war by poverty. Japan must have land or starve."

Against Whom Is
Japan Arming?

SINCE her war with Russia, Mr. Rousseau tells us, Japan has been arming more feverishly than ever. Her naval expenditures have increased from \$19,231,945 in 1906 to \$46,158,216 in 1912. Against whom is she arming? Certainly not against Russia, whose navy is now pitifully inferior to her own. Certainly not against England or Germany, jealously watching each other on the North Sea. "Nothing but the prevision of a life-and-death struggle with the United States would stimulate Japan to make these desperate sacrifices." And nothing in all history, says Mr. Rousseau, would be so ironical as the spectacle of the United States waging a seven-years' war with Japan in defense of territories we do not want and only to "save our face." The writer concludes as follows:

"A Philippine republic is an unrealizable aspiration, nor could it survive; nor could we carry out our guarantee of protection. To set up one would be to invite reoccupation within a term of years. But to approach Japan, offering her the protectorate over the islands, would convert an inevitable enemy into a friend and ally whose assistance would be of incalculable value in the development of our Chinese trade, the recognition of our title to the Hawaiian Islands, and our security upon our western shores."



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HOW CHINA TOOK HER NEW PLACE AMONG THE NATIONS

The gathering that listened to the perusal of President Wilson's letter recognizing the republic of which Yuan Shi Kai is the head. The great Chinaman is in uniform and top boots in front. At his left is Mr. E. T. Williams, in charge of the American legation at Peking. Members of the Chinese administration and of the legation staff complete the group.

Tokyo and Washington in Animated Correspondence.

JAPANESE Jingoism failed completely last month in that effort to drive Admiral Yamamoto from the post of Premier which began with the appearance of

the now celebrated land bill in the legislature of California. All the intimations in the Osaka *Mainichi* and journals of like bellicose temper that Japan needs a "strong man" as well as a powerful fleet have impressed only a few extremists. Mass meetings of the uncompromisingly patriotic in Tokyo, addressed by eloquent deputies, make less impression than even the followers of the peaceful Prince Katsura feared. The pacifists organized a demonstration which, say the month's despatches, convinced educated Japanese opinion that the American attitude has all along been misunderstood. The people of the United States do not regard the subjects of Yoshihito as an inferior race. The negotiations are conducted on a plane of perfect equality between the parties to them. Such assertions, definitely made in the *Kokumin Shinbun*, tend to minimize the arguments of the Jingoists, who asserted that in this country Japanese are placed on a level with negroes. The newer and more benign face worn by the crisis does not blind the Tokyo statesmen to its importance. There has been in progress between our Department of State and the Tokyo foreign office, if the world's press be well informed, a correspondence so

animated that, as the *Paris Temps* says, unusual caution is exercised with regard to the phraseology. As this correspondence proceeds the foreign office of Great Britain tends to be drawn into it.

The Whole World Watching Our Japanese Crisis.

AMERICAN opinion is misled regarding one point of importance in the Japanese crisis, according to the *Paris Matin*. It is not a matter affecting primarily official Tokyo and official Washington. Official London has become gravely concerned—is even injecting itself into the dispute, cautiously and tactfully, to be sure, but definitely. Indeed, as European press comment elucidates these mysteries of the far East, there is not a power on earth with Asiatic possessions which is not involved or, rather, which does not deem itself involved, in the issue. Never were the chancelleries so active in a dispute and never did a rain of despatches descend from so many capitals. The result, according to a correspondent of the *Paris Temps*, has been disconcerting to the Japanese government. It finds itself isolated in an unexpected fashion. The somewhat swift change of tone in the London press—at first inclined to side with Japan—reflects a new attitude of the British Foreign Office to the Anglo-Japanese alliance. Great Britain, as the London *Standard* remarks, could not side with Japan against the United States.

British Dominions, the United States and Japan.

OFFICIAL London has heard from the British dominions with marked effect since California enacted a land bill. This intelligence, disseminated in some English and French dailies, suggests that a severe strain would be placed upon loyal sentiment in Australia, in New Zealand and even in Canada were the United States to find England on Japan's side in a controversy involving such sore points throughout the Pacific. Australian organs of solid respectability, like the Melbourne *Age*, are with the radical Sydney *Bulletin* to that extent. Even those opposition papers in London which, like *The Standard* and *The Outlook*, once championed Japan, now incline to chide Sir Edward Grey for his failure to foresee this crisis when the Anglo-Japanese alliance was renewed. German dailies like the *Kreuz-Zeitung* (Berlin) have little doubt that British diplomacy will contrive to exploit the situation as fresh evidence that Germany is encouraging the Japanese to defy the United States. Tokyo's discovery that the treaty with Britain is turning out a broken reed will, the Berlin *Vossische* says, make the Japanese wary.

Japan's Emperor a Permanent Invalid.

YOSHIHITO seems to have recovered from the attack of pneumonia which held him prisoner in the Aoyama Palace at the height of



CUPID'S WORK

NEWS ITEM: "Negotiations between Japan and the United States are progressing satisfactorily. It is expected that a friendly and permanent solution of the difficulty will be reached."

—Orr in Nashville American

the California crisis. A procession of priests went on a pilgrimage to the sacred mountain of Fujiyama to implore the intercession of the first imperial ancestor in the potentate's behalf, as a result of which, according to the *Nichi Nichi*, his Majesty is on the way to recovery. This news is contradicted by the European despatches. They proclaim Yoshihito a permanent invalid, owing to the natural weakness of his constitution. The reign may terminate abruptly at any moment, we read in the *Independence Belge* of Brussels. He granted an audience to the elder statesmen shortly after his removal to the modern Chiyoda palace, a fact which proved to the European correspondents that the crisis over California must be grave. A relapse followed. The sickly aspect of the Emperor when he appears in public gives the impression that he can never display the energy essential to his alleged plan of personal rule. As a factor in his country's diplomacy he is said to be eliminated.

How the Tokyo Foreign Office Puts Its Case.

STATESMEN in Tokyo are most reluctant to submit their grievance in California to the judgment of an American court. They may in the end invite Washington to The Hague. This information, afforded by the *Paris Figaro*, is coupled with the assertion from an official Japanese source, that, whatever the decision, Washington would not enforce it against California (if we lost) by a resort to arms. This much is implicit, from a Japanese point of view, in the official correspondence. The Hague might, by a decision, declare California in rebellion against the government of

the United States, "a preposterous and impossible contingency against which Washington has to guard." California is in a position to appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States while Japan is going to The Hague. The situation is on its constitutional side a great embarrassment to the Wilson administration, according to the French daily, while a British periodical, the *London World*, sees in the complication a warning against Home Rule for Ireland. The Dublin government, it argues, might create for London the embarrassment created by Sacramento for Washington, and embroil the nation in foreign complications.

Japan Sealed by the British Press.

BRITISH diplomacy is somewhat annoyed at Tokyo for springing a Pacific crisis upon the world at a time when Europe and especially London is preoccupied with grave problems at home. This is the key to the noticeable change of attitude in London, according to the *Berlin Vorwarts*. "Traces of the same state of mind are detected in the *Paris Temps* and other organs amenable to the official influence of the Quai d'Orsay. They saw the force of the Japanese contention only at first. Now they look at the crisis more and more from the standpoint of California. Returning to the subject in the light of considerations which had not occurred to it at first, apparently, the *London Post* observes that no amount of argument will persuade the people of California to accord to Japanese the same rights as they grant Europeans. It states the case from this point of view as follows:

"The Californians, and the American nation in general, are apprehensive of the growth within their midst of a community alien not only in the outward features of race, but in thought, tradition and feeling. The United States has one great racial problem to deal with. She does not want another. It is possible that the Japanese Government may see the futility of insisting on the right of its subjects to settle freely among a people by whom they are regarded as unwelcome strangers.

Japan, it must be remembered, has always been jealous of western races acquiring too strong a hold in her territory, and has deliberately sought to restrict the activities of foreign residents and merchants. She has not to fear an influx of laboring men, but she has always been on the alert to guard against the undue extension of the power of alien capitalists, and apart from the prohibition of the right to own land there is a constant tendency to put difficulties in the way of the foreign trader."

Our Japanese Crisis as a Grave World Problem.

UNLESS the nations of Europe be brought to perceive that the "ultimate point" in dispute between Washington and Tokyo does not affect the United States alone, still less the State of California—that it is essentially a world question—a grave international issue may confront civilization unawares. Such is the gist of a solemn warning addressed by the *London Times* to British opinion upon the basis of an article by that noted expert on world politics, Sir Valentine Chirol. "Japan," says the great daily, "has won mighty victories at immense cost to herself; and, having established her prowess in modern warfare on land and sea, she seeks from the powerful white races which have long dominated every continent recognition upon terms of equality." Her claim first becomes acute as a cause of trouble in California. That is due only to the "accident of propinquity." Steam has brought the Pacific slope of America into close touch with the yellow races:

"California is now the frontier line of the white races, beyond which are the



LET US HAVE PEACE

—Powers in N. Y. American



STILL SORE

—Orr in Nashville American

teeming populations of Asia. Time was when Muscovy and Poland and the plains of Hungary and the Danube valley held the bulwarks of the white races against the irruption of an Asiatic flood. By one of those mysterious pulsations of humanity which evade complete analysis the tide has swept eastward again. The growth of an ordered Europe, the increase of the white populations, the long start given to the West by the discoveries of science, the slow desiccation of the intervening regions, have all helped to turn the gaze of Asia in new directions. We shall not judge this question aright unless we first seek to make allowance for the nervous apprehensions which undoubtedly pervade the inhabitants of the Pacific slope. Their fears are exaggerated and premature, but they are not entirely groundless. There should be room enough and to spare for the surplus millions of China and Japan in the undeveloped territories of the Asiatic mainland for many decades to come. But California sees that she offers to the ambitious Asiatic a quicker pathway to affluence, and she knows from experience that the white races can never compete on equal terms against Asiatic industry. No useful purpose will be served by blind condemnation of the tendencies of public opinion in the western States. They spring not so much from race hatred as from the instinct of self-preservation, and even if the present minor dispute is composed they will assuredly recur."

Huerta and the Mexican Loan of \$100,000,000.

HOW President Huerta will expend the loan of a hundred million dollars which, from all accounts, a French syndicate was glad to grant the Mexican government, remains a mystery to the Congress of that republic. There have been large shipments of arms into the country from across the seas. For the first time since Porfirio Diaz fell, the troops of the republic are beginning to exhibit really

modern weapons, at least here and there. The story goes that these muniments of war emanate from a source of supply upon which the United States government looks with suspicion. The official reply to that intimation, so far as it can be gleaned from the month's contradictory despatches, is to the effect that the weapons have been procured in a legitimate manner to be stored for army purposes. The arsenal which figured so melodramatically in the Madero tragedy has, apparently, been replenished. That Mexico has a legitimate use for weapons and ammunitions in large quantity is held to be proved by the renewed

activities of the notorious Zapata and other revolutionists. The recent loan is intended to defray pressing charges, including indemnities and railroad subsidies. Some fifty thousand more Mauser rifles have been ordered from the Japanese arms factory in Tokyo because the army under Huerta is to be increased shortly to eighty thousand men and the manufacturers whose bid was approved were lower in price and more generous in quality than their German rivals. Talk of a Japanese "foothold" in Mexico is officially pronounced preposterous.

Activity of Mexican Revolutionaries.

PEONS arming themselves in all parts of Mexico and joining revolutionary organizations to foment agrarianism have become a problem to Huerta which no ingenuity of his can solve. Impartial observers seem agreed on this point, whether one refers to European dailies like the *Kölnische Zeitung* or impassioned local comment in refugee organs like *Regeneración* (Los Angeles) or the *Tierra* (Havana). Mexico is in the throes of a spiritual and mental revolt as well as a military one, according to *Regeneración*. The revolutionary organs profess to believe that Huerta will not last. They foresee intervention by the United States at the instigation of Europe. The world is witnessing in Mexico, declares the radical *Tierra* from its

Cuban vantage point, a revolution that is economic purely and simply, to satisfy the needs of the hungry and dispossessed. It is a revolution tending to develop into a grand social transformation of society. "The simple peasants have grasped the conception of a free society, of solidarity, of mutual support." They have not read Marx and Kropotkin but they think as if they had.

Zapata Fulminates Against Huerta.

ZAPATA, the most persistent and perhaps the most radical of all the Mexican revolutionaries, has placed himself at the head of what he calls the "revolutionary junta of the State of Morelos." In that capacity he directs, apparently, the armed movements of the southern and central portions of the republic. He announces that he does not recognize the provisional government of Victoriano Huerta and will take the field against that "usurper." The revolution, announces Zapata, will not end "until it has seen its promises realized," and "it will struggle, with virile and Titanic efforts, until it has secured the liberation of the people, until it has recovered the lands, forests and waters that have been taken by usurpation." In fulfillment of these purposes, Zapata has summoned a conference of all the revolutionists in Mexico at a point fixed upon but not made public. Felix Diaz is denounced as the greatest enemy of Mexico, who aims at supreme power.



INSOLENCE

—Cassie in N. Y. Sun

Huerta Confident of Mexican Pacification.

OPTIMISM continues to be the note of the Huerta administration as it faces the future. Zapata brands as falsehoods stories of surrender on the part of rebel leaders. Nevertheless Morales, the revolutionist leader from Tepic, and Villa, the rebel chief who escaped under Madero, have offered their adherence to the provisional president. Romulo Figueroa, commander of rurales, who revolted some time ago, likewise wishes to yield to the established government. There are others, according to official accounts. The revolutionary chiefs are many, however, and for the first time they manifest a tendency to combination. They derive encouragement, fears the *Paiz*, published in the capital, from the attitude of Washington, which persists in withholding recognition. The United States is thus placed in a position which to the Mexican organ is "ridiculous." The "most powerful, cultured and civilized nations of Europe"—Spain, France, England and Austria—"have conferred recognition and yet the austere, the Puritan Woodrow Wilson hesitates!" That makes the inspired Mexican organ indignant.

Chaotic Conditions in Mexico.

WORKINGMEN throughout the Mexican republic are too prone to listen to irresponsible demagogues, laments the *Paiz*, in close touch with the provisional government. Wage-earners have been listening to agitators in the capital itself, we read, the object of the malcontents being to spread the spirit of rebellion. It is no secret to the *Nación*, a somewhat conservative paper, that many deputies in Congress—perhaps forty—are fighting on the side of the revolution. That is why the Mexican congress should not be dissolved. The

fighting deputies would be reinforced by others whose parliamentary duties keep them in the capital. "It is even possible that the popular chamber, dissolved in the metropolis, might reassemble on the Coahuila border, under the wing of the revolution." "Already," adds the *Diario*, "we have with us anarchy, brigandage, a chaotic congress, governmental instability, an incendiary press and incendiary parliamentary orators. What is there lacking to place us on a level with Kafirland?" Mexico seems to this organ of moderate opinion to be going in for "showy Jacobinism" and make-believe democracy. It will take time to work that sort of a thing out of its system.

Huerta's Mexico No Better Than Madero's.

RAILROAD bridges are destroyed all over Mexico still, passenger trains are blown up and travelers despoiled of their effects, towns are assaulted and commercial establishments sacked. Those who own country estates are shot, the authorities are hanged by rebels, the clergy are killed, archives are burned. Battles have been fought with no other weapons than dynamite bombs. Trains have been set on fire after an end has been made of all the crew. Mines and banks have been seized and looted for the benefit of revolutionists. These were the ordinary events of the Madero government and they have not ceased under Huerta. That is the sum of things



THE GOOD BOY OF THE EAST

TURKEY (from the corner in which Europe has put him): "I fear, madam, that our young friends are causing you some embarrassment. But, while greatly deploring their insubordination, I regret that I am not in a position to render any appreciable assistance to your authority."

—London Punch

Mexican, writes J. F. Moncaleano, who was editor of *La Luz* in Mexico city until he was expelled. He continues in *Regeneración*:

"Why have these ideas of Social Revolution taken such an increased hold? Why are the papers at the capital so troubled and why are they crying out that society is in danger? Why is the people moved to proceed thus? Let us look at the interesting phase in which this people finds itself.

"Let us go to the great Aztec metropolis, and there we shall meet what is simply a drunken population; one that has little, and one cannot go a block without meeting a tavern, a pawnshop, a brothel, barracks, or one of those centers of infection they call 'hospitals.' One sees men half-naked, more than two thousand blind persons who live by public charity, an infinity of churches, mothers who punch out the eyes of their newly-born sons to blind them and thus assure them a future in which they will be supported by alms. The workers declare a strike and are murdered by orders from the government. The factories are closed but the barracks are open."

The New Peril of the Powers in the Balkans.

NO SOONER had the preliminary treaty of peace between Turkey and the Balkan states been signed at St. James's Palace than all other issues were overshadowed by the acuteness of the quarrel between Serbia and Bulgaria. Even the assassination of Mahmoud Shekret Pasha seemed by comparison no more than a ripple on the surface of the stream of events. The Grand Vizier in



YOUNG TURKEY REPROACHES EUROPEAN DIPLOMACY

"And yet you promised me the victory!"

—Paris Figaro.

Constantinople had announced that in the event of a conflict between the allies, Turkey could not remain neutral. He had just received word of the signing of the "peace." In no long time he was slain. The treaty provides that the Sultan shall cede to the allies all Turkish territory on the mainland of Europe, west of a line to be drawn from Enos to Midia. The boundary will be fixed by an international commission. The Albanian frontiers and all questions concerning that new kingdom are left to the powers. Turkey cedes Crete to the allies. The powers are to decide the destinies of all the Turkish isles in the Aegean except Crete and the peninsula of Mount Athos. A conference of the powers at Paris is to settle financial details and boundary disputes. Such, in outline, are the terms of a peace so provocative that it was the direct occasion, according to the *London Telegraph*, of increased tension among the parties to it. A most uncompromising speech, delivered in the Skupshina at Belgrade by Premier Pasitch of Serbia, led to a war scare in Berlin and St. Petersburg. Indeed, only the direct and very great pressure exerted by the British Foreign Minister, Sir Edward Grey, led to the signing of the peace, which has yet to be ratified in four capitals.

Downfall of the Ottoman Empire in Europe.

PRACTICAL extinction of the Ottoman Empire in Europe last month and the rise in its stead of what the *London Times* calls "new and vigorous young communities, akin in blood and creed to the rest of Christendom," do not leave that great journal at ease regarding the immediate future. "As we look forward, we are conscious of a future so dim and uncertain, fraught with such untold possibilities of good and overhung by such serious menaces of evil, that the wisest must shrink from prediction." The very manner in which the eclipse of the Sultan's rule in Europe has been effected is a lesson to our contemporary in the fallibility of all political prophecy. "It has been foretold for centuries, but who would have ventured to assert, a very few years ago, that the Balkan states would have wrought it in one brief campaign by their unaided strength?" Lule Burgas, we are assured, sealed the doom of the Osmanli in Europe. After that, the Turks made but little resistance, save behind the walls of their fortresses.

Revival of the Concert of Europe.

MORE marvelous than any other conspicuous feature of the sudden Balkan peace, to the *Paris Temps*, organ of the foreign office, is the fact that Europe could live through



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WHEN SCUTARI SURRENDERED

The emblems of the allies were unfurled at the citadel and the town took its place among the spoil of the Balkan War until the great powers likewise hoisted their own ensigns.

a first-class war that involved no great power. The inference is that the concert of Europe, so long derided, still lives, still means something. The same idea strikes the *London Telegraph* forcibly. "If there was one thing of which all Balkan students were persuaded, it was that the breaking up of the Turkish power in Europe would be attended by convulsions and catastrophes affecting Europe at large." Hence it was dreaded. The dire war came, however. It is just over. "The extraordinary result has been achieved that Europe at large is more earnestly set on peace than it was when the conflict began." The war raged from early in October last, when Nicholas of Montenegro made his spectacular dash to Scutari, through two months of artillery duelling that brought triumph to the Servians at Uskub and Kumanovo, the terrible check of the Sultan's troops at Lule Burgas and the occupation of Salonica by the Greeks. Then, last December, came a peace conference that lasted some six weeks in vain. War had to rage again. Adrianople fell in March and Nicholas of Montenegro got into Scutari. Nine months in all have elapsed since Europe was first startled by the declaration of war, observes the British daily, and in that time the whole face of the "near East" has been altered.

Can the Immediate Future of the Balkans be Peace?

QUESTIONS of an order so critical face the powers within the next few months that the pessimists of the Balkans deem the Albanian problem alone insoluble, even tho it were not complicated by the others. Greece and Italy wage a warm press campaign over that. Serbia is in a state of fury, fears the *Débat*, over her thwarted aspirations on the Adriatic. The Italian Prime Minister has set up claims to the Aegean isles which affront Prime Minister Veni-

zelos at Athens. To make matters more disagreeable for all concerned, Belgrade and Sophia, at loggerheads over so many other things, are agreed that the powers mean to saddle them with Turkey's national debt and they refuse in advance to submit to anything of the sort. In some respects, therefore, as the *London Telegraph*, unusually well informed on the point, sorrowfully concedes, the situation looks blacker than it has been for a long time. "The Bulgarians are transferring with the utmost speed their forces from Chatalja to Macedonia. The Greeks are complaining that once more they have been attacked in their own country. The dispute between Bulgaria and Servia seems more acute than before." Nevertheless, the leading dailies of London and Paris refuse to give up hope altogether. The stormy petrel is still the fighting King of the Hellenes, whose dreams of setting a son of his upon a throne at Constantinople are deemed premature by his own Prime Minister.

Servians and Greeks Against Bulgarians.

AT LAST accounts, King Peter of Servia and King Constantine of Greece were for trying conclusions in the field with Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria. That a battle did not come last month is pronounced by the *Paris Matin* fresh evidence both of the political genius and of the persuasive powers of Prime Minister Venizelos of Greece. The Servians, it seems, did not anticipate that their own victories over the Turk would prove so tremendous. They made a treaty with the Bulgarians based primarily upon the efficiency of Czar Ferdinand's army. Belgrade protests that, having done an unexpectedly large proportion of the conquering, a division of the territorial spoil ought to be modified accordingly. Bulgaria is unable to appreciate the force of this logic. To her, explains



TO ELBA

—H. Mayer in N. Y. Times

the Paris paper, a bargain is a bargain however the fortunes of war may go after it be made. Czar Ferdinand will not yield an inch, a circumstance amply demonstrated to the press of Europe by the coming and going of artillery and battalions along his new frontiers.

Turkey's Internal Conflict over Constantinople.

A PLAN to remove the Sultan's capital from Constantinople to an interior city of Asia proved so fruitful of factional strife that the Grand Vizier summarily suppressed discussion of the topic in the *Idham* and other dailies just before he was killed. The suggestion is understood to find favor with the Young Turks and with the Sultan himself. It is opposed by the Sheikh-ul-Islam and the clergy as a retreat in the face of the infidel, if the Paris *Figaro* is accurate. No such scheme would be tolerated by the powers, according to the official organ of Czar Ferdinand in Sofia, because the Turks could reorganize their army under cover in the interior of Asia. While the Sultan is under observation, he can be kept out of mischief. This is taken to mean that the Balkan powers may get into a new conflict among themselves over Constantinople, upon which both Ferdinand and Constantinople still cherish designs. The Young Turks are urged to remove their country's capital from the historic city by Field Marshal von der Goltz, the great German soldier who did so much for their military education. He warns the world in the *Vienna Neue Freie Presse* against the inference that the future of the Sultan's empire is to be calm and peaceful. He urges the Young Turks to take in hand their military reorganization at once. Let them fix their capital at Aleppo or even at Damascus. "No government with its seat at Constantinople has remained for long healthy

and strong." No doubt, the shifting of the capital would be no easy thing. Rulers and grandees would not want to leave the "paradise on earth." But the statesman who carried out the idea would win immortal glory. The German Emperor himself is said to welcome the idea, but for some reason it is not liked in St. Petersburg.

Russia, Austria and the Spy Scandal in Vienna.

DURING the severe strain in official relations between Vienna and St. Petersburg over Serbia's attitude occurred the sensational suicide of Colonel Alfred Redi. This brilliant officer of the general staff at Vienna was told to kill himself, if we may believe despatches in the Paris *Humanité*, by his own superiors. He had for some years been selling military secrets to the Czar's government under circumstances gravely compromising not only to the Russian army magnates but to the Russian diplomatic corps as well. If the somewhat sensational stories of the month be true, the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, Franz Ferdinand, possesses evidence that the Russian embassy in Vienna had every detail of the recent mobilization in the Dual Monarchy. Such information could have been secured, says the *Zeit*, only through gross, systematic treason of more than one high officer. Colonel Redi lived far beyond his means. He was a poor man. He received large remittances through the Russian consul at Prague. Had there been a conflict between Russia and Austria-Hungary as a result of the Balkan crisis, adds the daily just named, the Czar's information bureau would have been informed of every detail of strategy outlined in Vienna for the entire campaign. So profound is the scandal arising in consequence of this affair that it seems to have strained the international situation in Europe itself.

A Scheme to Discredit Russia.

SO SINISTER, from a St. Petersburg standpoint, are the events accompanying the signing of the Balkan peace pact that a plot to discredit Russia with all the Slav peoples in what was Turkey is hinted at in the *Novoye Vremya*. The spy scandal in Vienna follows a tale that the Czar bribed Essad Pasha to give up Scutari at the eleventh hour to Nicholas of Montenegro. There is said to be no truth in these and other fantastic legends, including the theory that beneath the surface tension exists between Nicholas in St. Petersburg and Franz Ferdinand, future Austrian Emperor and Hungarian King. Nevertheless, notes the well-informed Doctor E. J. Dillon, in the London *Telegraph*, official St. Petersburg is mystified by what goes on under its eyes. Long military trains laden with ammunition, soldiers and provisions are rolling one after another from Sofia to the Serbian frontier, the tone of the Serbian and Bulgarian press is mutually provocative and threats are being made in deed as well as in word. Speaking with authority, the expert on the Balkan gives us in the great London mouthpiece of diplomatic St. Petersburg this view of the dispute: "The Serbian nation feels convinced that, whether or not Bulgaria's claims are borne out by treaty, to recognize them would be to bestow the hegemony of the Peninsula upon a rival who will revolve in Austria's orbit, and to deal a terrible blow to the Serbian race. And all other considerations fall into a secondary place when compared with this."

King George Gets a Shock at the Derby.

LONG before the tragedy at the Derby which cost the life of that active militant woman suffragist, Emily Wilding Davison, King George had expressed a willingness to receive a deputation of those who favor votes for women. The idea was pronounced impractical by Prime Minister Asquith, who caused a search of constitutional precedents to be made with care. Thus runs the London gossip as collected in *The Throne* and other papers. When His Majesty returned from Berlin after the royal wedding there, the militants, at the suggestion, it seems, of Miss Christabel Pankhurst, who talked with them at Paris, arranged to hurl a petition into the royal carriage at Victoria station. The plan was frustrated. Then it was that the idea of effecting a spectacular stroke at the Derby, during the following week, found favor with the followers of Mrs. Pankhurst. Popular interest in the contest for the blue ribbon of the British turf was at its height. Craganour, owned by a distinguished ship magnate

of Liverpool, was the favorite; but, according to our London contemporary, *Sporting Life*, this horse was born under an unlucky star. The King's own entry, Anmer, a Sandringham-bred colt by Florizel II., seems never to have been in the running, for it has ranked always as an inferior animal. At Newmarket Anmer had failed in the Payne Stakes when the opposition was only second class. However, the King had arranged to be at Epsom in the royal box on each day of the meet. The suffragets laid their plans accordingly.

The King's Colt and the Suffraget.

TATTENHAM CORNER is the name given to that part of the Derby course at which the militant suffraget made her now historic dash. It was all over in a trice—the field of galloping horses, the seizure of the bridle, the plunge of the startled colt, the throwing of the jockey prone and unconscious. Miss Davison struck on her head when she had turned a complete somersault, sustaining a fracture of the skull which ended her life in four more days. Her plan had miscarried, say the despatches, through the action of a spectator who tried to intercept her as the horses slowed to turn the corner. She had a narrow escape from lynching by the mob. Enormous bets were jeopardized by the episode, but the effect upon the agitation in favor of votes for women remains to be seen. The Pankhurst mili-

tants arranged a spectacular funeral. The martyr was about forty years old, and long a recognized heroine of the cause. She was a pioneer hunger striker and had been in prison eight or nine times. She would barricade herself in a cell until extricated by means of the fire hose.

Rampant Suffraget Militancy in London.

HOW the King was affected by the Derby tragedy is not disclosed by the newspapers, but it is significant that no royal message of condolence was sent. The late Edward VII. never failed to send a message of sympathy to any spectator, however humble, who met with accident at a Derby. If the King sent no word to the ladies, they did not ignore him. "Constitutional methods of approaching our King having failed," ran the suffraget telegram to the palace, "and Miss Emily Wilding Davison having given her life to call attention to the women's passionate demands for the franchise, we ask the King to give serious attention to this appeal for womanhood." There was no cessation of the series of fires which in different parts of London inspire fear of a possible general conflagration. An attempt to set the royal academy afire was frustrated by the timely discovery of a can of oil and a time fuse. The first of the suffraget bombs to do any serious damage was exploded at the royal observatory at Edinburgh.

Mrs. Pankhurst In and Out of Prison Again.

BARELY a week had elapsed since the release of Mrs. Pankhurst from Holloway Jail when the tragedy at the Derby shocked all England. Since her recommittal she had taken no food. She was so very weak from a hunger strike that no possible connection between her movements and those of the hapless Miss Davison can be traced, despite efforts to suggest her complicity. Since she was given three years of penal servitude for instigating the fire at Mr. David Lloyd George's golf villa at Walton-on-the-Hill, Mrs. Pankhurst has spent but thirteen days in prison. Her friends describe her condition as "very bad indeed"; but the London *Throne* prints a picture of the lady "fainting artistically" for purposes of the camera in a fashionably made tight skirt and a Duchess hat. Another of the "solemn warnings" with which the Home Secretary, Reginald McKenna, irritates the London *Standard* has just been issued by that gentleman. He proclaims "no mercy." Militancy, he affirms, "has got to stop." *Votes for Women* retorts that militancy will not stop. "The aroused women," it says, "are only beginning their campaign."

Suffragets Cause Chaos in Asquith's Cabinet.

BELIEF in the Liberal party is very general, says the London *Times*, that a crisis over militancy within the cabinet is responsible



Poor little Violet's heart is sore,
Her tears flow fast by the old church door.
She rolled a bombshell under the pews,
But the mean old sexton cut the fuse.



Sprightly Sal with tresses red
Broke a London Bobbie's head!
Whenever things are rather dull,
Sally always cracks a skull.



"HAVE A CARE, SIR: REMEMBER THAT I AM A LADY!"

—Kemble in N.Y. Evening Sun

for the paralysis of the Home Secretary's hand in dealing with the Pankhurst ladies. Sir Edward Grey, the foreign minister, and Mr. Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, agree that the women should be enfranchised at once. They are for finding some formula to save the face of the ministry and giving the women their vote without seeming to surrender to threats of violence. Winston Churchill, stormy petrel of the cabinet, insists that things have gone so far as to render any giving in to the Pankhursts impossible. Mr. John Redmond favors postponement of any woman suffrage bill until Home Rule is achieved, especially as the new parliament at Dublin would want to deal with the issue for itself. This is the deciding factor with Prime Minister Asquith, according to the *London Post*. Mrs. Humphrey Ward, leader of the anti-suffrage agitation, declares that a referendum and not a House of Commons should decide for or against the fundamental change demanded by the Pankhursts.

How the Aristocrats Would
Settle the Suffragist Crisis.

CONSERVATIVES in Great Britain have for some time past been considering the bestowal of a vote upon those women who, as the *London Standard* says, "have a stake in the country." It is rumored that Mrs. Pankhurst was approached recently with a suggestion that the vote be given, as a preliminary, to those of her sex who are fitted by financial responsibility for an exercise of the privilege. The lady

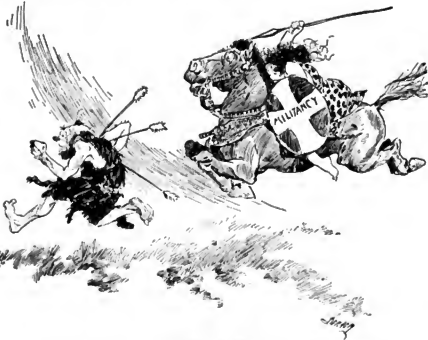
was adamant. Women must vote in England on the same terms as men. An argument from the opposite point of view is advanced by the organ of the British aristocracy, the *London Post*, a most conservative journal, which tells us that it has hitherto been part of the Liberal creed to justify violence as a mode of political agitation:

"The Liberal theory of the franchise is, we should have thought, that it is to express the will of the people. It does not matter whether the people are wise or unwise, have or have not a strike in the country, are educated or uneducated, so long as they are adults. The Conservative theory, on the other hand, is, or used to be, that the object of government is not the will of the people but the good of the people, and that the object of the franchise should be to get the opinion of what is best and most stable and most responsible in the community. The latter theory has broken down because successive Governments have lowered the franchise until property is swamped and the most ignorant and the least responsible of the population are enfranchised. The present Government is completing the process as far as men are concerned, by introducing a bill to abolish the plural vote. Therefore the Liberal theory is that the franchise should include the whole people, without any distinction of person, or any attempt to sift the wheat

from the chaff. How such a theory excludes women is not quite clear to us."

The Reign of Terror
in Portugal

INDIFFERENT to the hornet's nest which has been raised about his ears in consequence of a European agitation against Lisbon's prison horrors, Senhor Alfonso Costa, Prime Minister of Portugal, has just sent a fresh batch of exiles to the Azores. There will be no relaxation, he assured the chamber of deputies last month, in the repressive measures directed against conspirators. Hundreds in that class have been arrested, and, if we may believe the *Paris Gaulois*, to say nothing of the *London Times*, held in durance upon the most frivolous pretexts. The reign of terror in Lisbon is ascribed to the activity of those secret societies which, since the establishment of the republic, have waged a war of annihilation against all who do not accept the principles they profess, especially the official atheism. Fathers, mothers, children of Christian tendencies, are, "upon the hint of base informers," alleges the British daily, "thrown without regard to rank, age or condition into the common prisons, there to remain for weeks, months, or it may be years, herded with the vilest criminals." The facts are vouched for likewise by the Duchess of Bedford, who, horrified by the stories from Lisbon, made a personal investigation on the spot. False witness and intimidation having secured wholesale arrests, it is affirmed, the same methods bring about conviction and deportation. Torture, the use of forged documents and the denial of all human rights are now, we are asked to believe, the normal course of procedure in republican Portugal.



THE BRITISH WAY

—Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer

How the Secret Society Slaughters Portugal's Innocent.

NO TYRANT could devise a more infamous system of terrorism than is now carried out in Lisbon by the Carbonarios. The indictment is drawn by the Duchess of Bedford herself, confirmed by the *London Times* and accepted upon the basis of its own investigations by the Berlin *Vossische*. The Carbonarios, it must be explained, are that section of the republican party which professes radicalism in the extreme sense. Its devotion to the theories of Danton, Robespierre and Marat is not concealed. It glories in being the philosophical successor to the men of 1789 in Paris. The instrument rather than the leader of these Carbonarios is Prime Minister Costa himself. "Spies are in every household," we read in the *London Throne*. "The very walls have ears and every window is an eye. Justice and truth play no part where convictions are determined beforehand. False witnesses can be had for the asking. An acquittal might be followed by murder." It is affirmed in some European papers that the Portuguese tyranny is not defended by many republicans in Lisbon. The party is, however, completely at the mercy of its own radical wing, which has captured the organization and rules through the all-powerful secret society. It is a twentieth-century realization of the Rosicrucian mysteries in the fiction of Dumas.

Republican Laws in Radical Portugal.

SINCE the Carbonarios rule the chamber at Lisbon, and since the Premier is their representative, it was an easy matter to enact a law forbidding a Roman Catholic to teach anybody anything. Were it not for the state of the law on this point, many of the prosecutions would, the German daily says, have no meaning. The schools have been remodelled along atheistic lines. The children are taught that there is no God. Their processions are given color through the medium of banners bearing big devices to that effect. All the bishops of the Portuguese episcopate addressed representations to the president of the republic last month, setting forth the story of the persecution to which the faithful are subjected. The response has not been published. The *London Post*, which was the first newspaper in Europe to take up the agitation now in full swing, sets forth the abuses against which it protests as three—detention of political prisoners for long periods without trial, condemnation of suspects by suborned and inadequate testimony, and the existence of a secret society in the pay of the government whose interest it is to denounce suspected foes of the republic.

Official Portugal Denies the Charges of Cruelty.

FOR an answer to the charges of wholesale cruelty to Portuguese political prisoners, one is referred to the statements of the officially inspired Lisbon *Seculo*. There is not the slightest foundation in fact, it declares, for the misrepresentations of the clerical press of Europe with reference to prisoners in Portugal. There may be individual instances of ill treatment; but these, when investigated, are "corrected." The ill will of the "papal press," the machinations of royalists and priests and the organized agitation led by English aristocrats in the London press, explain to the *Seculo* all the calumny of which the republic is the victim. "Few of the specific charges made are answered, the arguments being mostly abstract and lame." Thus retorts the *London Post*, reiterating all that has been alleged. The official and inspired denials of the Lisbon daily receive equally short shrift in the *London Times*. Premier Costa, it opines, must long since have become aware of the imbecility of the persecutions of political prisoners and of the discredit they bring upon the republic abroad. "Unfortunately he is no longer his own master."

Canada's Senate Defines Her Prime Minister.

A GENERAL election throughout the Dominion of Canada seems the only possible solution of the deadlock between the Prime Minister and the Senate which has brought parliamentary life at Ottawa to a crisis. That may be deemed the gist of press opinion not only in Canada but in Great Britain itself, where the situation resulting from the refusal of the Senate to vote the thirty-five million dollars in aid of the King's navy occasions much political excitement. The Canadian Senate, in thus blocking the cherished policy of Prime Minister Borden, explains the *Toronto Globe*, desires no more than a reference of the whole subject to the people. Mr. Borden, however, will demand the reform of the Senate, having framed proposals for the abolition of a nominated chamber and the election of the Senators by popular vote. He is alleged to be opposed to any referendum on the ground that the last election, in bringing his party to power, gave it a mandate which must be obeyed. There is a vague suggestion that the defeated navy bill is to be introduced again. The supporters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the press and in parliament behold his complete vindication in what has happened, according to the *Ottawa Free Press*, a Liberal organ. This journal predicts a general election as a matter of the near future despite the protestations of the ministerial pa-

pers that such talk is idle. Conservative dailies see in all agitation for a general election another Liberal scheme to draw Canada closer to the United States.

Canada's \$35,000,000 Dreadnought Cam- paign.

EVER since the introduction into the Canadian Parliament of the Borden bill to appropriate a huge sum for British Dreadnoughts, there has raged a controversy so fierce that, as the *Toronto Globe* observes, matters of domestic concern are neglected. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the former Prime Minister, who was overwhelmed at the polls over the reciprocity issue, lost no time, as Liberal leader, in challenging the Borden Dreadnought innovation. "Our policy," he declared, "is a Canadian navy, built in Canada, manned in Canada, under the control of the Canadian Parliament and the Canadian people, and ready if Britain should ever be in danger." To this Prime Minister Borden has replied through his organs that the Dreadnought bill is an emergency measure, necessitated by the peril facing England through Germany's swollen fleet. Three extra ships must be built for King George's navy in haste. It is imperative that these ships be constructed where they can be finished in the shortest time. The menace of foreign armaments and the trend of events in Europe emphasize the necessity for immediate gifts of money to Great Britain.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Prime Minister Borden.

NEITHER emergency nor peril to Great Britain of the kind emphasized by Mr. Borden exists except in Tory Canadian imaginations, affirms Sir Wilfrid. He has contended ever since the struggle grew warm that the only sound Canadian policy in the permanent interest of the British Empire is the organization of a national navy to guard local waters from which the King's ships have been removed for concentration in Europe. He defined the Liberal position, according to an Ottawa correspondent of the *Toronto Globe*, in an amendment providing for two Dreadnoughts, six light cruisers, twelve destroyers and six submarines, these to be divided into fleet units for the Atlantic and the Pacific, manned by Canadian seamen and maintained at the sole cost of the Dominion Treasury. There was nothing in what Sir Wilfrid said, says the *London Times* feelingly, to suggest the desperate resistance to the Borden proposals which has since developed. It concedes, however, that Sir Wilfrid's organs did denounce the Borden program in a manner "passionate and violent." The measure was condemned as a blow to the autonomy of Canada.

Pandemonium in the Dominion Parliament.

NEVER in its history has the Parliament of Canada witnessed such scenes as attended the progress of Prime Minister Borden's Dreadnought bill through the House at Ottawa. There were days when the progress of legislation came to a halt. For two whole weeks the House sat continuously. Epithets were hurled right and left with a freedom setting all rules of order at defiance. In the course of a heated session recourse to actual physical violence was barely averted. The Prime Minister, to follow an authorized account of his attitude in the *London Times*, was determined that the naval aid bill should go to its third reading, that the majority should prevail and that parliament should not be dissolved. Never in any stage of the crisis was he more immovable in that resolution, according to the sympathetic *Hamilton Spectator*. "The same impulse," it says, "which led the people of Canada to insist on sharing the task of the mother country on the velvets of South Africa will impel them now to consent to any sacrifice we can reasonably be called upon to make for the sake of maintaining British supremacy." Such is the Borden plea.

Has Borden "Throttled" Canada's Parliament?

INFURIATING to Liberal sentiment in both Canadian press and parliament is the introduction of what Sir Wilfrid Laurier deems gag rule. To the Borden organs it is dignified by the name of "closure." There were, it is said, disagreeable interviews between Prime Minister Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier on this subject. The veteran Liberal leader, with characteristic suavity, refused to consent to any limitation upon debate. Mr. Borden lost no time in modifying the rules of debate in a mode quite revolutionary compared with the procedure he superseded. On twenty-four hours' notice a vote can now be taken. When "closure" is declared speeches must not exceed twenty minutes. Ministers alone may move this limitation upon debate. Had it not been for these innovations, concede the conservative dailies, the Dreadnought bill could never have got through the House. Yet abandonment of the measure or a dissolution of parliament would, Mr. Borden felt, have entailed a humiliating loss of prestige. It might have cost him the leadership of his party, for his capacity to put a bill through would be open to question.

The Immediate Political Future in Canada.

PREDICTIONS that a general election must result in the termination of Mr. Borden's lease of power, altho freely made in Liber-

organs, make little impression upon the opposition press. From the more detached standpoint of London, *The Times* there opines that since he became Premier Mr. Borden has grown "immeasurably" in the regard and confidence of the Canadian people. "In less than two years he has united the various elements of the cabinet in devoted loyalty to himself and has restored cohesion and bred vitality in the whole Conservative party." True, he has developed in Quebec no such strength as that great statesman, Sir John A. Macdonald, enjoyed there. That is the consequence of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's great personal ascendancy among his own race. On the other hand, Mr. Borden has gained among French Canadians, owing to a mysterious quarrel between Mr. Bourassa, the French "nationalist," and Sir Wilfrid. A French Canadian element was admitted into the Borden cabinet, altho the Dreadnought controversy led to its partial elimination. There were defections from Borden among the French Canadians in parliament as well.

How London Takes the Canadian Dreadnought Crisis.

WHILE the Senate at Ottawa defies the Prime Minister, the newspapers in London sustain him, if they be of the *Jingo* sort, like the conservative *Post*, or deplore the crisis, like the *Liberal News*, if they be pacifist. The latest events, says the latter, confirm the fears of those who have felt all along that Mr. Borden's naval proposals and the manner in which they have been "forced" upon the Canadian House of Commons were, in spite of excellent intentions, a serious error. The rejection of the measure may be followed by an early dissolution. In any event, a campaign against the Canadian Senate is inevitable. The *Toronto* correspondent of the *London Times*, obviously a journalist in the confidence of Mr. Borden himself, says "the government are convinced that the whole action of the Liberals of both chambers is to be explained by the predominance of Quebec in the party." That is why the result of the rejection of the navy bill will be an appeal to the country against the Senate and a further appeal against the attempt of Quebec to exercise undue influence in the government of the Dominion.

Prospect of a Racial Clash in Canada.

TRY as he may, Prime Minister Borden cannot prevent the struggle at the polls, if it come, from assuming a racial aspect—the English against the French. This fear, expressed by the *London News*, is said to account for his reluctance to face a general election. "A new issue has

now to be faced in the Dominion," as a local observer puts it, in the *London Times*, "for Liberal policy represents the exaltation and extension of colonial autonomy. The Borden policy turns towards imperial organization, the representation of the Dominion in imperial councils and the ultimate federation of the Empire." That is the cry of the French Canadian *Presse*, only it decries the idea and dreads a loss of the nationality of the "habitant" in a deluge of British patriotism. But British politicians and British newspapers would be unwise, says the *Liberal London Chronicle*, to comment very freely on the conflict between Prime Minister Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. This is by way of a hint to dailies like the *London Post*, which are pointing out that Great Britain cannot maintain herself as mistress of the seas unless her dominions come to her aid.

Dragging the British Navy Into Canadian Politics.

NO concealment is now made by Mr. Borden of his belief that the Canadian Senate has outlived its usefulness. "An immediate remedy must be sought and found." He will not drop the bill. It appears to the *Liberal Chronicle*, of London, which has canvassed the situation with care, that the weight of Canadian opinion is against this hotly fought \$35,000,000 Dreadnought bill. One serious peril, from the standpoint of the mother country, concerns it:

"On our side there will be a natural disposition to regret that a proposal to help the Mother Country on so striking a scale should, instead of being unanimously adopted, have become the main bone of political contention. But we should remember first that, with the exception of a small anti-Imperialist section, who ordinarily follow Mr. Borden but voted against the bill, no party is against Canada's helping in Imperial defence; the dispute is not whether she should act, or even how much she should spend, but how she should spend it. And secondly, that the principle for which the Liberals are contending so obstinately, whether right or wrong, not a new one, but one on which the party has laid the utmost stress at all stages of its career. It was in accordance with it that all imperial troops were withdrawn from Canadian garrisons, and Canadian forces are maintained there by Canada instead. The principle has behind it the growing sense of Canadian nationality; and it would be unfortunate if at a general election that sense seemed to be pitted against Imperialism. The defeat of Reciprocity on an Imperialist cry undoubtedly left a very bad taste in those western corn-growing districts, which saw in the cry a device of the great Canadian railway interests to keep them in subjection. We should be sorry to see another election follow so soon after, in which the name of the Empire seemed once more to be invoked as a party asset."

Persons in the Foreground

THE INDOMITABLE SPIRIT OF MOTHER JONES

OUT of the riot and confusion of the last few months in West Virginia emerges the figure of an old woman of eighty-one, with white hair, benevolent features, a caustic tongue, a martial spirit and a philosophical mind. She has emerged from similar scenes before. Wherever the miners have had trouble with the mine-owners in any part of the country during the last thirty years her white hair has been pretty sure to wave like an oriflam of war equal to that famous white plume of Henry of Navarre about which we used to declaim in our school days. Five hundred thousand miners call her "Mother" Jones. Trouble of an industrial sort has an irresistible attraction for her, and she will pack up her belongings at an hour's notice and chase from Montana to West Virginia to get into it, if she has to walk a hundred miles or so to reach it. She is in large measure responsible for whatever comes of the investigation Congress has decided to make into the West Virginia troubles. She went from West Virginia to Washington last month to lay the case of the miners before the Senate Committee, and had hardly turned her back on the committee when it decided to recommend the inquiry. "The most remarkable woman in America" is the way a writer in the conservative *Brooklyn Eagle* speaks of her.

"An old woman arrived in Charleston, W. Va.,"—so runs the account M. Michelson gives us in *Everybody's* of the West Virginia conflict:

"She was very old—past eighty, in fact. Her hair was snow-white. She was dressed in black and she wore a nice little bonnet becoming to one of her age. The passenger who saw her get off the train in the early morning may have wondered why such a very old lady was traveling alone. She picked up her belongings, which were tied together in a black shawl and, after shooing away various taxi-drivers and cabmen, started for her destination on foot at a pace which, if not rapid, at least showed an ability to cover the ground that ought to have set at rest the mind of the uneasy passenger. If it did not, a searching glance from a pair of shrewd gray eyes would have convinced him that his fears were groundless."

This, of course, was Mother Jones. The conflict between the striking miners and the armed guards hired by the operators was flagging. Mother Jones put new life in it. She tramped from one cabin to another, preaching resistance to tyranny. The miners armed themselves and pitched battles ensued. The militia were called out to restore order. Martial law was declared. Mother Jones was "detained," charged with inciting to murder. She was not "arrested" or "imprisoned," say

the authorities; she was simply "detained" for several weeks as a prisoner of war, in a cabin guarded by soldiers, being released when the Senate Committee at Washington became interested and asked for her testimony.

This old woman, whose militancy has for years thrown in the shade that of the whole Pankhurst family, was born in Ireland eighty-one years ago, the daughter of an Irish agitator. The details of her life are not very fully known. She was taken to Canada as



"HER NAME HAS HELD A STATE IN TERROR"

Asked where her home is, Mother Mary Jones, age eighty-one, replied: "Where the battle for liberty rages." The Congressional investigation of the West Virginia mining troubles is due largely to her initiative and her testimony before the Senate committee.

a little girl of seven and educated in Toronto. After going through the public schools there, including the high school, she went to a convent institution to finish her education. Being interested in sociological matters, she went into our southern States to investigate the conditions in the cotton mills, engaging as an operative in mill after mill. This was many years ago, and the conditions then, she says, appalled her, especially the company store system, by which wage-earners were kept in debt and virtual peonage. "Those horrors," she exclaims, "of the toiling infants and the weary mothers struggling for mere bread to keep the life within their bellies!" The advance in conditions since then has been, as she sees them, extraordinary, and has made her very confident of what the future holds in store. She is, in fact, no female Jeremiah. She is an optimist. The world, to her mind, is growing better all the time; all it needs is education. Strikes are going to come to an end because intelligence will grow among employers and employed and make them needless.

While in the South, she wrote extensively, talked much, developing quite a gift for speaking, and wrought in other ways. She tells of one helpless family consisting of a mother and three daughters whom she actually abducted and carried off with her at night, to get them away from the thralldom of debt they had contracted to the company store. In the course of her career in the South she was married, and in about five years gave birth to four children. None of them are living. Her entire family was carried off in a yellow fever epidemic. After recovering from the shock she became more active than ever in the labor movement, devoting herself especially to organizing women's auxiliaries. She later allied herself with the United Mine Workers, and for years has been one of the regular organizers of that body. But, it is said, the organization ceased long ago to give her orders. She is a free lance, going where she pleases and doing about as she likes. When asked recently where her home is, she answered: "Where the battle for human liberty rages." All her "impedimenta," when on a campaign, are carried in a hand-bag. One writer speaks of seeing a powder puff and another says something about "silk stockings and neat pumps." But that was when they saw her in a New York hotel.

Mother Jones is not swept off her feet by beautiful theories and Utopian schemes. The Socialists claim her, but she doesn't claim them. She calls them sentimentalists. Their cry of "universal brotherhood," she says, has alienated many who might be of use to the cause of liberty. It is mostly sentiment and "what we want is not

sentiment but sense." Nevertheless, altho she doesn't seem to believe much in Socialists, she believes Socialism itself is inevitable. As for the Industrial Workers of the World, that movement, she thinks, is spasmodic, and some of its leaders talk like fanatics, as when several weeks ago they spoke about wiping Paterson, N. J., off the map. "Strikes," she observes, "can not be won without funds. To bring on a strike and go back licked by hunger is not progress for labor." Therefore she is loyal to the Federation of Labor, which is "systematized and static." All of which shows that however far Mother Jones may wander here on earth, she is not at all inclined to wander off in the clouds.

When she talks to the newspaper men, Mother Jones gives them the impression of a very grandmotherly sort of person. Here are some of the adjectives the N. Y. Times reporter bestows upon her: "Handsome, well dressed, carefully spoken, hospitable, smiling, sympathetic." "After two visits to her," he goes on to say, "aggregating quite ten hours, I should as much expect her to be violent as to see a matron at a charity ball spring into anarchistic action." Yet this same writer admits that her name has held a state in terror and that the mine-owners regard her as their strongest foe. She talked to him like an official of a peace society. "I hate the Anarchist," she observed, "he is in the mine-breast with his pick against the coal or in the national bank with his hands upon the combination of the vault." Violence she denounces as silly. "It brutalizes both sides and this effect will last through generations." The reporter of the Brooklyn Eagle received about the same sort of impressions of her. He writes: "She is unique. Short of stature, with a slight limp in her walk, and with curly white hair and 'specs,' she resembles almost any grandmother who has lived a peaceful life in the bosom of a happy family. When she talks you forget the happy grandmother smile. You think that grandmother is cross. Mother is very cross at the 'pirates,' as she calls the people in West Virginia. But through it all there is a wonderful tolerance and moderation. Her voice is a high falsetto, but not harsh. There is also a touch of the Irish, in brogue and oratorical flourish."

Here is another of her declarations in favor of industrial peace: "I feel this: If labor would eliminate its violence and capital would eliminate its injunctions, the battle would be practically over. We could then go sanely at arranging peace. Common sense, uninfamed, productive, could step in. But labor will be violent as long as capital swears out injunctions. Also, the first step toward peace must come from capital. It has more advantages.

It must lead. The capitalist and striker—both men are all right, only they are sick; they need a remedy; they have been mosquito bitten. Let's kill the virulent mosquito and then find and drain the swamp in which he breeds."

But Mother Jones talking to her "boys" engaged in a strike seems to strike a more belligerent note than when she talks to the reporters of the metropolitan press. To the West Virginia miners she said: "The Governor wants your guns. Don't you dare give up any of them. If you are forced to use them, you use them." In a letter from West Virginia to a Socialist "comrade," published in *The Social War* of New York, May 3, she speaks of the "bloodhounds of the ruling class," and the "uniformed murderers of the ruling class," assails the "Socialist sentimentalists" because they have been "too busy eulogizing their political dictators" to hear "the screams and groans and heartaches of women and children as the military tear their loved ones from them, throw them into prison cells and tell them they must submit or perish there."

As for woman suffrage, Mother Jones seems to regard that with scorn. She is reported as saying:

"In no sense of the word am I in sympathy with woman's suffrage. In a long life of study of these questions I have learned that women are out of place in political work. There already is a great responsibility upon women's shoulders—that of rearing rising generations. It has been in part their sad neglect of motherhood which has filled reform schools and which keeps the juvenile courts busy. If women had been really industrious in their natural field they might have wardened off some horrors of the time. They can begin now to be more useful than they have been by studying these economic problems and helping toward industrial peace."

"The average working woman is unfitted for the ballot. She will rarely join an organization of the industry she works in. Give her the vote and she'll neglect it. Home training of the child should be her task, and it is the most beautiful of tasks. Solve the industrial problem and the men will earn enough so that women can remain at home and learn it."

The rich mothers, she insists, are fully as neglectful of their duties as the poor mothers. If the women of both classes would stay at home, she says, and attend to their duties, we should have better strikers when strikes come and better men for them to deal with. "The human being is the only animal which is neglected in its babyhood. The brute mother suckles and preserves her young at the cost of her own life, if need be. The human mother hires another, poorer woman for the job. Of course, the race must suffer for it."

MR. BRYAN AFTER FOUR MONTHS OF IT

FOR nearly four months William J. Bryan has been Secretary of State, and the division between him and President Wilson, foretold by so many, has not made its appearance. The "most precious subject of gossip" in Washington, so William Bayard Hale wrote several months ago, was the relations between Mr. Bryan and the President. The prediction then generally accepted was that they would work together "only a few months." As the weeks have gone by, various correspondents have seen, or have thought they saw, evidences of strain, and were not slow to chronicle them. Nothing has come of them so far. But both the President and Mr. Bryan have considered the reports and surmises of enough consequence to refer to them publicly. "There ain't no friction," said the President, in very unacademic language, before the Gridiron Club in April, "and there ain't going to be no friction."

A few days later Colonel J. C. Hemphill, Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, sent his paper a long interview with Mr. Bryan. The interview was reprinted in full in Mr. Bryan's paper, *The Commoner*. A "perfect understanding" between the President and his Secretary of State was said by Colonel Hemphill to exist. "I have found the President," said Mr. Bryan, "altogether fair in his consideration of all matters that have been submitted to him, and I have never known a man with a more open mind nor one who tried more sincerely to get at the meat of any question requiring his attention. I first met Mr. Wilson about a year before he was nominated for President, and the more I see of him and the more intimate my relations with him the larger he grows." Mr. Bryan also declared that he likes the work to which he has been assigned, that he has taken a house at Washington, and that he will be constantly engaged in the service to which he has been called until the end of his commission. The account of the interview continued as follows:

"When Mr. Bryan was reminded that many stories had been told about how he had been disregarded by the President in several instances, notably in the case of the Chinese loan matter, in the announcement of the policy of the administration, he said that these reports were all without foundation in fact, that there had been the fullest discussion of these questions at the cabinet meetings and that he had been in entire sympathy with the views of the President and with the method the President had adopted of declaring the policy of the administration. There had not been the slightest misunderstanding as to any of these matters nor any difference as to how the conclusions of the President should be an-

nounced. It did not matter in any material sense whether the President should speak directly or by the mouth of one of his official advisers; in these cases as well as in all others it was the message and not the messenger."

The one most likely cause of a break between the two men is the plank in the national platform regarding a single presidential term. That, said Mr. Hale, in his article already referred to, in *The World's Work*, "is a matter which undeniably lies unsettled, undiscussed, unrefracted, to between the two men. . . . Mr. Bryan undoubtedly believes that the Baltimore plank pledges Mr. Wilson to a single term. Probably Mr. Wilson has no such idea. He has never declared his acceptance of the Baltimore platform and the single-term plank is highly ambiguous." Mr. Hale is regarded as a sort of official press agent of the Wilson administration, and he goes on to declare that in his own opinion, if that administration is a success, the Baltimore plank will be forgotten. Mr. Bryan, we are assured, knows this. "He is not so unpracticed as to believe that an ambiguous platform plank is going to have any consideration in 1916." His political ambition, in Mr. Hale's judgment, is to succeed Mr. Wilson in 1921—not in 1916. "He will then be only sixty-one years old, and he will be as mellowed and widely beloved a man as ever sat in the chair of Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln. Not a vestige then will remain of the hate that vilified him. His career will round itself out completely, in the light which it is already assuming, as one of the most remarkable illustrations of the reversal of a people's judgment."

Since Mr. Hale's article was published, collateral evidence has appeared seeming to show that Mr. Bryan's view of the single-term plank may after all coincide with Mr. Wilson's. *The Commoner* reprinted last month the following from the New York *World*:

AN OLD TRICK

Mr. Wilson was never asked to pledge himself to four years in the presidency in case he was elected. No representative Democrat ever so interpreted the platform. Nor has Mr. Bryan ever so construed it in any public utterance with which we are familiar.

Mr. Bryan said at Harrisburg the other day that "a man who violates a party platform and betrays his party and the people is a criminal worse than the man who embezzles money."

A little coterie of Democrats in the United States senate who are trying to sandbag honest tariff revision would be glad indeed if they could convince themselves that Mr. Bryan was talking to President Wilson, not to them.

The fact that this was reprinted without comment in Mr. Bryan's paper may not be conclusive. It does not commit him. But it is highly significant, and, taken in connection with Mr. Bryan's interview, ought to put a quietus, for a while at least, upon the stories of strained relations between him and his chief. On the face of things, Mr. Bryan takes the same view now that he took when he consented to enter the Cabinet. To a friend who advised him to stay out because, if the administration was a failure, he, as a member of the Cabinet, would not be in a position to run for President in 1916, Mr. Bryan rejoined: "Have you reflected, my friend, that if the Wilson administration is a failure it won't be worth while for any Democrat to run in 1916?"

Mr. Bryan, as premier of the administration, is, as a matter of fact, having the time of his life, if we may credit *Harper's Weekly*. He is not so much the Secretary of State as President Wilson's "medium of personal communication with the people." Says Colonel Harvey, in the journal just named:

"He is the matchless minute-man of the government, ready at any time to drop his grapefruit or jump out of bed to answer the call of duty. He has traveled twelve thousand miles already and is fresher than when he started. We shouldn't be surprised any morning to read that he was off to England to help out our new ambassador in addressing labor unions and other peace societies. Meanwhile, make no mistake, Brother Bryan is growing in the estimation of his countrymen. He is getting to be more careful every day of what he says, and he is doing what he is told with extraordinary skill and tactfulness. It anything should happen to go wrong—which Heaven forbid!—he will still be able to present a saddened face with a smiling heart, and show hands clean as a whistle of responsibility."

Nineteen years ago, when an income tax bill was up for discussion in Congress, Mr. Bryan, then a member of the Lower House, argued for its adoption with a clause exempting incomes of less than \$4,000 a year. The present tariff bill contains provisions for an income-tax with just such an exemption clause. When several years ago Mr. Bryan and Senator Bailey locked horns, it was over the question of free trade in raw materials, Mr. Bryan defending it, Mr. Bailey assailing it. The present tariff bill conforms to an unexpected degree with Mr. Bryan's views. It contains free wool, free sugar, free iron ore, free hides, free leather, free lumber, free meats, etc. Some of these items—notably free wool and free sugar—were urged upon Mr. Underwood and



"HE VISUALIZES LIKE A CHILD OR A PRIMITIVE MAN"

Probably no man ever before held the post of Secretary of State of this or any other large country whose nature was as simple as Mr. Bryan's. For him, says William Bayard Hale, a word or phrase possesses no connotations. That is a house and this is a tree; that is Imperialism and this is the Money Power.

his committee by the President. It is not a wild guess that Mr. Bryan had something to do with that. So far, therefore, Mr. Bryan's influence on the course of events at Washington seems to be all he or his friends could have expected. Even the reputed antagonism between him and the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. McAdoo, is authoritatively denied by Mr. Bryan, and *The Commoner* has been publishing, of late, eulogistic references to Mr. McAdoo.

The word that describes Mr. Bryan, Mr. Hale says in the *World's Work*, is simplicity. He is simpleness personified. His mind does not range. It has no fancy for exploring. It has an instinct for restricting itself to primitive truths. Emerson, Longfellow, Mrs. Hemans, Luise Mühlbach are good enough for him. He affects no

knowledge of art, the drama, the opera or advanced literature. He quotes like a school-boy. No platitude is so undeniable but he likes to adduce authority for it. His theology is of the old-fashioned variety. "Evolution to him still means the descent of man from the ape." His philosophy of life is as simple as his theological faith. Right is right and wrong is wrong, and thus living is a perfectly plain matter. Says Mr. Hale, pursuing the subject:

"I really suppose Mr. Bryan never had a religious nor a political doubt. He sees simply—sees everything in a definiteness, a distinctness, which to other observers it does not possess—sees everything in its idea, its elementary essence, as a Platonist might say. He visualizes like a child or a primitive man: that is a house, and this is a tree; that is Imperialism and

this is the Money Power. A word or a phrase possesses no connotations; it holds but a single, unchanging meaning; and, above all, it has its definite moral assessment in the world of things."

Speaking on April 3, in Philadelphia, Mr. Bryan gave evidence of this simplicity of mind. He became a member of the Presbyterian Church, he said, when he was but fourteen years of age. "Did I understand the creed of the Church I joined?" he asked. "I not only did not understand it then, but I've never had the time to study it since." Mr. Bryan is an elder of the Church and he believes in creeds—in a sort of general way; but, he observes, "so far as creeds are concerned, I am not apt to be tenacious or combative; but I am concerned about the fundamentals upon which our Christian Church rests." Can you beat that for childlike simplicity? His mother taught him at the age of ten to dislike swearing, and, he says, "to-day I never hear a man swear without wanting to get as far away from him as possible." Before he was fifteen his father stamped upon his mind "a detestation of gambling which has influenced me to this day." He can't remember when he first signed the pledge of total abstinence; but, he remarks, "I am ready to sign one any time or anywhere if I can get a human being to sign it with me." He does not know one card from another, he does not know the taste of liquor or tobacco, he holds family worship daily, and he says grace at every meal, the family joining with him at dinner.

This is the man who holds the post of Secretary of Foreign Affairs, an office that is supposed to call for subtlety, erudition, a mind of complex powers, and a certain Machiavelian knowledge of the world and skill in seeing into trickery and intrigue. It is a most interesting situation. Colonel Watterson is particularly interested in it. Writing in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, just after President Wilson was inaugurated, he said:

"Woodrow Wilson and William Jennings Bryan might be likened to two beaming, buoyant boys, given a dollar each to go and see the show. They are hidden to keep together. The money is declared for common use. Good intentions and self-confidence animate both. The weather is fair, the walking easy. If they hear the distant roar of the lions, the howling of the wolves and the growling of the tigers, it is to them rather music than warning. With the bravery of youth and the joy of possession, they reck not the dangers ahead."

But perhaps, after all, government is not necessarily such a complicated thing as we have supposed. Perhaps the complications that have accompanied it in the past have been in large part injected into it for devious pur-

poses. Washington was a man of simple nature. So was Lincoln. Queen Victoria did not have an overly subtle mind. We have all heard of the old-world diplomatist who kept all his rivals constantly guessing by the simple device of always telling the truth. Simplicity, in a contest with duplicity,

always seems to be at a disadvantage; but is it really so, in the long run? Perhaps we need not despair just yet a while of Mr. Bryan in his dealings with the affairs of the world. He has pursued his childlike way through political intrigues and conspiracies and plots without number in the past

twenty years, and he has outlasted them all. "I suppose," said the young lady passenger to the grizzled old pilot on the steamship, "you know where every rock in this river is." "No, miss," said the pilot in a confident tone, "but I know where all the safe channels are."

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF EMPEROR WILLIAM AS A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

NEVER in his life was Emperor William more conspicuous in the world's eye as a war lord, pure and simple, laments the Paris *Débats*, yet never, it hastens to add, did he more persistently seek privacy of life. The panic over the unprecedented increase in William's army, the celebration with such pomp of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession and the presence of so many royalties at the court of Berlin combine to emphasize the false notion of the man's personality with which the world's ear is poisoned. Now the truth about William as a man, insists our French contemporary, would, if told, rob him of his glamor, exhibit him in homely guise as a very ordinary country gentleman. Essentially the head of the house of Hohenzollern is just that, we read, and no more. He is a poor country gentleman, living shabbily in a somewhat remote and inaccessible portion of northeastern Germany. Baseless is the popular impression of William as a gorgeous potentate, baseless the notion that he strides in majesty through his native environment. He is the plainest of Prussian "Junkers," at least when he is at home, using well-worn furniture, eating the products of his own vegetable garden and trying to add to a somewhat scanty income by selling china. Now and then he must leave his humble home and put on some temporary grandeur as the titular head of the German Empire.

For a key to this mystery, we are referred to Cadinen. Cadinen, the name of the village in which His Imperial Majesty William II. is lost in the simplicity of his life as a rural squire, amounts to so little in population and resources and even in natural attractiveness, that it enjoyed no renown until the head of the Hohenzollern dynasty established a hearth and home there. Elbing, now a center of the shipbuilder's art, is in the district of Danzig, and between Elbing and the Frisches Haff and the Baltic one finds Cadinen, both village and imperial seat. The range of hills terminating the alluvial plain which gives the scenery its peculiar character is ribboned by three quaint and well-kept roads running from the shipbuilder's town to

the village in which Wilhelm is at home. The path, lined on both sides by trees in profusion, is a favorite with the Emperor. Here he dawdles or walks briskly, book or gun in hand, seeming to enjoy the rugged, almost forbidding character of a scenery suggesting nothing so much as a landscape in one of Poe's most fantastic tales. Of natural beauty the region is bare.

One must take very literally the statement that in Cadinen the German Emperor enjoys the rank and prestige of a squire. He is the landlord, the head of the household, the personal acquaintance of everyone. This is due to the smallness and remoteness of the village itself. It consists of a cluster of small, scattered houses, says a writer in *Chambers' Journal*, not one of the cottages having the slightest pretension to beauty, altho each has its tiny garden. The dwellers in this place do not number four hundred. Practically all the men and very many of the women draw pay in some capacity from the Emperor. One makes his shoes. Another plows. A third may be the carpenter. All enjoy a degree of personal contact with His Majesty that would much astonish those who know him only in the splendor of his capital or in the purely social magnificence of one of the imperial hunting lodges. At Cadinen the ruler of the Empire strives by his mode of life and in his deportment to become a mere human being, talking freely to anyone he meets about his intimately personal concerns as a country gentleman.

A certain quietness, not to say parsimony, of life proclaims itself the moment one attains the main entrance to the "park." The sole evidence of magnificence is afforded by two pillars, surmounted by the shield of the Counts of Schwerin, who owned this property in their palmy days. Just beyond the gate begins the carriage drive, quite a short one, ending abruptly and plainly at the house. One says "house" advisedly, for it is not even palatial, altho the dwellers in Cadinen call it the "castle." So unpretentious is the country home of His Majesty that in England, according to our authority, a much better residence

could be leased for five hundred dollars a year—and within twenty miles of London at that. There is even a suggestion of the ramshackle about the place, owing to its antiquity and the jerry-built architecture. It consists chiefly of a high basement, one main floor and a roof two stories high, the upper one so slanting that its rooms are uncomfortable attics in which the unwary strike the ceiling with their heads. Aged, slabby, rickety, the floors creak and the paint needs renewal.

So very conspicuous is the shabbiness of the furniture in all the rooms that a hint of decayed gentility suggests itself the moment one has crossed the threshold. All that reflects glory upon the establishment is the heraldic device of the Counts of Schlieben, at one time the territorial aristocrats of the place. There is an effect of extreme neatness in the well-worn carpets on the floor; but the forlornness where everything is so bare loses nothing from the obvious need of reupholstering in old sofas and chairs. The worn wooden floors groan as one treads towards the staircase and the paper on the wall is in one room a striking misfit and cheap-looking. It would be the grossest injustice to infer, if the Paris *Figaro* be right, that William is "neat." He simply can not afford domestic luxury despite the size of his civil list. Nor is the Prussian Landtag at all impressed by the necessity of coming to the aid of him who besides being German Emperor is King of Prussia. The "Junkers" in the neighborhood live as simply, and the sovereign himself, being only a "Junker," need set no example of luxury.

Few things are so amazing, at least to our French contemporary, as the extent to which William's grandeur is extinguished when he is among the Prussian "Junkers." He is simply one of the territorial aristocrats, only poorer than the average. His dinners are not so magnificent. His acres are neither so many nor so well cultivated. His village is meaner. The hint that the lord of Cadinen, despite his rank as a sovereign, is a decayed gentleman living beyond his means loses no force from the simplicity of his table. It is



THE WORLD'S GREATEST CHINA MERCHANT

When His Imperial Majesty, William II., German Emperor and King of Prussia, is at home in Cadinen, he manufactures chinaware and does a little farming, both being fairly profitable ventures. A plain person and often in need of ready money, the German Emperor has to live frugally in his country home, where uniforms are little seen and where he gets his vegetables from his wife's market garden.

littered with broken hits from the china factory. Mended plates, an occasional bowl without a handle, chipped goblets, and a napkin or two darned by the hand of the Empress where a hole had eaten its texture, rob the dining room of impressiveness. The wall is adorned here and there with a picture cut from an illustrated paper and passepartouted in black. The great table seems to have been wrecked in the course of its history and nailed together after a fashion by the village carpenter. Incidentally one has to be cautious in sitting down at Cadinen, lest a stray chair be insecure on its legs. A broken pane in one of the windows of an upper story went unended for weeks, it seems, until cold weather necessitated stopping the orifice with a piece of newspaper.

The daily life at Cadinen, as described in our Parisian contemporary, suggests the homely simplicity of the self-made man. The atmosphere is one of business—an idea which loses no impressiveness from the circumstance that the Emperor owns a china factory in the vicinity. Breakfast comes punctually at half-past seven, with its coffee, slices of black bread and cold sausage. His Majesty is fond of boiled cold potatoes fried in grease and served with cold ham, when he sits down in the morning. Until nearly noon he is engaged with the cattle or the crops. He never hesitates to interfere with the arrangements of a tenant who, in his opinion,

does not know how to manage a dairy or a field or a mill. If, as may be the case, the tenant is a person with decided views, the hottest argument ensues in the open field or in the barn or possibly in the farmhouse, landlord and tenant coming occasionally to such extremes that the controversy gets into the local courts. The obstinate William lost one of these cases not long ago and had to restore a tenant to a property from which he was dispossessed. These episodes seem to make little difference to anyone concerned. The china factory at Cadinen, or rather in its vicinity, occasions equally vehement debate between its owner and its managers. His Majesty is said to be imbued with erroneous notions regarding his own expertness in the technical details of the business, a fact which his superintendents do not shrink from mentioning in his presence. It must be said to the credit of His Majesty, according to the *Figaro*, that he is a loyal and honest disputant, with no malice for anyone who bests him in controversy regarding agriculture or china. He lately welcomed a deputation of his discontented employees to Cadinen with beer and sent them away satisfied.

Few would suppose, says another observer of life at Cadinen, that the middle-aged man driving up to the house in a motor car through the dust is the German Emperor. He has just quitted the brilliant Berlin scene for a quiet life in this country home. A gray felt hat covers his head and his

sack suit obviously needs pressing. The only occupants of the car besides the Emperor himself are his wife and daughter and perhaps one of the younger princes. The older sons do not relish the humdrum existence at Cadinen and do not often appear there, much to their father's disgust. There is no sign of ceremony as William alights except the waving of flags by some twenty village girls who cry "Hoch! Hoch!" The Empress stops to kiss the children, the Emperor waves his hat, an old family servant lifts out a bag or a box and the private life of a country gentleman—interrupted by his duties as a reigning sovereign elsewhere—is resumed.

Never did a landlord on an estate identify himself so completely with his surroundings as does William. Bluff in manner, frank in speech, slapping some favorite tenant on the back, going to the village church regularly, wearing civilian clothes—no one ever sees a uniform at Cadinen—and smoking a big German pipe filled with coarse-cut tobacco, the Emperor would never be recognized by those who have read only of the German "war lord." His one failing as a country gentleman comes from the disputations habit which makes him a little difficult to get along with. He labors under the delusion that he is a business man. He has entered upon many an ambitious scheme for the improvement of the estate only to find himself in the end out of pocket and even an object of ridicule to the farmers.

Music and Drama

"THE FIVE FRANKFORTERS"—THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD

RECENTLY "Croesus," a play by a member of the historic house of Rothschild, failed miserably on its presentation in London, in spite of the strident *réclame* preceding the first performance. On the other hand, a play dealing with the rise of the Rothschild family by a German author, Carl Rossler, has been a success in more languages than one. The playwright depicts the weakness as well as the strength of the members of the clan foregathered for a family council in their old home in Frankfort, where Frau Gudula still keeps up the traditions of her husband, the founder of the house. The note of caricature introduced here and there by the German author has been almost entirely obliterated in the American version by the translator, Mr. Basil Hood, in deference, perhaps, to the millions of Jews who live in New York.

The action of the play passes in the year 1822. The first act takes us to Frau Gudula's house, in the Jews' Lane, Frankfort. Solomon, who lives in Vienna, has summoned his brothers, Anselm, Nathan and Carl, as well as his nephew Jacob, to meet him in the home town without explaining his reasons. They arrive in Frankfort from Paris, Naples and London, where each presides over a branch of the family interest. Solomon's arrival in Frau Gudula's house is preceded by that of his daughter Rachel, who, much to the old lady's astonishment, brings two heavy trunks with many dresses, including a court gown. Rachel has met her grandmother only once as a child. She has never met her cousin Jacob, who has just come from Paris. When she is left alone for a moment she sits down by the spinnet and plays an air from "The Barber of Seville." Jacob enters. She stops playing.

JACOB. Pray go on playing, Mademoiselle. This old house has not heard music for a long time.

RACHEL. (Turning round to him.) Yet I think music belongs to this dear old place.

JACOB. I believe I was the last to play on that instrument.

RACHEL. You are a musician! And you listened to me!

JACOB. Please go on! Music is most

delightful after the noise on 'change, where I have been. Do you care for that Opera?

RACHEL. It is too difficult for me to play.

JACOB. You like Rossini?

RACHEL. Could you recognize him in spite of my strummings?

JACOB. I wondered at a young lady being so modern as to play him.

RACHEL. I adore him!

JACOB. I shall tell him.

RACHEL. Do you know him?

JACOB. Yes. He is a friend of mine. He often stays with me in Paris.

RACHEL. Do you live in Paris?

JACOB. My business keeps me there. I am a banker.

RACHEL. And the friend of famous composers?

JACOB. Shall I introduce myself—formally?

RACHEL. Wait. (Places her two hands on the table and looks straight up at him.)

I will guess. Are you "Little Jacob"?

(Leaving forward.)

JACOB. (Laughing.) You know me?

RACHEL. (Leans back in chair.) Now it is your turn to guess.

JACOB. You don't belong to Frankfort.

RACHEL. Well, no! (Looking at him.)

Who and what do you think I am?

JACOB. You might be—an actress.

RACHEL. How flattering! (Clapping her hands and leaning back in chair. Enter Frau Gudula.)

JACOB. Or a lady of title, a countess, perhaps, or a princess.

RACHEL. Or one of the family?

JACOB. No.

RACHEL. Ought I to say "thank you"?

(Rachel rises as Frau Gudula speaks. Jacob turns around and sees Frau Gudula.)

FRAU GUDULA. Well, Jacob, have you made friends?

RACHEL. He does not quite know whether I am a fit person for his friendship.

FRAU GUDULA. (To Jacob.) Why, this is Solomon's Rachel, from Vienna!

RACHEL. Goodness knows what he might have thought of me if you hadn't come in.

FRAU GUDULA. (To Jacob.) Give your cousin a kiss. (Jacob goes quickly to Rachel, who turns away shyly.)

RACHEL. (Turning round to Frau Gudula.) Do cousins kiss—in Paris?

FRAU GUDULA. What an idea! In my days we held out our cheek, and blushed!

JACOB. At least I may kiss your hand?

RACHEL. Oh, with pleasure! (Puts hand out; he kisses it and holds it.)

The other brothers are already assembled when, last of all, Solomon enters. He quickly glances over his mail before he consents to speak. "Tomorrow," he remarks finally as he opens a letter, "I am going to take you for a drive."

ANSELM. Have you collected the family to give them a day in the country?

SOLOMON. (Reading letter rapidly.) You will see what's at the end of the drive. So, Anselm, let me have a clerk to-night. (Opening another letter.) Carl, the older you get the more of a Frankforter you look. Have you noticed it? (Becomes interested in letter.)

CARL. Do you think so? It is a curious thing that the Pope told me the last time I saw him that I looked more and more Italian every day.

SOLOMON. (Still reading.) Did that please you? (Looking up.) Do you think the Pope wants to borrow money?

CARL. Ah!

SOLOMON. How do you like Paris, Jacob? Any idea of a French loan? (Opening and reading another letter.)

JACOB. (Rises from window and gets behind Anselm's chair.) I think it quite possible I may be approached shortly.

SOLOMON. You may be quite sure, my boy. The French Ambassador in Vienna has been sounding me for the last three months.

RACHEL. (Who has risen from seat in window and goes to her father.) Father!

SOLOMON. What do you think of my little Rachel, mother? Tell me!

CARL. Have I come from Naples to hear what mother thinks of Rachel?

SOLOMON. I believe you are getting impatient! Do you all wonder why I have brought you here? Well (taking a large sealed envelope from his pocket), here is one of the reasons. What do you think of it?

NATHAN. Need we waste any more time?

SOLOMON. No, not a moment. This is a present for all of us. (To his mother.) Baroness, I have the honor to hand you a patent of nobility from the Chancery of State in Vienna, which raises us all to the rank of Baron. (Gives Frau Gudula paper.)

ANSELM. Upon my word!

FRAU GUDULA. Children, I cannot see clearly. Read it for me, one of you.

NATHAN. Let me look! (Takes paper.) Yes. The Emperor has bestowed on us the rank of Baron. Solomon, you did that well. (Goes up and puts Solomon, then to Carl and snatches paper.)



THE FAMILY COUNCIL

The five heads of the house of Rothschild discussing their new patent of nobility in their old home at Frankfurt.

SOLOMON. Well, Mother, what have you to say?

FRAU GUDULA. I feel I must laugh! I am very glad, very proud for all your sakes. Your dear father would have been so pleased. Only, you must not get conceited.

RACHEL. (*Running up to Solomon.*) And you never let out a word about it during the whole of our journey.

SOLOMON. I never speak till the right moment, my dear; you know that!

ANSELM. I am a Baron! (*Turns to Solomon.*) Why didn't you tell us on 'change when everybody could hear?

SOLOMON. You must remember the dignity that belongs to rank.

ANSELM. Yes, yes! (*Slapping Carl on knee.*) I am a Baron!

CARL. Well, so am I!

FRAU GUDULA. Jacob, why are you so silent? You have the title too.

JACOB. I am wondering if it really makes much difference.

SOLOMON. Listen to him, the spoiled child! No, we are not changed; but we have now a sign of our success, which everyone will recognize.

NATHAN. I shall send off a special courier at once to my family in London.

CARL. (*Rises and follows Nathan.*) And I to Naples.

SOLOMON. It is not necessary. The official communication is already on its way to Paris, London, and Naples. (*To Rachel.*) And now, Rachel, you must run away; we have business to settle. (*Frau Gudula rises, and as she rises Anselm and Jacob rise also.*)

RACHEL. (*Running down and kissing Frau Gudula.*) Grannie! Good-by, father. (*Kisses him. Solomon closes doors on Rachel's exit.*)

SOLOMON. Mother, will you stay, please? Now, of course, it is clear to you all. Sit down, sit down.

ANSELM. How much are we to pay?

SOLOMON. I have been making preparations for a long time, as you will understand. The cost is spread over several items. First, entertaining and presents; secondly, a rather large sum lent to a person of high position and importance which will not be repaid. (*All four look at each other.*) And, thirdly, a donation towards building a Cathedral. I shall send the bill in to you. The amount is pretty large.

NATHAN. But it will be divided into six shares.

JACOB. A propos (*patting Frau Gudula's hand*), may I suggest that my Grandmother—that we should be responsible for her share?

FRAU GUDULA. Nonsense! I pay for myself.

CARL. I daresay in Italy it would have been cheaper.

SOLOMON. And not so good. We can afford the best.

ANSELM. You know, by rights, the expenses ought to be by scale, according to age, the younger to pay more, because they will enjoy the honor longer.

CARL. (*To Anselm.*) In this business it is better to make the shares equal. (*Carl and Nathan talk together.*)

SOLOMON. So be it then. There is another matter I want to discuss with you. You all know the young Duke of Taunus, at least by reputation.

CARL. By reputation—or want of it!

ANSELM. I know his signature.

FRAU GUDULA. I saw him once as a child, a handsome boy.

JACOB. He is often in Paris. I have seen him sometimes, and one often hears of him. He enjoys life.

SOLOMON. He has been to my house in Vienna. He has charming manners. He was very polite to Rachel.

FRAU GUDULA. You are all so grand. SOLOMON. He is very deeply in debt.

ANSELM. They say he has more creditors than subjects.

SOLOMON. When he came home after Napoleon's abdication, he rode through triumphal arches to an empty treasury. Perhaps, too, he has been foolish as well as unfortunate. Now he is anxious to put his house in order. He has approached me with regard to a loan.

ANSELM. For how much?

SOLOMON. Twelve million florins.

NATHAN. How will he pay?

SOLOMON. I have thought out a scheme for the payments to extend over forty years.

CARL. And if the payments are not kept up?

SOLOMON. Of course, I should insure against that. I can explain my plan.

ANSELM. If he is a spendthrift, as they say—

CARL. It is surely too risky.

NATHAN. With a man to whom extravagance has become second nature.

SOLOMON. Guarantees must be made that he changes his habits.

NATHAN. How?

SOLOMON. By his marriage.

NATHAN. To whom?

SOLOMON. (*Pause.*) To my daughter Rachel.

ANSELM. The Duke of Taunus marry Rachel? That is absurd.

SOLOMON. I am aware of difficulties.

NATHAN. If it were possible, it would go against us. We should be thought too ambitious.

SOLOMON. We are ambitious. I am ambitious for the family. Mother, what do you say?

FRAU GUDULA. You terrify me. My grandfather came from Neustadt in the Taunus, where he lived very humbly. And shall my grandchild ride in a coach and be called a Duchess where he was so humble? No! It is not possible. I will

have no hand in it. Do as you like, but keep me out of it.

In the second act the scene shifts to the Castle Grounds of Neustadt, where the Duke of Taunus resides with his court. The Duke's confidential adviser, Count Fehrenberg, has invited the newly created barons to lunch. This Semitic invasion of his palace hugely amuses the Duke. Frau Gudula has rejected the invitation, but the other members of the family accept. The Duke makes desperate attempts to be polite to his visitors. He is more in his element when he finds himself alone with Rachel. "Don't you love nature?" she asks him, attempting to make conversation. "Yes," the Duke replies. "But, to be perfectly honest, I would rather look at a pretty woman than at a landscape."

RACHEL. (*Laughing.*) Whatever subject we choose, you bring it round to "woman."

DUKE. The beginning and end of all. If a man of my age were to talk to you of anything but yourself—

RACHEL. Well?

DUKE. He would be a hypocrite.

RACHEL. Practice a little hypocrisy, please.

DUKE. No. You prefer me to be natural, and I want to be what you wish.

RACHEL. Perhaps pretty speeches are natural for you, but I am not used to them. (*Looks at Duke.*)

DUKE. How can that be, if you ever listen to what people say to you?

RACHEL. At home they talk quite differently.

DUKE. What do they talk about? Not always "business"?

RACHEL. (*Turns and looks at Duke.*) No. Yesterday I talked about music.

DUKE. Music!

RACHEL. With my cousin Jacob. He is a friend of the composer Rossini. I was very much interested.

DUKE. Were you? In your cousin—or his conversation?

RACHEL. Well, in both. For, curiously enough, we had never met before.

DUKE. Shall we talk about music?

RACHEL. Do you care to?

DUKE. If it will please you.

RACHEL. Are you fond of music?

DUKE. Yes. And I prefer the sound of your voice to any that I have heard.

RACHEL. (*Laughing.*) You are incorrigible. Why will you say nothing but ridiculous things?

DUKE. Do they sound ridiculous?

RACHEL. Flattery is always foolish. You see, I say exactly what I think.

DUKE. And if I say what I think, you call it flattery!

RACHEL. If I could read your real thoughts—

DUKE. Do. I won't speak. (*Sits on ground facing Rachel.*) I'll sit and look at you.

RACHEL. That will be very dull.

DUKE. For you?

RACHEL. For both of us.

DUKE. I find it a delightful occupation.

RACHEL. I have heard you are not naturally energetic.



APPEALING FROM MAMMON TO CUPID

Rachel (*Alma Delwyn*) confesses to Frau Gudula, her grandmother (*Mathilde Cotrelly*), that she prefers the love of her cousin Jacob to a ducal crown.

DUKE. If that is my worst fault—

RACHEL. It is a bad one in a man.

DUKE. You encourage me to conquer it.

RACHEL. I encourage you? How?

DUKE. By your contempt.

RACHEL. Oh! Have I said anything so rude—or unkind?

DUKE. You could not be willingly unkind. (*Enter Jacob, Fehrenberg, Carl and Nathan.*)

Rachel leaves her relatives alone with the Duke, and Solomon at once proceeds to the business in hand. "I require, immediately twelve million florins," declares the Duke. "What," asks Solomon, "would be the nature of your security?"

DUKE. Security? Would it be customary to offer security in a matter of this kind?

SOLOMON. It would be expected.

ANSELM. It's usual.

DUKE. Well (*with a look to Fehrenberg*), we could pledge part of the revenue from my taxes.

FEHRENBURG. I must remind your Highness that you have already anticipated the next five years' income.

DUKE. Of course, I had forgotten that.

FEHRENBURG. Gentlemen, the produce of the Duchy could be enormously increased

by careful and prudent administration. There are extensive forests, some coal, and mineral springs.

SOLOMON. We have considered that. But such properties require large capital for their development.

DUKE. Cannot I give you my personal security?

SOLOMON. Your Highness, you may have suggested unconsciously a possible solution. But the guarantee would have to be of a peculiar nature.

DUKE. Please explain.

ANSELM. Pardon me (*embarrassed*)—I should like to leave you now.

DUKE. I cannot understand.

ANSELM. At this point I beg to retire. I apologize, but I won't stay.

CARL. Your Highness, I too feel it best to leave the discussion at this point.

DUKE. Of course, it is as you please.

SOLOMON. Cowards!

FEHRENBURG. If for any reason you wish to be alone—

DUKE. No, stay here.

SOLOMON. I beg you to stay, and my brother Nathan also.

NATHAN. I will stay.

DUKE. I am getting inquisitive!

SOLOMON. Your Highness, I have your permission to be quite candid?

DUKE. Yes, yes! (*Smiling.*) Don't let us beat about the bush.

SOLOMON. You are on the verge of

bankruptcy. One thing, I believe, can save you, and that is—

DUKE. Yes?

SOLOMON. A judicious marriage.

DUKE. We have thought of that, haven't we, Fehrenberg? We looked about for an alliance of that kind.

FEHRENBURG. *(Laughing.)* But we could find nothing suitable.

SOLOMON. What would your Highness consider suitable?

DUKE. *(Smiling.)* Youth, charm, beauty and a great deal of money.

SOLOMON. I can offer you all those qualities.

DUKE. *(Amused.)* You can? I am overwhelmed by the great versatility of your enterprise! Where have you found a lady of my rank so admirably fitting?

SOLOMON. Your Highness, the conception of equality is not the same to-day as it was yesterday. Times change. Your Highness is not one of those who have refused to advance with the times.

DUKE. If you compliment me, you will make me suspicious. *(A laugh.)*

NATHAN. Solomon, your Highness, I think we should reconsider our proposal.

DUKE. Before I hear what it is? Come, Baron, what have you in your mind?

SOLOMON. I propose that you should marry my daughter Rachel.

DUKE. *(Rises.)* Sir! Really— *(He has to laugh.)* Fehrenberg, you hear? What do you say to that?

FEHRENBURG. *(Stiffly.)* Your Highness, Court etiquette has not considered such an emergency. I have never heard of a precedent for such a proposal!

DUKE. I admit I am a little taken aback. You see I laugh. But you might have chosen a moment when I would have requested you to leave my house instantly, as the most convenient conclusion to our conversation.

SOLOMON. Sir, in the choice of the right moment lies the success of the game.

DUKE. Are you a gambler?

FEHRENBURG. I was once able to buy a villa in Baden-Baden because an ace appeared in the nick of time.

SOLOMON. All games are not games of chance. I do not trust to luck but to calculation.

DUKE. And you calculated on my being driven into accepting your proposal by my dread of bankruptcy?

SOLOMON. I calculated on my knowledge of the world enabling you to consider its advantages impartially.

DUKE. Oh, I appreciate the advantages.

SOLOMON. To both our families. *(Rises.)*

DUKE. *(Moving to Solomon.)* Sir, you tempt me to speak without reserve. You make me think of a highwayman gone mad, who says to me, "Stand! *(Pointing hand with finger out at Solomon as if holding a pistol.)* Take my money. It is yours. Refuse it at your peril!" Such audacity is magnificent but a little unusual! *(Turns away from Solomon and looks on ground.)* Yet your persistency commands a certain admiration and attention.

SOLOMON. *(Bending over him.)* And your Highness will come to a decision?

NATHAN. Not immediately, we do not ask that.

SOLOMON. I do. *(With a smile to Na-*

than.) This is the right moment. If your Highness will say "yes" now, the agreement shall be signed at noon to-morrow, and the money handed to you at once.

DUKE. *(A pause.)* You use strong arguments.

SOLOMON. And you are convinced?

DUKE. *(A pause.)* I say "yes," provided, of course, that your daughter is not unwilling.

In the last act the action is again transferred to the house in Jews' Lane. The Duke's money is ready. The Duke himself makes his appearance. He decorates his prospective brothers-in-law with his family order, usually conferred for valor. "You are so bold as to lend me money. No soldier could display more courage," Jacob, who is opposed to the match, does not make his appearance. "Cousin Jacob," asks Rachel, who is still unaware of what is happening, "why are you so much against lending money to the Duke?"

JACOB. Money? He can have as much money as he wants, for all I care.

RACHEL. Then what is it you object to? Oughtn't I to ask?

JACOB. Yes, and I will tell you! Your fate is being sealed in that room upstairs.

RACHEL. My fate! How does it concern me?

JACOB. The Duke will ask for you in marriage.

RACHEL. For me! What do you mean?

JACOB. He is to marry you as part of the bargain in return for the services our family is rendering him. *(A pause.)*

RACHEL. Did my father suggest this?

JACOB. Yes. Do you think I am wrong to tell you?

RACHEL. I thank you for telling me.

JACOB. Your father is the cleverest of us all. He can turn almost anything to good account, even his own daughter.

RACHEL. *(Gently but earnestly.)* You mustn't speak like that of him. Remember that I love him; and altho you may not understand all he does—he loves me, and he tries to do the best for me.

JACOB. So you will marry the Duke? *(She makes no answer.)* You like him, don't you?

RACHEL. Yes. He is intelligent, more so than he pretends. He is clever, and has a kind heart, too, tho he likes to appear bitter sometimes; but he ought to grow out of that. He is quite young.

JACOB. And handsome.

RACHEL. Yes, he is handsome, and he is not conceited.

JACOB. In fact, he has a perfect character as well as a grand position!

RACHEL. He is a real Prince, I think, tho his country is so small. And whoever married him would share a real throne.

JACOB. So you have settled on your answer.

RACHEL. It would be a very different life from what I have always pictured for myself. *(After a moment's pause, suddenly.)* Why do you dislike him?

JACOB. Because I'm jealous of him.

RACHEL. Jealous?

JACOB. Only because he is so self-

possessed and I am just the opposite! He makes me feel stupid, awkward. I know I am far beneath him. I have nothing against him and just because I haven't I feel—

RACHEL. *(Very gently.)* What?

JACOB. Miserable! *(Rachel rises, puts out her hands as if to touch him, then sits again.)*

RACHEL. Is that all that's the matter with you?

JACOB. There is nothing the matter with me. I have nothing to complain of.

RACHEL. No. I should think most people envy you.

JACOB. Perhaps. I can have almost all I want. No one can have everything. But I did not choose my work, my calling. A banker's life is well; it's a life without much color.

RACHEL. *(Smiling.)* Or music.

JACOB. You laugh at me and my wants! Well, it does me good. I know I am a fool; but I would rather make music than money.

RACHEL. *(Laughing.)* That does sound funny from a banker and one of our family!

JACOB. But don't think me stupidly discontented or ungrateful for all I have. Perhaps you do from what I have said. But I cannot say all I mean. There is one thing in all the world I want, for which I would give the world if it were mine, and all the money in the world. And I cannot tell you. I must not speak of it to you, and you will never understand. *(Rises.)*

RACHEL. *(Moves slowly up to him.)* Perhaps I do understand.

JACOB. Rachel! *(Turns to her.)* If you do, I should not have spoken. In a sense it was not honorable of me. Forget what I have said.

Frau Gudula now asks for a private word with the Duke. "Do you," she asks, "see the difficulties and dangers of the match?"

FRAU GUDULA. But marriage is not a game.

DUKE. It may be an adventure if the consequences are not too easily seen, and my life has been, in a sense, always of adventure. When I was a child, Napoleon was shaking the ground he marched over. One day my father's little throne fell down and was picked up and dropped into the Corsican's sack. I have been an exile, and my crown has been restored to me. I have had money, and it has gone, and I should have had to go after it if your sons had not now lifted me once more upon my little throne. You see, Baroness, I have had my ups and downs.

FRAU GUDULA. You treat life as a plaything. What blessing can there be for a girl of my people in sharing such a life?

DUKE. When I am married, Baroness—*(Frau Gudula rises, also Duke.)*

FRAU GUDULA. *(Impatiently.)* Don't call me that. It is a pretence that does not please me.

DUKE. A pretence! The Emperor has—
FRAU GUDULA. Your Highness, no Emperor can enoble me—at my age. Rank is not won so easily by old women.

DUKE. I think, madame, you belong to a more ancient nobility than my own.

FRAU GUDULA. Give your compliments

to my grandchild and convince her with them, if you can. I wash my hands of this marriage. The matter is beyond me. The child shall decide for herself. I pray to Providence to guide her. (*Rachel enters with Solomon and a little later Nathan, Anselm and Jacob.*)

SOLOMON. Well, mother, may we come in? For your tête-à-tête over?

RAU GUDULA. Yes. We have much in common, His Highness and I.

DUKE. (*Puts up hand.*) Madame! Shall I speak now? (*To Solomon.*) Sir, you know already why I am here to-day. I have the honor to beg your daughter's hand in marriage.

SOLOMON. We thank you, Duke Gustavus, for the high honor you confer on our family. We accept that honor gratefully and gladly. (*Takes Rachel's hand.*) I give my daughter to you.

RACHEL. (*Puts her hand on her father's shoulder.*) Father, you cannot without a word from me.

SOLOMON. What do you mean?

RACHEL. (*Moves away from Solomon.*) I am ashamed. I know now that you arranged this yesterday, and I am ashamed.

SOLOMON. (*Restraint his anger.*) How ashamed?

RACHEL. Ashamed to have been offered and accepted in this way.

SOLOMON. It is the custom of our people to arrange marriages in this way.

RACHEL. A hateful custom! A shameful custom!

SOLOMON. (*Angrily.*) Shameful?

RACHEL. Yes. (*To Duke.*) Your Highness, I will not be party to a bargain so shameful to both of us. (*Turns to Duke.*) I thank you and refuse. (*Bows to Duke.*)

SOLOMON. Do you know what you are saying?

RACHEL. Do you know what I am feeling? Father, do you believe that I could ever be happy without a home? Sir, I could never find a home in that castle,

with all the servants laughing at me behind my back. And the portraits on the walls staring at me and seeming to say: "If you please, you have come here too soon, wait another century or so!" No, if I marry, I—Grannie— (*She turns to her Grandmother, breaking down, and sobbing.*) Grannie!

SOLOMON. (*To Duke, very angry, but cold.*) Your Highness will forgive this exhibition? My daughter will soon see reason.

DUKE. (*With dignity.*) I beg you, I insist that you shall not persuade her against her will.

SOLOMON. (*Angry.*) Her will? In this family the children obey their parents.

RAU GUDULA. (*To Solomon.*) Then obey me, and let the child have her way in this. (*To Duke.*) You at least are wise enough to understand it must be so.

DUKE. I understand that, Madame. But— (*To Solomon.*) if I do not fulfill my part—

SOLOMON. Count Fehrenberg has the money. He is half-way to the Castle by now. (*Rachel rises and gets above Frau Gudula's chair, wiping her eyes.*)

DUKE. It will be returned to you, of course—if there is any left. I am bound to say—

RAU GUDULA. (*To Duke.*) No, be thankful you have got it. If I know my sons they will not be losers.

ANSELM. My mother is right. We have never yet taken back a signature.

The Duke makes his exit. "Now," remarks Solomon, turning angrily to his daughter, "you will give me your reasons for what you have done." Jacob, who is in the background, watches her intently.

RACHEL. You know them, father. (*Speaking also for Jacob's benefit.*) If I marry, it will not be for a castle, and a great title, and position. The Duke

would give those to me; but I want more than he could give.

SOLOMON. Go on.

RACHEL. And I must be able to give more, indefinitely more, than I could ever give to him.

SAMUEL. Is there anyone to whom you could give, and who could give to you all you mean?

RACHEL. I believe so, father.

SOLOMON. Will you tell me who he is? (*She does not answer.*) So it is all arranged between you. What is his position in life?

RACHEL. (*Very quietly.*) He is a business man, I think you would call it.

SOLOMON. Every tailor calls himself that. What kind of business is his?

RACHEL. Banking.

SOLOMON. A banker?

RACHEL. Yes. Like you.

SOLOMON. Oh! Is he well off?

RACHEL. He has some money, I suppose.

SOLOMON. How much, do you suppose?

RACHEL. As much as you have, I suppose.

SOLOMON. You are sanguine, I think. Is his family as much respected as ours?

RACHEL. Just as much.

SOLOMON. A Jew?

RACHEL. Yes.

SOLOMON. Of course! Well, who is he? Tell me.

RACHEL. I would rather not unless you insist.

SOLOMON. (*Rises.*) I do insist.

RACHEL. Then, he is there. (*Looking to Jacob.*)

JACOB. Rachel! My little Rachel!

SOLOMON. Magnificent! So I have worked and calculated and spent my money for my nephew!

RAU GUDULA. And those two have made their Lover's Lane out of this Jew's Alley! Yes, it is magnificent.

SOLOMON. I could have done it more cheaply, if I had known.

SEM BENELLI'S TRAGEDIES OF BLOOD, LUST, AND DEATH

SIGNOR Sem Benelli, Italy's young tragic poet, may be introduced to the American public next season by an operatic version of his tragedy, "L'Amore dei Tre Re" ("The Love of the Three Kings"). As a dramatic poet, Sem Benelli has been compared to Shakespeare. As a melodramatic trickster, he has been compared to Victorien Sardou. Sem Benelli is young. Yet if we are to believe Addison McLeod in his book on "Plays and Players in Modern Italy" (Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago), his is already a record of distinct achievement. Jean Richepin translated his "La Cene delle Beffe" ("The Supper of Jokes") into French, and Madame Sarah Bernhardt acted its leading rôle in Paris three years ago.

Sem Benelli is not an imitator, so Mr. Will Hutchins tells us in the *Fale*

Review; the stamp of originality is on his creation. "He is not a preacher, either of morals or of art-theory; and so completely does he keep himself behind the curtain that he baffles the attempt to connect him with schools of thought." At the time of the presentation in Paris of his tragedy *La Beffa*, however, he was interviewed in the *Figaro*. He explained his aim and his ambition in creating a new romantic tragedy. "I have always thought," he said, "that dramatic verse ought to be, first of all, agile, nervous, docile. I think that it ought to adapt itself precisely to the images it is meant to embellish and heighten, and that it ought to be at times as rippling as a brook, at times as impetuous as a storm, at times as majestic as a river." Sem Benelli would rid the romantic drama and verse of its artificialities. He wants to bring it more closely into contact with

living movement, with truth, with humanity. "He has not flinched," Mr. Hutchins informs us, "before subjects which are revolting as well as powerful, but he has avoided stagnation in disease by a strong and compelling sense of movement, a sort of moral rhythm. You can go through a great deal if only you can keep going." Still, Sem Benelli seems to have a predilection for love, vengeance, intrigue, passion and murder. He might be called a poet of blood, lust and death.

His characteristics are best illustrated in his bitter tragedy, "The Supper of Jokes." This is a play that has attracted and held the attention of Italy. And it is this play that led several Paris critics to accuse Signor Benelli of that quality Bernard Shaw has named "Sardoodledum." Its scene is laid in medieval Florence—Benelli's birthplace—and it leads us into an

atmosphere like that found in Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography. There are three leading characters, Neri Chiarmantese, a bully; Gianetto Malespini, an old man; and Ginevra, a courtesan. The old Gianetto, in spite of his age, has been making love to Ginevra, Neri's mistress. Neri and his brother Gabrielle have retaliated by "jests," dagger thrusts and throwing old Gianetto into the river. One Tor-naquinci gives a supper, at the command of the Magnificent, for the purpose of ending all this enmity. Tired of being the butt, Gianetto plans a little joke on the two swaggering, insolent brothers. Aided by the good Tuscan wine, the old man draws on Neri to accept a wild wager, which will take him into an assembled company of Florentine gentry, clad in plate armor and carrying a pruning hook. Gianetto then goes off to spread the rumor that Neri is raving mad. Later, in Neri's cloak, he penetrates the apartments of Ginevra, passing himself off as Neri. Neri breaks loose but is recaptured by the ushers of the Medici; and the third act is devoted to the goading of the supposed madman. Mr. McLeod depicts the tremendous climax of the play:

"The doctor authorizes his (Neri) being handed over into the custody of his friends. Gianetto, who has attained, apparently, a general order to deal with the situation, allows his release, and Neri goes off, not able for the moment to give vent to his feelings. Gianetto, however, out of an apparent miscarriage of plans, has evolved a revenge a thousand times more subtle and more deadly.

I hold between my fingers
The finest thread of all, and out of it
I'll tie the knot of death.

"The hastily mentioned name of Gabrielle gives a hint—no more—to those of keen wit, of what this may be. And . . . and . . . Neri or no Neri, he will go and visit Ginevra to-night.

"In the last act, Ginevra and her maid are discussing the situation together. Neri breaks in on them, orders Ginevra to await her old new lover as if nothing has happened; threatening her with death if she disobeys him in any single particular. Then he follows her into the room. What comes next is stupendous in its simplicity. There is silence. The stage is empty. Then a rollicking love-song strikes up in the street outside, swells out and dies away again, as the singer passes along. Can anyone, I wonder, imagine the irony of this drunkenly cheerful ditty in the ears of those who sit breathlessly, helplessly, awaiting the ghastliest of murders! Silence! Then a moment's speech between the waiting-maid and Fazio; she begging him to warn his master. Silence again! Then a figure, taller and more robust than Gianetto, clad in a flame-colored cloak, passes hurriedly across the stage, casting nervous glances here and there. He opens Ginevra's door and passes in. A terrible cry, and Neri comes out, wiping his knife; and at the very moment, from another door, Gianetto



THE WOOD-CARVER OF FLORENCE

Sem Benelli was a Florentine wood-carver before he achieved his triumph as a writer of bloody but brilliant tragedies.

confronts him. For an instant they stand face to face; the great fellow trembling now before the coward stripling whom he has persecuted. 'You? Whom have I killed, then?' 'Go and see, and then keep your reason—if you can!' Fazio rushes to his master. 'Fly, fly!' But Gianetto only gazes at the door. 'I am chained here'; then as Neri comes out, with a quiet detached voice, in which no member of the audience could imitate him, 'Will he kill me? No! He cannot.' And Neri passes across the stage, gibbering and caressing the flame-colored cloak which he bears across his shoulder."

In such scenes of startling intensity, declares Mr. McLeod, the genius of a Shakespeare manifests itself in finding the right thing to say. "This little speech of Gianetto, as he is waiting for Neri to come out of the chamber of death, is of this kind. Equal to Shakespeare? Perhaps not. But hear it spoken in its place, and then tell me of any writer, save Shakespeare, who could have bettered it."

If "The Love of the Three Kings," which we may see produced on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera, is less vigorous, it is more lyrical. It is strongly reminiscent of Paolo and Francesca and recalls Romeo and Juliet. However, the melodramatic thrills are not lacking. Here is Mr. McLeod's recital of the plot:

"Flora, a native princess, is married to Manfred, a barbarian prince, whose father, Archibaldo, vigorous tho old and blind, is quick in every sense but the one which he misses utterly. But Flora loves Avito, an Italian prince, and the two have clandestine meetings; suspected, but not caught, by the blind father. Archibaldo's interest in Flora is intense, and there is just a hint in a speech of hers, coupled

with his answer, that it surpasses that with which an old man should regard his daughter-in-law. In the second act, Manfred, about to set out for the wars, begs his wife, whose very footprints he worships, to wave him a last farewell from the tower. There, on the battlements, we see her; while Avito, hid by the parapet, creeps up and kisses the hem of her robe, pours forth his passionate love, and all the while the waved scarf signals to the parting husband a message—alas! a false one—of faith and love. But as the husband passes, more passionate grow the lover's words; weaker, the wavings of the scarf, until, vanquished and regardless of all else in heaven or on earth, she falls from her perch into her lover's arms. At that moment Archibaldo appears on the scene. He fails to trap Avito, but catches Flora, and, as she will not confess nor yield her lover's name, strangles her with his two great hands. Then Manfred returns, and, aghast at the scene, cannot pardon Archibaldo his share. The latter, saying 'Keep your dream! I will avenge you. You must not look upon the death-necklace your father's hands have made,' bears out the body of the fallen and punished wife. In Act III the body is laid out in the vault; but Archibaldo has spread poison on her lips to catch the lover, who he knows will come to gather the sweetness which romance bids him—and us with him—believe is still flowering there. Avito comes; is caught in his death-agony by Manfred; and the latter, after enjoying his rival's punishment, commits suicide—even with the executioner's weapon. The scene is closed by the appearance of Archibaldo, who, finding his son in agony, guesses the event, and falls prone, with a gesture of despair, over his body."

Mr. Hutchins characterizes Sem Benelli as a "poet who can write plays which have earned their right to be seen and to be read." He concludes his interpretation:

"His sense of drama is at once poetic in form and realistic in its fidelity to human life. Very fortunately he is a young man. We may hope that ability so signal may yet be turned to subject-matter of more general interest. In reviewing his work thus far we feel certain that his sense of tragedy is genuine; he is not morbid, for all his excursions into the degradations of the Renaissance. It must be remembered, too, that he is Italian, native born to a dramatic tradition which takes its tragedy without flinching, and in large quantities. The flabby moralities of our stage, with its false modesties and its paper-doll heroisms, might profit by an inoculation of honest tragedy. Had Mr. Kennedy, in 'The Winterfeast,' been able to restrain his horror to more endurable proportions and to tell his story with the simple directness of 'L'Amore dei Tre Re,' it may be that even our public might have allowed a more generous hearing to a work of splendid beauties. The successful tragedies of recent appearance in English—and there have been successes, in box-office parlance—will compare very poorly, for the most part, with the simple and searching verse-dramas of Sem Benelli."

SEEKING PLAYS WITH A FINE TOOTH COMB

THE offer by Winthrop Ames of \$10,000 for the best play submitted to him for production by the fifteenth of August again calls attention to the scarcity of playwrights who know their business. No less than ten thousand plays are annually written in America, according to the conservative estimate of an experienced play-reader. Only a small proportion of those plays ever see the footlights. In France the percentage of plays produced is even more discouraging. The French Society of Dramatic Authors boasts of no less than 5,400 members. Computing the output of these playwrights at a ratio of five dramas to one dramatist, we find that there exists in France a reserve crop of 27,000 plays. Yet, the *Dramatic Mirror* informs us, only sixty members of the Society succeed yearly in obtaining a hearing for the children of their brain, leaving the other 5,340 members of the Society to await their turn. In this country the number of plays produced is more than four times that of France. There is no lack of opportunity for production, but there is a dearth of good plays. Managers scour the country with a fine tooth comb for new playwrights.

"I suppose," remarked Mr. Ames, "I am at one with other managers in feeling acutely the lack of good plays. To me not in the theatrical profession himself it is astounding. I am sure there must be many good plays somewhere—by somebody—in America. It is the purpose of my competitive offer to get them." Many people, Mr. Ames thinks, have a vigorous dramatic idea in their system, but think it not worth their while to put it into dramatic form. To these Mr. Ames attempts to furnish an incentive. "I expect everything," he says, "and—nothing. That is, I am anticipating nothing. I am just waiting. I may get three or four very good plays. I doubt if I get more than that. Again, I may not get one notable bit of work."

Columbia University has established a Dramatic Museum for the benefit of students of the drama and budding playwrights. Harvard University has established a Laboratory Theater where plays written by students may be also produced by them. The theater is not restricted to plays by students, however, and is to be conducted as an adjunct to the instruction in the technique and the history of the drama. In spite of all the coaxing by managers, universities, stage societies, drama leagues, and newspapers, successful playwrights refuse to be incubated. Out of two hundred plays submitted without invitation to a prominent manager in one year, only four merited production. Of these, according to a professional play-reader, confiding his experiences

to the *New York Times*, 146 came from eastern States. The Empire State is represented by 112 from New York City alone. New Jersey has a total of five, with four from Montclair, Pennsylvania submitted eleven, with Pittsburgh two and Philadelphia seven. The same total came from Massachusetts, Boston offering two and Cambridge eight. The last-named holds the dramatic barracks of Professor George Pierce Baker and his little army of playwrights. Vermont sent one play from its literary colony at Windsor.

"The 'solid South' polled seven. A solitary piece arrived from Washington, D. C. Delaware sent two, one being from Wilmington. An R. F. D. wagon started one from Maryland. Literary Louisville brought one from Kentucky, Norfolk, Va., sent one, and so did Pensacola, Fla.

"The middle West contributed thirty-nine. In Ohio were nine, Cleveland and Columbus giving two each, and Cincinnati four. Out of the seventeen from Illinois, Chicago is responsible for fourteen. Of the Hoosier State, Indianapolis and South Bend sent one each. Kansas City and St. Louis sent one each from Missouri. Little Rock represented Arkansas with one. Wisconsin had two, with one from Milwaukee. Minneapolis was present with one from St. Paul, Michigan had three with two from Detroit. From a small town in South Dakota came one. Des Moines, Iowa, completed the section with one.

"California represented the entire West with two from Los Angeles and one from Oakland.

"The foreign plays were all English, three from London, England, and two from British Columbia, Vancouver sending one.

"Of the 200, nine came in printed form, seven being of private editions. Play brokers acted for ten of the authors. Blank verse was the medium for four tragedies, prose sufficing for the remainder."

One-act plays, musical comedies, scenarios and novels submitted for dramatization are not included in this estimate. There were twenty-four comedies, seventeen farces, one hundred and eighteen dramas, thirty-one melodramas and ten tragedies. Most authors show a lack of business acumen in the selection of the managers to whom they submit their plays. Many pieces utterly remote from a manager's line of productions are sent to his office. When, the play-reader goes on to say, it is clear by newspaper report or other testimony, that a manager confines his work to the production of spectacular plays, for instance, it is scarcely within reason to submit psychological and narrowly intimate pieces to him. "There is a chance that he may take them; but it isn't even a fighting chance. It is much more difficult to persuade a manager who

specializes in pieces having but five or six or even ten characters to take a play requiring twenty performers than it is to succeed with one accustomed to 'plunging.'"

The writer attempts to destroy the myth that good plays are often turned down. There may be great misconception in certain managerial quarters as to what constitutes a good play, but on the whole, producers are shrewd, no matter how mistaken they may be in individual instances.

"A producer's tendency, of course, is to stay in ruts—to produce only pieces of such form and containing such scenes as he knows from his own experience and that of others to be acceptable to the public. This is not necessarily cowardice, but rather cautiousness, a personal sureness of knowledge. His average production costs anywhere from \$10,000 to \$15,000, and he is not going to risk the amount in pieces that do not inspire his confidence or that do not at least show him 'a way out.'"

"These plays that are rejected by manager after manager, and then, after ten years, let us say, are produced amid acclamation (and anathemas on all 'commercial' managers and their readers), are, as far as I have ever been able to learn or determine, not at all the same plays that started out on the heartrending, peddling journey. The author has profited by reasons given him for his rejections; his own common sense has helped him considerably. He has revised and revamped and written again until at last it becomes practically in shape, and some one accepts it. It is then that we hear that half-truth that so many 'ignorant' managers turned down a good play. We do not hear how the play was improved, step by step, at the suggestion of those same managers. In almost any manager's office they will tell you, readily enough and without any particular regret, of some season's success that they turned down."

Of the two hundred plays in question, ninety-one were rejected because of faulty material, sixty-one suffered the same fate because of defective construction, seven others were snuffed out because of faulty treatment. Of the four accepted, one was a "crock play" by an established English playwright; another was a native dramatization, by a man amateur, of an old, standard, English novel, admirably suited for production as a spectacle; the third was a man amateur's drama of domestic type, and the fourth was a Russian political melodrama by a native woman amateur. All four needed revision.

Another expert declares that all the trouble in finding good plays may be caused by the lack of any definite standards of dramaturgy either on the part of the public, the producing managers, or the teachers of technique. It is difficult to please everyone involved,

THE PAGEANT AS A FORM OF PROPAGANDA

IN the revival of one of the earliest forms of drama, the pageant, has been found one of the most "picturequely vivid means of teaching a lesson or winning devotion to some particular cause." So says Katharine Lord, writing on "The Pageant of the Idea" in the *New York Evening Post*. Altho this form of drama, Miss Lord points out, is supposed to be nothing but a vivid record of history, the tendency in America has been toward its use for propaganda purposes. The suffrage pageant, recently given in the Metropolitan Opera, was a symbolic pantomime rather than a pageant. The pantomime was weak, says Miss Lord, "in that it is too exclusively symbolic, and has no substructure or human action to carry the idea." On the other hand, she continues, "it is suggestive of a strong, dramatic, forceful and vivid pageant, which would have the inculcation of an idea or the advancing of a cause for its distinct purpose."

A pageant of this type was produced shortly after these words were written. So successful in depicting the cause of the striking silk workers of Paterson, N. J., was the "Pageant of the Paterson Strike," presented in Madison Square Garden on the night of June 7, by one thousand of the strikers and their leaders, that the *New York Times* found in the performance a veritable menace to existing society. It says:

"Under the direction of a destructive organization opposed in spirit and antagonistic in action to all the forces which have upbuilded this republic, a series of pictures in action were shown with the design of stimulating mad passion against law and order and promulgating a gospel of discontent. The sordid and cruel incidents of an industrial strike were depicted by many of the poor strikers themselves, but with dominating and vociferous assistance from members of the I. W. W., who have at heart no more sympathy with laborers than they have with Judges and Government officers. Their aim is not to upbuild industry but to destroy the law. . . . The motive was to inspire hatred, to induce violence which may lead to the tearing down of the civil state and the institution of anarchy."

On the other hand, the *New York World* found in the strike pageant something more poetic and less menacing. Speaking editorially it said: "It was not a drama, and hardly a pageant as the word is understood. It was little more than a repetition of a single scene. But need can speak without elocutionists, and union of thought in a great mass of highly wrought-up people may swell emotion to the point of tears. Probably few witnessed the exhibition without sympathy with the

sacrifices that made it possible and satisfaction in its material success."

"It would have pleased any dramatic critic because of the sincerity with which the simple plot was carried out," says the *World*, adding further: "As viewed by a spectator unbiased either from the labor or capital standpoint, their pageant was rather in the nature of a tragedy than anything else." The *New York Tribune* partially described the strike pageant in this way:

"There was a startling touch of ultra modernity—or rather of futurism—in the Paterson strike pageant in Madison Square Garden. Certainly nothing like it had been known before in the history of labor agitation. The I. W. W. has not been highly regarded heretofore as an organization endowed with brains or imagination. Yet the very effective appeal to public interest made by the spectacle at the Garden stamps the I. W. W. leaders as agitators of large resources and original talent. Lesser geniuses might have hired a hall and exhibited moving pictures of the Paterson strike. Saturday night's pageant transported the strike itself bodily to New York. . . .

"The first episode of the pageant, entitled 'The Mills Alive—the Workers Dead,' represented 6 o'clock one February morning. A great painted drop, two hundred feet wide, stretching across the hippodrome-like stage built for the show, represented a Paterson silk mill, the windows aglow with the artificial light in which the workers began their daily tasks. Then came the operatives, men, women and children; some mere tots, other decrepit old people, 1,200 of them, trooping sadly and reluctantly to the work 'the oppression' of the bosses had made them hate. Their mutterings of discontent were soon merged in the whir of the looms as the whistles blew and the day's work was on.

"But that day's work did not last long, for the smoldering spirit of revolt suddenly burst into the flame of the strike, and the operatives rushed pellmell out of the mills, shouting and dancing with the intoxication of freedom. The whir of the mills died down, and then rose the surging tones of the 'Marseillaise' as the strikers marched defiantly up and down before the silent mill. 'The Mills Dead—the Workers Alive'—that was the name of the second episode, best described, perhaps, in the words of the scenario of the pageant—'Mass picketing. Every worker alert. The police interfere with peaceful picketing and treat the strikers with great brutality. The workers are provoked to anger. Fights between the police and strikers ensue. Many strikers are clubbed and arrested. Shots are fired by detectives hired by the manufacturers, and Valentine Modestino, who was not a striker or a silk-mill worker, is hit by a bullet and killed as he stands on the porch of his house with one of his children in his arms.'"

"Episode three represented the funeral of Modestino, a scene that, with all the accessories of sombre realism, worked the actors themselves and their thousands

of sympathizers in the audience up to a high pitch of emotion, punctuated with moans and groans and sobs. A coffin, supposed to contain Modestino's body, was borne across the stage, followed by the strikers in funeral procession to the heavy tones of the 'Dead March.' As they passed, the mourners dropped red carnations and ribbons upon the coffin, until it was buried 'beneath the crimson symbol of the workers' blood.'

"The next episode depicted a mass meeting of the strikers, with all the regulation incidents of fiery I. W. W. speeches, the singing of revolutionary songs, the waving of red flags, and the pledging of the workers never to go back to work until their boss knuckled under. Then came episode five, with its May Day parade through the streets of Paterson, and its big climax of sending away the children to be cared for in other cities, that their parents might go on and fight and starve and struggle unhampered by their little ones. With all the details of farewell embraces and tears, and finally shouts of enthusiasm breaking through the sadness of parting, the tots were handed over to the 'strike mothers' from other cities, and taken away, while Elizabeth Gurley Flynn made a consoling speech to the weeping mothers, and roused their spirits once more to the blind determination to fight on."

Judged from the artistic standards and ideals defined by Miss Lord in her article in the *Evening Post*, the "Pageant of the Paterson Strike" seems to be truly an artistic achievement, even tho it may be, as the *Times* has pointed out, a dangerous weapon for subversive propaganda. Here is what "the pageant of the idea" must accomplish, according to Miss Lord:

"The pageant of the idea, like any other, must be judged from the viewpoint of beauty and of dramatic values; and, more than that, it must be judged by its effect upon the performers as well as its effect upon the audience. Has any other art form so complicated a criterion? At first thought it is as confusing as if the palette, or the brushes, or the clay, should turn upon the critic and demand consideration, demand that the effect upon themselves individually should be placed before the effect on those who look upon the result. . . .

Considered as an art form the pageant of the idea must meet the same tests as any other form of drama. Has it continuity, has it sustained interest, has it climax? Do its pictures appeal to the eye in forms of well-ordered beauty? And is that beauty instinct with meaning that justifies its being? The pageant of the idea carries the added task of developing a graphically presented symbolism. How to represent ideas as basic facts in terms of picture and action, with idealism, and yet without undue strain upon the imagination or over-subtlety of characterization, is a problem not easy of solution, but fascinating in the extreme, and, when successfully solved, most grateful to all concerned."

Science and Discovery

EFFECT ON THE HEALTH OF WOMAN SUFFRAGISTS OF FORCIBLE FEEDING

AN INDICTMENT from a medical standpoint of the forcible feeding carried out by nasal and oesophageal tubes and by the feeding-cup appears in the *London Lancet* under the names of three distinguished physicians. The forcible feeding has been resorted to in British prisons to break the "hunger strikes" of advocates of votes for women. The feeding-cup method is frequently forcibly administered solely by the wardresses, without the supervision of a qualified medical practitioner. In the majority of cases the feeding has, on principle, been resisted to such a degree that two doctors and four to six wardresses are required to each operation, and in several instances the officials were held at bay for periods varying from ten minutes to over an hour. But it is to be observed that even in many cases where no resistance was offered, great pain was experienced under the operation. In these circumstances it is not surprising that many prisoners state that after one operation of forcible feeding they experienced more serious symptoms and pain than after several days' starvation.

"Every physician who has examined the released suffrage prisoners agrees that in the majority of cases by far the most

serious effects of the treatment by forcible feeding fell upon the nervous system. The younger prisoners escape with the least serious effects, but in those over thirty years of age the nervous symptoms are more marked and more lasting. Before enumerating the symptoms, we desire to point out that the suffrage prisoners enter prison in a totally different state of mind to that which is met with in asylum practice to which the condition of treatment has been compared. These women are normal individuals who go to prison as political offenders; they are protesting against what is, to them, an unjust anomaly, and they assert in consequence that they should not be treated as common felons. With the keen sense of suffering political injustice ranking in their minds, they determine on the hunger-strike, not to obtain release, as has been asserted, but to obtain equal treatment in prison during the term of their sentences for prisoners convicted of like offences, or to obtain from the authorities the due observance of the prison rules."

During the struggle before the feeding prisoners were held down by force, flung on the floor, tied to chairs and iron bedsteads. As might be expected, severe bruises were thus inflicted. The prisoners, however, did not complain of these. They regarded them as the inevitable consequences of political war.

Forcible feeding by the oesophageal or nasal tube cannot be performed without risk of mechanical injury to the nose and throat. Injuries to the nose were especially common owing chiefly to the lack of previous examination and skill in operating. Though the medical officers were informed in several cases that the nasal passage was known to be blocked and narrowed by previous injury, no examination was made. The prisoners were usually flung down, or tied and held while the tube was pushed up the nostrils. The intense pain so produced often forced uncontrollable screams from the prisoners. In most cases local frontal headache, carache, and trigeminal neuralgia supervened, besides severe gastric pain, preventing sleep.

"One says: 'After each feeding it (the nasal pain) gets worse, so that it becomes the refinement of torture to have the tube forced through.' The nasal mucous membrane was frequently lacerated, as evidenced by bleeding of the nose and swallowing of blood from the back of the nose. Sometimes the tube had to be pushed up the nostrils three to five times before a passage could be forced. In several such cases bleeding continued for some days; in one case it recurred for ten days. In another case an abscess followed, with intense pain over the frontal region, which lasted for weeks after release. Swelling of the mucous membrane of the nose and pharynx developed almost invariably; it was accompanied by Eustachian pain, and frequently this was succeeded by severe pain over the entire area of distribution of the fifth nerve. This trigeminal pain continued as long as the forcible feeding was continued. The equally invariable pharyngitis, which was obviously of septic origin, lasted in certain cases for some time after the release of the prisoner. When the oesophageal tube was employed the mouth was wrenched open by pulling the head back by the hair over the edge of a chair, forcing down the chin, and inserting the gag between the teeth. Naturally, in this process the lips, inside of the cheeks, and gums were frequently bruised, sometimes bleeding and sore to touch for days after. In a number of cases when the wardresses attempted to forcibly feed with a cup, they endeavored to make the prisoner open her mouth by sawing the edge of the cup along the gums. In one case a cup with a broken edge was used and caused laceration and severe pain."



Photo by Underwood and Underwood

A SUFFRAGET REHEARSAL OF A FORCIBLE "FEED"

This is what happens to the luckless women who in Holloway Jail is made to eat—that is assuming the actuality and verity of the pantomime here staged by militants.

RADIOACTIVITY VISUALIZED

WHAT is known as Radioactivity is due to the ejection from the atoms of the radioactive elements of two kinds of particles, which travel with enormous velocities. First is the alpha particle, a positively charged helium atom having a mass four times that of the hydrogen atom. Next is the beta particle, which carries a negative charge only half as large as the positive charge of the alpha particle and has a mass less than the seventeen-hundredth part of the hydrogen atom. The velocity of the faster beta particles approaches very nearly that of light, that of the alpha particles being considerably less but still exceeding ten thousand miles per second.

By the action of Röntgen and other radiations, proceeds Professor C. T. R. Wilson, whose lecture at the Royal Institution in London we are following, we can cause electrons or corpuscles which are identical with the beta particles to be expelled from the atoms of any element with velocities comparable with those with which the alpha particles are ejected from radium. The methods which have been used hitherto in the study of the paths of these projectiles and of the effects produced by them in their flight have been somewhat indirect. The actual paths of individual particles have not been observed. It has been necessary to investigate the combined effects of a large number of particles. It is plain that a great advance would be made if it were possible to induce each alpha or beta particle to leave a visible trail behind it along its whole course and to photograph this trail. This is what has been accomplished by the method described by the scientist already named and reproduced here from *Science Progress*:



WHAT THE EYE SEES

The gleam is radium made manifest to the human vision. Technically the spectacle is that of an X-ray beam on thin copper plate.

"Each alpha or beta particle, in the course of its flight through a gas-like air, traverses large numbers of the atoms of the gas. According to modern theories, such as those developed by Sir J. J. Thomson and Rutherford, each atom may be regarded as a sort of miniature solar system in which the planets are represented by negatively charged corpuscles or electrons; the forces with which we are concerned being, of course, electrical and not gravitational. When either an alpha or a beta particle passes near one of the members of this system, there are forces tending to deviate the flying particle from its otherwise straight course and to cause disturbances in the path of the planetary electron; these may be violent enough to cause the electron to escape from the system. An electron thus set free will become attached finally to some other atomic system, which thus acquires a negative charge, whilst the atom which has lost an electron has been left with an excess of positive electricity. We thus get positively and negatively charged atoms or ions.

"Now a method of making visible the individual ions has long been available. Molecules of water or of other vapors attach themselves more readily to ions than to uncharged atoms or molecules. Thus, in the absence of other nuclei on which vapor can condense more readily, such as those called dust particles by Aitken, it is possible to arrange that every free ion shall act as a nucleus and cause the condensation of water vapor, whilst none condenses elsewhere. Each invisible ion may thus be converted into a visible water drop. The supersaturated condition necessary in order that water vapor may condense on the ions is most conveniently produced by the sudden expansion of moist air."

The advance which Professor Wilson recently succeeded in making in the condensation method of studying ionization is this. The ions are now captured and converted into visible water drops in the positions which they

occupied immediately after their liberation by the ionizing agent. The cloud of drops is then at once photographed. Thus the invisible trail of ions left behind along the course of any ionizing particle is converted into a visible line of cloud of which a photograph is secured. In this way a record is procured of the path of each projectile by making visible the atomic wreckage it has caused in its passage through the air or other gas. In many cases the individual ions produced along the tracks are visible in the photographs. In order that undistorted photographs showing the result of the passage of the various rays may be obtained, it is essential that the expansion should be effected without stirring up the gas. This condition is secured by using a shallow cloud chamber of which the floor can be made to drop suddenly and so produce the desired increase of volume.

This cloud chamber must be freed from dust particles and all nuclei on which water readily condenses. This is done by repeated expansions, each too small to cause condensation on the ions, any cloud formed being always allowed to settle before making another expansion. The cloud chamber must be free from ions other than those produced by the ionizing agent under investigation. Since ions are always being produced even under normal conditions within a closed vessel, it is necessary to maintain an electric field between the top and bottom of the cloud chamber so that they may be removed as fast as they are produced:

"One very practical point in connection with the cloud chamber remains to be mentioned. It is necessary that the interior should be maintained in a nearly saturated condition and yet that the roof and walls should be transparent and admit of a clear and undistorted view of the contents. A glass vessel containing moist air soon becomes coated internally with a dew-like deposit of minute drops. This difficulty is completely avoided by covering the inner surface of the glass with a film of gelatine.

"The moist gelatine under the plate-glass roof of the cloud chamber forms a conducting film which is connected through a marginal ring of tinfoil with one terminal of a battery of cells, the other terminal being connected to the floor."

In this way a nearly uniform vertical electric field is maintained between the roof and floor of the chamber. The floor is virtually a pool of water made solid by the addition of gelatine and blackened by means of ink so that it forms a dark background for the clouds. It is supported by a glass plate which forms the top of a hollow cylindrical plunger working in water. As regards the mechanism for causing



A DEPARTING GLORY

The less penetrating rays of the radium emanation in this picture have been intercepted before entering the cloud chamber.

the sudden drop of the floor of the cloud chamber, it is sufficient to state that the space below the plunger can be put in communication, through wide tubes, with an exhausted chamber by suddenly opening a valve.

In order that the ionizing particles should leave sharply defined cloud trails, it is necessary that they traverse the moist gas immediately after this has been expanded while the water vapor is still saturated or rather supersaturated to an extent considerably exceeding the minimum which is required to cause condensation on the positive ions (which are more difficult to catch than the negative).

"Under these conditions, the ions lose their mobility and grow into visible drops before they have had time to diffuse appreciably away from the original track of the ionizing particle.

"If the clouds formed by condensation on the ions are to be photographed, it is necessary to expose them to an instantaneous illumination of great intensity while the camera is in position. The instantaneous illumination is obtained by a Leyden jar discharge, the arrangement being essentially the same as that used by Lord

Rayleigh in photographing jets of water and by Worthington in his study of the splash of a drop.

"I have, however, allowed the spark to traverse mercury vapor at atmospheric pressure instead of air, the brightness being thereby greatly increased.

"The spark, of course, has to be suitably timed, so that the cloud trails may be illuminated after the drops composing them have grown sufficiently to scatter plenty of light but before there has been any appreciable disturbance of the air by convection currents.

"I give some interesting pictures obtained by this method. It is perhaps necessary to point out that they are all photographs of clouds consisting of minute water drops condensed upon ions, as many of the clouds have a very uncloud-like appearance. . . .

"The alpha particle, in passing near one of the electrons of an atom, may impart to it sufficient energy to cause it to escape from the atom, whilst on account of its own enormous momentum it is not perceptibly deviated from its course. We



EXCITED

The rays are of the so-called "beta" kind and they are precipitated in the air by X-rays.

can thus understand the general straightness of the tracks. The sudden deviations must be due to encounters of a special kind; according to Rutherford's view, such large deviations would be caused by the alpha particle passing near the center of the atom, where he supposes the positive charge to be concentrated.

"On account of the enormous velocities with which they are emitted—closely approaching that of light—the beta particles are able to travel considerable distances in the air, distances many times greater than the diameter of the cloud chamber. It is therefore impossible to picture the whole track of a single beta particle."

THE PERSISTENT DELUSION OF THE INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF MATTER

AT THE best the doctrine of the indestructibility of matter is a pure hypothesis, entirely unsupported by scientific evidence worthy of the name. Indeed, the "doctrine" has always been contradicted by whatever we know of physics. Physicists of the modern school, that dates from the formulation of the theory of the electrical nature of matter, are well aware of the absurdity of the idea that matter is indestructible. Many people, however, not being in touch with the new physics, talk as if the idea of the indestructibility of matter were still seriously entertained in respectable scientific circles. The supposed "law" is even held to be of the highest importance and sustained by serious evidence. It is nothing of the sort. The expression "law of the indestructibility of matter" does, indeed, survive in text-books left over from the last generation; but it is a delusion to imagine that the "law" is still one of the foundation stones of science anywhere. The law of the conservation of inertia, which is true under all but the most exceptional circumstances and which is a generalized statement of observed facts involving nothing hypothetical, suffices for all purposes of the natural sciences for which the hypothetical "law of the indestructibility of matter" was at one time employed. That distinguished physicist, Dr. Stanley Redgrove, from whose paper in *London Knowledge* we

transcribe the foregoing statements, thus enlarges on them as follows:

"When a candle burns it ceases to exist as such. Closer examination of the phenomenon, however, shows that this is not all that occurs. Not only does the candle disappear but some of one of the constituents (oxygen) of the atmosphere is used up; and in the place of the candle and oxygen, new gases (carbon-dioxide and water-vapor) make their appearance. If all these bodies are carefully weighed at the same spot on or above the earth's surface, it will be found that the combined weights of the carbon-dioxide and the water produced are exactly equal to the combined weights of the candle and of the oxygen consumed. A similar statement holds good of every other chemical change; the combined weights of all the bodies produced during such a change is always found to be exactly equal to the combined weights of all the bodies consumed."

Now, the weight of a body is the force by which it is attracted to the earth's center. Force may be described as that which produces or tends to produce acceleration (either positive or negative), or, what is the same thing, change of motion. If no forces whatever are operative on

a body, it will remain in a state either of rest or of uniform motion. This fact is expressed by saying that the body possesses *inertia*. The inertias of bodies may be measured by applying to them such forces as are necessary to impart to them a given acceleration: the forces applied will then be proportional to the inertias of the bodies.

It has already been pointed out that the sum of the weights of all the bodies produced by a chemical change is exactly equal to the sum of the weights of all the bodies consumed therein, so long as all the weights are determined at the same place on or above the earth's surface. If in place of "weights" in this statement, the word "inertia" be sub-



NATURE'S MAGIC LAMP

It is a replica of Aladdin's in being invisible until evoked by the knowing, and like his it lasts forever.

stimulated, the inductive law may be formulated that chemical action has no effect upon inertia. This is the law of the conservation of inertia. This law is very frequently termed the law of the conservation of mass. It used to be known as the law of the conservation or indestructibility of matter. The first of these expressions is objectionable because, altho "mass" is generally used by modern physicists in the sense of "inertia," as defined above, at one time it was held to signify "the quantity of matter in a body." "Mass," therefore, is an ambiguous term and ought to be avoided, since the word "inertia" accurately expresses its modern signification without ambiguity.* The law of the conservation of inertia affords no ground for asserting the indestructibility of matter.

"According to the materialistic hypothesis, matter is known to us not only by its inertia but by all those other phenomena which are termed (in accordance with this hypothesis, and loosely by those who do not hold it) 'properties of matter.' Surely, then, the 'quantity of matter' in a body is not to be measured merely by the inertia of the body, but rather by the sum of all its 'properties.' The argument that the 'quantity of matter' must be measured only by the inertia, since all the other 'properties' of a closed material system are variable, the inertia of such alone being constant, is a flagrant begging of the question, since it assumes the very point at issue, namely, the indestructibility of matter. Indeed, since materialistic philosophers always postulate *extension*, or the property of occupying space, as the most fundamental 'property of matter,' it would seem that the 'quantity of matter' in a body ought to be measured, if by one 'property' alone, by its

volume; and the volume of a body is by no means constant. The volume of bodies, as is well known, can readily be altered merely by the application of pressure or by a change in temperature; moreover, the volume of a reacting system is not usually constant during a chemical change."

The word "matter" is exceedingly ambiguous. By a certain school of metaphysicians, who may be termed materialists, the word is used to denote a hypothetical thing-in-itself, a substance supposed to underlie all phenomena of the visible universe. By another and less speculative school of philosophers the term "matter" is used merely to connote the fact, or perhaps we should say, law, that certain phenomena—the so-called properties of matter—are always found grouped together so as to form a complex, which may be termed a "material body." It is now becoming more completely realized that the term "matter" ought to be employed in purely scientific writings only with some non-metaphysical meaning such as this. If the term be used in this sense, there is evidently no justification for supposing that matter is indestructible because inertia is conserved. For, thus employed, matter stands for many phenomena or "properties" or rather for the fact or law of their connection—not merely for that particular phenomenon or property or manifestation termed inertia. No alleged scientific evidence has ever been brought forward in favor of the doctrine of the indestructibility of matter save the facts generalized under the expression "the law of the conservation of inertia." The able student of this subject thus enlarges:

"Now it is evident that these facts can

only be regarded as evidence of the truth of this doctrine if it can be proved that the matter of a body (in whatever sense the word 'matter' is used) is identical with, or measured by, the inertia of the body. Nothing, however, has ever been advanced to prove this, and, as must be evident from what has been already said, it is most unlikely that any such relation between matter and inertia holds good. Moreover, if it were maintained that 'matter' ought to be defined as 'inertia,' the obvious reply is that this would be contrary not only to the ordinary usage of the word but also to its use by philosophical writers generally.

"But to consider even unlikely possibilities, were it proved that the inertia of a body does, in fact, measure the 'quantity of matter' it contains, or were it generally agreed that the word 'matter' ought to be employed as synonymous with 'inertia,' the case for the doctrine of the indestructibility of matter would in no way be improved. For Professor Sir J. J. Thomson has proved mathematically that an electrically-charged particle in motion possesses inertia in virtue of its motion, and that, if its velocity is sufficiently high, an increase in the velocity produces a considerable increase in its inertia. This has been experimentally verified by Kaufmann, who measured the inertias and velocities of the small particles emitted by the disruption of the atoms of radium. He found that the greater the velocities of these particles the greater were their inertias, the observed increment in every case agreeing with that calculated according to Thomson's reasoning. It is evident, therefore, that altho inertia is conserved during chemical action, the inertia of an electrically-charged body may be altered by sufficiently accelerating it. If, then, 'matter' is the same thing as inertia, or is measured thereby, it is evident that matter may be created by sufficiently accelerating such a body, or destroyed by retarding it."

* MATTER, SPIRIT AND COSMOS. By Stanley Redgrove. London: Rider.

THE MYSTERY OF THE HUMAN CHIN

OF WHAT use is a chin? After much pondering on the subject, that renowned man of science, Sir Ray Lankester, has just stated in a paper that he is unable to discover any mechanical or physiological purpose which it subserves. The mystery of the human chin has a more direct bearing upon fundamental anthropological problems than laymen suspect. The fact that all modern races of mankind have a chin—a bony projection of the front border of the lower jaw—and that the most primitive men whose remains have been found did not possess this bony chin naturally led to speculation as to why this is so. No muscle or ligament is attached to this special prominence. It is covered by fat, skin and hair. It is a mystifying fact that none of the monkeys, not even the most man-like, the gorilla, the chimpanzee, the orang-

outang, the gibbons, have a chin. In fact, none of the other mammals can be said to have a chin except the elephant, and its chin, tho it is a strongly marked bony projection of the front edge of the lower jaw, seems to be of a nature differing from that of man. It represents the entire middle front portion of the lower jaw, which in the extinct elephants like mastodons carried two large horizontally directed incisor teeth. The mastodons had something that might be deemed a chin, but their descendants show the characteristic in a dwindling fashion. Only man has seemingly developed a chin for himself.

Since the chin subserves no purpose of utility it is at first a mystery of evolution. It performs no function. Why did it evolve? Why has it persisted? By way of answer it is pointed out that a chin inspires fear and respect for its possessor. This would

make it desirable in a struggle for existence involving competition with others. In the next place a chin seems to inspire admiration in the female. The chin, then, is a product of sexual selection alone. Sir Ray Lankester enlarges thus, as his words are given in the *London Telegraph*:

"It would seem that 'sexual selection' may fix on not merely rudimentary organs and preserve them, but on any little irregularities of growth or color on this or that part of the body, and lead to their perpetuation and intensification by breeding. Apart from this question of the preservation of rudimentary organs, or the intensification of abnormal color-spots or local growths, by sexual selection, or by the more usual selection due to their survival value, we have to bear in mind that living bodies in their growth are not, as many theorists have been too ready to assume, merely neutral masses of living matter tending to vary a little in every and any direction, and so to offer every

and any variation to be selected or rejected in the struggle for existence. The living bodies of plants and of animals are not such simple plastic material as that. On the contrary, they grow from the egg-cell and develop and maintain their specific hereditary form by the operation of an immense complexity of internal mechanisms, acting and reacting upon one another. The 'form' of a living thing is the superficial and visible expression of internal 'coordinations' and 'correlations' which differ characteristically in every line of descent. Not only is there one flesh of beasts and another of birds and another of fishes, but every order, genus, species, and race has acquired in the course of long ages and transmits by heredity its special coordinations and correlations, acting and reacting on one another, and acted on by the environment. You may construct a mechanical toy-house in which, if you open one door another opens simultaneously round the corner, or if you draw out the chimney to increased length all the windows suddenly throw out little balconies. Similar relations exist between the parts which constitute organic forms. If one part varies in size, another part often distant from it varies with it—maybe increases as it increases, or maybe diminishes as it increases. So that the increase or suppression of one part or organ of a living body by natural selection of the favorable variation of that part, results in the alteration of a remote part which is not in question. A new condition of that remote part consequently ensues which has no 'utility' as its explanation. And what I state here in terms of mere form and size is true of much more subtle and obscure qualities, the physiological chemical activities of whole systems of organs and parts, even the minute parts which we call cells and the constituent elements of those cells."

This is so important a matter and so little has been added to our knowledge of it since Darwin that Sir Ray Lankester cites an instance or two. It is referred to as "correlation of growth" and "correlation of variation." We know little more about it than the bare

fact of its existence. Yet a thorough appreciation of this factor is essential to form a satisfactory conception of the origin of organic forms by the selection of favorable varieties in the struggle for existence as taught by Darwin. It accounts for the initial growth of variations as necessary accompaniments of other variations which are useful, bringing sometimes those useless variations to such a size or proportion that they eventually become important. Then they are seized upon and favored by natural selection, and thenceforth maintained and developed. In breeds of horses, thus, long limbs are accompanied by an elongated head. White cats which have blue eyes and are of the male sex are almost invariably deaf. White sheep and white pigs are poisoned by certain plants in their food also dark specimens escape injury. Hairless dogs have imperfect teeth. These are but a few examples.

To revert again to the human chin:

"It cannot be due to the retention or the reappearance in man (by reversion to the characters of an ancestral stock) of an ancestral character which has become useless since early men and the whole group of apes and monkeys are devoid of it. It may be a pure 'sport' or novel variation, like the pair of bony processes or small 'horns' on the frontal bone of certain thoroughbred horses. . . . Or it may owe its origin to a 'correlation of variation.' The reduction in the size of the dog-teeth or canines, which are very large in the apes, might be 'correlated' with an outgrowth of the chin. The absence of the chin in the Neanderthal and Heidelberg men, altho the canines are as small as in modern man, negatives this suggestion. But it is possible that the enlargement of the chin is correlated with other changes in the skeleton. Whether it arose as a correlated variation or a quasi-independent 'sport,' it seems probable that sexual selection has established the bony chin, once there was a tendency for it to appear. The popular belief about the indication of firmness of will in the posses-

sion of the prominent chin is widely spread. Not only that, but some savage races distort the heads of male infants by binding them with boards, the result being to throw the chin upwards and forwards, giving to them when grown up a defiant, threatening aspect which is admired. The hair on the lower jaw of men of various races is habitually brushed forward by them and stiffened so as to give an increased prominence to the region of the chin. The larger monkeys frequently defy and threaten those whom they regard as enemies by shooting the head forward, the front of the lower jaw and its teeth taking the most prominent position, and some of the monkeys have the hair naturally growing forward on the lower jaw so as to give the appearance of a 'chin' which, however, is not present in bony substance. There is fair evidence for the conclusion that a prominent 'chin,' either hairy or bony, is an object inspiring fear and respect in the minds both of monkeys and of savage races of man. It might, therefore, become an object of sexual selection in primitive man."

Many instances of a more or less convincing character are known, concludes the brilliant British scientist, showing that fantastic peculiarities of form and color in male animals are in all probability developed in consequence of their attractiveness to the opposite sex. It is possible that the prominent chin of later man as well as the shape of nose or lips in different races and some other features of the kind are due to sexual selection rather than to any particular value of such variations to the individual as such. Great importance is attached by some speculative writers to the influence of sexual selection on the future as well as on the past molding of the mental as well as physical characteristics of the human race. With regard to the chin, some anthropologists maintain that it has some necessary connection with the power of speech; but Sir Ray Lankester fails to find what the nature of that connection may be.



THE FIRST KNOWN MAN

All that is left of him at any rate. He left this relic in England aeons ago and it is noticeable that he had no chin worth mentioning.



HE HAD A JAW—NOT A CHIN

The chimpanzee whose profile in restoration is presented to us here had no chin at all and yet we have chins—where did they come from?

THE EVOLUTION OF THE CHIN FROM THE JAW

ETHNOLOGICAL BASIS OF THE JAPANESE CLAIM TO BE A WHITE RACE

AMONG the surprises which Japan has sprung upon the astonished Occident, declares that careful student of ethnology and linguistics, Doctor Arthur May Knapp, the most comprehensive is that which is least understood—the manifest differentiation from the Oriental type. Among the prime causes which brought the mighty Muscovite Empire to its knees before Japan, he adds, was the failure of the Russians to recognize the wide mental gulf separating the island realm from the Asiatic continent proper.

The differentiation referred to, especially in view of the fact that the object lesson furnished by Japan has at last impressed slow China, gives unusual interest, according to our authority, to what he deems the puzzling question of the ethnological origin of the people who are to-day rousing Asia from her immemorial slumbers. As yet Japan has merely won her place among the great powers. So far she has not by any means surmounted the bar of racial prejudice and thus entered the charmed circle of western society, to which birth and breeding are the only talismans securing admission. The trend given to the ethnological inquiry in Doctor Knapp's own mind was suggested by a first visit to a Japanese theater. He explains in *The Atlantic Monthly*:

"Just prior to my departure from Boston, about a score of years ago, I had witnessed at Harvard a Greek play in which the Hellenic methods and features of dramatic representation had been reproduced with the most careful attention to detail. Imagine, then, my surprise at finding in a Tokyo theater a native drama staged and performed in all essentials like that which I had just seen on the other side of the globe. There was the Greek chorus, in musical recitative interpreting the motive of the play, its weird strains varying in accord with the changing action of the scene, while the stately demeanor of the actors, who were often masked, and above all the quasi-religious strain pervading the whole, completed the illusion that I was witnessing a performance of the old Hellenic drama; an illusion which even the quaint Oriental setting of the piece could by no means dispel.

"Even more remarkable was the Greek atmosphere of restraint pervading the play. The story, altho the bloody and gruesome tale of the Forty-seven Ronins, was put upon the stage with the nearest possible rendering of the Greek idea that nothing repulsive, or calculated to shock refined sensibilities, should find direct expression. In the *hara-kiri* scene the victim, with stately dignity, retired to a room appointed for the consummation of the fearful rite. There followed a few moments of impressive silence, and then—

a white plum-blossom fell from a tree overhanging the door to tell that all was over. There was probably no one in the audience who did not recognize the immense suggestiveness of the scene, or who was not deeply moved by it, fully according as it did with the sensitive and gentle nature of a people who ever shrink from even the mention of grief and death. Here again was another distinct and unmistakable classic motive suggesting mental kinship with the ancient leader of the western world.

"After passing some hours thus in an atmosphere permeated with Hellenic ideals, it was not strange that when we left the theater the passers-by in their graceful flowing robes took on the semblance of a throng of Greek philosophers in a street of old Athens; and when, a moment later, there came into view a band of young men clad in white tunics, their heads encircled by blue fillets with the knots tied in front, proclaiming that they were on their way to their annual carouse under the falling cherry-blossoms, the illusion was complete, for to eye and mind alike the *Bacchic* procession of ancient days was there surging through the streets of the Japanese capital."

Was it a mere passing illusion or did it not rather supply a hint towards a possible solution of one of the most puzzling problems which ever perplexed the brain of the ethnologist? Who are the Japanese? In reply to these queries of his, Professor Knapp points out that the resources of ethnology in settling such a vexed series of questions are meager. As a student of linguistics as well as of ethnology, Professor Knapp, indeed, must note that linguistics has had to come to the aid of ethnology before various puzzles concerning racial origins could be solved. The result of that circumstance is Max Müller's generally accepted classification of races based on the factor of language. The outcome of such wandering from its own domain having thus been measurably satisfactory, it might not now be aniss for the ethnologist to essay a search along the lines of the deeper and more abiding features of humanity grouped under the name of character. If comparative philology has so greatly helped him, why not enter the more fascinating and possibly more fruitful realm of comparative temperament? For an inquiry based on the mental qualifications of peoples to be classified in the same racial category would be a clue to determine racial kinship of far greater weight than the study of common elements of language, deemed by so eminent an ethnologist as De Rosny to be the unsafe of guides. It is only when such broader and deeper lines of relationship are established that inquiry into resemblances of language, physiognomy, mythology, traditions and folk

lore can safely be used as corroborating the conclusions of the main line of research.

An unwitting recognition of the fact that the Japanese possess distinctively Aryan qualities is found in the fact that they are called the Yankees, the British and even the French of the far East. Alert and enterprising as the Americans, sturdy, persistent, self-respecting and ambitious as the typical Englishman, keen-witted and versatile as the Gallic nation, inquiries as to their kinship with some of the dominant peoples of our own time might be fruitful of results. As Professor Knapp's quest is one of birth and antiquity, the resemblances to be noted between this unique people and the best representative of the Aryan type will, he thinks, better serve the purpose.

In one respect the modern Japan has surpassed its ancient prototype. It has kept its capacity alive while that of Greece has seemingly perished. Moreover, the Japanese have advanced with moderation and self-restraint. Here as in other respects they demonstrate their intellectual and temperamental kinship with the ancient Greeks.

"A no less remarkable parallelism exists between the leader of the ancient world and the teacher of the modern Occident in the cultivation of the spirit of refinement, a word which we Westerners need to be constantly reminded is the only synonym for civilization. As were the Greeks in their time, so are the Japanese of to-day, the acknowledged exemplars of the refinements which should mark intercourse between man and man. And here also may be found an evidence, even more marked than that just adduced, not only of the survival of an ancestral trait beyond anything observed in Greece, but also of its survival in greatly increased force.

"The chief thing which makes Japan so fascinating a land to dwell in is the consciousness that you are there living in an atmosphere of universal kindness and courtesy. In the modern life of the West and, so far as we know, in that of ancient Greece, this refinement of manners may be described as belonging to only a few classes or conditions in society; but in the new-old nation the habitual demeanor of even the humblest of its people toward each other gives evidence of an ingrained civilization of its own, surpassing that of any Occidental people of any age. And thus again a temperamental quality in which the Greeks were preeminent is found developed in even greater force among the people of the Island Realm of the far East.

"Closely akin to it and in fact growing out of the demeanor of the people toward each other, was the hospitality to thought which Greece evinced, and which is even more conspicuously a trait of the Japanese mind. The annals of

neither of the two peoples are stained with the blood of religious persecution. Just as Paul found in Athens an altar 'to the unknown God' regarded with reverence, so the common confession of ignorance in which the Japanese have been nurtured by their centuries of training in rationalism has kept them ever free from that evil spirit which in the West has always actuated those who know, or who think they have been informed, as to who or what the Deity is.

"This common confession of ignorance among the Japanese has borne its legitimate fruit. Their hospitality to every religious teacher who has come among them from foreign lands, from the most ancient times down to the present day, is perhaps the proudest distinction which any nation can boast. It is not, as many have argued, a sign of indifference to all religion; rather is it an outcome of their ardent desire to welcome any one who might throw light upon their ignorance and thus help their country onward to a higher stage of morality and well-being."

Herein, it will at once be admitted, lies another and even more striking temperamental resemblance between the two peoples under consideration. The name of Greece ever suggests Marathon, Salamis and Thermopylae. But now, while those fires have there become smouldering embers, the glories of Marathon and Thermopylae have been almost wholly eclipsed by the deeds of desperate daring before the ramparts of Port Arthur and on the fields of Manchuria, where countless thousands, inspired solely by love of country, rushed onward to certain destruction. Yet another and more conspicuous evidence of an ancestral heritage shared by Japan and Greece in common is manifest in the unparalleled development of the art instinct in the two peoples. That development in ancient Greece made her the leader of the world in the past so superlatively as to confer upon her a unique glory. But the opening of Japan has revealed to the lovers of art another world of beauty bearing the impress of the same spirit of refinement, the same delicacy of line, the same fidelity to nature and the same feeling of restraint which characterize the masterpieces of Hellenic art. In one respect—and that the most important—the Japanese have surpassed the Greeks in the development of the art instinct in that with them the instinct itself has become the possession of a whole people.

These manifest evidences of temperamental qualities shared by ancient Greeks and modern Japanese do not, concedes Professor Knapp, prove that both had an origin in the old land of the Hellenes:

"Such a conclusion would be almost as absurd as the popularly-held impression of the meaning of Darwinism. Doubtless nine people out of ten still think of that theory as teaching man's descent from the monkey, whereas its only claim is that man and the simian were derived from a

common ancestor. So, likewise, while the evidences above adduced point to a marked degree of kinship, they by no means answer our question as to the common source from which the ancient leaders of the western world and the people who are to-day engaged in regenerating the Orient derived the ancestral qualities which have so conspicuously fitted them for their respective tasks.

"Upon the solution of this ultimate question so much light has of late been cast, and there is now in regard to it such a consensus of scholarly opinion, that it may be considered as virtually settled, so far at least as the primal habitat of everything we have a right to call a civilization is concerned. As the three dominant religions of the world have originated in the Orient, so every leading civilization, that of the West as well as that so recently revealed in the farthest East, must needs be referred to a purely Asiatic source, whence great tides of migration, eastward as well as westward, have borne its spirit and its great ideals, practically the same, to the uttermost confines of the earth.

"Since Max Müller's day the land which he called Arya in Central Asia has been generally recognized as the ancestral home whence flowed the great westward wave which, lifting upon its crest successively the empires of Persia, Greece, Rome, and Britain, at last, with the Cavaliers and the Pilgrims, crossed the stormy Atlantic and raised up the new Empire of the West.

"To-day a scholarly service, similar to that of Max Müller, has been rendered by an eastern savant who has indicated the course of another great migration in the opposite direction, which, passing through the semi-barbaric borders of northern and southern Asia, found its final retreat in Japan, where, in safe isolation, undisturbed by the dynastic struggles and barbarian incursions which swept away the old-time civilization of the Orient, the Island Nation became the real repository of ancient Asiatic thought and culture.

"In his masterly work on 'The Ideals of the East,' Professor Okakura, the foremost living authority on eastern art and archeology, while not claiming Müller's Arya as the ancestral home of his people, and not presuming to locate that home, virtually assigns it to the same region, or somewhere thereabout, suggesting the vicinity of northern India as the probable source of his country's civilization. Wholly content with his conviction, so entirely in accord with his national pride and loyalty,—the Japanese having no desire to be assigned to a European race-category,—he rests in his conclusion that his people's origin is purely Asiatic, and that its ancestry had a standing on a par with that from which all European civilization has been derived."

As to purely ethnological evidence in support of this theory, there are many curious facts collected by students in this field. There is first of all a consensus of Oriental traditions in regard to an ancient eastward migration from western Asia. There is also the testimony of a large body of folk lore common to Europe and Japan. Old Jap-

anese legends, manifest replicas of those anciently current in Europe, are, to cite one instance, the same as the Irish legend of Knock-grafton. Comparative mythology also reveals numberless examples of like trend. There are marked Persian elements in the Japanese traditional notion of the universe. In Japanese lore of the ancients will be found plain versions of the stories of Adam and Eve, of Cain and Abel, of the Greek myths of Orpheus, Mars and Venus. There is also a sharp line of demarcation between the Japanese language and the languages of the neighboring continent. The inference would be that the islands were acquired by their inhabitants through a migration distinct from that which peopled both northern and southern Asia proper.

There remains one ethnological field for consideration. It is the mooted point of physiognomical characteristics. This, from the scientific standpoint, is really the least important. From a popular standpoint it is more important than all the others combined because it is the foundation of a deep race-prejudice in the western world:

"The eyelids of the Japanese show the Mongol obliquity. Therefore the nation is of Mongol birth. That may have been the verdict of the ethnologist before he had command of all the data of his science; just as now it is that of those who have never studied it at all. To correct this impression, it is only necessary to consider that the Japanese are a long way from their original home, so long that they may have been centuries on their journey, during which time there could have been ample opportunity for admixture of alien blood. Tradition also assigns to their journey a route trending northward, and this is now known that obliquity of the eyelids merely suggests a long lingering in high latitudes, where nature protects the eyes of animals in the same way.

"As to complexion also, on the ground of which ethnologists used to jump at their conclusions, any one who has had opportunity to come into contact with the dominant race in the islands, the descendants of those who drove the aborigines into Yezo, must hold it to be a misnomer to call the race yellow, its complexion being actually as white as that of any of the peoples of southern Europe."

The aborigines in Yezo, to whom reference is thus made, are the well-known Ainu or Ainos. The word Ainu seems to mean a man. There seems little doubt that the Ainu are the original inhabitants of Japan, having been driven to their present refuge in the north by the race which now dominates the empire. The Ainu are taller than the Japanese, strong and very hairy. The cheek-bone is high, the nose flat and broad. The Ainu differ likewise in hair from the other Asiatic races as well as in their racial characteristics.

WHY WE LONG FOR THE DEATH OF OUR RELATIVES

IF ONE dreams of the death of a near and dear relative—an uncle or a mother—it is not at all necessary to draw the conclusion that the dreamer now has such a wish. He need merely have had it at some former time. To be sure, no son likes to admit even to himself that he wants his father to die. Yet such a wish is natural, instinctive, even if it becomes less acute with the passage of time and in the end be put down in the subconsciousness. The daughter, too, wants her mother's death. That is why she dreams of it at times so frequently. For that matter, we all want the death of our relatives, subconsciously if not consciously, however dear we deem them.

For an explanation of this circumstance we are referred by its discoverer, Doctor Sigmund Freud, of Vienna, the world's most renowned psychologist, to the conditions of child life.* The child up to a certain age is free from altruistic feelings. He lives in a simple egoism. It is erroneous to assume that the feeling of the child for its parents and brothers and sisters is from the beginning one of affection. On the contrary, there exists instead among the children of a family a certain rivalry. When a second child is born the first clearly shows jealousy. The younger child reacts in the same egoistic manner. It sees in the elder an oppressor. Normally these states of mind disappear to a certain extent, but they are never wholly uprooted from consciousness. This hostile attitude of the child towards the other finds its expression in the wish that the other were dead. The child really means that he wishes the other were away. But let us consider the wish of the child for the death of the father or the mother. Few laymen will admit the existence of such a thing normally. The most that will be granted refers to the abuse of the child by the parents—the idea being that this is an exceptional instance. Altogether different is the elucidation of Doctor Karl Abraham in the monograph on Freudian psychology just cited and which has been followed here:

"The dream of the death of the father or mother, as it occurs to everyone, contains the sought-for explanation. Freud shows from it that 'the dream of the death of parents is preponderantly common concerning that one of the pair of the same sex as the dreamer; so the son, for the most part, dreams of the death of the father, the daughter of the death of the mother.' This behavior is explained in part as due to an early sexual preference of the son for the mother, the daughter for the father. Out of this

preference grows a certain rivalry of the son with the father for the love of the mother, and a similar situation between daughter and mother for the love of the father. The son rebels earlier or later against the patria potestas, in some cases openly, in others inwardly. At the same time the father protects his dominance against the growing son. A similar relation occurs between mother and daughter. As much as culture may soften or change this rivalry, through piety towards the parents, through love of the children, still its traces cannot be extinguished. In the most favorable cases these tendencies become repressed in the unconscious. Straightway they express themselves in dreams. Children who are disposed to nervous or psychic disease show, already in the early years, a very strong love or a very strong repulsion towards the parents or towards one of them. In their dreams they show these tendencies especially clearly; not less clearly, however, in the symptoms of their later disease. Freud gives very instructive examples of this kind. He cites, among others, the case of a mentally ill girl who for the first time, in a period of confusion, expressed violent aversion for her mother. As the patient became clearer she dreamed of the death of her mother. Finally she no longer contented herself with repressing in the unconscious her feelings against her mother, but proceeded to over-compensate for that feeling by constructing a phobia, that is, a morbid fear, that something might happen to the mother. The aversion became transposed, the more the patient gained composure, into an excessive apprehension about her mother's goings and comings. I have myself lately observed a quite similar case.

"As complementary it may be mentioned that the dreams of adults not infrequently turn on the death of a child. Pregnant women who suffer from their condition dream of an abortion. Fathers or mothers who in the waking state tenderly love their child dream under special conditions that it is dead, for example, when the existence of the child interferes with the attainment of an object.

"The typical dream then contains wishes which we in our waking life will not admit. In the dream life these secret wishes find expression. These wishes, common to many or to all mankind, we meet also in the myths."

In Freud's opinion a very large proportion of the repressed wishes which realize themselves in the dreams of adults originate in early childhood. So much we learn in a study of the desire for the death of our relatives which Doctor William Brown, head of the psychological department at the University of London, makes in *The Lancet*. The repressed wishes of which Freud makes so much are, he thinks, conditioned by the sex of the child. Sex is a theme to which children devote their minds at a much earlier period than scientists have hitherto suspected. The child's ideas on the subject bring about a hatred of the

father or of the mother, attraction in one case being accompanied by hatred and jealousy towards the parent of the opposite sex. These are repressed under the influence of education and environment; but in later life they produce dreams of the death of the father or of the mother:

"The legend of Edipus, who unwittingly marries his own mother, Jocasta, and, too guileless in intent, pays the penalty for this unholy act, is a mythical representation of this general tendency in human nature. Freud would explain the mystery of Hamlet in the same way. Hamlet is unable to take vengeance on the man who has supplanted and murdered his father because he himself in his early youth had wished his father's death. The wish has been vigorously repressed and he is at present unconscious of it, but it still exists in him unconsciously and produces the inhibitory effects depicted in the play. Freud considers that repressed wishes of this nature are the principal factor in the production of all the psychoneuroses.

"If we bear in mind that children's ideas of death are very vague and in most cases correspond simply to 'permanent absence,' the theory is not so outrageous as it might otherwise seem to be. The 'naturalness' of family affection has undoubtedly been greatly exaggerated by earlier thinkers, and the passions of hostility aroused within the family circle are often very fierce. As the children grow up these feelings generally disappear and make way for the more conventional and intellectualized forms of sentiment; but deep down in the unconscious recesses of their souls persist the traces of earlier conflicts."

It may be thought surprising that such an immoral wish as that of the death of so near a relative should pass the "censor." The censor is that portion of the mental apparatus which stands on guard to repress thoughts we wish to hide. Two facts sufficiently explain the failure of the censor. In the first place the wish is the last in the world that we should ever consciously entertain, and for this reason the censor is unprepared for its appearance. In the second place the wish fulfillment is accompanied in the dream by a feeling of intense sorrow which seems to receive a sufficient explanation in the anxiety for the person's welfare which the dreamer has actually felt in recent times. Freud records the case of a woman who dreamed that she saw her fifteen-year-old daughter lying dead in a box. Psychoanalysis showed that the latent content of the dream was a wish dating back fifteen years that the child might die before it was born. This is a good illustration of the way in which wishes may persist for years in the consciousness, uninfluenced by later experience.

* DREAMS AND MYTHS. By Dr. Karl Abraham (Berlin). Translated by Dr. William J. White. New York Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease Publishing Company.

Religion and Ethics

THE MOST ESSENTIAL CONTRAST BETWEEN CHRISTIANITY AND BUDDHISM

THE pessimism of the Buddhist doctrine of life and the optimism of Christianity have often been discussed, but never has the difference between the two great historic rivals been stated with more profound suggestiveness than by Professor Josiah Royce in a recent number of the *Hibbert Journal*. The Christian idea of salvation through communal love and loyalty, together with the atonement—the creating of “new good out of ancient evil” for the beloved community—according to Professor Royce’s stimulating interpretation, presents the deepest contrast to Buddhist quietism and the Buddhist doctrine of salvation through the extinction of the individual.

Professor Royce begins by enumerating the many and impressive ethical and religious features common to both Christianity and Buddhism. Some of the greatest life questions are answered by both religions in substantially the same way. He writes:

“Each of these two religions attempts, by a frank exposure of the centrally important facts of our life, to banish the illusions which bind us fast to earth, and, as they both maintain, to destruction. Each is therefore in its own way austere and unsparing in the speech which it addresses to the natural man. Each shuns mere popularity, and is transparently honest in its estimate of the vanities of the world. Each aims at the heart of our defects. Each says: ‘What makes your life a wreck and a failure is that your very essence as a human self is, in advance of the saving process, a necessary source of woe and wrong.’ Each of the two religions insists upon the inmost life of the heart as the source whence proceeds all that is evil, and whence may proceed all that can become good about man. Each rejects the merely outward show of our deeds as a means for determining whether we are righteous or not. Each demands absolute personal sincerity from its followers. Each blesses the pure in heart, requires strict self-control, and makes an inner concentration of mind upon the good end an essential feature of piety. Each preaches kindness toward all mankind, including our enemies. Each condemns cruelty and malice. Each, in fact, permits no human enmities. Each is a religion that exalts those who, in the world’s eyes, are weak.”

The familiar statement that Buddhism is pessimistic while Christianity is a religion of hope, Professor Royce regards as not particularly enlightening unless we undertake to explain the spirit of Christian optimism and appreciate justly the Buddhist pessimism. Nearer the truth he finds that other familiar contrast between the creative attitude which Christianity requires of the human will, as against the quietism of Buddha. “Buddhism has as its goal,” he says further, “a certain passionless contemplation, in which the distinction of one individual from another is of no import, so that the self, as *this self*, vanishes. Christianity conceives love as positively active, and dwells upon a hope of immortality. Nevertheless the concept of beatitude, as the Christian thought of the Middle Ages formulated that concept, sets the contemplative life nearer the goal than the active life, even when the active life is one of charity.” Thus, even in their more mystical moods and expressions, the two religions are more in agreement than partizanship on either side would admit.

It is a vastly more important difference, Professor Royce grants, that Buddhism aims at the extinction of the individual self, while Christianity assigns to the individual an infinite worth. Yet this importance again is unexplained, he continues, until we see why it is, from the Christian point of view, that the individual is of such worth. “One may answer in simple terms that, according to the teachings of Jesus, the individual is infinitely important because the Father loves him; while Buddhism, in its original Southern form, has nothing to offer that is equivalent to this love of God for the individual man.” Which brings us to the further question: “Why and for what end does the God of Christianity love the individual?” And here, at last, says Professor Royce, we reach the most essential contrast between the two religions:

“For God’s love towards the individual is, from the Christian point of view, a love for one whose destiny it is to be a member of the Kingdom of Heaven. The Kingdom of Heaven is essentially a Community. And the idea of this community,

as the Founder in parables prophetically taught that idea, developed into the conception which the Christian Church formed of its own mission; and through all changes, and despite all human failures, this conception remains a sovereign treasure of the Christian world.

“The Individual and the Community: this, if I may so express a perfectly human antithesis in religious and deliberately symbolic speech—this pair of terms and of ideas is, so to speak, the *sacred pair*, to whose exposition and to whose practical application the whole Christian doctrine of life is due. This pair it is which, in the first place, enables Christianity to tell the individual why, in his natural isolation and narrowness, he is essentially defective, is inevitably a failure, is doomed, and must be transformed. This, if you choose, is the root and core of man’s original sin, namely, the very form of his being as a morally detached individual. This is the bondage of his flesh; this is the soul of his corruption; this is his alienation from true life; this fact namely, that by nature, as a social animal, he is an individual who, too fast bound by ties which no man can rend to the community wherein he chances to be born or trained, nevertheless, *until* the true love of a community, and *until* the beloved community itself appear in his life, is a stranger in his father’s house—a hater of his only chance of salvation—a worldling and a worker of evil deeds—a miserable source of misery.”

Buddhist likewise knows and teaches that the root of bitterness is to be found in the inmost heart of the individual self. But the original Southern Buddhism, according to Professor Royce, never made as a positive part of its plan of salvation “the simple and yet intensely positive devotion of the self to a new task—to its creative office as a loyal member of a beloved community.” Its way of salvation is merely through the destruction of all that alienates the individual self from the true life. Professor Royce foresees in the ideal Christian community an objective reality which he defines as follows:

“The ideal Christian community is one in which compassion is a mere incident in the realization of the new life, not only of brotherly concord but also of an interminably positive creation of new social values, all of which exist for many souls in one spirit. The ideal Christian com-

munity of all mankind is to be as intimate in its enthusiasm of service as the daily life of a Pauline church was intended by the apostle to be, and as novel in its inventions of new arts of common living as the gifts of the spirit in the early Christian Church were believed to be novel. The ideal Christian community is to be the community of all mankind, as completely united in its inner life as one conscious self could conceivably become, and as destructive of the natural hostilities and of the narrow passions which estrange individual men, as it is skilful in winning from the infinite realm of bare possibilities concrete arts of control over nature and of joy in its own riches of grace. This free and faithful community of all mankind, where in the individuals should indeed die to their own natural life, but should also enjoy a newness of positive life — this community never became, so far as I can learn, a conscious ideal for early Buddhism."

Still further removed from the Buddhist doctrine of salvation is Professor Royce's interpretation of the atonement. It is more than the reconciliation of good and evil through the genius of creative love. It is, in a way, a justification of the existence of evil. "Let no evil deed be done," he writes, "so deep in its treachery but that creative love shall find the way to make the world better than it would have been had that evil deed not been done." Professor Royce takes the Bible romance of Joseph and his brethren in illustration. The brothers sin against Joseph and their father. The deed is part youthful folly, part a maturely



HE LIGHTS THE WAY TOWARD A NEW IDEAL

The Christian conception of communal love and loyalty which never became a conscious ideal for early Buddhism, says Professor Josiah Royce, is an "interminably positive creation of new social values."

wilful treason. They assail not only their brother but their father's love for his lost son. It is a treason against father, son, and the whole family community. In the end, Joseph comforts his father, forgives his brethren, and atones for the sin in such a way that unity is restored.

"Here, then," says Professor Royce, "is felt to be a genuine atonement.

Wherein does it consist?" Not, he maintains, in the now generally discredited theories of "penal satisfaction"; nor in the more modern moral theories of atonement. "Joseph, having suffered and triumphed, set before his brethren (not without a due measure of gently stern rebuke for their past misdeeds) an example of love and forgiveness so moving that they deeply repented, confessed their sin, and loved their brother as never before." Such a theory, Professor Royce insists, misses the most obvious point of the tale, that, "through Joseph's work, all is made, in fact, better than it would have been had there been no treason at all."

"I submit that Joseph's atoning work consists simply in this triumphantly ingenious creation of good out of ill. That the brethren confess and repent is inevitable, and is a part of the good result; but by itself that is only a poor offering on their part. It is Joseph who atones. His atonement is, of course, vicarious. But it is perfectly objective. And it is no vicarious 'penal satisfaction' whatever. It is simply the triumph of the spirit of the family through the devoted loyalty of an individual."

Such a theory of atonement, Professor Royce concludes, could be applied to estimate the atoning work of Christ. "Atoning deeds are the most creative of the expressions which the community gives, through the deed of an individual, to its will that the unity of the spirit should triumph not only despite but through the greatest tragedies, the tragedies of deliberate sin."

THE RECOVERY OF MISSING VERSES IN THE GOSPELS

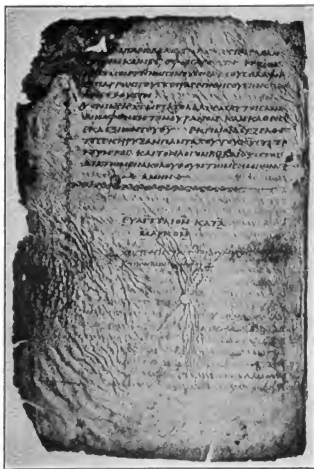
IT IS curious, as the New York *Independent* observes, that the American public should depend on a cabled abstract of an article in the London *Times* for information concerning an ancient manuscript of the Gospels purchased in Egypt six years ago by Charles L. Freer, of Detroit, edited by Professor Henry A. Sanders, of the University of Michigan, and now known in our public libraries as the Washington Manuscript. Mr. Freer himself knew nothing of the value of this old bundle of papyri, yellow with age and encrusted with the desert sand, until it was examined by Professor Sanders, whose final report and preparation of a facsimile with full critical and explanatory notes are now published. Eventually the original manuscript will

be transferred to the Smithsonian Institution.

Verses lost for centuries are herein found; and it is expected that on further study the many important corrections and verifications of disputed points in former manuscripts will add considerably to our knowledge of the Gospels. "With the purchase of these four Greek uncials a new period in American studies is marked," says the *London Times*. "A few cursive manuscripts, but none older than the eleventh century, exist at present in the United States, but they are of little importance. This happy find of Mr. Freer's places the United States on the list with Russia, which owns the Sinaiticus manuscript at St. Petersburg; with Italy and its Codex Vaticanus at Rome; with England's Alex-

andrinus at London and Codex Bezae at Cambridge, and with France's Ephrem palimpsest in Paris. Of these the Codex Vaticanus is perhaps the most important, and it is probable that this very old manuscript antedates the new Codex Washingtonensis by but a few years."

The Washington Manuscript contains three hundred and seventy-two parchment pages, mostly sheepskin badly yellowed, bound between two wooden panel covers, on which are painted in bright colors, after the manner of Coptic art, the four evangelists. The whole book is bound over with leather, and the covers are provided with metal chains attached by staples whose use can only be conjectured. The four gospels, in an unusual order — Matthew and John, Luke and Mark



THE LAST PAGE OF THE LAST GOSPEL

The subscribed prayer indicates the possession of this manuscript by the Church of Timothy in the Monastery of the Vine-dresser, which perished between 1208 and 1241.

(agreeing with the famous Codex Bezae)—are written in Greek uncials, almost entirely in one clear-cut hand, with brown ink, and the letters are well preserved. Everywhere, says Professor Sanders, the final text was decipherable. Interpolations occur in different hands.

An interesting part of Professor Sanders' labor has been to try and ascertain the source of these ancient papyri. His findings are based not on collateral records but on internal evidence of the manuscript itself. On the last page of the last gospel, which is Mark, the following prayer is subscribed, written by a later hand: "Holy Christ, be Thou with Thy servant Timothy and all of his." This indicates, according to a custom of the early Christian Church, says Professor Sanders, that the manuscript was in the possession of a certain Church of Timothy in the Monastery of the Vine-dresser. But there is also evidence that several names had been erased before Timothy was written in. Therefore Professor Sanders fixes the date of the new codex much earlier than the Church of Timothy, in the third or at the latest the early fourth century.

"The Monastery of the Vine-dresser," he writes, "was once burned by the Melchites, and it may well be that at its restoration, at the end of the fifth

or sixth century, manuscripts were begged or bought from various sources to make a complete Greek Bible for the use of those of the North African monks who understood Greek."

The painted covers of the Gospels are only second in interest to the manuscript. They are of later date.

The four Evangelists are here depicted in the same unusual order as the Gospels in the text. The picture of Mark is labelled by an inscription placed vertically beside his figure, *Μάρκος*, and to the left of Luke are discernible the last letters of his name, *ος*. Professor Charles R. Morey, of Princeton University, gives the following description:

"The drapery, the color scheme

and attitude of the figure of John must have been, as the remaining fragments show, practically identical with that of Mark. Traces of color in his hair show also that he was white or gray-haired like Mark.

"We have in these two panels definite portraits of the four Evangelists which should be of value to the student of Coptic iconography. This is particularly true of the figure of Mark, whose current type in Byzantine art is that of a man in the prime of life, with black hair and a full, round beard. Stykowski recognized the existence of the 'Paul type' of Mark in Coptic art—gray hair, head slightly bald, pointed beard—but this portrait is the first published monument to confirm the statement and to establish definitely the Coptic type of the Evangelist."

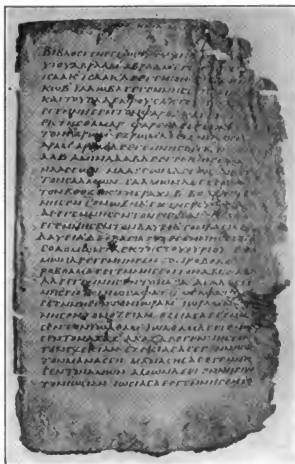
What is considered, however, the most important contribution of the new codex to the records of the Christian Church is the addition of verses to the text of the Gospels

as compiled from the five great codices previously known. The Washington Manuscript reveals verses lost for centuries, says the *N. Y. Times*, whose value cannot yet be properly estimated. But the *Independent* warns us that we must not trust to such assertions, even from sober newspapers. It is hardly true, the writer adds, that the new codex adds to the verses of the Gospels. He agrees, however, with the *Times*, that the widely discussed interpolation after verse fourteen of the sixteenth chapter of Mark is interesting even if it does not prove to be very important. The present verses of our Revised Version of the New Testament, Mark 16: 16-20, are admittedly of doubtful authenticity. They do not appear in the Washington Manuscript. But after we are told, in verse 14, that Jesus appeared to the disciples as they sat at meat and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart because they had not believed that he was risen from the dead, the new codex reads:

"And they excused themselves, saying that this age of lawlessness and unbelief is under Satan, who through the agency of unclean spirits suffers not the true power of God to be apprehended.

"For this cause," said they unto Christ, 'reveal now at once thy righteousness.'"

"And Christ said unto them, 'The limit



ONE MORE RESULT OF "GRUBBING EXPLORATION"

If the air and soil of Egypt can thus preserve papyri of the third century, it is not possible, asks the *London Nation*, that a fifth Gospel may yet be found?



THE WOODEN COVERS OF THE FREER GOSPELS

The figures of the Evangelists are painted in masses of ground color, still bright—reds, yellows and greens; and all the details of feature and drapery are overlaid upon this.

of the years of the power of Satan is not fulfilled, but is drawing near.' [Here the text is corrupt.]

"For the sake of those who sinned was I given up unto death, that they may return unto the truth and sin no more, but may inherit the spiritual and incorruptible glory of righteousness in Heaven."

The *Independent* makes the following explanatory comment:

"The conclusion of Mark's Gospel, verses 9-20, while old, was not written by Mark, but was added by another very

early writer to supplement the very abrupt ending of the Gospel at verse 8. It has been suggested by some—among them by Westcott and Hort—that the original ending of the Gospel, perhaps the last leaf of the manuscript, was lost in the first century. Two different endings are found in ancient manuscripts, one which in the Revised Version is separated from the rest of the Gospel by a blank space, and another shorter one which we translate as follows:

"But all the things which had been told to those with Peter they immediately proclaimed. And after these things Jesus himself through them sent out, from east

to west, the holy and uncorrupted proclamation of eternal salvation."

"The authority for this second ending, also it is ancient, is much less than for the usual ending. . . .

"The interpolation in the Freer manuscript after Mark 16:14 is not found in any other manuscript, and yet there is evidence that it was known to Jerome. . . . It was added, we may presume, when the early Church had begun to give up the expectation of the speedy return of Christ to the earth, as an explanation of his delay, and is valuable simply as a record of the change of view in a very early period."

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE'S NEW THEORY OF MORAL PROGRESS

WHEN one of the greatest scientific discoverers of our age, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, after observing the evolution of society for more than three generations, declares, without qualification, that our "whole system is rotten from top to bottom," and that our present social environment "as a whole, in relation to our possibilities and our claims, is the worst that the world has ever seen," even the most resolute of optimists must hesitate for a while to

talk about progress and take account of the facts as presented by Dr. Wallace in his latest book.* "It is a terrible arraignment," says the *Christian Commonwealth* (London), "and describes with unflinching truthfulness the various forms of social immorality which have accompanied the economic development of our civilization. But the book is inspired with a passionate faith in a future where brotherly co-operation and coordination for the

equal good of all will be the fundamental principles."

Dr. Wallace believes that we can initiate an era of true moral progress only through the most radical economic and social reforms, and particularly through a new form of natural selection,—the free choice in marriage of independent women. The different theories of eugenics, or any other direct interference with the freedom of marriage, he rejects as bungling and disastrous.

There is no proof, Dr. Wallace be-

* SOCIAL ENVIRONMENT AND MORAL PROGRESS, Published by Cassell & Company.

gins by stating, of any real advance in human character during the whole historical period. For such a change a new selective agency appears to be required. "As examples of great moral teachers in very early times we have Socrates and Plato about 400 B.C.; Confucius and Buddha, one or two centuries earlier; Homer, earlier still; the great Indian Epic, the *Mahabharata*, about 1500 B.C. All these afford indications of intellectual and moral character quite equal to our own; while their lower manifestations, as shown by their wars and love of gambling, were no worse than corresponding immoralities to-day."

The human intellect also has remained stationary. The idea that our recent discoveries and inventions in every department of science and art prove that we are wiser and more intellectual than mankind in the past, is, according to Dr. Wallace, totally unfounded. We are simply the inheritors, he says, of the "accumulated knowledge of all the ages; and it is quite possible, and even probable, that the earliest steps taken in the accumulation of this vast mental treasury required even more thought and a higher intellectual power than any of those taken in our own era." If Newton, for instance, had been born in Egypt at the time of the Pyramid builders, when there were no such sciences as mathematics, perhaps even no decimal notation, he could probably have done nothing more than they accomplished. We forget that in building up the sciences "each of the early steps was the work of a genius." Moreover, only recently papyri have been discovered which show conclusively that ancient residents of Egypt, people belonging to a period even earlier than that of the Great Pyramid, had social desires and aspirations very much like our own.

The material growth of the nineteenth century, our rapid increase of wealth and power over Nature, Dr. Wallace maintains, has succeeded only in putting "too great a strain upon our crude civilization and our superficial Christianity, and it was accompanied by various forms of social immorality almost as amazing and unprecedented." He points to the widespread inhumanity, cruelty and immorality of child labor in our industrial system, and the incalculable loss of infant life through the overwork, poverty or slow starvation of mothers. "Wealth," Dr. Wallace declares, "has been deliberately preferred to human life and happiness"; and one of the great defects of our system of law is that deaths due to preventable causes in any profit-making business are not criminal offences. "No thinking man or woman," he concludes, "can believe that this state of things is absolutely irremediable; and the persistent acquiescence in it while loudly boasting of our civilization, of

our science, of our national prosperity, and of our Christianity, is the proof of a hypocritical lack of national morality that has never been surpassed in any former age."

Altho it is a well-known and incontrovertible fact, Dr. Wallace affirms, that our commercial system is pervaded by a mass of dishonest practices and falsehood, by adulteration, bribery and stock gambling, the possessors of wealth thus acquired hold honored places in our society. To cure this a new industrial ethics is required. "If it were taught to every child and in every school and college, that it is morally wrong for any one to live upon the combined labor of his fellow-men without contributing an approximately equal amount of useful labor, whether physical or mental, in return, all kinds of gambling, as well as many other kinds of useless occupation, would be seen to be of the same nature as direct dishonesty or fraud, and, therefore, would soon come to be considered disgraceful as well as immoral."

Increasing deaths from alcoholism and from suicide, degeneration through sexual immorality, all these facts of our civilization, Dr. Wallace declares, should give us pause and "force upon us the conviction that there is something radically wrong in a social system which brings about such terrible evils." Most modern methods of dealing with these evils are fundamentally wrong and doomed to failure. But human nature is not a failure. It can always be regenerated. Dr. Wallace proposes for our future moral progress a radical change of social environment through the substitution of cooperation for competition in industry, economic brotherhood for economic antagonism, and complete equality of opportunity. He advances the original theory of moral progress through a new form of sexual selection made possible only by the economic and social freedom of women.

It is certainly of importance when the codiscoverer with Darwin of the law of natural selection and survival of the fittest tells us that this law has been misinterpreted to excuse the brutalities of our competitive system. "Others," writes Dr. Wallace, "are so imbued with the universality of natural selection as a beneficial law of Nature that they object to our interfering with its action in, as they urge, the elimination of the unfit by disease and death, even when such diseases are caused by the unsanitary conditions of our modern cities or the misery and destitution due to our irrational and immoral social system." But the transference of the action of natural selection from bodily structure to the mind of man, Dr. Wallace maintains, introduced a new factor—that of mutual help in human evolution, thus neutralizing profoundly the law of survival. This modification

of the theory was originally pointed out by Dr. Wallace in the *Anthropological Review* of 1864, and, tho apparently not attracting the attention of popular economists of that day, it received the approval of both Darwin and Spencer. What Dr. Wallace terms the "divine influx," which "at some definite epoch in his evolution at once raised man above the rest of the animals," created "a new being with a continuous spiritual existence in a world or worlds where eternal progress was possible for him." Mutual help became a factor in that progress.

Many readers and some writers of books, Dr. Wallace says, appear quite unaware that Darwin established two modes of selection, "natural" and sexual; the latter acting in two different ways, through the fighting of males for the possession of females, and the display of special male ornaments to attract the female. The second form, however, Dr. Wallace has long believed to be imaginary, and his views are generally adopted by evolutionists. He now discovers a third form of sexual selection in human society which he believes will initiate an era of moral progress. It is not eugenics. Dr. Wallace fiercely repudiates any connection with eugenic theories and regards them as fantastic. He says:

"It is in the highest degree presumptuous and irrational to attempt to deal by compulsory enactments with the most vital and most sacred of all human relations, regardless of the fact that our present phase of social development is not only extremely imperfect but as I have already shown, vicious and rotten at the core. How can it be possible to determine by legislation those relations of the sexes which shall be best alike for individuals and for the race, in a society in which a large proportion of our women are forced to work long hours daily for the barest subsistence, with an almost total absence of the rational pleasures of life, for the want of which thousands are driven into wholly uncongenial marriages in order to secure some amount of personal independence or physical well-being?"

"Is it not a hideous mockery that the successive governments which for forty years have seen the people they profess to govern so driven to despair by the vile conditions of their existence that in an ever larger and larger proportion they seek death by suicide as their only means of escape—that governments which have done nothing to put an end to this continuous horror of starvation and suicide should be thought capable of remedying some of its more terrible results, while leaving its causes absolutely untouched?"

Free selection in marriage made possible by the independence of women is a form of selection far preferable to eugenics, in Dr. Wallace's opinion. There are those who would probably object that women could not be counted upon so to advance the morals of the



"OUR SOCIAL ENVIRONMENT IS THE WORST THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN"

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the discoverer with Darwin of the theory of natural selection, now declares that moral progress is possible only through radical social changes, including a new form of sexual selection.

race. No one has a right to make such a statement, says Dr. Wallace, without adducing very strong evidence in support of it. He continues:

"We have for generations degraded women in every possible way; but we now know that such degradation is not hereditary, and therefore not permanent. The great philosopher and seer, Swedenborg, declared that, whereas men loved justice, wisdom, and power for their own sakes, women loved them as seen in the characters of men. It is generally admitted that there is truth in this observation; but there is surely still more truth in the converse, that they do not admire those who are palpably unjust, stupid, or weak, and still less those who are distorted, diseased, or grossly vicious, than the under present conditions they are often driven to marry them. It may be taken as certain, therefore, that when women are economically and socially free to choose, numbers of the worst men among all classes who now readily obtain wives will be almost universally rejected."

This mode of moral improvement by elimination of the less desirable has many advantages, Dr. Wallace maintains, over that of securing eugenic marriages of the more admired.

"What we most require is to improve the average of our population by rejecting its lower types rather than by raising the advanced types a little higher. Great and good men are always produced in sufficient numbers and have always been so produced in every phase of civilization. We do not need more of these so much as we want a diminution of the weaker and less advanced types. This weeding-out process has been the method of natural selection, by which the whole of the glorious vegetable and animal kingdoms have been developed and advanced. The survival of the fittest is really the extinction of the unfit; and it is the one brilliant ray of hope for humanity that, just as we advance in the reform of our present cruel and disastrous social system, we shall set free a power of selection in marriage that will steadily and certainly improve the character, as well as the strength and the beauty, of our race."

Dr. Wallace hopes and believes that the women of the future will prove equal to their high task of human regeneration. He writes in conclusion: "The certainty that this powerful selective agency will come into existence just in proportion as we reform our existing social system by the abolition of poverty and the establishment of full equality of opportunity in education and economic position, demonstrates that Nature—or the Universal Mind—has not failed or bungled our world so completely as to require the weak and ignorant efforts of the eugenisists to set it right, while leaving the great fundamental causes of all existing social evils absolutely untouched."

"SABOTAGE" IN THE WOMAN MOVEMENT

IN HER novel, "The Convert," dramatized as "Votes for Women," Elizabeth Robins gave a sympathetic presentation of the beginnings of militancy in the English movement for woman suffrage. "Way Stations" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), a collection now published of her articles and speeches on the subject, linked together by the first brief history, is an ardent defence of the women's resort to violence, or "direct action." Miss Robins finds sermons in stone-throwing, and an effective argument in the shattering of windows. It is only fair to add that her book was written before the more recent wild outbreaks. Nevertheless the principle of militancy, with all the possibilities which it involves, she bravely attempts to justify, and she refers to Christabel Pankhurst as "that spirit of air and fire."

When the English public, in 1905, was first "rudely reminded" of the existence of little groups of people who would fight for the principle of woman suffrage, Miss Robins confesses that she had little understanding

of and no sympathy with militancy. Her book, therefore, is designed to show how she and other like-minded persons have "traveled the road of enlightenment." Mounted policemen riding down little bands of women and girls publicly and peacefully assembled, unnecessary violence on the part of the government, finally leading to the first arrest of fifty-seven "bruised, dishevelled women," opened her eyes and sharpened her mind. The first women who went to prison, Miss Robins says, went for "a sign." "The question is: Can you read it?" She continues:

"Can you even discern the two strange and unexpected things that have come out of women's going to prison in the cause of Suffrage?"

"First: a fact not easily given its due weight—the fact that through their suffering and voluntary acceptance of the badge of humiliation, they have come close to the poor. Second: most difficult, most precious gain of all, the poor have come close to them."

"In a democratic country this is a circumstance of the first magnitude. Well

may the most astute statesman be given pause when he reflects that there is no body of educated men in Europe to-day in such close touch with the hard-pressed, disinherited millions as the women who have gone to prison for the Vote."

The government refused to accord militant suffragists the rights of political prisoners. They were treated like common criminals; whereat they revolted by refusing to eat and were forcibly fed. "According to an array of medical authorities," writes Miss Robins, "this process, even when employed upon an unresisting patient, is painful and dangerous. When fought against it becomes a mode of torture. It can be persisted in only at the cost of reason or of life."

A sister of Mrs. Pankhurst's died shortly after her release from what is known as the "Hunger Strike." There is a horrible list of nameless martyrs to the cause. Miss Robins tells the true story of Lady Constance Lytton, whose complete self-immolation is hardly known as yet.

Arrested and discharged on some pretext or other, but really because

the authorities shrank from handling roughly a sister of Lord Lytton, Lady Constance determined to make herself a test case. She cut off her hair, put on spectacles and working clothes, and thus disguised led a party of women to the prison gates. There she told the public what was being done to the women inside, and demanded their release. To quote further:

"She was instantly arrested, and sentenced to fourteen days' hard labor. In prison she was forcibly stripped and dressed in prison clothes. When she had fasted for several days four wardresses entered her cell at the heels of the prison doctor. He did not so much as go through the form of testing that heart which had been an object of such solicitude in Newcastle Gaol, in the Home Office, and in the House of Commons. 'Jane Warton,' as the prisoner called herself, was bound and gagged. Under the disguise of the borrowed name, Lady Constance went through that 'living nightmare of pain and horror and revolting degradation'—forcible feeding.

"In a few days' time the Gaol officials became convinced that this prisoner was not a working-woman, and probably not even Jane Warton; that she was, in any case, a woman suffering from grave heart trouble, and likely to die on their hands. So they allowed her to take out of prison a broken body, and such a case against the conduct of the business of the Home Office as made its chief think South Africa preferable to Westminster."

Miss Robins presents picture after picture of martyrdom in her peculiarly vivid and dramatic style, reaching the conclusion that the first shattering of plate-glass by the militants came with an "intensity of relief." "We are told that the Militants 'miscalculated' the anger and resentment they had aroused," she writes, "No, not 'miscalculated'—for their calculating was occupied with another problem. They are indifferent to anger and resentment. When a section of the public comes to that frame of mind, the situation is serious. Those who love law and order owe more than they are aware to the Militant leaders. You know the acts the leaders have sanctioned. You do not know the deeds they have prevented." To quote in conclusion:

"Unnerving as are the particular scenes under consideration, even to think about, there is in them an implication more unnerving still. For we have here hundreds of women ready to accept the disapproval (and all that may involve), not only on the part of the powers that be, and not only of the general public, but of their dearest friends and staunchest followers—if by that single sacrifice, or any other, they can break through the apathy that makes men and women permit the greater evils that afflict the world. "Persons of this temper can do without approval. Yet allies they never dreamed

of are found upon their side. A philosopher as grave and decorous as Emerson, for instance, with his assurance that 'every project in the history of reform, no matter how violent and surprising, is good when it is the dictate of a man's genius and constitution.'

"Very probably Emerson, as well as Burke and Mr. W. E. Gladstone, might hesitate to include women among mankind."

"The Creator seems not to have hesitated."

In a review of Miss Robins' book, written for the New York *Bookman* by Fola La Follette (Mrs. George Middleton), daughter of the Senator, the religious fervor of the militant movement is dwelt upon:

"Whether one questions the expediency of militant methods or feels sufficient provocation has not been offered to justify their extreme tactics, scarcely any reader of 'Way Stations' can fail to realize that these women have been motivated by a deeply religious fervor, by an intense consciousness 'of the penalty other women pay for our mean content with a better lot.' Miss Robins says the root idea of militancy is a rising up against evil, and 'few of us believe in peace at any price.' Scarcely any of us could stand unflinchingly and non-militantly by with Tolstoi while a child was tortured; we would consider the price of peace too high. Whether one is militant or non-militant in any cause is largely a question of the sensitiveness of one's imagination and the alertness of one's social consciousness."

A point of view contrary to that of Miss Robins is presented in *The Forum*, with equal earnestness and with an equal belief in the enfranchisement of women, by the well-known writer Mrs. Havelock Ellis. Mrs. Ellis deplores the existence of militancy, but she neither belittles nor derides it. She pays tribute to the extraordinary if mistaken heroism which it has brought forth. "Whatever people may say or think about political militancy," she writes, "we must remember the fact that, but for the W. S. P. U. [Women's Social and Political Union], the apathy of the parasitic women in our midst and the ignorance of many men would have remained just where they were till now. Jog-trot methods were suddenly eclipsed in a dramatic onslaught of the militant suffragets. If the drama does nothing else, it generally keeps people awake. . . . The awakening was terrific in importance and magnitude. It spread like an infection—this rebellion of distinguished and cultured women in our midst—this apparent outrage on womanhood itself to gain a recognition of womanhood."

But even in the game of politics, Mrs. Ellis goes on to say, even unemancipated women should play fair; and it is not playing fair to break the laws of a country, to rob peaceful cit-

izens by destroying their property, and then to protest at not being allowed to starve to death, or to revolt violently at life being saved by the only means available. Such lawlessness and disorder are what women should wish to abolish. Why introduce new methods of old abuses? "The argument that the hunger strike was to enforce the proper treatment of prisoners as political offenders is illogical. Window-smashing is not a political offence any more than burglary. However honest the motive behind it, it still remains an anti-social act." Moreover, Mrs. Ellis points out, the winning of the vote is entirely secondary to the way in which it is won; the vote itself being "imperative" only because it is "one point in the circle of justice."

The more orderly and maternally sections of English suffrage societies are entirely nonplussed. Mrs. Ellis admits, by these fierce and warring spirits in their midst. They are weakening woman's cause and hindering her emancipation. In their milder and frequently grotesque propaganda she discovers a similarity to the first onslaught of General Booth upon conventional religion. To quote at length:

"The drum and life of the Salvation Army woke many a lass and lad to the wonders of their own spiritual heritage. It made the public think; it aroused criticism. It was clever enough to appeal to the average in human nature, to the love of noise, to the inherent cry of the leader to lead and the followers to follow. Its autocracy, its definiteness, its dogma, its hero-worship and its capacity for collecting huge sums of money to save the lost were similar to this woman's movement in politics. It was vital and dramatic and made use of the need for sacrifice and martyrdom which is in the make-up of us all. . . . I remember well how the Salvationists cried in the streets in the first years of their propaganda: 'Why give tenpence a pound for lamb when you can get the Lamb of God for nothing?' It jarred terribly, just as militant tactics jarred; but the cry caught many a slum lad and lass, as militant tactics have taught many a half evolved man and woman to think out the woman question for themselves.

"Window smashing and such tactics have become as revolting to the general public to-day as that Lamb of God plea in the militant religious movement. The jar comes in, in both cases, because religion and womanhood are intimate and wonderful things and cannot be ultimately connected with vulgarity or rowdiness."

It is, then, as a passing and deplorable, if possibly necessary, phase that Mrs. Ellis regards militancy in the woman movement. Women have saner and yet sterner tasks before them. By spiritual and physiological laws, they are a constructive force in the world. When they become destructive agents of militancy and sabotage, they violate their own natures.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE'S DEFENCE OF PROTESTANTISM

THE controversy in Episcopalian circles over the Church's proposed change of name from Protestant Episcopal to Holy Catholic or American Catholic continues with unabated heat, and seems likely to do so until it culminates in the Episcopal General Convention to be held in New York City next October. Only by the margin of a single vote did the effort fail three years ago to drop the word Protestant, and now there is every reason to believe, according to a writer in the *New York Independent*, that even a bolder attempt will be made in the coming convention to draw the Episcopal Church nearer the Roman Catholic, and to separate it definitely from "dissenting Protestant sects."

An entire book is now published on the subject,* written by Dr. Randolph H. McKim, presenting forcibly the argument that the Ritualists who advocate a change of name are neo-Catholics who wish also to change the teachings of the Episcopal Church as given in the Prayer Book, and thus ally it to the Roman Catholic Church. This opinion, it is interesting to note, is shared by Roman Catholic writers, but in no spirit of approval. "At the root of the agitation for a change of name of the Protestant Episcopal Church, lies the desire on the part of many members of that Church to be more Catholic," says an editorial in *The Catholic World*. But the present name is its true name, the writer continues, for the Episcopal Church is essentially Protestant. "In its origin and its continued life," to quote further, "it is a protest against the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church owns the Bishop of Rome, the Pope, as its head. It believes him to be the Vicar of Christ upon earth; the supreme authority in all matters spiritual. The Protestant Episcopal Church does not believe this; has never believed it, and its genesis was owing to a protest against this very belief. The Protestant Episcopal Church believes in no visible power as an ultimate authority, infallibly protected by the power of the Holy Spirit, which we are obliged to accept and believe." Therefore, in the opinion of this Roman Catholic authority, the fifteen Protestant Episcopal rectors of New York City who have addressed to Bishop Tuttle, of Missouri, an emphatic protest against a change of name are entirely right and historically consistent.

In the columns of *The Churchman*, Thomas Nelson Page, the novelist, argues most eloquently not only for a retention of the Church's name but for the loyal preservation of the spirit of

Protestantism. The important point in the present controversy, according to Mr. Page, is to know with what motives this proposal to change the name of the Church has been made. "Some," he writes, "undoubtedly are approaching it gravely and in a spirit becoming so momentous and far-reaching an act; others are approaching it from an esthetic motive; some in a spirit of dogmatism, and some for reasons less creditable." But, he goes on to say, "whatever sentiment may exist in favor of this change of name has been carefully worked up. It is not spontaneous—there is no dissatisfaction with the old name on the part of the people. It is the work of a small party."

To those who argue that the name Protestant Episcopal was never formally and properly bestowed on the Church, that it is an "illegal title," Mr. Page answers that no formal adoption by council, or any number of councils, can give the force to a name that the people give "when they dignify, incorporate, and fix in their speech the fundamental fact by which anybody, great or small, is known." Not only is the Episcopal Church in the United States Protestant, Mr. Page goes on to say, the country itself was made by Protestantism. Had it not been for the Protestantism of the English Church, we should be flying the Spanish flag to-day:

"Representative government is the fruit of Protestantism—of Protestantism English and American. Our forefathers gave their lives to both, and at a time when a considerable element of the clergy were against at least the former, I would no more think of permitting a change of name of the Church, if I could prevent it, than of the country. Those who advocate changing the name of the Church should be warned that they are on more dangerous ground than they are aware of. Their churches are half empty now. They may find them more empty yet before they get through with tinkering. What we request with great firmness is that they keep their hands off the Protestant principle of this Church. When the people get ready to change, it will be done, and only then. Meantime they are unsettling their affection not for the Church's name but for the Church's principles."

Mr. Page agrees with Dr. McKim that the present purpose of neo-Catholics within the Church threatens a serious schism. He admits the mystical allurements of terms like "The Historic Catholic Church" and "The Apostolic Church of the Ages" which they advocate. Such names have a romantic appeal, but they are not practical. "We may call ourselves 'The American Catholic Church,'" he writes, "but shall we persuade the world that we

are this, or shall we merely deceive ourselves?"

"The attractive argument of Church unity has been warmly pressed in this discussion. It is a dream—a beautiful dream but a fallacious dream. There can be no unity with Rome without complete and utter submission to her. The whole history of her past establishes the fact, and no part more absolutely than her recent past. Twenty years ago men began to talk of the liberty of the Catholic Church in America. It appeared as if it were destined to make a great name. Great ecclesiastics, honored of all men, like Archbishop Ireland and Archbishop Keane, stepped forward and took the lead with tongue and pen. Cardinal Gibbons appeared acquiescent; the great Educational Institution at the gates of the Capital fell into the movement. What happened? Rome said 'No.' The movement stopped as the petrifaction to stone. The leaders were disciplined. Ireland found himself compelled to recant and lost his Cardinal's hat. Keane was called abroad and made Archbishop of Damascus where no active Christian Church had been for a thousand years. The University lost its 'distinguished head' and became quiescent if not reactionary."

Mr. Page proceeds to put the following crucial questions to the idealists who argue for Catholicism:

"Are you willing to submit to Roman Catholic absolutism? Are you ready to accept not only the fathers whose names are enshrined in the romantic history of the first centuries or shine from the darkness of medievalism, who indeed already belong to you as to her if you but assert your birthright, but also you ready to accept the fathers who walk the streets of Rome to-day, with eager eyes ever turned toward this western field which Rome once claimed as all her own? Are you ready to accept the Confessional, are you ready to accept the celibacy of the clergy and the unquestioned right to obedience of her hierarchy? Are you ready to accept the recent dogmas of Rome—the immaculate Conception and the infallibility of the Papal See? If you are not, then do not dream of unity with Rome. Rome has but one condition for unity—submission, submission of body and mind."

If Episcopalians want Church unity, Mr. Page concludes, let them join forces with the other Protestant bodies. Or, if they still prefer to maintain their middle position between Roman Catholicism and the dissenting branches of the Church, let them do so as declared Protestants. "We are broad enough to admit both, and herein lies our strength. If we surrender this point of vantage, gained at so incalculable a cost of toil and devotion, what shall we gain in its place? The hostility and contempt of the rest of Protestantism whom we shall have abandoned, and the contempt of the rest of Catholicism whom we shall have vainly endeavored to approach."

*THE PROPOSAL TO CHANGE THE NAME OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Literature and Art

Arnold Bennett's Glorification of the Novel.

ARNOLD BENNETT is certainly at his best as a critic when he is analyzing and explaining the art of fiction. His claim to be an expert along this line no one would care to dispute. Mr. Bennett, moreover, is the acknowledged leader of a whole young school of realistic novelists who are continually experimenting and bringing to light new values in their work. They are iconoclasts. Mr. Bennett himself ruthlessly destroys our domestic idols, Dickens and Thackeray; but he has his own gods,—Fielding and Dostoevsky. And who shall say they are not gods? When, however, he argues dogmatically, as he does in the *Metro-politan Magazine*, that the novel is preeminent over every other form of prose fiction because of its "comprehensive bigness," there is a small but insistent voice reminiscent of Poe that questions him: Has not the concentration and exclusiveness of the short story an equal if quite different value, as a form of art? Says Mr. Bennett:

"The novelist is he who, having seen life, and being so excited by it that he absolutely must transmit the vision to others, chooses narrative fiction as the liveliest vehicle for the relief of his feelings. . . . Of course, he is the result of evolution from the primitive. And you can see primitive novelists to this day transmitting to acquaintances their fragmentary and crude visions of life in the café or the club, or on the earlstone. They belong to the lowest circle of artists; but they are artists; and the form that they adopt is the very basis of the novel. By innumerable entertaining steps from them, you may ascend to the major artist whose vision of life, inclusive, intricate and intense, requires for its due transmission the great traditional form of the novel as perfected by the masters of a long age which has temporarily set the novel higher than any other art-form."

The Omnivorous Novelist.

NOTORIOUSLY, Mr. Bennett continues, the novelist, including the playwright, who, according to his classification, is only a sub-novelist, has been taking the bread out of the mouths of other artists. Moreover, in relation to the other arts, he has "poached, colonized and annexed" with a successful audacity that cannot be denied. "There is scarcely

any aspect of the interestingness of life," says Mr. Bennett, "which is not now rendered in prose-fiction—from landscape painting to sociology—and none which might not be." It is unnecessary to go back to the ante-Scott age in order to perceive the rapid aggrandizement of the novel. It has "conquered enormous territories" even since Zola's "Germinal":



HE REFUSES TO EXTERMINATE THE HERO

Heroes in fiction can never die, says Arnold Bennett. The type changes, but the race persists.

"Were it to adopt the hue of the British Empire, the entire map of the universe would soon be colored red. Wherever it ought to stand in the hierarchy of forms, it has, actually, no rival at the present day as a means for transmitting the impassioned vision of life. It is, and will be for some time to come, the form to which the artist with the most inclusive vision instinctively turns, because it is the most inclusive form, and the most adaptable. Indeed, before we are much older, if its present rate of progress continues, it will have reoccupied the dazzling position to which the mighty Balzac lifted it, and in which he left it in 1850."

The Evolution of the Hero.

TO SAY that the hero has disappeared from modern fiction is absurd, according to Mr. Bennett. He has simply changed naturally with the times. The race of heroes can

never become extinct. They are essential to the art of the novel because interest must be centralized in the person of some individual, or individuals. But what makes the hero in the realistic novel of to-day is less his deeds than the understanding sympathy of the author. "When Thackeray wrote 'a novel without a hero,'" Mr. Bennett adds, "he wrote a novel with a first-class hero, and nobody knew this better than Thackeray. What he meant was that he was sick of the conventional bundle of characteristics styled a hero in his day, and that he had changed the type. Since then we have grown sick of Dobbins, and the type has been changed again more than once. The fateful hour will arrive when we shall be sick of Ponderevas."

"V. V.'s Eyes."

AFTER a discreet interval of two years, Henry Sydnor Harrison follows up his very remarkable success, "Queed," with a second novel (Houghton, Mifflin Co.) which, in the opinion of the *New York Times*, has qualities even superior to its predecessor. "As Mr. Harrison has conquered the diffidently born of success, so has he conquered the doubt born of admiration," in the graceful words of this writer. Moreover, Mr. Harrison has given us a new type of hero, and one that Arnold Bennett would commend, for he is made heroic not only by his actions but by the author's sympathetic understanding. Dr. V. Vivian ("V. V." for short) is a social worker of the "slums" and the settlement. He is our contemporary; but the heroine is old-fashioned, a passing type—the "superfine flower of successful commercialism," as the *New York Nation* observes. Her father is a cigar-manufacturer who, quite characteristically, smokes better cigars than he makes. To continue *The Nation's* acute, if flippant, description of the story:

"Mamma's social enterprises are managed on the strictest business principles, and the damsel's own costumes bear the sign manual of the metropolitan modiste. But envy not her specious triumphs. Mr. Harrison, whom none of these things deceives, is about to reveal her to herself and us as nothing more nor less than a social parasite. Trained only in the pursuit and allurements of the opposite sex, she is expected to provide handsomely for herself thereby. Failing a brilliant match,

she becomes, in Mamma's plain English, a burden to her parents. The preservation of her social prestige costs an undesirable suitor's reputation and subsequent suicide. Her maintenance in the matrimonial market strains father's cigar factory (long and justly denounced as a homicidal institution) to the point of actual collapse.

... A religious flavor is imparted to these humiliating revelations by the unworldly character of the apostolic V. V. He is lame, and, from a confirmed habit of giving to him who asks, perpetually shabbily. His friends claimed for him the second largest practice in town, also admitting that his habit of sending no bills might have something to do with that. On editorial pages his initials appeared appended to fiery denunciations of local factory conditions; but in personal encounter with the reprehensibly wealthy, compelling influences of childlike faith emanated from V. V.'s persuasive eyes. ... By this modern incarnation of redeeming love, Carlisle [the heroine] is called to repentance. His sacrificial death, in the very act of instituting the long-needed factory repairs, completes her conversion, as it were, and we end with a pietistic note of sacred emotion—"Ecce Homo!"

The Value of Romanticism.

THE *Nation* charges Mr. Harrison with being a romantic moralist. If so, he has given us one of the most winning figures in contemporary fiction. It is inspiring to have a shabby young doctor for hero who can speak thus in language "not born of the pharmacopoeia": "Look at your job from a social standpoint. I tell you, it's just these Huns, these yellow-rich Heths and Magees and Old Dominion Pickle people who're rotting the heart out of this fine old town. And the root of the whole trouble's in their debased personal ideals, don't you see? 'Get on' at all costs, that's the motto: slapping their money in their neighbors' faces and shouting, 'Here's what counts!'—spreading their degraded standards by example through the community—yellow materialism gone mad. ... Oh, I know!" And "V. V." not only knows and speaks but he dies for his faith. "All these ... are they all ... his friends?" asks the daughter of the cigar-manufacturer as she gazes at the company of mourners, men and women, young and old, gathered outside the dead young doctor's window. "There sprang a light into the Director's hawk-eyes, changing his whole look wonderfully. 'They're his mother,' he said, 'and his brothers and his sisters. ...'"

The Evolution of the Heroine

WHILE Arnold Bennett is talking about the changing hero, one of our American story writers, Inez Haynes Gillmore, the creator of those cleverly ordinary young people, "Phoebe and Ernest" (Henry Holt & Co.), describes a

similar change in the heroine. Altho as a popular fiction writer Mrs. Gillmore is inclined to be conservative in her expressions, as a critic she is very radical. We can measure the whole matter of progress in fiction, Mrs. Gillmore declared recently in the *New York Evening Post*, by the changing character of the heroine. After "Clarissa," who "didn't know how to do a thing except suffer,"—positively invited people to make her suffer, in fact,—the heroine in English fiction "got to be a little more up-standing." For a long time, however, she advanced no further than "Amelia the fathead, or Becky the devil, or childwife Dora, or Angel Agnes." All the way down to the present, Mrs. Gillmore continues, the thoroly alive and progressive woman was resisted and delayed in fiction. Nevertheless in time she appeared, and an entirely new heroine is now dimly discernible. "A woman who will not only suffer but do. Her doing may even make her suffer, but, here's a point, the new heroine will have learned to take even suffering in an upstanding way. You may visualize her as getting the 'knock-down drag-out blow' through her affections or through her mistakes of judgment, or through her sheer spirit of adventure—an almost unadmitted spirit in woman, but very much there—and then, as soon as she gets her

breath, refusing to stay knocked down, or to be dragged out. You may, in a word, visualize her as having become a conscious being, not afraid of life, and able to see life as opportunity all the way through."

The Heroine of the Future.

THERE is, it seems, to be a heroine of the future as well as a woman of the future, only, as usual, she will be a little late in getting into books. Mrs. Gillmore says that at present she might be termed a "henid." "If a henid is a thought before you think it," she explains, "you might call the future heroine a henid, meaning what she is about to be before she is it." But the young man reader, "with the college degree and a lot of 'lit'ry feeling," whose business it is to keep the manuscripts moving on a magazine, "is going to be a good deal be-deviled" by the henid's first appearance, Mrs. Gillmore gives warning. He will not recognize her as the future heroine. "She won't be like Dodo, she won't be like Thackeray's women, nor Kipling's, nor Robert W. Chambers." She will refuse to be placed. The reader may be a rare young man who happens to like heroines that are different, and possibly he will send her to the Chief. Mrs. Gillmore has no illusions. "That's an interesting experiment," the Chief will remark, "but the public is really not inclined to believe that sort of thing of woman. It won't sell." "But," Mrs. Gillmore concludes, "the public is all the while getting more and more inclined for the truth, and the time will come when the public will have become accustomed to the new heroine as true, and she will have stepped out of life into the books, while life itself becomes concerned with her successor."

Miss Glasgow's "Virginia."

MEANWHILE, Ellen Glasgow, in her masterly realistic novel (Doubleday, Page & Co.) of southern life, has prepared the way for the heroine of the future by gently extinguishing the heroine of the past. Miss Glasgow is no propagandist in her art, but when we read that the education of the lovely "Virginia" was founded "upon the simple theory that the less a girl knew about life the better prepared she would be to contend with it"; and that "the chief object of her upbringing, which differed in no essential particular from that of every other well-born and well-bred southern woman of her day, was to paralyze her reasoning faculties so completely that all danger of mental 'unsettling' or even movement was eliminated from her future," we know that Miss Glasgow not only intends to extinguish an individual but a type. Says the *New York Nation*:



SHE DISCERNs NEW HEROINES
Inez Haynes Gillmore looks far into the future, but writes of her contemporaries.

"In 'Virginia' a belated specimen of the old-fashioned southern lady lingers on into the era of feminine self-assertion—the fine flower of a vanished social order, by a miracle of spiritual force sustaining itself in a hopelessly altered habitat, only to fade at last among the encroaching ranks of a lustier, more aggressive womanhood, unregarded except by an affectionate son. Her daughters are modernly self-sufficient. Her husband, who belongs as completely to the future as she to the past, finds himself at forty-seven still a young man and very much at home in the intellectual atmosphere of the day. An unappreciated playwright in his twenties, he is now a popular one. Then he had adored his gentle, uncritical wife, now he discards her for the actress who has shared his success. If the reader were to trust his own impressions, he might conclude that he was witnessing a martyrdom. But Miss Glasgow betrays none of the natural indignation of the martyrologist. Does Virginia's suffering wring your heart? It is the pain of extinction in a vanishing type. Only at the last she halts a little, torn between recognition of her subject's essential beauty and the determination to justify its fate, and her study of a social type, like Mr. Galsworthy's in 'The Country House,' becomes, in effect, the reverently executed portrait of a lady."

An American Realist.

WITH "Virginia" Ellen Glasgow takes her place among the best realistic novelists of the day. She agrees with Arnold Bennett that the novel is the most complete artistic expression in fiction of our people and our times; and certainly her latest achievement goes far to prove it so. In a recent interview, Miss Glasgow is reported as saying: "The



MISS GLASGOW AS AN EXECUTIONER
Gently but firmly, and with consummate artistry,
she kills the old-fashioned heroine.

drama cannot comprehend all of life as it is to-day. A larger canvas is needed to picture the greater complexity. The greatest drama was written in times when life was far more simple than it is now. The novel alone can take in its flow all of this complexity. I am ardently interested in the form of the novel. Its technique is more real."

The Voice of Upton Sinclair
Again Crying in the Wilderness.

MR. SINCLAIR is a true sensationalist. He is ever ready at the psychological moment to rack and torture us. His new novel, "Sylvia," will probably rival "The Jungle" in arousing horror. It is tightly timed, appearing just after the many revelations of the social evil and the successful production of a play by Brieux on the subject, "Damaged Goods." Its similar theme, therefore, is not so new that readers will reject it, and not so old that it will fail to thrill. Mr. Sinclair has been witty, and perhaps unfairly, described as a writer with temperament but very little brains. His temperament is certainly serviceable. "Sylvia," his new heroine, is a maddeningly beautiful southern girl who is pressed into a marriage of convenience with a vile northern plutocrat. To quote from the *Chicago Evening Post*:

"We are left at the church door with 'a wild burst of chimes' and an ominous French phrase of the discarded mistress in our ears as Sylvia bestows her southern charms upon Van Tuiver. This is real melodrama. Sylvia has been brought to yield to Van Tuiver's spectacular courtship by means which, we reflect, are no less usual in novels than in life. . . .

"The story is not new—and the introduction of Harriet, Sylvia's friend, with the unnamed disease and the little gray dead child, points the Brieux moral that is to adorn the tale. But somehow we do not mind the hackneyed plot, or the melodrama, because we care about Sylvia. We are troubled by the tragedy that is waiting for her; and we will read it when it is recorded."

THE SYNTHETIC ART OF THE SUPER-DANCE

IT WAS bound to come. After twenty-eight kinds of tango have developed, with the list growing hourly; after daneing has begun to overflow not only the evening but the afternoon hours and to threaten the mornings, at last America is to be introduced to the super-dance. It comes from Hellerau, a garden-suburb of Dresden, where lives what Rothay Reynolds, in a letter to the *San Antonio Express*, calls "the most amazing community in the civilized world." This is the school of Emile Jacques-Dalcroze, where men, women and children learn to express the rhythms of life in gestures and attitudes of the body. "Eurhythmics" is the word coined to express the new system, but the underlying idea goes back to the Greek ideal of a beautiful soul expressed in a beautiful body. Goethe and Schiller dreamed of "living music," and Wagner, says Dane Heber in the *Boston Transcript*, tried to give

his stage music shape in human gesture, working six hours at a rehearsal of Rheingold in an attempt to correlate the downward motion of the violins and the sweep of the swimming

Rhine daughters. "But Art and Life broke apart when Greek civilization perished, and were not reunited until Dalcroze developed the system that, after a decade of European celebrity,



BEETHOVEN OR HAYDN?

In such groupings, the musical composition is supposed to become visible to the eye of a musician, while to others they are merely a series of dance pictures.



AN EXERCISE IN RHYTHMIC GYMNASTICS

The individuality which M. Dalcroze develops is here well illustrated, for each girl is beating the same time, but quite differently from the others.

reaches American educators through his book just appearing in this country.*

The system originated as an aid to music study. Dalcroze, then professor of harmony at the Geneva Conservatory, found that not one in ten of the presumably advanced pupils who came to him played with any musical feeling. They could not recognize keys nor improvise even a few bars, nor had they a strong sense of rhythm. Given a piece of music without "marks of expression," they were at a loss how to play it. They had, in a word, no powers of expression, only of imitation. Now the first step toward feeling music is beating time. Children sing better so, and the most unlearned keeps time with head or foot when he is really enjoying himself. Acting on this hint, Dalcroze wrote a series of "Gesture Songs" for beginners that met with great success. By 1905 he had progressed along this line far enough to show results at a music-convention, rousing excited interest among not only musicians but educators in general, especially the psychologist

* THE FERTHYTHMICS OF JACQUES-DALCROZE. Published by Small, Maynard & Company.

Claparede. The system had by this time outgrown its original purpose, and aimed at nothing less than the liberation of the spirit by establishing complete correlation between mind, muscles and nerve paths. "Unrhythmic" children were found to be generally awkward and over-excitable, growing up neurasthenic, due to the thwarted efforts of the mind to get its orders automatically executed. Were every part of the body as responsive as the trained pianist's hands, the mind would be free to express itself, and perfect poise would take the place of self-conscious awkwardness.

The Dohrn brothers, becoming converted to the idea, built for Jacques-Dalcroze the beautiful Greek temple at Hellerau, described in *Das Signal* as a perfect palace, for which architects and engineers invented reforms in stage building and lighting. There are 600 seats, an invisible orchestra of 60 pieces, and no curtain. Heavy hangings form the walls, through which a diffused and shaded light can be regulated to the finest shades. There is also a "hostel" where forty-five girl students live, and an equal number of young men come there for meals.

All day long they learn to "live music," to "be rhythmic." The distinctive feature of the system is the rhythmic gymnastics. Beats of the foot mark the various time-measures; motions of the arms, hands and head preserve order in the succession of time measures and mark the bars and pauses, while pauses of varying length in the marching teach the student to distinguish duration of sound. From simple marching the exercises become gradually so complex that the student marks one sort of measure with the hands and another with the feet, and changes at the word of command to entirely different time values. This trained concentration the students reach by an earnestness that made Mr. Reynolds, after a day spent with them, confess that "it took me hours to shake off the distressing conviction that I had neglected the one and only thing in life that matters." He describes the practice-dress worn at Hellerau as something like a black bathing suit—a sleeveless jersey with nether garments like football shorts; but in Paris, where a delegation has just appeared at the Physical Education Convention, the girls wore short flowing garments of a light mauve, legs and arms bare, hair flowing free. On this occasion six young girls danced a fugue of Bach, the second of the second part of the Well Tempered Clavichord, each couple representing the entrance and development of a theme by graceful time-beats of feet and hands, and by groupings swiftly formed and dissolved. The composition thus became visible to the eye of a musician, while to the uninitiate a series of lovely dance pictures were unfolding. Only this one fugue of all the fugues of Bach can be danced, said Jacques-Dalcroze in his opening remarks, to the desolation of the *Journal des Débats*, that longs to see the Inventions thus translated into nymphs. "The genius of old Bach, directing this



A TEMPLE OF ART

All day long, the pupils at Hellerau learn to "live music" and "be rhythmic."

living music, lives again in the movements of these young bodies. One may, said Pascal, represent anything under a human form. The contrary notions of a fuge, its imitations and responses, are they not the figures of a choir of spirits in an enchanted forest?"

The value of eurhythmics to art is interestingly defined by Michael T. H. Sadler. One of the most marked tendencies of modern esthetic theory, he says, is to break down the conventional barriers that have been erected between the various arts. Poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture and music have a common basis, one important element of which, perhaps the most important, is rhythm. Rhythm of bodily movement—the dance—is the earliest known form of artistic expression. It is usually accompanied by rude music to emphasize the beat and rhythmic motion with sound. Words are soon added, and from such beginnings come song-poems, and ultimately poetry as we know it to-day. Prose-writing as an art is only a further extension. Developing along a similar line, the rhythm of the dancing figure reproduced in rude sculpture and bas-relief leads to painting. "So we have, as it were," to quote Mr. Sadler, "a scale of the arts, with music at its center and prose-writing and painting at its two extremes. From end to end of the scale runs the unifying desire for rhythm."

In the teaching of Jacques-Dalcroze, Mr. Sadler finds a brilliant expression of the modern desire for rhythm in its most fundamental form. "The beauty of the classes is amazing," he writes; "the actor, as well as the designer of stage-effects, will come to thank M. Dalcroze for the greatest contribution to their art that any age can show. He has recreated the human body as a decorative unit. He has shown how men, women and children can group themselves and can be grouped in designs as lovely as any painted design, with the added charm of movement. He has taught individuals their own power of gracious motion and attitude."

In Munich, it appears, there is already a parallel development in painting shown by a little group of artists calling themselves mystically "Der Blaue Reiter" (The Blue Rider). One of the leaders, a Russian, Wassily Kandinsky, expresses their esthetic philosophy in both words and color. As M. Jacques-Dalcroze teaches the expression of music in bodily rhythm, so the Russian artist, according to Mr. Sadler, is realizing his attempt to paint music. To quote further:

"He has isolated the emotion caused by line and color from the external association of idea. All form in the ordinary representative sense is eliminated. But

form there is in the deeper sense, the shapes and rhythms of the *innere Notwendigkeit*, and with it, haunting, harmonious color. To revert to a former metaphor, painting has been brought into the center of the scale. As Kandinsky says in his book: 'Shades of color, like shades of sound, are of a much subtler nature, cause much subtler vibrations of spirit than can ever be given by words.' It is to achieve this finer utterance, to establish a surer and more expressive connection between spirit and spirit, that Kandinsky is striving.

His pictures are visions, beautiful abstractions of color and line which he has lived himself, deep down in his inmost soul. He is intensely individual, as are all true mystics; at the same time the spirit of his work is universal."

Kandinsky and Jacques-Dalcroze, Mr. Sadler maintains, are advancing side by side. They are leading the way to the truest art, "which is a synthesis of the collective arts and emotions of all nations, which is, at the same time, based on individuality, because it rep-



A QUARTET OF ISADORA DUNCANS

The Jacques-Dalcroze method, it appears, is little more than a systematization of Miss Duncan's artistic conceptions.

resents the inner being of each one of its devotees."

M. Dalcroze himself concludes a short sketch of his system by pointing out the intimate relations between rhythms in sound and rhythm in the body. He writes:

"Gestures and attitudes of the body complete, animate and enliven any rhythmic music written simply and naturally without special regard to tone, and, just as in painting there exist side by side a school of the nude and a school of landscape, so in music there may be developed, side by side, plastic music and music pure and simple. In the school of landscape painting emotion is created entirely by combinations of moving light and by the rhythms thus caused. In the school of the nude, which pictures the many shades of expression of the human body, the artist tries to show the human soul as expressed by physical forms, enlivened by the emotions of the moment. . .

"In the same way, plastic music will picture human feelings expressed by gesture and will model its sound forms on those of rhythms derived directly from expressive movements of the human body."

For the body, M. Dalcroze says further, can become a wonderful instrument of beauty and harmony when it is trained to vibrate in tune with artistic imagination and collaborates with creative thought. "I have devoted my life to the teaching of rhythm," he adds, "being fully satisfied that, thanks to it, man will regain his natural powers of expression, and at the same time his full motor faculties, and that art has everything to hope from new generations brought up in the cult of harmony, of physical and mental health, of order, beauty and truth."



THE INVENTOR OF EURHYTHMICS

"Rhythm is infinite, therefore the possibilities for physical representations of rhythm are infinite," says Monsieur Jacques-Dalcroze.

THE "AMAZING CANDOR" OF STRINDBERG'S SELF-REVELATIONS

NOW that Strindberg has been sufficiently reviled as a repulsive woman-hater and a creator of pathological drama, or pitted as the victim of an abnormal psychology, we are beginning to consider him more seriously as one of the great forces in modern literature. "One greater than I," Ibsen is reported to have said, as he regarded a portrait of the Swedish dramatist; and a German critic has lately remarked that Ibsen is now a spent force, whereas Strindberg's writings contain germs which are still undeveloped.

The present appearance in England and America of four new translations of his work,* comprising two of the autobiographical novels, his most famous collection of short stories, and the meditations of his old age, is the occasion of a new attempt at critical appreciation. Edwin Björkman, in a valuable estimate of Strindberg's achievement, has made a count of his main works. They include fifty-five plays, six novels, fifteen collections of short stories, nine autobiographical novels, three volumes of verse, nine historical and scientific works, and seventeen collections of miscellaneous essays!

Augustine, Rousseau, and Tolstoy, says Strindberg's English translator, Claud Field, have not "laid bare their souls to the finest fiber with more ruthless sincerity than the great Swedish realist." His autobiographical works of fiction should be regarded as segments of an immense curve "tracing his progress from the childish pietism of his early years, through a period of atheism and rebellion, to the somber faith in a 'God that punishes' of the sexagenarian. In his spiritual wanderings he grazed the edge of madness, and madmen often see deeper into things than ordinary folk." To quote further:

"All his life long he had to struggle with four terrible inner foes—doubt, suspicion, fear, sensuality. His doubts destroyed his early faith, his ceaseless suspicions made it impossible for him to be happy in friendship or love, his fear of the 'invisible powers,' as he calls them, robbed him of all peace of mind, and his sensuality dragged him repeatedly into the mire. . . . He never relapsed into the stagnant cynicism of the out-worn debauchee, nor did he with Nietzsche try to explain away conscience as an old wife's tale. Conscience persistently tormented him, and finally drove him back to belief in God, not the collective Karma of the Theos-

ophists, which he expressly repudiated, nor to any new god expounded in New Thought magazines, but to the transcendent God who judges and requites."

First in the list of autobiographical novels comes "The Son of a Servant." Strindberg's mother was a serving-maid who had brought three children into the world before her marriage to their father, which took place shortly before August was born. The father was a shopkeeper absorbed in the struggle for a bare subsistence, and the mother was ignorant and narrow-minded, tho not unkind. Strindberg's acute and torturing mind tears at every detail of his adverse youthful environment. Fear of punishment made him a liar. His whole character was warped and twisted by domestic tyranny. He grew morbid and rebellious. He felt himself unloved. At eighteen, his own mother—the worn-out servant—being dead and a step-mother added to the household, he left home for the University of Upsala, with nothing more from his father than the exhortation to help himself. The story is incomparably told. It concludes:

"What, then, had he of his own? Nothing. But he had two fundamental characteristics, which largely determined his life and his destiny.

"The first was Doubt. He did not receive ideas without criticism, but developed and combined them. Therefore he could not be an automaton, nor find a place in ordered society.

"The second was—Sensitiveness to pressure. He always tried to lessen this last, in the first place by raising his own level; in the second by criticizing what was above him, in order to observe that it was not so high after all nor so much worth striving after.

"So he stepped out into life—in order to develop himself, and still ever to remain as he was!"

"The leitmotif of Strindberg's childhood," says Edwin Björkman, "was built out of two jarring notes: misunderstanding and isolation." "For the sympathetic reader," according to Henry Vacher-Burch, "it will represent the history of a temperament to which the world could not come in easy fashion, and for which circumstances had contrived a world where it would encounter at each step tremendous difficulties. . . . Revolt was the only possible attitude for 'The Son of a Servant.' And Strindberg in early life was a social revolutionist.

The collection of short stories now translated as "Married," but usually referred to as "Marriage," is a series of acute and intense criticisms of the

whole institution. The book was confiscated on its appearance in Sweden in 1884, and criminal proceedings were brought against the publisher on the charge that it spoke offensively of rites held sacred by the established religion of the country. "Everybody knew," writes Mr. Björkman, "that this was a mere pretext, and that the true grievance against the book lay in its outspoken utterances on questions of sex morality. Urged by friends, Strindberg hastened home and succeeded in assuming the part of defendant in place of the publisher. The jury freed him, and the youth of the country proclaimed their leader and spokesman. But the impression left on Strindberg's mind by that episode was very serious and distinctly unfavorable. As in his childhood, when he found himself disbelieved tho telling the truth, so he felt now more keenly than anything else the questioning of his motives, which he knew to be pure."

Strindberg, in these stories, ascribes much of the sin and misery of the world to the fact that men cannot earn a large enough income to support a wife and children when they are young. "The men and women of them may not often be pleasant persons," says the London *Bookman*, "but they are amazingly natural. Strindberg paints life almost as somberly as Ibsen did, tho in one story he makes delightful fun of Ibsen's philosophy. One wishes that the tales had a little more of the joy and sweetness of human experience in them, but of their truth, within their limits, and the insight and power with which they are written, there can be no question."

Strindberg had wandered through many years of spiritual torture before he came to the writing of "The Inferno," which Edwin Björkman claims is one of the most remarkable studies in abnormal psychology in the world's literature. Mr. Vacher-Burch, however, does not agree with Mr. Björkman. He considers such an interpretation shallow. Dante wrote his *Divine Comedy*, Strindberg his *Mortal Comedy*, and the one, he thinks, is no more abnormal than the other. The following is taken from Mr. Vacher-Burch's very remarkable analysis of what is, perhaps, Strindberg's most self-revelatory work.

"The first part of his *Inferno* tells of his Purgatory; the second part closes with the poignant question, Whither? If, for a moment, we step beyond the period of his life with which this study deals, we shall find him telling of his Paradise in a mystery-play entitled *Advent*, where he, too, had a starry vision of 'un simple lume,' a simple flame that ingathers the

* THE SON OF A SERVANT. THE INFERNO. ZONES OF THE SPIRIT. Translated by Claud Field. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.
MARRIED. Translated by Elsie Schlessinger. Published by John W. Luce & Company.

many and scattered gleams of the universe's revelation. His guide through Hell is Swedenborg. Once more the note is that of the anchorite; for at the outset of his acceptance of Swedenborg's guidance he is tempted to believe that even his guide's spiritual teaching may weaken his belief in a God who chastens. He desires to deny himself the gratification of the sight of his little daughter, because he appears to consider her prattle, that breaks into the web of his contemplation, to be the instrument of a strange power. From step to step he goes until his faith is childlike as a peasant's. How he is hurled again into the depths of his own Hell, the closing pages of his book will tell us. Whatever views the reader may hold, it seems impossible that he should see in this *Mortal Comedy* the utterances of deranged genius. Rather will his charity of judgment have led him to a better understanding of one who listened to the winds that blow through Europe, and was buffeted by their violence.

When Strindberg was nearly sixty, he began to collect and arrange the notes of his experiences and investigations in what he entitled "*Das Blaue Buch*" (*The Blue Book*), a strange work now translated as "*Zones of the Spirit*," and best described as follows by the Norwegian writer Nils Kjaer:

"More comprehensive than any modern collection of aphorisms, chaotic as the Koran, wrathful as Isaiah, as full of occult things as the Bible, more entertaining than any romance, keener-edged than most pamphlets, mystical as the Cabbala, subtle as the scholastic theology, sincere as Rousseau's confession, stamped with the impress of incomparable originality, every sentence shining like luminous letters in the darkness—such is this book in which the remarkable writer makes a final reckoning with his time and proclaims his faith as pugnaciously as tho he were a descendant of the hero of Lützen."

A critical estimate diametrically opposed to the foregoing is made by Paul H. Grumann in the literary quarterly, *Poet Lore*. Mr. Grumann thinks it would be proper to pass over Strindberg in the silence to which a madman is entitled were it not for the prominence he has unaccountably attained. He has no sympathy with the efforts of Edwin Björkman and the English critics to interpret the larger aspects of Strindberg's work, preferring to dwell on those personal perversities and idiosyncrasies which distorted it. Since Strindberg always felt that he was the "misunderstood martyr," Mr. Grumann declares, "he became unable to face an issue squarely and fight it out. He lacked the courage for deeds. Bad as this was in his earlier years, it became absolutely pathetic during the period when he was completely deranged. Suffering from persecution mania, he fled from place to place before his imaginary enemies. Mere life was a thing to be saved at any cost, and he was

utterly unable to make that life tolerable by means of healthy self-assertion. This course culminated in a gigantic fiasco. He wrote three volumes of autobiography with the intention of committing suicide, and then lived on in violation of the plan."

To regard Strindberg as a serious critic of the institution of marriage, or of women, Mr. Grumann further insists, is little less than absurd. His own notorious misadventures in the matrimonial field, and his confession that he had never formed the acquaintance of a self-respecting woman, invalidate his conclusions. Mr. Grumann writes:

"Three marriages and as many divorces constitute his record. In one case he disrupted a marriage, and married the wife of a man with whom he had been on very friendly terms. He claims that he was the victim of a plot, but it is difficult to see how a self-respecting man could involve himself in such a situation. He states that he made an honest attempt to dominate his emotions, but this only proves his miserable weakness. With this woman he had a number of children, and the marriage was not altogether without happiness. He explains his divorce on the ground that she was morally perverse. If we accept all the revolting things he prints about this woman, we are forced to ask how a man of any decency could live with her a single day. But he has no difficulty in exonerating himself. He attributes his conduct to his delicate emotions, which drove him back to her again and again. He forgets that a self-respecting man is in little danger of becoming the victim of a sexually perverse woman. The fact that he reports this experience with so little self-reproach shows that he himself was perverse. He was a miserable weakling or he has maligned this woman unspcakably."

"Far more serious was his last marriage. In this case a woman, many years his junior, made advances to the recognized man of letters. Her advances flattered him, and it did not even faintly occur to him that it was his duty to shield this young life against an utterly foolish temptation. How any woman—saint or sinner—could maintain her reason in his company, is more or less of a mystery."

As a writer, Mr. Grumann grants that Strindberg was an unflinching realist with extraordinary powers of mechanical observation; but his works demonstrate perfectly that realism alone does not constitute literature.



MADMAN OR GENIUS?

August Strindberg, according to an American critic, is "one of the most repugnant and pathetic figures in literary history."

"The moment he attempts any kind of synthesis, his lack of sanity manifests itself and blurs the picture." Not possessing the higher spiritual insight, Mr. Grumann continues, the world became confusion to Strindberg, and it is not surprising when he exclaims: "He who can thrive here is a pig." The surprising thing is that he should have been able to maintain his position as a writer of eminence.

Superficial readers have feared the influence of Ibsen, Mr. Grumann says, because he boldly presented complex moral problems. They accused him of pruriency, when, in reality, he was preaching a gospel of greater restraint. The man of straw which has been labeled Ibsen, he thinks, should now be rechristened Strindberg.

If Strindberg had avoided dabbling in many sciences, and had studied psychology thoroughly, he might have been able to discount his idiosyncrasies and prejudices. As it is, Mr. Grumann concludes: "These are dragged through the dreary maze of his dramas, histories, novels and biographical writings. . . . As a repentant sinner, Strindberg remained a picturesque figure to the last, and that added its quota of popularity. As documents of a pathological mind, these works will probably always have a certain value. The author is too petty to maintain his position as a curiosity of literature: to be admired because he was unique."

RECENT POETRY

I DON'T know anything about the poetry of the future," says Edwin Arlington Robinson, in a recent interview, "except that it must have, in order to be poetry, the same eternal and unchangeable quality of magic that it has always had. Of course, it must always be colored by the age and the individual, but the thing itself will always remain unmis- takable and undefinable. It seems to me a great deal of time and effort is now wasted in trying to make poetry do what it was never intended to do."

Just what poetry in general is intended to do, Mr. Robinson does not undertake to say; but he does tell us what his poetry is intended to do: "If a reader doesn't get from my books an impression that life is very much worth living, even tho it may not always seem to be profitable or desirable, I can only say that he doesn't see what I am driving at."

We wish more poets took the same view. Many of them in these days seem especially anxious to convey the impression that life is not at all worth the living. The net result on the mind from reading the poetry of the month is sometimes very doleful, especially if it is a month when the sociological poets are particularly active. What the world really needs from our poets now as always is the gospel of beauty, presented in convincing terms. Failing in that, poetry is a bankrupt, and the world will get along without it, or, rather, will hark back to the poets who saw the beauty of life and who make us see it, even if they do so at times by indirection and contrast.

The following poem appears in the *Atlantic Monthly*, with semi-apologetic comment by the editor. It is a poem of syndicalism and the tone of it is decidedly somber. Yet it carries its own message of beauty and the message is a sincere and (artistically) convincing one. The author is the man who, with Etor, was tried and acquitted of inciting violence in the Lawrence strike. The poem (of which we print only about one-half) was one of a number written in the jail while Giovannitti was awaiting trial.

THE CAGE.

By ARTHUR M. GIOVANNITTI.

In the middle of the great greenish room stood the green iron cage.

All was old and cold and mournful, ancient with the double antiquity of heart and brain in the great greenish room.

Old and hoary was the man who sat upon the faldstool, upon the fireless and godless altar.

Old were the tomes that moldered behind him on the dusty shelves.

Old was the painting of an old man that hung above him.

Old the man upon his left, who awoke with his cracked voice the dead echoes of dead centuries; old the man upon his right who wielded a wand; and old all those who spoke to him and listened to him before and around the green iron cage.

Old were the words they spoke, and their faces were drawn and white and lifeless, without expression or solemnity; like the ikons of old cathedrals.

For of naught they knew but of what was written in the old yellow books. And all the joys and pains and loves and hatreds and furies and labors and strifes of man, all the fierce and divine passions that battle and rage in the heart of man, never entered into the great greenish room but to sit in the green iron cage.

Senility, dullness and dissolution were all around the green iron cage, and nothing was new and young and alive in the great room, except the three men who were in the cage.

Throbbled and thundered and clamored and roared outside of the great greenish room the terrible whirl of life, and most pleasant was the hymn of its mighty polyphony to the listening ears of the gods.

Whirled the wheels of the puissant machines, rattled and clanked the chains of the giant cranes, crashed the falling rocks; the riveters crept; and glad and sonorous was the rhythm of the bouncing hammers upon the loud-throated anvils. . . .

But in the great greenish room there was nothing but the silence of dead centuries and of ears that listen no more; and none heard the mighty call of life that roared outside, save the three men who were in the cage.

All the good smells, the wholesome smells, the healthy smells of life and labor were outside the green room.

The smell of rain upon the grass and of the flowers consumed by their love for the stars.

The heavy smell of smoke that coiled out of myriads of chimneys of ships and factories and homes.

The dry smell of sawdust and the salty smell of the iron filings.

The odor of magazines and granaries and warehouses, the kingly smell of argosies and the rich scent of market-places, so dear to the women of the race.

The smell of new cloth and new linen, the smell of soap and water and the smell of newly printed paper.

The smell of grains and hay and the smell of stables, the warm smell of cattle and sheep that Virgil loved.

The smell of milk and wine and plants and metals.

And all the good odors of the earth and of the sea and of the sky, and the fragrance of fresh bread, sweetest aroma of the world, and the smell of human sweat, most holy incense to the divine nostrils of the gods, and all the olympian perfumes of the heart and the brain and the passions

of men, were outside of the great greenish room.

But within the old room there was nothing but the swell of old books and the dust of things decayed, and the suffocated exhalation of old graves, and the ashen odor of dissolution and death.

Yet all the sweetness of all the wholesome odors of the world outside were redolent in the breath of the three men in the cage. . . .

But one of the three men in the cage, whose soul was tormented by the fiercest fire of hell, which is the yearning after the Supreme Truth, spoke and said unto his comrades:—

"Ay, brothers, all things die and pass away, yet nothing is truly and forever dead until each one of the living has thrown a regretless handful of soil into its grave.

"Many a book has been written since these old books were written, and many a proverb of the sage has become the jest of the fool, yet this cage still stands as it stood for numberless ages.

"What is it, then, that made it of metal more enduring than the printed word?

"Which is its power to hold us here? "Brothers, it is the things we love that enslave us.

"Brothers, it is the things we yearn for that subdue us.

"Brothers, it is not hatred for the things that are, but love for the things that are to be, that makes us slaves.

"And what man is more apt to become a thrall, brothers, and to be locked in a green iron cage, than he who yearns the most for the Supreme of the things that are to be—he who most craves for Freedom?

"And what subtle and malignant power save this love of loves could be in the metal of this cage that it is so mad to imprison us?"

So spoke one of the men to the other two, and then out of the silence of the cons spoke into his tormented soul the metallic soul of the cage. . . .

"While I was hoe and plowshare and sword and ax and scythe and hammer, I was, the first artificer of thy happiness; but the day I was beaten into the first lock and the first key, I became fetters and chains to thy hands and thy feet, O Man!

"My curse is thy curse, O Man! and even if thou shouldst pass out of the wicket of this cage, never shalt thou be free until thou returnest me to the joy of labor.

"O Man! bring me back into the old smithy, purify me again with the holy fire of the forge, lay me again on the mother breast of the anvil, beat me again with the old honest hammer—O Man! remold me with thy wonderful hands into an instrument of thy toil.

"Remake of me the sword of thy justice, Remake of me the tripod of thy worship,

Remake of me the sickle for thy grain,
Remake of me the oven for thy bread,
And the anvil for thy peaceful hearth,
O Man!
And the trestles for the bed of thy love,
O Man!
And the frame of thy joyous lyre, O
Man!"

Thus spake to one of the three men, out
of the silence of centuries, the metal-
lic soul of the cage.

Love, it was then that I heard for the
first time the creak of the moth that
was eating the old painting and the
old books, and the worm that was
gnawing the old bench, and it was
then that I saw that all the old men
around the great greenish room were
dead.

They were dead like the old man in the
old painting, save that they still read
the old books he could read no more,
and still spoke and heard the old
words he could speak and hear no
more, and still passed the judgment
of the dead, which he no more could
pass, upon the mighty life of the
world outside that throbbed and
thundered and clamored and roared
the wonderful anthem of Labor to
the fatherly justice of the Sun.

After forty years of continuous
service, Robert Underwood Johnson
has resigned his position as editor of
the *Century Magazine*. That maga-
zine has had but three editors in the
forty-three years since it was started as
Scribner's Monthly, and all three have
been poets of repute—J. G. Holland,
Richard Watson Gilder and Mr. John-
son. The new managing editor, Robert
Sterling Yard, if not a writer of
poetry, is an enthusiastic admirer of it,
and was one of the charter members
of the Poetry Society of America. We
shall hope to see more in the future
than in the immediate past from Mr.
Johnson's lyric pen. We reprint the
following from the *N. Y. Times*:

THE CALL TO THE COLORS.

By ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

On the blood-watered soil of the Balkans
A Bulgar lies clenched with a Turk,
And the task of the cannon and rifle
Will be finished by fist and by dirk.
And the last word of hate ere the rattle
Of death bids their enmity cease—
Is it call to the banners of battle
Or a call to the colors of Peace?

In the purfews of sin-befogged cities,
Slow food of neglect and of pest,
How many a mother lies dying,
With to-morrow's pale scourge at her
breast!
And the bread-cry that serves for the
prattle
Of orphans—(oh, when shall it
cease?)—
Does it call to the banners of battle,
Or call to the colors of Peace?

I hear from my window this morning
The shout of a soldiering boy;
And a note in his proud pleasure wounds
me
With the grief that is presaged by joy.
I hear not the drum's noisy rattle
For the groan of one hero's release;
Is it call to the banners of battle,
Or a call to the colors of Peace?

O ye of the God-given voices,
My poets, of whom I am proud,
Who sing of the true and the real
When illusions are dazzling the crowd:
Go, turn men from wolves and from
cattle,
Till Love be the one Golden Fleece.
Oh, call us no more unto battle,
But call to the colors of Peace!

The following poem was read and
discussed before the Poetry Society
prior to its publication (in the *Smart
Set*), and criticized by some for its
concluding line. The line is, to our
mind, entirely defensible in itself, but
coming after the high note struck in
the last two lines of the preceding
stanza, it gives to the poem the effect of
an anti-climax. The poem is, never-
theless, a striking piece of work.

TO A YOUNG POET WHO KILLED HIMSELF.

By JOYCE KILMER.

When you had played with life a space
And made it drink and lust and sing,
You flung it back into God's face
And thought you did a noble thing.
"Lo, I have lived and loved," you said,
"And sung to fools too dull to hear me.
Now for a cool and grassy bed
With violets in blossom near me."

Well, rest is good for weary feet,
Altho they ran for no great prize;
And violets are very sweet,
Altho their roots are in your eyes.
But hark to what the earthworms say
Who share with you your muddy
haven:
"The fig! was on—you ran away.
You are a coward and a craven."

The rug is ruined where you bled;
It was a dirty way to die!
To put a bullet through your head
And make a silly woman cry!
You could not vex the merry stars
Nor make them heed you, dead or
living.
Not all your puny anger mars
God's irresistible forgiving.

Yes, God forgives and men forget,
And you're forgiven and forgotten.
You might be gaily sinning yet
And quick and fresh instead of rotten.
And when you think of love and fame
And all that might have come to pass,
Then don't you feel a little shame?
And don't you think you were an ass?

The poem which we reprint below
was the last thing written by the
author before his death. It was found
in his room scrawled on the back of

old envelopes. We were not aware
that "O. Henry" wrote poetry; but he
could not have written this without
having had considerable practice in the
art. It is not great, but it shows no
little skill as a craftsman. It was pub-
lished in the *N. Y. American* without a
title. We take the liberty of giving
it one.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

By O. HENRY.

Hard ye may be in the tumult,
Red to your battle hilts;
Blow give blow in the foray,
Cunningly ride in the tilts.
But tenderly, unbeguiled—
Turn to a woman a woman's
Heart and a child's to a child.

Test of the man if his worth be
In accord with the ultimate plan
That he be not, to his marring,
Always and utterly man.
That he may bring out of the tumult,
Fitter and undefiled,
To woman the heart of a woman—
To children the heart of a child.

Good when the bugles are ranting
It is to be iron and fire.
Good to be oak in the foray—
Ice at a guilty desire.
But, when the battle is over
(Marvel and wonder the while),
Give to a woman a woman's
Heart and a child's to a child.

This from *Collier's* has a fine swing
to it, with its ante-penultimate rhymes,
and it has a dash and vim that are
very fetching.

AT YOUR SERVICE.

By BERTON BRALEY.

Here we are, gentlemen; here's the whole
gang of us.
Pretty near through with the job we
are on;
Size up our work—it will give you the
hang of us—
South to Balboa and north to Colon.
Yes, the canal is our letter of reference;
Look at Culebra and glance at Gatun;
What can we do for you—got any pref-
erence?
Wireless to Saturn or bridge to the
moon?

Don't send us back to a life that is flat
again,
We who have shattered a continent's
spine;
Office work—Lord, but we couldn't do
that again!
Haven't you something that's more in
our line?
Got any river they say isn't crossable?
Got any mountains that can't be cut
through?
We specialize in the wholly impossible,
Doing things "nobody ever could do!"

Take a good look at the whole husky
crew of us,
Engineers, doctors, and steam-shovel
men;

Taken together you'll find quite a few
of us
Soon to be ready for trouble again.
Bronzed by the tropical sun that is
blistering,
Chockful of energy, vigor, and tang,
Trained by a task that's the biggest in
history,
Who has a job for this Panama gang?

The temptation to moralize when
writing a poem about death or the
grave is usually an irresistible one.
The writer of the poem below is a well-
known writer of hymns and might
have been expected to yield readily to
such a temptation. Instead, she gives
us a fine lyric that has no likeness to
either a hymn or a sermon. We quote
from *Harper's Magazine*:

THE MARBLE HOUSE.

By ELLEN M. H. GATES.

This is a curious house indeed;
No person stands in sight;
And all have everything they need,
If it be day or night.

And no one asks another one
If he be ill or well;
And no one speaks of work begun,
Or has a tale to tell.

And no one sings a pleasant song,
And love no more may plead
Forgiveness for a word of wrong.
Or some too careless deed.

There is one window and one door
In this most peaceful home;
And they who dwell here ask no more
Through wider fields to roam.

A lonesome name is plainly writ
Across the lintel high;
One word—you scarce would notice it
If you were passing by.

And rose may bloom and snow may drift,
But pink or white the lawn,
No lip will move, no eyelid lift,
No curtain be withdrawn.

The spirit of the crusader is evident
in Miss Gale's stanzas in the *American
Magazine*; but the spirit of the poet
is equally evident. It is a very moving
plea, but it is the sort of a plea that
could not be made in any other than
the poetic form without losing its ef-
fectiveness.

WOMEN.

By ZONA GALE.

They looked from farmhouse windows;
Their joyless faces showed
Between the curtain and the sill—
You saw them from the road.
They looked up while they churned and
cooked.

And washed and swept and sewed.
Some could die and some just lived and
many a one went mad.
But it's "Mother, be up at four o'clock,"
the men-folk bade.

They looked from town-house windows,
A shadow on the shade
Rose-touched by colorful depths of room
Where harmonies were made.
Within, the women went and came
And delicately played.

Some could grow and some could work,
but many of them were dead.
"We must be gowned and gay to-night
when the men come home," they
said.

They looked from factory windows
Where many an iron gin
Drew in their days and ground their days
On the black wheels within,
Drew in their days and wove their days
To a web exceeding thin.

And they suffered what women have
suffered over and over again.
And it's "Double your speed for a liv-
ing wage, ye mothers and wives
of men!"

They looked from brothel windows
And caught the curtain down.
A piteous, beckoning hand thrust out
To summon or clod or clown.
They named them true, they named them
true,

The Women of the Town.
Some could live and some just died and
most of them none of us know.
And it's "What if the fallen women
vote?" from the men who keep
them so.

Faint from without the windows
In many a fallow land
There sounds a trample of feet, and a
light
Is flashed from hand to hand.
And out of the dark grow a frightened
few

Who mildly understand.
Some are wise and some are less and
many more are in doubt.
But it's "This is death! And where
lies life? We charge you to find
it out!"

What is the news from the windows
now?

At some the faces throng
And the cries: "Come soon or we wait
in vain,
We who have waited long."
From some a curious glance is flung
With the bars of a careless song.

Some are open and some are closed and
some are hung for a feast,
And some stare blank as a harem wall
curtained against the east.

Dear God, to watch the women look!
From task and game they turn,
Some are afraid of losing men,
And some of what they earn.
Some light the sacrificial flame
And dare not watch it burn.

Some are scornful, some har the door
at the sound of the first alarms,
But it's "Mother, beware! It is we
you chain!" And the babes leap
in their arms.

All swift the cry comes down the world:
"Take task and take care,
But, by our living spirits, we
Have other ways to bless.
Now let us teach the thing we've learned

In labor and loneliness.

We strive with none. We fold men
home by the power of a great new
word.

We who have long been dead are alive.
We too are thy people, Lord!"

Here is another woman poem, but
not the poem of a crusader. Anyone
who can write about woman at the
present time, either in prose or verse,
without becoming controversial, is a
rarity. We quote from *Munsey's*:

WOMAN'S LIFE.

By FAITH BALDWIN.

Hers is the calm love, hers the boon
Of hushing baby cries, of home life
sweet;

Hers is the round of duty, all in tune
With childhood's laugh and tiny tod-
dler feet.

Yet in the twilight as she sits at rest,
Her heart with unformed longing still
is rife;

The thought of mad love, strange lands,
stirs her breast;

She sighs and murmurs: "That, per-
chance, is life!"

Hers is the wild love, hers the thrill
Of new worlds, cities light-bedded
and gay;

Hers are the dancing feet, the song, until
The jeweled night has faded into day.
Yet in the dawn soft echoes call apart.

And, musing on her years of fame and
strife,
She feels a baby hand tug at her heart.
And ponders sadly: "That, perchance,
is life!"

Last month, by a curious blunder,
we printed the poem below with three
stanzas from an entirely different
poem added to it. It is too beautiful
a poem to be thus mistreated, and we
print it again, with apologies to our
readers and to the authors.

NODES.

By ALICE CORBIN HENDERSON.

The endless, foolish merriment of stars
Beside the pale cold sorrow of the moon,
Is like the wayward noises of the world
Beside my heart's uplifted silent tune.

The little broken glitter of the waves
Beside the golden sun's intent white blaze,
Is like the idle chatter of the crowd
Beside my heart's unwearied song of
praise.

The sun and all the planets in the sky
Beside the sacred wonder of dim space,
Are notes upon a broken, tarnished lute
That God will some day mend and put in
place.

And space, beside the little secret joy
Of God that sings forever in the clay,
Is smaller than the dust we cannot see,
That yet dies not till time and space
decay.

And as the foolish merriment of stars
Beside the pale cold sorrow of the moon,
My little song, my little joy, my praise,
Beside God's ancient, everlasting, runc,

THE WOMAN WHO THUMPED HER LAP—A SKETCH

The following amusing sketch was published in the London *Nation* a number of weeks ago. The author, James Stephens, is "one of the three S's of Ireland"—Synge, Shaw, Stephens—pronounced by Shan F. Bullock "the three most creative writers of the period." We noticed in our May number Mr. Stephens's recent novel "The Crock o' Gold," and we have had occasion to print his poems from time to time.

SHE was tall and angular, her hair was red, and scarce and untidy, her hands were large and packed all over with knuckles, and her feet would have turned inwards at the toes only that she was aware of and corrected their perversities.

She was sitting all alone, and did not even look up as I approached.

"Tell me," said I, "why you have sat here for more than an hour with your eyes fixed on nothing and your hands punching your lap."

After I had spoken she looked at me for a fleeting instant, and then, looking away again, she began to speak. Her voice was pleasant enough, but so strong that one fancied there were bones in it.

"I do not dislike women," said she, "but I think that women seldom speak of anything worth listening to, nor do they often do anything worth looking at. They bore and depress me, it is true, and men do not."

"But," said I, "you have not explained why you thump your lap with your fist."

She proceeded: "I do not hate women, nor do I love men. It was only that I did not take much notice of the one, and that I liked being with the other; for, as things are, there is very little life for a person except in thought. All our actions are so cumbered by laws and customs that we cannot take a step beyond the ordinary without finding ourselves either in jail or in Coventry."

Having said this, she raised her bleak head and stared like an eagle across the wastes.

After I had coughed twice, I touched her arm, and said "Yes?"

"One must live," said she, quickly. "I do not mean we must eat and sleep: these mechanical matters are settled for many of us; but life is thought and nothing else, and many people go from the cradle to the grave without having ever lived differently from animals. Their whole theory of life is mechanical. They eat and drink, they invite one another to their homes to eat and drink, and they use such speech as they are gifted with in discussing their food and whatever other palpable occurrence may have chanced in the day. It is a step, perhaps, towards living, but it is still only one step removed from stagnation. They have some interest in an occurrence, but how it happened and what will result from it does not exercise them in the least, and these, which are knowl-

edge and prophecy, are the only interesting aspects of any occurrence."

"But," said I, "you have not told me why you sit for a full hour staring at vacancy, and thumping your knee with your hand."

"Sometimes," she continued, "one meets certain people who have sufficient of the divine ferment in their heads to be called alive; they are almost always men. One flies to them as to one's own. One abases one's self before them in happy humility. We crave to be allowed to live near them, in order that we may be assured that everything in the world is not nonsense and machinery—and then, what do we find—?"

She paused and turned a large, fierce eye upon me.

"I do not know," said I and I tried vainly to look anywhere but at her eye.

"We find always that they are married," said she; and she lapsed again to a tense and worried reflection.

"You have not told me," said I, "why you peer earnestly into space and thump at intervals on your knee."

"These men," said she sternly, "are surrounded by their wives. They are in jail and their wives are their warders. You cannot go to them without a permit; you may not speak to them without a listener; you may not argue with them for fear of raising an alien and unnecessary hostility, scarcely can you even look at them without reproach. How, then, can we live, and how will the torch be kept alight?"

"I do not know," I murmured.

She turned her pale eye on me again.

"I am not beautiful," said she, and there was just a tremor of doubt in her voice, so that the statement became packed with curiosity, and had all the quality of a question.

"You are very nice indeed," I replied.

"I do not want to be beautiful," she continued, severely. "Why should I? for I have no interest in these things. I am interested only in living—that is, in thinking, and I demand access to my fellows who are alive. Maybe I did not pay those others enough attention. How could I? They cannot think, they cannot speak. They can make a complicated verbal noise, but all I am able to translate from it is that something called lip-salve can be bought in some particular shop one penny cheaper than it can in a certain other shop. They will twitter for hours about the way a piece of ribbon was stitched to

a hat which they saw in a tram-car. They agitate themselves, wondering whether a muff should be this size or that size. I say they depress me, and if I do turn my back on them when men are present I am acting sensibly and justly. Why cannot they twitter to each other, and let me and other people alone?"

She turned to me again.

"I do not know," said I, meekly.

"And," she continued, "the power they have, the amazing power they have, to annoy other folk! All kinds of sly impertinences, vulgar evasions, and sneering misunderstandings. Why should such women be allowed to take men into their captivity, to sequester, and gag, and restrain them from those whom they would be naturally eager to meet?"

"What," she continued fiercely, "had my hat to do with that woman, or my frock?"

I nodded my head slowly and grievously, and answered, "What, indeed?"

"A hat," she continued, "is something to cover one's head from the rain, and a frock is something to guard one's limbs against inclement weather. To that extent I am interested in such things; but they would put a hat on my mind and a black cloth on my understanding."

We sat in silence for a little time, while she surveyed the bleak horizon as an eagle might.

"And when I call," said she, "their servants say, 'Not at home,' and they close the doors on me."

She was silent again.

"I do not know what to do," said she.

"Is that why you beat your lap with your hand, and stare abroad like a famished eagle?"

"What shall I do," she said, "to open these doors?"

"If I were you," I replied, "I'd cut off my hair, I'd buy man's clothes, and wear them always. I'd call myself Harry, or Tom, and I'd go wherever I pleased, and meet whoever I wanted."

She sat looking fixedly at herself in these garments and under these denominations.

"They would know I wasn't a man," said she, gravely.

I looked at her figure.

"No one in the world would ever guess it," said I.

She rose from her seat, she clutched her reticule to her breast.

"I'll do it!" said she, and she stalked away gauntly across the fields.

Finance and Industry

Applied Psychology in Business.

PERHAPS the most important development of the new century in the science of business is the application of the new psychology to business. Hugo Münsterberg, of Harvard, Dr. Leonard P. Ayres, director of the division of education of the Russell Sage Foundation, Professor James E. Lough, of New York University, and other psychologists of note, are constantly experimenting in this direction. At the suggestion of Professor Münsterberg the administration is even now considering the creation of a special bureau dealing with relations between employer and employee from the point of view of industrial psychology. Individual factories are already consulting the psychologist as one consults a physician. Burton J. Hendricks tells in *McClure's* of a fascinating experiment in scientific management undertaken on a large scale by a great western manufacturing plant. If, he remarks, it were possible for the employer of labor to order human material according to exact specifications, as he does lumber, or iron, or steel, the greatest problem of modern industry would be solved. An expert chemist can determine the exact strength of a plate of steel or the exact power of a dynamo; but no specific test has yet been invented accurately measuring human muscles and brains. What modern industry needs is a chemist of human qualities, who can take a man, look him over, and determine whether he meets certain requirements. A few years ago this would have seemed fantastic. To-day it is a practical possibility. The problem is to find some method of determining a man's quali-

fications without going through the laborious and expensive process of several weeks' or months' trying out. Harrington Emerson, the expert on scientific business methods, thinks he has found such a method; and his collaborator, Dr. Katherine M. H. Blackford, is the business doctor selected by the western plant for its prodigious experiment.

The Woman with the Pad.

THE corporation in question seeks to fit each one of its six thousand employees, from its highest executive officer to the gangman in the yards, into the particular niche that nature intended him to fill. Every day, in the busy season, large masses of humanity swarm into the company's offices. They are members of the army of the unemployed. Each in turn is examined by Dr. Blackford and her assistants. It is significant of the trend of the times that a woman should be the first commercial business psychologist. Dr. Blackford has made a life study of human nature. By correlating the laws of anthropology, physiology, anatomy, biology and ethnology, she has developed certain principles of the utmost value in assessing character as well as capacity. The most astounding questions are hurled at applicants for work. Many considerations hitherto undreamed of enter into the determination of availability.

"Are you a brunet or a blond? Is your bodily texture coarse or delicate? Is your skin leathery or fine? Is your hair wiry or silken? Are your hands rigid or flexible, firm or flabby? Is the shape of your face convex or concave—that is, does it bulge out sharply to a point at the nose, or does it bend inward, making almost a bow from forehead to chin? Is

your head narrow or broad, high or low? Does your face, when observed from the front, suggest in its outline a triangle, a circle, or a square? In other words, do you belong to the mental, the vital, or the motive type? Are your characteristics those of a Wilson, a Taft or a Roosevelt?"

You will be tested by these points and many others besides, if you ask for work. Under old conditions men seeking employment would be treated in the most haphazard way. Chance, or the caprice of a foreman, would decide their fate. In many cases the foremen were grafters. There is, Mr. Hendricks goes on to say, no essential reason why foremen should select their workers. A foreman does not purchase the iron with which he works. Why is it taken for granted that he should select the men who turn it into a finished product? Instead of meeting a scowling, puffed-up department head, the applicant in the business regulated by the new psychology meets a smiling, sympathetic young woman with a pad.

Vivisection of the Applicant.

THE methods of vivisection applied by Mrs. Blackford to job-hunters are decisive but gentle. "Will you take a seat?" she asks, taking care to place the applicant so that the light shines clearly upon his face, while she herself remains in the shadow. She gives him a pink slip of paper and asks him to fill out certain blank spaces. The slip calls for name, address, nationality, religion, any union to which he may belong, his height and weight, his marital condition, and the number of people dependent on him for support. This is comparatively simple, but

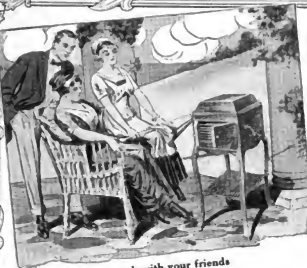
(Continued on page 62.)



Courtesy of McClure's

JUDGING MEN'S BRAINS BY THEIR PROFILES

Profiles, according to Dr. Katherine M. H. Blackford, business psychologist, are a criterion of character. The man with a convex profile is aggressive, alert, energetic. The man whose profile is concave is calm, judicial, self-controlled. The first profile in this series is a striking example of the convex type. The profiles decrease in convexity until, with the fifth, we reach a slightly concave profile, characteristic of the plodding analytical type. The remaining profiles show various combinations of the two fundamental types.



On the porch with your friends
and a Victor-Victrola



An impromptu dance with
a Victor-Victrola

Take a Victrola with you when you go away this summer

Whether you go to the country, mountains, or seashore for the summer, or just camp out for a week or so, you'll be glad of the companionship of the Victrola.

This wonderful instrument enables you to take with you wherever you go the most celebrated bands, the greatest opera artists, the most famous instrumentalists, and the cleverest comedians—to play and sing for you at your leisure, to provide music for your dances, to make your vacation thoroughly enjoyable.

And even if you don't go away, a Victrola will entertain you and give you a delightful "vacation" right at home.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from \$10 to \$500.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play your favorite music and demonstrate the Victrola to you.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

**Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—
the combination.** There is no other way to get the unequalled Victor tone.

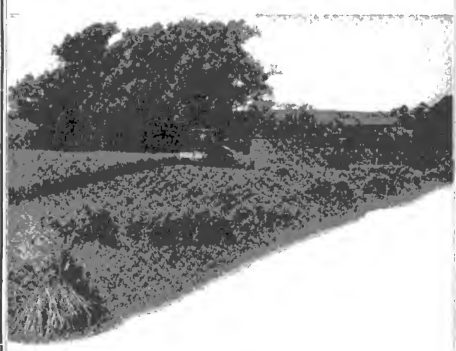
Victor Steel Needles, 2 cents per 100

Victor Fibre Needles, 30 cents per 100 (can be repointed and used eight times)

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month



A Grain of Wheat



A grain of wheat contains all the elements that are needed to completely nourish the human body and to sustain at top-notch efficiency all the mental and physical powers. It has been man's staff of life for over four thousand years. It is the most perfect food given to man.

But when you eat a wheat food be sure you get all the wheat in a digestible form. You need all the material in the wheat grain—the carbohydrates for heat and fat, the protein for making muscle, phosphates for brain and bone, the bran coat for keeping the bowels healthy and active. In making

SHREDDED WHEAT

we make all these elements digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking into crisp, golden brown biscuits, or "little loaves."

Shredded Wheat is not flavored, treated or compounded with anything. It is a natural, elemental food. You flavor it or season it to suit your own taste. Delicious for breakfast with milk or cream or for any meal in combination with berries or other fresh fruits.

All the Meat of the Golden Wheat

Made only by

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

(Continued from page 61.)

the applicant gives a sudden start when he discovers in four rows the following words, each followed by a question-mark:

Careful?	Memory?
Courteous?	Obedient?
Punctual?	Orderly?
Accurate?	Cheerful?
Industrious?	Patient?
Careless?	Forgetful?
Discourteous?	Disobedient?
Tardy?	Disorderly?
Inaccurate?	Gloomy?
Lazy?	Impatient?

"What shall I do with this?" asks the surprised job-hunter.

"Just check the qualities that you think you possess. What we want is your frank opinion of yourself."

"But you don't expect me to say I'm lazy and careless when I'm hunting for a job, do you?"

"If you think you are, yes," replies the employment head. "Don't be afraid to tell the truth; it won't hurt you."

By this time, Mr. Hendrick goes on to say, the applicant has revealed far more than appears upon the record.

"There is scarcely anything about him which the employment supervisor has not painstakingly observed. The very walk with which he enters the room speaks volumes. A quick, firm tread indicates alertness and decision; a scurrying, rapid, and somewhat shuffling gait sometimes betrays the braggart—the man who is attempting to force himself ahead by virtue of a bold front. On the other hand, a slow, deliberate, and sure-footed stride usually expresses the corresponding mental qualities. A man's clothes are likewise eloquent not only of his financial condition and previous success, but of his character. Selfish people are usually dressed well, even luxuriously; the man of refinement shows it in his well-fitting, carefully brushed attire; the coarse, careless, vain materialist is given to flaming socks and neckties and startling effects in waistcoats. On the other hand, carelessness in dress may be merely an indication of a character so energetic and vital, as in the famous case of Gladstone, that it never gives a thought as to wherewithal it is clothed. In this, as in all details, however, one must remember that the rules are made to fit the average—not the exceptional man or genius."

Business Psycho-Analysis.

THE way in which a man shakes hands or signs his name is an indication of his character. Nose, eyes, nostrils, all bear unmistakable marks of his efficiency or the lack thereof. The condition of the skin may betray ill health and habits of living. The man whose eyes shift continually is not apt to be trustworthy. There are some men who are conscious of this weakness and who make heroic attempts to overcome it. In that case, however, the glance, instead of being frank and direct, usually becomes a

brazen stare. By the time the applicant has finished with his blank, a cross-examination begins that resembles the psycho-analytical methods employed by Professor Freud, of Vienna. Unobtrusively a stenographer makes a permanent record of what follows. "In how many places have you lived?" This is the chance to get a line on the man's stability. "What do you read?" This brings the applicant up with a sharp turn.

"Perhaps he reads nothing but the yellow journals. The particular newspaper or magazine he reads shows his intellectual tastes about as clearly as anything can. 'When you open a paper, what do you read first of all?' is another question that leads directly into one's innermost mind. One man strikes first for the sporting page, another first for the stock quotations, another first for the editorials. There are people whose only real journalistic enthusiasm is the advertising section. Some applicants at once show that they read only for amusement—popular novels. Others, even men applying for humble positions, go in for history, biography, even philosophy or science. A man who spends his spare time poring over books dealing with mechanics, agriculture, shop practice, electricity, has tendencies that, in a large industrial establishment, may be usefully developed.

"Here are other questions that strike deep into character, the answers to which are made a permanent record:

"What kind of work do you like best?"

"If you could have any position you wished for, what would it be?"

"What, besides pay, is important to you in a job?"

"According to your observation, by what methods is advancement usually won?"

"Through what means do you hope to secure advancement?"

"What are you doing to improve yourself?"

"Can you manage people well? Give the evidence."

"How many times have you lost your temper in the last year? What were the causes? What did you do?"

"Can you take a joke on yourself?"

"Can you joke others?"


"Do you like to be with people?"

"How many intimate friends have you?"

"Do you make acquaintances readily?"

Compiling the Catalog
of a Man.

WHILE the man himself is engaged in filling out his blank, Dr. Blackford has been busy making queer marks upon another sheet of paper. This is known as the analysis, and is unintelligible to the uninitiated. To one experienced in the system, however, the marks reveal a clear insight into the character of the applicant. Here, for instance, are the emblems that sum up the whole business:



At both extremes of size and in between

Waltham Watches

have the supreme instrumental excellence

The Watch on the left is the Waltham "Vanguard", the most widely used railroad watch in the world. In every country you will find trains running, and running promptly on Vanguard time. But we do not consider this the height of Waltham achievement, for the reason that large size watches such as railroad men use are not particularly difficult to manufacture.

A more severe test of watch-making occurs in the thinner and smaller models such as the lady's watch pictured above, the movement having the same diameter as

a nickel 5-cent piece. It is our sincere opinion that Waltham offers the first ladies' watches which can really be considered as serious dependable timepieces.

Most ladies' watches are made to be worn in the bureau drawer; Walthams are designed for actual use and accurate use at that.

Ask your jeweler to show you a Waltham Riverside model. It is worth a hundred "toy watches."

Riverside Watches are described and illustrated in a booklet, sent free upon request. Please mention "The Riverside Family."

Waltham Watch Company
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SELECTED ORIENTAL RUGS

For many years I have been buying, through several unusual channels, antiques that are masterpieces. It is my pleasure to select one, or sometimes two, out of a thousand or more, and I own them only for true ring lovers. My customers include the foremost collectors.

Write for Brochure on Rugs, and then let me send you a selection on approval, express prepaid.

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SONG POEMS WANTED

Send us your song poems or melodies. THEY MAY BECOME BIG HITS AND BRING THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS. Experience unnecessary. Available work accepted for publication. Instructive booklet free.

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Collar Buttons

are worn by men who know, because they are perfect in finish, and made in shape and size to suit every need. Unbreakable in wear. A new one free in exchange for any Krementz Collar Button broken or damaged from any cause.

14 K. Rolled Gold Plate, \$5 cents.
10 K. Metal " " \$1.00
14 K. " " \$1.50

Look for the name
KREMENTZ on the back
and be sure to get the genuine.
At leading jewelers and haberdashers
KREMENTZ & CO.
125 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.
Largest manufacturers of high grade jewelry in the world

"Standard" GUARANTEED PLUMBING FIXTURES

If you are going to build a New Home or remodel the old one—send for a copy of "Modern Bathrooms"—100 pages—illustrated in color.

NO room in the house is so important as the bathroom and too great care cannot be given to the selection of fixtures to make it sanitary and beautiful. That you may be able to select for yourself the equipment best suited to your home and your means, we have published "Modern Bathrooms," an elaborately illustrated book, showing many attractive model interiors and giving floor plans and costs of each fixture in detail. Modern kitchen and laundry interiors are featured—decorative ideas explained and accessories suggested.

It shows the artistic values of "Standard" Guaranteed Fixtures—and faithfully demonstrates their sanitary excellence and the economy of their use.

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Louisville, 319-41 W. Main St.
Cleveland, 446 Huron Rd. S. E.
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Baltimore, 6 N. Joseph St.

Boston, John Hancock Bldg.
Montreal, Can. 225 Cornette Bldg.
Hamilton, Can. 25 St. James St. W.
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Fort Worth, Tex. Frost and Jones Sts.

Mental, 1.
Motive, 2.
Vital, 3.

This indicates that the person under examination is predominantly mental in his make-up. Dr. Blackford arranges humanity into these three classifications. A mental man is one whose cerebro-nervous system is the dominant factor in all his operations. A motive man is one whose life is largely regulated by the activity of his muscular system. A vital man is one whose strongest hold on life is through his digestive processes. The mental type is the thinker, the motive type is the doer, the vital type is the compeller—the type of those who make others do.

"In physical build, the mental man is usually slight and tall, with small bones and slender musculature, and nervously rapid in all his movements. The motive man is more thickset and athletic; he has broad and square shoulders, from which his whole figure tends to taper down to his feet; his whole person suggests ruggedness and angularity. The vital type is inclined to corpulency, the body is widest around the waist, from which it tapers in both directions—toward the head and toward the feet. Each type likewise reveals himself in the shape of his face. The mental man is high in the forehead, tapering almost to a point at the chin—the whole contour suggesting a triangle; the motive man in facial outline approximates a square; while the vital man's face is oval or round.

"In the minor positions in a large corporation, the mental type becomes an office clerk, the motive type a salesman, the vital type one of the smaller executives. In the larger organization, the mental type is the financier, the motive type the hard-driving general manager, the vital type the head of one of the great departments. For mentality, activity, and vitality have all their several degrees; according to this system, everybody's capacity, whatever its extent, takes one of these three several directions.

"In cataloging a young man as 'mental,' therefore, the employment supervisor does not mean that he is an intellectual giant, but that whatever ability he has will be along that line. He is a born bookkeeper rather than a salesman or an executive."

Resurrection of Phrenology in Business.

ANOTHER entry upon the analysis of a man's hair and skin. According to the Blackford system a man's coloring is of the greatest consequence. Dr. Blackford has analyzed well-nigh twelve thousand individuals, and finds that, as a general rule, there are decidedly blond and decidedly brunet temperaments. A man possessing a high degree of blondness is likely to work rapidly, to jump over obstacles, to force others and to force himself. He likewise has all the faults of his char-

THE Keeley Cure

For Liquor and Drug Users

A scientific treatment which has cured half a million in the past thirty-three years, and the one treatment which has stood the severe test of time. Administered by medical experts, at the Keeley Institutes only. For full particulars write

To the Following Keeley Institutes:

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San Francisco, Cal. Washington, D. C.

St. Louis, Mo. St. Paul, Minn.
St. Petersburg, Fla. Seattle, Wash.
San Francisco, Cal. London, England.

acter. He is not always dependable, constantly makes mistakes, jumps to conclusions. The brunet type as a rule is steadier and more dependable. He is the plodder; his efforts, if less brilliant, are apt to be more sustained. Dr. Blackford pays even more minute attention to the shape of the head and rehabilitates, to a certain extent, the quasi-science of phrenology. When the modern paleontologist discovers a new prehistoric skull, he determines its age and the state of civilization it represents usually by its size and relative brain capacity. Dr. Blackford, Mr. Hendrick explains, does exactly the same when examining applicants for jobs. A high forehead, in her system, indicates an idealistic temperament; a low forehead, the animalistic and materialistic—the self-seeking, cunning, destructive mind. High-headed men are the ones who accomplish really important things for humanity; the low-headed man is more interested in pushing his personal fortune.

"The long-headed man is more far-seeing; the short-headed man thinks mainly of temporary gain. Narrow heads indicate a mild, easy-going disposition; broad-headed men, like broad-headed animals—the cat, the lion and the tiger—are destructive, grasping and combative. Square-headed men are prudent and careful; round-headed men tend to impulsiveness and cunning. But it is the shape of the face, as seen in profile, that is chiefly significant. The Blackford system divides humanity into two great classes—the convex and the concave. If your face is convex or bulging, the



See that you get Jersey Milk

Milk from Jersey cows carries more butter fat and protein than the milk from any other breed of cattle. These are the principal food elements of milk. They nourish the whole body and are active in replacing tissue. Jersey milk is 30% richer in flesh-building solids than any other milk—that means a corresponding absence of water.

See that your milk is Jersey milk. If your milkman isn't supplying you with Jersey milk, it will pay you to change milkmen.

American Jersey Cattle Club
224 W. 23d Street, New York



NABISCO Sugar Wafers

Nabisco Sugar Wafers meet every demand for a dainty dessert confection. Whether served with ices, custards, fruits or beverages, they are equally delightful. The sweet, creamy filling of Nabisco—the delicate wafer shells—leave nothing to be desired. Truly are they fairy sandwiches.

In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.

ADORA:—Another dessert confection of enchanting goodness. Alluring squares in filled sugar-wafer form.

FESTINO:—A dessert sweet, shaped like an almond. A shell so fragile and toothsome that it melts on the tongue, disclosing a kernel of almond-flavored cream.



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

chances are that you are aggressive, fond of leadership, keen, alert, and energetic. You make up your mind quickly, even impulsively, and immediately tend to translate your ideas into action. A man whose profile is concave, on the other hand, is more mild and passive; he thinks deliberately, weighs the evidence, is calm, judicial, and self-controlled. The convex-faced man is erratic and frequently bad-tempered; the concave-faced man has definitely thought out reasons for what he does, and is perennially good-natured. Convexity and concavity, of course, are relative terms; some faces are extremely pointed, others are extremely drawn in, and there are all kinds of variations between the two extremes."

There are, we are not surprised to learn, corresponding variations in temperamental qualities.

Rendering the Verdict.

CLEARLY a man who combines the motive type of musculature, blond coloring, the square face, and the convex profile would be an extremely combative and aggressive person. His character would be all positives. Colonel Roosevelt, according to the Blackford system, is the most perfect illustration of the blond-motive-convex type. Mr. Taft represents the opposite extreme. Clearly it is not sufficient to analyze candidates minutely without practical application of the knowledge so gained. A man's points frequently contradict each other—just as there are people of strongly contradictory temperaments. Combining all these points with the result of her oral examination, the supervisor writes

Total investment in the stock	\$43,973,300
Funded debt, real and other-wise	215,117,000

Total	\$259,090,300
3 per cent. on this.....	7,772,706
Net earnings.....	19,431,700
Balance to be returned to the public in reduced charges..	11,659,094

Passenger rates could be cut in two and freight rates reduced 25 per cent. on such a showing. Instead of this, the railroad, we are told, has a colossal debt. "Many years," remarks Mr. Russell, "have been required to build this marvelous pyramid, and the greatest skill has been used to keep it from toppling over. All the time it has been rising higher and higher, and every year the prophets and wise men have said: 'Now the old thing will surely fall with a loud crash.' But it is still standing—or at least it was this morning."

Fixing the Blame for the Collapse of the Frisco System.

BOTH a Committee of Congress and the Interstate Commerce Commission will investigate the peculiar circumstances attending the sudden collapse of the Frisco system. There will be independent investigations by various committees of bondholders and stockholders. Germany and France, who are hit hard by the failure of the company, will insist on a probe to the core. Meanwhile, one of the receivers of the railroad, Mr. H. S. Priest, closely affiliated with the management, has given to the newspapers what is no doubt the version of the case that is endorsed by Mr. Yonkum, Chairman of the Board of Directors. The railroads, he declares, are in a peculiar position.

"The price of everything that enters into the cost of operation, including taxes, has increased. The price of commodities they haul has increased. They have not been allowed to advance the price of transportation. If these great arteries of exchange and distribution are strangled or starved to death the result must inevitably be disastrous to every other business. The trend of legislation has been and is to protect private capital until it is invested in railroads, when it ceases to be private capital and becomes property subject to legislative exploitation, both State and federal.

"Under such conditions no one is anxious to invest money in any form of railroad securities and does so only under speculative conditions or in taking 'the gambler's chance.' All business is in a halting attitude because all business seems to be more or less the subject of legislative control. This discourages enterprise and progress. Business needs emancipation from legislative influence. It has been pursued until it is a nervous wreck."

In the light of this statement, the Company's action in selling, through



Enjoy a sanitariously clean kitchen.



Avoid all inner and outer dust perils.

Do away with dust dangers!

Why continue to inflict on your home-folks and neighbors the dangers of germ-laden house dust caused by broom cleaning and rug beating, when you can enjoy at *less annual cost* the dustless, complete cleaning of a stationary ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner? Will work and wear as long as the house stands!

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Speyer & Company, as late as April, \$3,000,000 of new bonds to foreign investors is being commented on bitterly. At the time of that transaction the Company issued a statement pointing to the large increase in the gross earnings over the previous year. Only a day or two before he turned the property over into the receiver's hands, Mr. Winchell, the President of the road, assured investors that all obligations would be met. Insiders evidently thought differently. Before the failure was announced the 5 per cent. general lien bonds dropped 12 points. When Mr. Yoakum decided to call for the receiver without previously consulting with the two financial factors in New York most intimately connected with his railroad, the entire market was shocked.

Mr. Yoakum's Misake.

THE bonds of the St. Louis and San Francisco were usually classed as semi-speculative. They were known as "businessmen's investments" or "businessmen's risks." Yet the road, as has been said, presents the spectacle of a property owned not by its stockholders but by its creditors. The bonds outstanding outnumbered by many millions the stock issued. The St. Louis and San Francisco resembles an over-mortgaged house. The property itself would be on a paying basis were it not for its many poor relations, properties purchased for their probable future value but at present worthless as sources of income. Such properties are called "feeders," but in this case they had not yet developed out of the class of "suckers." The salaries paid to the President and other officers were not justified, it is claimed, by the resources of the railroad. The bankruptcy of the road, so the New York Times Analyst remarks editorially, is owing to the fact that it has been for years "the worst financed big railroad in this country." In every financial squall it had to go to the pawnbroker. In 1908 "it paid a bankrupt's price for a little credit." The schedule of its funded debt is "a crazy patchwork," covering nine pages in *Poor's Manual* and embracing more than fifty items. There is, the writer goes on to say, a kind of man with the vanity of mechanics who, if he have charge of a machine, will put it in the pink of condition before turning a wheel. There is another kind of man who is intent upon motion. He will make slight repairs and tie his machine together with a rusty wire until suddenly it falls apart. Mr. Yoakum, it seems to the Analyst editor, was the second kind of man.

"He had been holding the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad together with pieces of wire and believing more in op-

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timism than in bankers until financial makeshifts were no longer possible. He was the leading exponent of the economic ills of the railroads. He could apply potato statistics to a question of rates most amazingly; unfortunately he could never apply statistics of accounting to the science of finance. The failure of the Frisco was a sporting event in Wall Street. Wagers were laid that he would hold it together another time, having succeeded so often before. But the pawnbrokers were unyielding. They could not see the equity. Those who bet their money on Yoakum's past performances in tight financial places lost. They are willing still to wager that he will emerge from the wreck an optimist uncontrollable, and be found once more holding a lot of railroad mileage together by sheer moral strength."

Giving a Black Eye to
Our Credit Abroad.

THE optimism of Mr. Yoakum is, however, not shared by foreign investors. In France, in Germany, in Holland, where large blocks of the bonds of the St. Louis and San Francisco have been absorbed recently, the old distrust of American finance has again been revived. The failure of the road so shortly after the placing of the bonds by James Speyer and the encouraging report of the President of the road is regarded as nothing less than a scandal. The incident has given a black eye to Uncle Sam's credit abroad that may take years in healing. "The United States," remarked M. de Verneuil, head of the Paris stock brokers, to a representative of the New York Herald, "is a great country, and its resources are immense and inexhaustible. I have not changed my opinion regarding the values of the country, but I have changed my view of the moral worth of some of its citizens. The methods of some American financiers have done a great harm to investors, whose assistance they have often solicited and who have been only too ready to open their pockets to foreign enterprises. I am very much afraid that as a result of the ill-advised conduct of these American financiers other American stocks, even those above suspicion, will no longer be accepted by the French public." If the information gained by the impending inquiry is what M. de Verneuil believes it to be, no more American stocks will be admitted on the floor or the curb of the Paris Bourse. "Your bankers," thundered the president of one of the big banks of the French capital, "and not the least of them, come to us and explain, backed by figures which we believe to be trustworthy, that the loan they solicit is for an absolutely sound affair. A spokesman for the Frisco system declared to us here that 'the guarantees of the loan were unique and the earnings of the system were the



Coral Builders and the Bell System

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best registered by the Frisco line since its foundation.' A few days afterwards the company was placed in the hands of a receiver." The French banker angrily characterizes the proceeding of the American bankers as bordering on dishonesty. "Let it be known," he goes on to say, "that American credit, so far as the Paris market and your financial issues here are concerned, is dead, and that it is your bankers who killed it. In view of such facts and in view of such financial morals permit me to confess that I now understand President Wilson's aggressive policy toward finance and especially toward American financiers. He will be forced to clean the Augean stables, but will he succeed?" Two hundred and eighty thousand of the 5 per cent. general bonds, with a face value of twenty-eight million dollars, have been placed

in France in the last four years. A large amount of this issue was absorbed by German investors.

The entire Frisco collapse marked the beginning of violent declines in the stock markets. Many investment stocks, regarded as gilt-edged and seasoned dividend payers, were actually below panic prices. Frisco quotations shrunk to 3 for the common stock of the company. There are many, however, who believe that the receivership will eventually benefit the system because its bankruptcy will lead automatically to a divorce of the line from its poor relations. Meanwhile, Mr. Yoakum is target of censure from all sides. He dreamed a gigantic dream, but his mind outran reality. He anticipated the future, but he deserted the ground of sound finance in chasing a rainbow.

Japan's Economic Interest in California.

THE root of all wars and discussions between nations is, in the last analysis, economical. This holds true of the present difference of opinion between the government of the Mikado and the government of the United States. There are admittedly 55,000 Japanese in California to-day. The Asiatic Exclusion League places the number at 100,000. Each Jap, according to the peculiar custom of his country, has the privilege to send his photograph to Japan and marry it to a wife. This means a possible immediate increase of the Japanese element in Japan to 110,000 or 200,000. The picture bride, we are told in *The World's Work*, to which we are indebted for the following information, is not permitted to leave Japan until her photograph husband has provided a place for her. This accounts partly for the desire of the Japanese to hold or to lease farm-land. Of the 55,000 Japanese recorded in California, 20,000 are enumerated as farm-hands; 4,500 are given as farmers.

"The total number of farms owned by Japanese in 1912 was 312, with an acreage of 12,726 and an assessed valuation of \$609,605 (real value probably about \$1,000,000). The number of farms had increased in three years from 208 to 312, and the acreage from 10,791 to 12,726. Japanese owned 218 town lots, with an assessed valuation, including improvements, of \$235,675. This was an increase of \$60,981 in three years. There were 319 recorded leases, in November, 1909, covering 20,234 acres, and 282 leases were recorded from that date to December 12, 1912, covering 17,596 acres.

"These figures must, however, fall considerably short of the amount of land actually farmed by Japanese in California. Even the Japanese estimates allow 4,500 'farmers,' and here are only 631 farms, including farms owned and leases recorded, for them to farm. . . .

"In the distribution of land ownership, the largest amount is in Fresno County, where 4,776 acres are owned by Japanese. The three central counties of the San Joaquin Valley (and of the State), Fresno, Madera and Tulare, are the only ones in which the Japanese own more than 1,000 acres. In Tulare County there are 1,053 acres and in Madera 1,049. This is the raising grape district. The eight San Joaquin Valley counties contain 8,347 acres of the 12,726 owned by Japanese. Curiously enough, this district is not the one in which anti-Japanese agitation is most acute. Possibly this is because here is a region in which there is plenty of room. It is a great plain, with counties as large as eastern States, and with a very cosmopolitan population, accustomed to making allowances for national and racial differences. The most intense feeling comes from a few circumscribed districts in northern California in which even a

CURRENT OPINION



EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: LEONARD D. ABBOTT,
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A Review of the World

Intellectual Vertigo Induced
by the Currency Problem.

LONG-WINDED discussions of the proposed currency-reform measure usurp the lion's share of editorial pages. This in spite of the fact, that the improvement of our banking and currency system is too abstruse a question to appeal to the popular imagination. Whatever advocacy or support it may have must come, as A. Piatt Andrew, former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, remarks in the *Yale Review*, not from the many, but from the few, not from the marching clubs and cheering throngs which give color and excitement to political campaigns, but from the quiet thinking men who are moved by the dry white light of reason. Unfortunately the question of currency reform and legislation is one on which the learned doctors themselves disagree violently. The reader who attempts to follow the arguments of various schools of economics and politics while he sips his morning coffee may well fear for his own reason. Currency questions have always been bafflingly intricate and difficult to grasp. They are in the field of economics what metaphysical questions are in the field of philosophy. Many years ago the English economist Jevons remarked that a kind of intellectual vertigo seemed to attack most persons who devoted themselves to this subject.

The Whirling Kaleidoscope
of Currency Legislation.

THE Scotch economist Macleod was accustomed to assert that more people had gone insane over it than over anything else

except love and religion. Anyone who attempts to follow the discussion and form a clear conception of the issues involved and of the wrongs to be righted, Mr. Andrew goes on to say, is confronted with a whirling kaleidoscope through which at every moment new arrangements of facts are presented at new angles according to new theories and with new interpretations. It is not strange, he thinks, if some of those who had to face such complexities went mad. Realizing these difficulties, the Republican Party, while it was in power, again and again delayed the needed reforms of the currency system. "A physician would probably say," remarks the former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, "that what primarily ails our currency system and causes panics and desperate stringencies is something akin to *arteriosclerosis*. The veins and arteries of credit which in order to function properly ought to be elastic and contractile like rubber, are hard and brittle like glass. When subjected to unusual strain they yield but little and are very liable to rupture, and when once stretched they are apt to remain overenlarged."

"Doctor" Wilson Writes
a Prescription.

ACCUSTOMED to grapple with metaphysical problems, President Wilson squarely faces the currency issue. Appearing in person before Congress, he wrote out his prescription to cure the ills of our economical system. The President made no specific recommendations, but he did allude to the currency bill before

the two banking and currency committees of Congress and his own recommendation of it. The address, according to the *Journal of Commerce*, had a good deal of the appealing flavor noted in the inauguration speech of the President, and as such appealed naturally more strongly to the Democrats, but there was some applause also in the Progressive group. The hall of the House of Representatives was only two-thirds filled, most absentees being on the Republican side. Ever since the Civil War, the President, maintained in his speech, the business men of the country have waited for emancipation from "the trammels of the protective tariff" and for the free opportunities such liberation will bring. Congress must not leave them without the tools of action when they are free. Now "both the tonic and the discipline" of liberty and maturity are about to ensue. After some readjustments of purpose and point of view there will follow a "period of expansion and new enterprise freshly conceived," but the resourceful business men of the country cannot deal adequately with the new circumstances unless they "have at hand and ready for use the instrumentalities and conveniences of free enterprise which independent men need when acting on their own initiative."

The Vitalization of Credit.

NO man, Mr. Wilson adds, however casual and superficial his observation of the conditions now prevailing in the country, can fail to see that one of the chief things business needs now, and will need increasingly



MR. BRYAN'S MONEY CONFERENCE

—Boardman Robinson in N. Y. Tribune

as it gains in scope and vigor in the years immediately ahead of us, is the proper means by which readily to vitalize its credit, corporate and individual, and its originaive brains. What, he questions, will it profit us to be free if we are not to have the best and most accessible instrumentalities of commerce and enterprise?

"If a man cannot make his assets available at pleasure, his assets of capacity and character and resource, what satisfaction is it to him to see opportunity beckoning to him on every hand, when others have the keys of credit in their pockets and treat them as all but their own private possession? It is perfectly clear that it is our duty to supply the new banking and currency system the country needs, and that it will immediately need it more than ever.

"The only question is, When shall we supply it—now, or later, after the demands shall have become reproaches that we were so dull and so slow?"

The Threatened Secession of Wall Street.

SHOULD the Currency Bill pass in its present form, many national banks, it is said, would withdraw entirely from the national banking system and take out new charters under state laws. Thus the New Freedom may lead to a New Secession. This attitude on the part of some of the most influential national bank officials in the country is based, according to the *New York Times*, on the fact that the scheme of control of the proposed reserve and currency system would put the new reserve banks under political control to such an extent that national banks could enter the system only at

great risk to themselves and their customers. It was pointed out at a meeting of bankers that the powers with which the central body, the Federal Reserve Board, would be clothed far exceeded the powers entrusted to the directors of any banking system in the world, and it would have practically unchecked discretion.

"In surrendering their national charters to organize under state laws the national banks would give up the privilege of issuing notes secured by Government bonds. They would be required in that case to provide for the retirement of their outstanding notes by depositing an equivalent amount of lawful money with the United States Treasury. The effect of that would be to contract the amount of currency in circulation until this reduction was offset by additional issues of bond-secured currency by the national banks, which remained in the system, or by the taking out of the new form of currency provided for in the proposed law."

These banks, remarks the *New York World* angrily, are going to secede in the name of "sound finance" just as their predecessors in 1860-61, with slavery as their object, seceded in the name of "liberty." If the National City Bank of New York and the First National Bank of Chicago think that a menace of this kind will win, let them put it into effect.

Senator Owen Defends His Bill.

ONE of the sponsors of the Bill, Senator Owen, Chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee, scouts the threat of secession. He states that national banks,

far from seceding, will rejoice in the more stable financial condition which he hopes to establish. In a defense of his bill he convincingly states his reason why private banking interests should not be represented on the Federal Reserve Board. "Large interests in the country," he says, "having set their heart upon the passage of the Aldrich bill and having expended large effort in educating the country in favor of the Aldrich plan, have been discontented in two very important particulars: First, the Aldrich bill gave control of the proposed system to the banks of the country; and, secondly, authorized the banks to issue the currency to the country under this system as bank currency." The Senator presses his point fairly home in this wise:

"We think it no more reasonable to grant this demand to the bankers than it would be to authorize the railroads to have representation and exercise a part of the governing power of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which is charged with the duty of regulating the railroads. It would, perhaps, be but little different if the beef packers should demand representation in administering the pure food act and regulating their own conduct."

The American Bankers' Association, in presenting suggestions to Senator Owen's Committee, ignored the President's bill completely. One of the leading suggestions made by the bankers was the creation of a Central Reserve Association to issue notes under federal control. It is already certain that the Owen-Glass bill will not pass without hard fighting. It may be indefinitely delayed in the Senate.

WHEN President Wilson made a declaration, several weeks ago, that "a numerous and insidious lobby" was operating in Washington, his statement was depreciated by many Congressmen as the exaggerated impression of a newcomer in the national capital. But now it is recognized by all that he spoke the bare truth. The Senate Committee appointed to investigate his charge has found, among other things, that:

The Wholesale Grocers' Association, which agitates for free sugar for the consumer, is an organization of Sugar Refiners, with money to spend for the "public good."

The Beet Sugar Growers' Association, which works to retain the present duty on sugar, is an organization of Beet Sugar Manufacturers, with an extensive system of lobbying.

The Anti-Trust League has made use of agents either very simple-minded or very adroit who admit intimate association with David Lamar, the Wall Street Scavenger.

The National Manufacturers' Association covertly bought the election of Members of Congress who did its bidding; has encompassed the defeat of others who were opposed to measures which would serve its interests; has made payments of money to legislators who voted on bills as the Association dictated; and has bought minor labor leaders and set them to work as spies.

All of which goes to show that, as Senator Overman, chairman of the investigating committee, admits, there is powerful and concerted lobbying at Washington. It is not so much, he says, the personal appeal to Senators as it is "the newer form of organized activity to mold public sentiment, and to influence Senators, by means of public pressure from various sources. It is 'insidious' to the extent that this publicity and organized campaign often partakes of misrepresentation and misinformation."

How a Lobbyist Works.

AN inside view of the methods pursued by lobbyists is afforded by the amazing confessions of Col. Martin M. Mulhall before the Senate Committee. Colonel Mulhall was, by his own statement, for ten years a lobbyist, field worker and strike breaker for the National Association of Manufacturers. Recently he decided to tell all that he knew. His story, for which he is said to have received \$10,000, has been appearing in page after page of the *New York World* and the *Chicago Tribune*, and is backed up by some 20,000 letters, telegrams and receipts. He names ex-President Taft, the late Vice-President Sherman, Senator Lodge, former Senator Aldrich, ex-Speaker Cannon, and many former and present members of both Houses as

"men whom the lobbyists of this Association had no difficulty in reaching and influencing for business, political or sympathetic reasons."

Is Mulhall's Confession Credible?

MULHALL says the Association paid the election expenses of Congressmen like Mr. Littlefield, of Maine, Mr. Watson, of Indiana, and Judge Jenkins, of Wisconsin. The only man now in office whom he charges specifically with having accepted financial favors—Congressman McDermott, of Chicago—denies the charge. An equally sensational charge that the Association tried to buy Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, for \$40,000, is confirmed by Gompers' own statement. It seems that a lobby staff

of seventeen was maintained at Washington, including Colonel Mulhall and former Presidents Van Cleave and Kirby, of the National Association of Manufacturers. Something like \$200,000 was expended by Mulhall, so he tells us, to accomplish the purposes of the organization. Public opinion, says the *Pittsburgh Gazette-Times*, is likely to be skeptical of the complete accuracy of Colonel Mulhall's story. Most of his statements are denied by his former colleagues of the National Association of Manufacturers. James A. Emery, counsel of the Association, calls them "the most dangerous and malicious form of falsehood—that which fabricates a tissue of lies on a slight foundation of truth." President George Pope, of the Association, maintains that there has been legitimate political activity, nothing else.



MONSTER

—Nelson Harding in the *Brooklyn Eagle*



THE HEAVY HAND

—Centre In New York Sun

A Diggs-Caminetti Case
in the Cabinet.

NO suspicion of the crisis he would precipitate crossed the mind of the labor leader in the President's cabinet when he rang Attorney-General McReynolds up on the telephone one day. Secretary Wilson told his colleague of an embarrassment in which the newly created Department of Labor was placed by the request of Commissioner of Immigration Caminetti for leave of absence to attend the trial of his son in California. Under the new federal "white-slave" act, a man who travels with and pays the expenses of a woman who is not his wife from one State to another may be prosecuted. That, with alleged aggravating circumstances, was the offense of young Caminetti. A young man of the name of Diggs is involved in the escapade. Before the elder Caminetti took the oath of office as Immigration

Commissioner, he went over this case with Secretary of Labor Wilson, by way of explaining why he must soon ask for leave of absence. The matter came up again between the two statesmen about the middle of June last. The Secretary of Labor pointed out the difficulties in the way of the Commissioner's request for leave. The department is in a formative stage. Large contracts for feeding immigrants at ports of entry must be disposed of. Hindu immigration to the Pacific coast by way of Hawaii and the Philippines is an acute problem. Chinese are constantly smuggled into this country. Would it not be possible for the Commissioner of Immigration to secure a postponement of his son's trial? At the next term of court that trial and those Hindus and Chinese could be attended to simultaneously. How simple! As for local sentiment, Secretary of Labor Wilson never suspected even the existence of that volcano.

McReynolds Grants the
Crucial Postponement.

A POSTPONEMENT of his son's case seemed so doubtful to Commissioner of Immigration Caminetti, that Secretary Wilson, thinking only of the needs of his Department of Labor, undertook the task of securing it himself. That is why we find him at one end of the telephone wire on this fatal June morning and Mr. McReynolds at the other. The circumstances were stated. Without stopping to go through the files of the Department of Justice and having then but an imperfect acquaintance with the details of the litigation, Attorney-General McReynolds sent a telegram to the United States Attorney for the northern District of California, John L. McNab. That gentleman was instructed to postpone the trial of the cases until the autumn. "I do not wish," wired Mr. McReynolds, "the government to be in a position of insisting upon the trial of young Caminetti and Diggs, charged with violating the white-slave law, during the enforced absence of the father, who is performing necessary public duties." It did not occur to the Attorney-General, apparently, that any malign motive could be imputed.

What the Diggs and Caminetti Cases Are.

TWO young married men of Sacramento left that city last March in the company of two unmarried girls of about nineteen. Arriving at Reno, they registered at a local hotel under assumed names. Ostensibly they were brides and grooms, occupying connecting rooms. On the morning after this elopement, one of the party rented a cottage in the outskirts of Reno, bought provisions, and began housekeeping. In less than a week the police of their home city arrived on the scene. The young people explained that they had matrimonial intentions, divorce being an indispensable preliminary. The two young men declared that they were unhappily married. They fled to Reno. Their plight and their procedures were, in short, those of the poet Shelley when he quitted London with Mary Golwin, leaving his little wife Harriet in Bath. Mr. McNab, however, did not look upon the affair as Bowden viewed the elopement of the greatest lyric poet in the English tongue. There were antecedent circumstances upon which the moral mind of Mr. McNab fastened itself in arriving at its severe judgment.

Sensational Resignation
of John L. McNab.

IN a lengthy telegram to President Wilson, Mr. McNab resigned the post of United States Attorney, feeling compelled to acknowledge what

he had heretofore refused to believe—that the Department of Justice yielded to influences crippling and destroying the usefulness of the California prosecutor's office. Diggs and Caminetti, said Mr. McNab, were indicted for "a hideous crime which has ruined two girls and shocked the moral sense of the people of California." This, too, was after Mr. McNab had advised the Department in Washington that attempts have been made to corrupt the government witnesses. The friends of the defendants were publicly boasting that the wealth and prominence of relatives would stay the hand of Mr. McNab. In these cases, he assured the President further, "two girls were taken from cultured homes, bullied and frightened into going to a foreign State and were ruined and debauched by the defendants, who abandoned their wives and infants to commit the crime." Mr. McNab felt that he could not occupy his post as a mere automaton, having the guilt or innocence of rich and powerful defendants, indicted by unbiased grand juries on overwhelming evidence, determined in Washington behind closed doors. All these points and more were made in the spirited telegram sent by Mr. McNab to the President.

Gravity of the Caminetti Case.

CALIFORNIA opinion has long been exercised over the Diggs and Caminetti cases. Sacramento was shocked at the gravity of the allegations made against the two young men. They represented themselves to their victims in the beginning, it is said, as unmarried youths. They professed honorable intentions. They used a calculated mode of deception in what they told the families of the young women they misled. All the wealth at their command was employed in furtherance of the crime charged upon them. These reports were, it is said, investigated without bias by Mr. McNab and found by him to be true. In the words of William Randolph Hearst's New York *American*:

"For deliberate, cold-blooded plotting at the ruin of two innocent young girls there is nothing in the annals of crime surpassing it. Novels have been fabricated on much less pretence of plot. Political influence has never been exerted with more dastardly results. It drags romance through the mire, sullies the sacred word 'love,' makes a mockery of the marriage tie, and puts a blot upon Federal law and authority which outraged sentiment the country over will demand to have removed, however drastic the means necessary."

Not that this constitutes the whole case! It is legal as well as moral! Legally it is extremely serious too!

President Woodrow Wilson Takes a Hand in the California Case.

ABSORBED in those considerations of high policy which held him aloof at the outset of his administration from the rush for office, President Wilson, in the press of other important matters, failed to notice particularly the Caminetti complication. The executive was taken completely by surprise when the dramatic telegram from McNab made it necessary to call upon Mr. McReynolds for enlightenment. To make matters worse, it all came in a rush on a Saturday afternoon. Not until the following Monday could the Attorney-General gain access to the official files for the purpose of explaining all to President Wilson. Mr. McReynolds made no concealment of his resentment with reference to Mr. McNab. The latter, as United States Attorney, held a position of peculiar trust and confidence, demanding the utmost loyalty to the department in Washington. Had he availed himself of the opportunity to

send a despatch calling attention to the peculiar conditions, his recommendations would have been given due weight. Instead, Mr. McNab waited for a convenient day, sent in a sensational telegram and inputed base motives. Of all these things Mr. McReynolds made mention in a letter to the President. "I do not even hope to escape mistakes," wrote the Attorney-General, "but I am profoundly conscious that my actions are free from unworthy motives."

President Wilson Justifies His Attorney-General.

HAVING looked into the California "white-slave case," President Wilson felt satisfied that the course of Attorney-General McReynolds was prompted by sound and impartial judgment and a clear instinct for what was right. He approved the Attorney-General's course heartily and without hesitation. The President endorsed also the suggestion that special counsel be employed to press these



W. J. B. HANDS OUT ANOTHER

—Rogers in New York Herald

cases with energy. And to the indignant McNab in California, the President telegraphed his regret that the United States Attorney should have acted so hastily and "under so complete a misapprehension of the actual circumstances," besides transmitting "an inexcusable intimation of injustice and wrongdoing on the part of your superior." Mr. McNab's resignation was accepted at once. This action in the "white-slave case" covered likewise the "Western Fuel Company case," in which five directors of that corporation are charged with conspiracy to defraud the government on coal drawbacks. Mr. McReynolds had doubts concerning the guilt of two of the five and Mr. McNab had none.

Mr. McNab Makes a
Dramatic Exit.

NO one in California will for an instant be deceived by the "lame and puerile" defense of the Attorney-General to the President, insists Mr. McNab in a statement made just after his retirement as United States Attorney. Mr. McNab says he had three times warned Mr. McReynolds that postponement would "destroy" the cases in question. It was openly boasted that a postponement would be obtained through political influence at Washington. The government witnesses were being suborned. One of the lawyers for the defendants was jailed for attempting to corrupt witnesses. Any continuance would leave the California office under the stigma of corruption. "The Attorney-General knew all this, but cared not a whit whether this office was charged with corruption or not so long as his rich and influential friends were satisfied." Thus the irate McNab. As for the suggestion of special counsel, we find Mr. McNab commenting:

"In his gracious letter to his Attorney-General, written for public distribution, the President now says: 'I approve heartily your suggestion that, under the circumstances, special counsel be employed,

the best we can obtain,' and must 'press the cases with the utmost diligence.'

"The Attorney-General never made such a suggestion until he was caught stifling the cases to death with orders to postpone until autumn. If it was proper to postpone these cases to death and refuse to allow the United States Attorney's office to try them without cost to the Government, why is it now necessary to rush with hot-footed haste to trial with a long array of expensive special counsel, the ablest we can obtain? This spasm of excruciating virtue should have seized the Attorney-General a week ago.

"The Attorney-General now proposes to retain special counsel to do for a princely fee what my office was anxious to do as a matter of official duty. The Secretary of Labor says Mr. Caminetti's presence was necessary in Washington, to inform him how to prevent Chinese from being smuggled into California. It was unnecessary. Every smuggler who has attempted it is in the penitentiary."

Verdict of the Newspapers
Upon the McNab Episode.

EMERGING from the medley of newspaper comment upon the McNab resignation and the circumstances leading up to it, is the confidence seemingly felt in the good faith, the rectitude of purpose and the perfect candor of Attorney-General McReynolds. He may have been guilty of an error of judgment—many influential dailies insist that he was—but he did not yield to any improper influence knowingly. That is the general newspaper verdict, with exceptions here and there like the *New York American*. So ardent and consistent a supporter of President Wilson as the *New York World* did take the view at first, that Mr. McReynolds had destroyed his influence as Attorney-General and in a long editorial it called for his immediate resignation. In another reference to the topic under the caption "McReynolds's Blunder" we find the great Democratic daily observing:

"We have no doubt that there is a large measure of cheap California politics in the so-called 'white-slave scandal' in which Attorney-General McReynolds had involved the Wilson Administration.

"The case itself bears no relation to the 'white-slave' traffic that the Federal statute was enacted to punish. Two girls eloped with two married men and accompanied them from California to Nevada. To all intents and purposes, this is a local crime punishable under State laws. The National Government has nothing to do with it, except as the Mann 'White-Slave' act is perverted to cover any violation of the seventh commandment in which the parties cross a State line.

"Nevertheless, the Attorney-General's intervention was a great blunder for which there is no excuse. If he had stopped the prosecution on the ground that it was the duty of California to punish her own scoundrels, he could readily have justified his position. But to postpone a criminal trial merely to

accommodate a defendant's father who happens to be a Federal office-holder is a grave abuse of official power. To be sure, Republican Attorneys-General have done this sort of thing times without number, but the Democracy was not put in charge of the Government to imitate Republican methods of dispensing privilege."

Are the California Cases
Those of White Slavers?

INSINUATIONS that the defendants in the California cases are only by a perversion of the law made to appear white slavers—a hint thrown out by the *New York World*, as we have seen—find echo in the *San Diego Herald*, among others. Attorney-General McReynolds may be so distasteful to the great corporations of the country, observes the California paper, that they wish him discredited and removed.

"The two young men, Caminetti and Diggs, who deserted their families and eloped with a couple of buxom girls should be severely punished, as should all men who desert their families. However, they should be punished for the particular crime which they committed rather than for some other crime which will make their punishment more severe and which, at this time, is the one crime which is considered unpardonable."

Mr. Bryan Rushes to
the Defense of Mr.
McReynolds.

IN a statement issued in his capacity as editor of the *Commoner* and not at all as Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan comes to the defense of Attorney-General McReynolds. Deep regret filled the mind of Mr. Bryan when he read the editorial in the *New York World* calling for the resignation of the incautious Attorney-General. Mr. Bryan proceeds:

"If such a continuance had been asked in an ordinary case under the same circumstances it would have been granted without question by any Attorney-General. The fact that the father of one of the defendants is a public official ought not to alter the case.

"Neither can Secretary Wilson be fairly blamed. He declares that he was considering the interests of his Department and that he made the request on his own initiative and without solicitation from Mr. Caminetti. No one who knows Secretary Wilson will question either his honesty or his veracity. Why should he resign? No one could make a more satisfactory Secretary of Labor than he is making.

"As for Mr. Caminetti, we have known him for more than twenty years and have no hesitation in saying that there is not a more upright or honorable man in public life. He is a progressive Democrat and has during the last two decades been connected with all the movements that have had for their object the advancement of the public welfare. It is both unjust and ungenerous to say that he should retire from politics because of his son's conduct,



HARMONY
—Gale in Los Angeles Times

even tho the son has been guilty of gross and criminal immorality.

"The President has examined into the facts and approved the action taken by the Attorney-General. When the public has had an opportunity to consider the entire case the Administration's course will be sustained. Its hold upon the public would be frail indeed if confidence in it could be destroyed or even shaken by one act, even if it could be shown—which is not possible—that that act was a mistake."

Mr. Bryan has not been successful in this line of reasoning with the indignant New York *Outlook*. Returning to the theme it says that upon more reflection it feels more shocked than it felt at first.

Mr. Bryan Taken to Task for Defending McReynolds.

MR. BRYAN'S apology for Mr. McReynolds will not assist the Attorney-General much, in the opinion of the Republican New York *Tribune*. One of Mr. Bryan's characteristics as a politician, it tells us, is his extreme loyalty to his friends. In this instance, according to our stalwart Republican contemporary, Mr. Bryan is so eager to play the whitewash that he upsets the bucket containing it:

"The gravamen of the charge against the three officials, Caminetti, Secretary Wilson and McReynolds, is that they did not recognize the gross impropriety of seeking to obstruct the administration of justice as a matter of personal accommodation to a federal official who happened to be the father of one of the defendants. That official is especially charged with the execution of the 'white-slave' law so far as it concerns aliens entering at our ports. Nobody could possibly have been in a worse position than he to ask a favor of the sort which he asked through Mr. Wilson, and which Mr. McReynolds granted. . . .

"The fact that the father of one of the defendants was a public official and that the postponement was ordered as a personal convenience to him not only 'alters the case' but gives it its aggravated character as an obstruction of justice to serve purely private ends. If such a thing had been done under an administration of another faith, Mr. Bryan would undoubtedly have been among the first to denounce it as a scandalous misuse of authority.

"The Secretary of State also says that Secretary Wilson made the request for the postponement to Mr. McReynolds 'on his own initiative and without solicitation from Mr. Caminetti. That statement does not harmonize very well with the record furnished by Mr. McNab, which shows that Mr. Caminetti had previously appealed to the District Attorney's office in California to delay the case. Mr. Caminetti, the Secretary of Labor and the Attorney-General' all knew exactly what they were doing, and why they were doing it. They have all laid themselves open to retirement from the public service on the ground that they hold the orderly administration of justice to be a matter of trifling consequence 'among friends.'"

Mexico Grows Indignant at Uncle Sam.

THAT refusal by our Department of State to recognize the republic of President Huerta, which so irritates Mexican organs, was emphasized by the absence of Ambassador Wilson at Vera Cruz when etiquet called for his presence in the capital. The episode, which Huerta seems to regard as a calculated affront, so incensed the provisional president that he makes no concealment of the state of his mind to the members of the diplomatic corps. Mexican newspapers incline to side with Huerta. The United States, says the inspired *Pais*, is making itself ridiculous by the refusal of recognition. The most cultivated nations of Europe, it notes, have conceded recognition. Spain, France, Austria and Great Britain have sent autograph letters from their rulers to President Huerta. "The austere, the Puritan Woodrow Wilson hesitates." This so vexes the Mexican organ that we find it commenting angrily on the decay of the United States.

A Mexican Indictment of this Republic.

MEXICANS should no longer feel for the United States the respect entertained for what is great and good. So runs an indictment of this country in the *Pais*, a daily which, we believe, reflects the views of the Huerta administration. In America, and particularly in North America, declares the Mexican organ, the dominant influence of the United States, its conceded wealth, its power in arms, its millions of inhabitants, "the incomparable audacity and bad faith of its government," have combined to form a legend. This legend makes Mexicans regard the United States as the greatest and most civilized land on earth. What a mistake! Our indignant Mexican contemporary enlarges:

"To many Latin-Americans the United States is the first nation in the world because, with the wonder of the savage, they admire its immense railways traversed by colossal engines; its gigantic cities, whose buildings touch the clouds; its billions of dollars distributed among oil kings, steel kings, railway kings, newspaper kings and even sausage kings and canned-meat kings; its war vessels bristling with big guns vomiting destruction and death, in the high-sounding phrase of a Spanish poet, and in fine the whole ensemble of material progress that has accumulated in the neighboring republic in a relatively short period of years.

"And yet the United States is very far from being the first nation in the world. Germany and England are stronger from the military point of view; France, richer; Japan, better prepared for war, and Russia has, perhaps, a greater fund



EAR TO THE GROUND
—Murphy in San Francisco Call

of reserve strength. The armies of some European nations—Germany, France, Russia—consist of hundreds of thousands of men, and, in the event of a conflict, of millions; the English and Japanese fleets are in condition of great superiority over the Yankee fleet and, in spite of the fabulous legend of American gold, any person of enlightenment knows that the great accumulations of that metal exist in the banks of France and England."

Mexican Idea of Our Inferiority.

DESIROUS of exploding the Mexican notion of our greatness as a nation, the *Diario*, which is an influential daily in President Huerta's capital, notes that in comparison with the great nations of Europe we lack civilization. Those old nations, it says, wise because they are old, possess a social and political organization of which there is no idea in the North-American people.

"No one but an imbecile compares Yankee culture with French or English culture, and not to enter into details unsuited to a brief article, we will only say that the United States has no traditions; its history is of yesterday; the race in that country is in process of formation; the customs are irregular or absurd, because they are beginning to be established; social institutions, the foundation of civilized life, are unknown; the political organization is faulty in the extreme, as is demonstrated by the fact that a single state like California should bring the American Union to the verge of a war whose results would, perhaps, be disastrous to it; and if we delve a little into the vices of that people, we shall find positive sores, such as divorce, which tends to the dismemberment of the family, undermining slowly but surely the bases of the social organization."

We are vulgar. We are charlatans, heirs to the cunning and the ferocity of savage ancestors. The Latin temperament shrinks in horror from our Anglo-Saxon coarseness. Thus the Mexican papers.



Photo by Brown Brothers

STRIKERS REFUSED LEAVE TO MEET IN PATERSON GATHERED AT HALEDON

The Police of Paterson would not permit the strikers to hold meetings, taking the precaution to close halls hired by the working people. The consequence was a series of meetings in the neighboring town of Haledon, of which this is typical, where the strikers were permitted peaceably to assemble and petition for a redress of their grievances.

A The Irrepressible I. W. W. AMERICAN hostility to emotion, according to a recent writer in the *St. Louis Mirror*, is the key to an understanding of what appears to so many a mystery—the rise and growth of the fighting organization of labor, the Industrial Workers of the World. The I. W. W., according to this interpretation, meets an emotional need. It calls to battle those who are rusting for lack of conflict. It appeals irresistibly to the love of adventure and of romance. *The Mirror's* idea is supported by

many recent developments in connection with the Paterson strike and other conflicts inspired by the new organization. The labor pageant held in Madison Square Garden was nothing if not a burst of romanticism. Haywood, the leader of the I. W. W., is known to be strongly emotional. Ettor, when searched not long ago for seditious literature by the Canadian authorities, was found with a volume of Shelley in his hand-bag. Giovannitti's powerful prison poems have won the appreciation of literary critics. Carlo Tresca reads Browning, and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn admires Maeterlinck. Alexander Scott, lately sentenced to prison for writing an editorial in the *Passaic Issue*, gives the impression of a man who is almost willing to pay for the luxury of self-expression by going to jail. "Pat" Quinlan has taken his medicine with real fortitude, cheered and inspired by poetic tributes from Rose Pastor Stokes and "Tom" Flynn (the father of Elizabeth). The only way to check such leaders as these, according to *The Mirror*, is by emotional methods. "There is no exaggeration whatever," it thinks, "in the statement that an emotional chief of police or even an emotional judge would make short work of the I. W. W." Emotion, unfortunately, it adds, is illegal in this country.

What Alexander Scott Wrote.

THE statute under which Alexander Scott was sentenced to serve a term of from one to fifteen years in State Prison at Trenton, and to pay a fine of \$250, was passed soon after the assassination of President McKinley. It was intended to provide a weapon against Anarchism, and

makes it criminal to circulate printed matter "with intent to incite, promote or encourage hostility or opposition to, or the subversion or destruction of, any and all government." Here is part of the editorial (in the *Passaic Issue*) for which Scott was condemned:

"Paterson was once famous as the City of the Reds, the home of anarchists. These anarchists talked a whole lot and made some noise, but they never harmed a hair on any one's head. Now Paterson has become infamous as the City of the Blues, the hotbed of brass-buttoned anarchists. These police anarchists, headed by the boss anarchist, Bimson, not only believe in lawlessness, but they practise it. They don't waste words with workmen—they simply crack their heads. With them might is right. They swing the mighty club in the right hand, and if you don't like it you can get the hell out of Paterson. This is anarchism of the worst kind. . . ."

"The workers of Paterson paid the salaries of the police, and yet their hired servants turn upon them as strikebreakers. Will the workers of Paterson stand for this?"

"Suppose the manufacturers locked out the workers and closed their factories until the workers were almost starved to death. Would the police of Paterson rush into the rooms of the Silk Manufacturers' Association, break up their meetings, and crack the fat skulls of the manufacturers? Not so you could notice it. Why? Because money talks. And money owns the City of Paterson, including the police."



SENTENCED TO A LONG PRISON TERM FOR CRITICISING THE PATERSON POLICE.

Alexander Scott, editor of the *Issue*, a Socialist paper published in New Jersey, has been given from one to fifteen years in prison for criticizing the actions of the Chief of Police in the great silk mill strike.



THE I. W. W. LEADER WHO WAS SENT TO PRISON FOR "INCITING TO PERSONAL INJURY"

Patrick Quinlan, one of the leaders of the Paterson silk mill strike, although not a mill hand and not employed in the town, is in the New Jersey State prison after a trial during which the police evidence was contradicted by that of practically all the other witnesses.

What Patrick Quinlan is charged with saying.

QUINLAN'S office, for which he was sentenced to serve from two to seven years at hard labor in the Trenton Prison, and to pay a fine of \$500, is that he "incited to personal injury." More definitely, he is charged with having made a motion in a meeting of strikers in Paterson last February that they "go to the silk mills, parade the streets and club the workers out of the mills—drag them out, no matter how they got them out." His I. W. W. associates deny that he used the words quoted, but a jury has found him "guilty as charged in the indictment." Quinlan himself appeals to a wider jury in the pages of the New York Socialist daily, *The Call*. He pleads not for himself, but for the strikers, and he urges, against the views of many of his own colleagues, the necessity for political action. He says:

"Two lessons are taught the workers of the land by this strike. And since experience is in the long run the best guide, let us hope the workers will never forget what happened in Passaic County, N. J.

"The first lesson conveyed is the need for more industrial education, more industrial solidarity, more industrial action. While it is true that the silk business of Paterson and New York has been crippled for eighteen weeks, yet the success or failure of the Paterson strike should not be held up as a fair subject to illustrate the theory and principle of industrial organization, since silk cannot be classified among the necessities of life.

"Silk is a commodity that is not indispensable, and therein lies the secret of the failure of the strikers to win a speedy victory. If silk was a necessity, the strike would have been won in the fourth week.

"The second and equally important lesson is the necessity for political action. The policeman's club, the patrol wagon, the corrupt and debauched judge and the county jail are all finger posts pointing out the road to social and political warfare."

Are the Paterson Authorities Lawless?

PUBLIC meetings are being held all over the country to protest against the convictions of Scott and Quinlan. Not only in the case of these two men, but in connection with the arrest of pickets, the seizure of papers and the suppression of public meetings, the Paterson authorities, so many claim, have violated the State and National Constitutions. It appears that more than a thousand arrests have been made, and that more than two hundred and fifty working people have been fined or imprisoned, on the flimsiest grounds. Are wage-earners, asks Senator La Follette, to be denied the equal protection of the law? Are they to be taught that the Constitution is sacred when it is the shield of property, but a mockery when workingmen in-

voked its principles? "The cause of the working men and women of Paterson," the Senator continues in *La Follette's*, "is the cause of every man and woman of the whole country, whatever their calling or station in life. No community lives to itself alone." The New York *Globe* declares:

"Paterson is afflicted with anarchistic administration officers and with a judge and a public prosecutor who recall Jeffreys and his hanging assistant. These stupid and wicked persons, when the strike began, thought to suppress it by breaking up peaceable meetings and preventing free speech and by making arbitrary arrests. The result has been the struggle has lasted five months and the estimated cost to the city is \$5,000,000."

The I. W. W. as an Organization "Outside the Pale."

THE "other side" of the I. W. W. problem is, of course, to be found in its own gesture, and in its advocacy of such doctrines as sabotage and expropriation. Too great a toler-

ance of the I. W. W., rather than too great severity in its suppression, has been the crime of the American authorities, according to the Los Angeles *Times*. "The issue before the people of New Jersey," comments the New York *Evening Post*, "is not whether Quinlan is guilty, but whether the law is supreme." The New York *World* says:

"The I. W. W.'s purpose is avowedly destructive. It is not satisfied merely with the destruction of industry. It destroys property. It seeks to intimidate capital. It terrorizes labor. It entertains a grotesque theory that it can destroy government.

"The brawlers of this organization represent no legitimate interest. They are avowed wreckers. They have no habitation. They are engaged in no respectable industry. They challenge law. They are nomads. Wherever they appear they provoke disorder, bloodshed, terror. They are not to be dignified with the title of rebels or revolutionists. They are desperadoes, and they should be dealt with as desperadoes."



Photo by Brown Brothers

"INCITING TO VIOLENCE"

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, of the I. W. W., made remarks at meetings of the strikers for which she is to-day under indictment. The scene is the New Jersey town of Paterson and the spot is near the headquarters of the striking silk workers.



KNIGHT BALFOUR AND HIS PALADINS SET OUT TO SLAY THE MARCONI DRAGON—

Tokyo and Washington
Exchange Ideas.

ACTIVE as was the correspondence between our Department of State in Washington last month and the foreign office in Tokyo, only vague hints of the progress of the negotiations were allowed to leak out. Europe, which is far more exercised on this subject than are the people of the United States, seems unable to lay aside all fear of the possibilities involved in the long dispute. The Japanese are keenly watching the varying phases of the controversy, according to the *Paris Temps*, which has some despatches on the subject of Jingo activity in Tokyo. The native press there continues to insist that Japan has been insulted.

Weakened and discredited by the course of events at home, the Yamamoto cabinet, observes the *Taiyo*, is peculiarly vulnerable in the light of the California crisis. The ancient feud between Satsuma and Choshu has been accentuated, each clan censuring the other for the maladroitness which placed Japan in her present untenable position. For it begins to dawn upon the politicians of Japan that they allowed their government to enmesh itself in the snares of a dilemma from which the process of extrication will be long and difficult. The same thought occurs to more than one European daily in the course of its comment upon the situation. The Japanese navy will surely be strengthened, predicts the *Paris Débats*. This

means that the Satsuma clan will make capital out of the dispute, arguing that only her warships can place Japan upon a plane of equality with the nations of the West.

California Law from a
Japanese Standpoint.

EVER since the revolution, nearly half a century ago, the Japanese have aimed at placing themselves upon the plane of absolute equality with the white races. The idea is set forth with authority by the well-informed Tokyo correspondent of the *London Times*, who is in closest touch with the personalities who sway Japanese destiny just now and who speaks with official inspiration. The landmarks in the history of Japan since 1868, he reminds us, have signified the various stages of progress to the ultimate goal of equality with the whites. First came a period of internal reorganization and preparation; then the China War, followed by treaty revision, including the abolition of extraterritoriality; next the Boxer Rebellion, followed by the Anglo-Japanese Alliance; finally, the Russo-Japanese War, followed by the recognition of the complete fiscal autonomy of Japan in the new treaties of commerce and navigation. This transformation of the status of Japan among the Powers of the world was wrought with amazing swiftness and by virtue of solid achievement no less than persistent and skilful diplomacy.

The Graft Charges Against
David Lloyd George.

ONLY his acknowledgment at what seemed the eleventh hour that he should not have bought Marconi shares when and as he did saved David Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, from the worst consequences of the "graft" charges hanging over him for so long. That, apparently, is the well-nigh unanimous verdict of the *London press*, which is filled with details of last month's exciting scene in the House of Commons. It looked for a time as if the Asquith ministry must be overwhelmed in political ruin. However, as the parliamentary correspondent of the *London Standard*, Mr. John Foster Fraser, says in that daily, David Lloyd George and Sir Rufus Isaacs, the attorney-general, "have stood before high parliament and apologized." If they had known all they know now, they would never have purchased American Marconi shares. They regret that, when repudiating the rumor last October,—the rumor, namely, that they had had dealings in Marconi—they concealed their purchase of shares in the American company. They confessed to being unwise and indiscreet. They pleaded that they had acted in good



—AND FIND IT A LITTLE LAMB THAT GAMBOLES WHILE ASQUITH AND LLOYD GEORGE PIPE

—London Thorne

faith. The opposition made no charge of corruption against the ministers—and we are following a leading organ of the opposition in the story of these events. It was acknowledged that they had not in any way allowed their financial transactions to influence their duties as ministers of the British crown. Nevertheless, the unionists wanted to place on the records of the Commons a motion of regret that ministers had dabbled in stocks and had lacked frankness in talking about it months ago.

Just What Lloyd George Did in Marconi.

PASSING for the moment from the tale of last month's Marconi crisis to the events that brought it on and following the severely critical version of David Lloyd George's indiscretion retailed by *Blackwood's Magazine*, we arrive at a "certain April"—last year. Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, the attorney-general's brother and managing director of a company which aspired to obtain a contract from the Government, returned to England from America, with a heavy burden of shares to dispose of in the American Company. Sir Rufus purchased some 10,000 shares, and passed on a thousand each to Mr. George and Lord Murray, then the Master of Elibank. This transaction was dictated entirely by friendship, and all might have been well, had there not been created in the city an atmosphere of suspicion. In the month of October, questions were asked and answered in the House, and Sir Rufus Isaacs, on behalf of himself and his colleagues, assured the country that none of them had bought or sold Marconi shares. By Marconi shares he meant shares in the English Company, and no doubt he regrets to-day that he lost the opportunity of explaining in October his true position. "Had it not been for an action brought against *Le Matin*, we might still be ignorant of the truth, and even if we had no other complaint to make of our Ministers' conduct, we should assuredly hold them guilty of a lack of candor," complains the writer in *Blackwood's*, whose account we transcribe with almost literal fidelity.

Length of the Marconi Crisis in Asquith's Ministry.

FOR months political London has rung with details of the alleged ministerial gambling in Marconi. As the journalists occupied their seats in the press gallery of the Commons on the day of the great scene of last month, "we recalled," writes Mr. John Foster Fraser, in the *London Standard*, "the denials in Parliament last October." They remembered the revelations that the two Ministers, with the long-absent Lord Murray, ex-Government Chief hip, had purchased



THE MARCONI OCTOPUS
LIBERAL PARTY: "Another tentacle or two and I'm done!"

—London Punch

American shares, that even the Radical party funds had been invested in these shares. Then the strange proceedings before the Marconi Committee and the extraordinary white-washing report framed by Messrs. Handel Booth and Falconer, the judicial and mildly rebuking draft report by the chairman, Sir Albert Spicer, and the judicial and more severely rebuking report by Lord Robert Cecil. The admissions of Ministers were an acceptance of the correctness of Sir Albert Spicer's findings. Those two busy partisans, Mr. Booth and Mr. Falconer, who had been so keen to tell the world that the conduct of Ministers was correct, were repudiated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Attorney-General, who confessed that they had done what they ought not to have done.

How Sir Rufus Ate Humble Marconi Pie.

PALLIDLY did Sir Rufus Isaacs come to the table to make his defense to the House of Commons on the dramatic night to which the parliamentary correspondent of the *London daily* just named devotes his best prose. And there he stood, this

poor Sir Rufus Isaacs, proceeds the pitiless parliamentary reporter. There was a little red on the cheek of Sir Rufus Isaacs, his eyes were cast down. His fingers were drumming on the box, whilst a thronged Chamber looked on and Liberals were cheering him. A swift silence fell. Sir Rufus had difficulty in making a start. He moistened his lips, and generously said that whatever blame there was should not fall on Mr. Lloyd George or Lord Murray, but on him. He admitted that it was a mistake not to have told the House last October about the American shares. He denied that there had been any intentional concealment. He said that the reason why the American shares had not been mentioned was that the whole thing would be disclosed before the Committee which the Government was appointing. He asked the House to remember, besides, that at the time his mind was full of the charges of corruption. At the recollection he halted, and his words came huskily. "The charges were whispered in the Lobby; they were stated in cowardly fashion in magazines. When I walked across the Lobby, when I was in the streets or in the courts I could feel the



FOR THE SPOILS!
KING PETER THE HERMIT: "One more crusade!"

—London Punch

finger pointed at me, "That is the man who has made a huge fortune by disgraceful transactions as a Minister!" He pleaded the state of his mind at the time, and made solemn declaration that he had not the faintest intention to deceive the House. His feelings got the better of him, and he had to pause, and then out of the anxious stillness rose an encouraging cheer.

How Lloyd George Fumed
in the Commons.

NOW David Lloyd George, the fiery tribune of the British people, had to go to Canossa. For an adequate narrative of the splendid scene we revert to the prose of the brilliant John Foster Fraser, in the *London Standard*. There was hot blood in the Lloyd George veins, affirms our high authority. Lloyd George, too, admitted that having regard to the course of events, it would have been infinitely better if the whole facts had been placed before the House

last October. He repudiated the suggestion that there was any intention to deceive. The conclusion arrived at was that the committee would present a better opportunity to give the facts. "We were wrong," he said; "it was a mistake in judgment, but not a mistake in candor." Also in regard to the buying of shares, he said that if present facts had been known he would not have touched them—not because it was wrong, but because it lent itself to misconstruction, and perhaps to genuine misconception. Having made the amende, he could not let the occasion go by for a furious attack on those who had made wholesale charges of corruption. "In lowered, hissing tones he said that there was a gulf between corruption and indiscretion, but accusations had glided from one to the other." He had a passage of arms with Mr. Walter Guinness, who is associated with a journal which was foremost in the attack. "He shook the evidence of the Marconi Committee and

hurled that there was not a tittle of proof of corruption." The charge had exploded, but the fumes of slander still poisoned the air.

"I Acted Innocently,"
Says Lloyd George.

LOYD GEORGE shouted at the top of his lungs to the listening Commons that all he did in buying Marconis was done in good faith, in his own name and without secrecy. "If I did wrong and it was a mistake, I had no information at the time that I was transgressing any rule, implied or otherwise," he said. Like Sir Rufus Isaacs, he put forward a plea of ignorance. Had he realized what misconstruction would have been placed on his action, had he foreseen the charges, it would have been crass folly to have entered into these transactions. "What has given me most pain," he went on, "has been the anxiety which a heedless action of mine has given to thousands of people inside and outside the House, those who have been comrades of mine in a great struggle." Still he was not conscious of having done anything to leave a stain on the honor of a Minister of the Crown. "If you will, I have acted thoughtlessly, carelessly, mistakenly, but I acted innocently, I acted openly, and I acted honestly." There was great Ministerial cheering as Mr. Lloyd George sank back to his seat. Then he and Sir Rufus Isaacs, following custom, rose and left, so that the House could discuss their conduct in their absence. As they went they got a roaring cheer.

Prime Minister Asquith on
the Marconi Scandal.

PRIME MINISTER ASQUITH had likewise to confide to the Commons all he knew of these Marconi transactions which barely wrecked his cabinet. Here we go to a new authority, the friendly *London Chronicle*. Plainly, writes its parliamentary correspondent, the Prime Minister attached no importance whatever last August to the purchase of American shares. Now that he knows all the facts he does think that Ministers ought to have stated those facts to the House in October. A jeering reference to Lord Murray drew from Mr. Asquith a fervid tribute to his old Chief Whip—he extolled his "loyal, assiduous, faithful service during anxious years," and did homage to the "soundness of his judgment and the integrity of his character." These personal passages were listened to with profound attention by an audience so absorbed that not a sound was to be heard except the Prime Minister's voice. Mr. Asquith proceeded to lay down certain maxims which should govern the conduct of Ministers in regard to their investments. None of these rules of positive obligation had been violated by Ministers in this case.

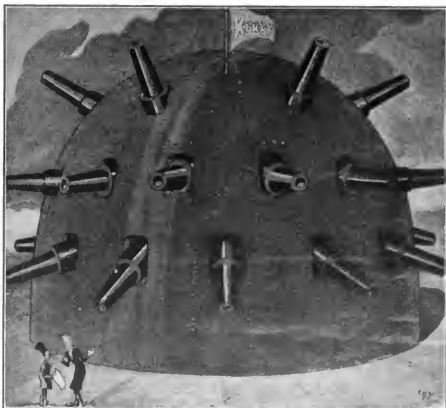
The Commons Exonerate
Lloyd George.

A RULE of prudence, specially applicable to members of the cabinet when they invest money, was laid down by Prime Minister Asquith. "In such matters these persons should carefully avoid all transactions which can give countenance to the belief that they are doing anything which the rules of obligation forbid." That rule was not fully observed by Ministers, tho there was complete innocence of intention. "It has always been my opinion, and it is their opinion." In his closing remarks Mr. Asquith urged the House to remember that in this case there had been no failure to observe the rules of honesty and public duty. The two Ministers had expressed their regret for an error of judgment. "Can't the House accept their statements? I am not appealing to generosity." He scorned the idea of an appeal to pity, but was it wise, was it just to pass a censorious resolution? In loud and ringing tones he declared that the private and public honor of the Chancellor and the Attorney-General are absolutely unstained, and that they retain the complete confidence of their colleagues. An outcome of this was an amendment, moved by Sir Ryland Adkins, which, while rejoicing in the exculpation of Ministers from gross charges, accepts their expressions of regret.

The Shadow of the Marconi
Scandal.

FOR months the shadow, the long shadow, of this Marconi scandal has been across British politics, says the London *Telegraph*, an opposition organ. For months every Briton with "a spirit above the eager lust for discreditable disclosures" has been sick:

"That long and dragging period of distress is ended. It ought never to have begun. There is one cause, and one only, to which all that anxiety must be referred—the fatal reticence which led to the belated appearance, by little and little, of facts which ought to have been published in their entirety eight months ago. We do not seek to revive gratuitously a charge the truth of which has been admitted, and which has been apologized for, by those answerable; but it is not possible to forget the disastrous consequences of that supreme act of unwisdom, and, in spite of all that was urged by the Prime Minister in defence of his colleagues, we remain convinced that the terms in which that act was described in Mr. Cave's motion were fully justified. The use of the word 'frankness' was again avoided in the further amending motion moved last night by Sir Ryland Adkins, and subsequently passed under pressure of party considerations; but that word is the pivot upon which the whole discussion has turned. If there had been frankness—a genuine impulse towards complete openness at the earliest moment about these transactions—our public life would not bear the scars it bears to-day."



PEACE.

—Berlin *Kladderadatsch*

The Marconi Scandal as a
Party Plaything.

AFTER the speeches of Sir Rufus Isaacs and Mr. Lloyd George, and the full, "almost fulsome," admission of the opposition that there was no question of corruption, the motion of censure fathered by the opposition, laments the liberal London *News*, ought to have been withdrawn. It amplifies:

"That was the only possible course for men who were motivated simply by regard for the purity of public life. Every serious accusation had been withdrawn. The speakers on the Opposition side vied with each other in extravagant assurances that they had never entertained any idea of corruption. Corruption? said Mr. Balfour with uplifted hands. Who had ever heard of such a thing? Corruption in connection with such honorable and upright men as the Attorney-General and the Chancellor of the Exchequer? The thing was unthinkable. He had never heard of it and if he had heard it he would never have believed it. We can only express respectful astonishment at such a declaration made in the face of all the clamor and calumny of the past six months and with the sinister suggestion of Lord Robert Cecil that he had suspicions for which he could furnish no evidence still ringing in his ears.

"But accepting this view, what excuse was there for persisting in the motion? If there was no corruption, no dishonor, nothing but an ill-considered action for which the Ministers concerned had expressed full and frank regrets, why was there not a generous withdrawal of the aspersions? The reason is simple. For months the Opposition have lived upon a shameful hope that by destroying the

character of the two Ministers they could destroy the Government, and with it Home Rule and all the present and prospective causes with which Liberalism is associated."

More War Begins in the
Balkans.

BLOODIER than any battle yet fought in the Balkan theater of war, the clash between Bulgarians and Servians last month seems to have been a great ordeal for the troops of King Ferdinand. Constantine, the bellicose king of the Hellenes, came up in time to decide the destinies of one engagement at Kilkish, near which the Bulgarians made a brave stand. They and their enemy lost thousands of men. The Bulgarians insist they were taken by surprise. No thought of hostilities was in the mind of the Bulgarians, in view of the plan attributed to the Russian Czar of effecting a pacification of all concerned. What aggravates the complication for the moment is the announced intention of King Charles of Roumania to mobilize his splendid army. Czar Nicholas is affirmed in the Paris press to hold Ferdinand of Bulgaria responsible for the new crisis. The determination of the latter to dominate the Balkan situation remains immovable. King Constantine of Greece pushes his war policy to the utmost. The King of Servia fulminates against Bulgaria. The Roumanian monarch has played an inscrutable part in the month's war, so far as military movements are concerned, but he waits upon events with intentions declared



MADAME EUROPE'S LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY

Her Balkan pupils think they can make a better map than she can.

—Berlin Kladderedschitz

in the Bulgarian and Servian press to be sinister and selfish. In a word, as the *London News* puts it, the whole fabric of Balkan peace over which the powers rejoiced so loudly a few weeks ago, is tumbling to the ground.

Austria and Russia Behind the Curtain of War.

WHAT has just happened in the Balkans serves to throw into relief, observes the well-informed *London Post*, the bitterness of the opposition between Bulgarian and Servian claims. But it also discloses the ideas which are cherished by some observers in Vienna. "The Austro-Hungarian Government has during the long crisis that began last October shown much more judgment and moderation than the group of statesmen and soldiers who seem to have all along wanted to pick a quarrel with one or both of the Serb States. Yet there is still a war party at Vienna, a number of men who wish to take advantage of the present time to establish Austria-Hungary as the paramount Power in the region between the Save, the Egean, and the Adriatic." These men would be glad of a Bulgarian attack upon Servia. That would complete the estrangement between those countries

and place Servia at the mercy of Austria-Hungary. If that were Austria-Hungary's policy it would surely be shortsighted, says the *London daily*. It would mean the absorption of the rest of the Serb race into the Dual Monarchy, which could then not remain Dual, but must necessarily become Triple or Quadruple. "For that change some of the statesmen of the Monarchy are, perhaps, prepared. But it would then place the Monarchy in the same relation to Roumania and Bulgaria in which it now stands towards Servia." Meantime, fears our contemporary, the attitude of the Austro-Hungarian militant party towards Servia and Montenegro can only have the effect of spreading through the whole Serb race a deep mistrust of Austro-Hungarian statesmanship and a bitterness which will not quickly pass away.

Servian and Bulgarian Points of View.

IT is an unfortunate circumstance to the *London Post* that in Servia and in Bulgaria popular feeling is so strong. The ministries there are less able than usual, declares the well-informed British paper, to consider the matters in dispute as quietly as would

be desirable. "One of the difficulties of a statesman at Belgrade is to estimate truly all the elements of a situation like the present. Servia has by the act of the Powers been deprived of a part of the area which she expected to acquire by the war. The decision to create an autonomous Albania prevents her extension towards the Adriatic." Her people therefore look for compensation on the right, or west, bank of the Vardar, in a region which a year ago it was apparently agreed should go to Bulgaria. M. Pashitch, the Servian Prime Minister, has had a long experience both of the affairs of the Balkans and of the relations between the Great Powers in regard to those affairs. "The present moment is one which compels him to consider not merely the hopes and wishes of Servia, but the actual policies of the Great Powers. The Western Powers are disinterested in the question of the frontier between Servia and Bulgaria."

Russia's Position in the New Balkan Crisis.

RUSSIA, which could not but desire the expulsion of the Turks from all but the immediate neighborhood of Constantinople, has no vital interest in the details of the partition of Macedonia. Serbs and Bulgarians are alike Slavs in her estimation, and in the past she has helped both countries, to follow the analysis of the inspired organ of British diplomacy from which we glean these impressions. Austria-Hungary has for some time past been disposed to dislike the idea of an enlarged Servia, and one party in Austria-Hungary would gladly see Servia weakened, even for the benefit of Bulgaria. To prevent that is not so important to Russia, we are told, as to be worth her entering upon a European war. The *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna asserts, on the authority of its correspondent at Sofia, that Bulgaria has no intention of sending a representative to St. Petersburg, but proposes to take action for the assertion of Bulgarian claims in Macedonia. This statement cannot be received, says the *London paper*, except with great reserve. After King Ferdinand's acceptance of arbitration by the Russian Emperor, the course described by the representative of the *Neue Freie Presse* is hardly open to Bulgaria except at the risk of a breach with Russia.

Roumania as the Key to the New Balkan Crisis.

UNLESS some unexpected factor emerges to modify the face of affairs, war between Servia and Bulgaria must be taken as a "serious fact," avers the Vienna correspondent of the *London Times*. The key to the situation, he adds, lies in Roumania. Opinions differ upon Roumanian intentions, some good judges inclining to the

belief, that Roumania will not, on this occasion, remain neutral, while others, who are perhaps better qualified to interpret Austro-Hungarian expectations, claim that the Monarchy has Roumania sufficiently well in hand to prevent her from cooperating with Servia. Should Bulgaria, with the benevolent neutrality of Roumania, succeed in crushing Servia, say these latter authorities, Roumania would doubtless be indemnified with a portion of Servian territory. Should, contrary to Austro-Hungarian belief, the Servian arms be victorious, Austria-Hungary would promptly intervene, without fear of counter-intervention by Russia, since the conviction prevails in the authoritative spheres of the Monarchy that Russia will not venture to move.

The Essence of the Latest
Balkan War-Cloud.

SEEING the diplomatic atmosphere of Europe war-laden with the mutual animosities of Servia and Bulgaria, the London *Telegraph* reminds the world that barely a few weeks since all assumed that "the threatened atrocity of such a struggle" need not be really feared. The prospect of formal hostilities between the two Christian allies over the sharing of the spoils of the Turkish Empire, with the certainty of renewed and more dangerous complications, was held to have been removed by the Czar's identical communication to King Ferdinand and King Peter. In that telegram the preparations for a fratricidal war were severely referred to; it declared that such a conflict could not leave Russia indifferent. The two kings were invited to seek a settlement at the hands of Russia, and her willingness to act as arbitrator was expressed. Furthermore, Sir Edward Grey had just been saying in the House of Commons that Bulgaria and Servia "might risk the fruits of their victory over Turkey" if they should now turn and rend each other. The effect of Bulgaria's proposals, says the London *World*, would be to give her the hegemony in the Balkan Peninsula "to which she is not entitled," and which, in any case, it is now quite certain neither the Servians nor Greeks would consent to let her have.

The Russian Czar and the
Balkan Kings.

CONCLUSIVE for the maintenance of peace as seemed the message of the Russian Czar to the Balkan kings, the world is back to what the London *Telegraph* laments as a situation of misgivings. Why? Mainly, it insists, because of an unexpected obstinacy on the part of Bulgaria, and an attitude of dissatisfaction on the part of Austria-Hungary in regard to Russia's intervention. The Bulgarian demand is that the proposed



FIRST FOR THE CROSS—

arbitration shall proceed upon the basis of the existing Serbo-Bulgarian treaty of alliance. Under that treaty Russia is already named as arbitrator in regard to a small disputed area of territory, the occupation of which was foreseen. The Servian attitude from the beginning has been that the wholly unexpected magnitude of the conquests of Turkish territory, with other new factors in the situation, make the provisions of that treaty for the dividing of the spoil much too favorable to Bulgaria, and the Servian demand is that new principles of partition should be the basis of Russia's arbitration. While matters were in this position of difficulty, a carefully-prepared utterance of Count Tisza in the Hungarian House of Deputies at Budapest gave Europe to understand that any action trenching on the independence of any Balkan State would not be permitted by Austria-Hungary, and that if peace should be maintained through the acceptance of arbitration at the hands of any Power, that acceptance must be given freely and without the exertion of pressure.

Austria and Russia May Have
a Crisis of Their Own.

VIENNA views of the outlook in the Balkans are so grave that another grand mobilization is said to be under consideration. The speech of Count Tisza did not mend matters, despite what the Paris *Temps* deems its direct intimation that Russia would do well to come to terms with Austria-Hungary, since the Monarchy is not disposed to tolerate "interference with the independence of the Balkan States." Semi-official comment does nothing to elucidate his speech, beyond insisting that the Balkans cannot be allowed to become a Russian protectorate; but the independent *Zeit* inquires pertinently what Austria-Hungary really means to do. "Threaten Russia with war, because she is striving to make peace in the Balkans?" Since Austria-Hungary allowed the Balkan League to be formed, she cannot, claims the *Zeit*, contest retrospectively the validity of Russian arbitration. Count Andrassy, the leader of the Hungarian opposition, expresses his agreement



—AND THEN FOR ONE ANOTHER

—Munich *Symphisimus*

with Count Tisza's standpoint that the Monarchy should support Bulgaria in not submitting to Russian arbitration. He, Count Andrássy, had always shared the view that a complete encirclement of Hungary cannot be tolerated.

**Servia's Motive and
Bulgaria's Motive.**

SERVIA'S real motive in not adhering to her bargain with Bulgaria—a bargain made just before Turkey was defeated—is territorial rapacity. In this offensive style is couched an official note from Sophia to Belgrade. It gives offense, notes the *Berlin Kreuz-Zeitung*, while in the *Temps* we read that the acquisition of all Western Macedonia up to the Albanian frontier would give Bulgaria the hegemony of the Balkans, and Servians believe that their economic

independence would be thereby threatened. Hemmed in by powerful neighbors north and south, and without a seaboard, Servia would be little more than a semi-independent kingdom. To accept federation on the terms proposed by Bulgaria would be for Servia to put herself in a position of permanent inferiority towards an ally who is at the same time a rival. That would be a poor reward for her achievements in the war. Bulgaria, the Servians argue, wishes to become the Prussia of the Balkans; Servia does not mean to submit without a struggle to the position of a Bavaria. The solidarity of Slavdom is menaced in Servian eyes by Bulgaria's passion for domination. "The Servians, after sacrificing 25,000 lives in their war with the Turks, will positively be worse off after the war than they were before it."

**Urging a Short and Sharp
Balkan War**

BERLIN opinion, at least in some quarters, inclines to the view that it would be better to have war between Bulgaria and Servia now when both parties are exhausted, than to patch up an imperfect peace and have Europe disturbed anew by a conflict some years hence, when they would be in a position to keep the field for a very much longer period. The Germans all along counted upon the influence of Czar Nicholas to prevent the hostilities that broke out last month. A seemingly inspired utterance in the *Lokalanzeiger* tells us that in the "firm determination of the Russian government to prevent, in conjunction with the other Powers, a new war in the Balkans, as well as in the indubitable love of peace of the Czar Ferdinand, who is disposed to continue discussions even after the published exchange of notes between Servia and Bulgaria, lies in reality the single consolation which the present situation allows." But it may safely be assumed that there was no outbreak of war so long as the attitude of Roumania had not become transparent, adds the German daily. In Bucharest, then, is the key to the present situation to be sought, and the diplomatic efforts of those concerned, as well as of all friends of peace, seem at the moment to be principally directed to influencing the decisions of King Charles.

**Bulgarian Opinion of the
War Situation.**

BULGARIA values the advice of those who point out the horrors and dangers of a fratricidal war, says *Bulgaria* (Sofia), organ of the statesman, Doctor Danef, but she can not bargain for peace at any price of the amputation of a portion of the national body. Such a sacrifice should not be asked of her. Bulgaria shelters within her former frontiers 250,000 to 300,000 Macedonian refugees, and has already made heavy sacrifices in allowing a portion of Bulgarian Macedonia to be regarded not as Servian, but as disputable territory, and in submitting its fate to the arbitration of Russia. That is the last sacrifice Bulgaria will make. Further concessions would generate future conflicts fatal to the welfare of the Balkan nations. The *Utro* (Sofia), which is often well informed, states that Austria-Hungary is resolved to intervene in the Serbo-Bulgarian dispute, should Russia assign any portion of Western Macedonia beyond the "contested zone" to Servia. Austria-Hungary has great economic interests to guard in Western Macedonia, and cannot allow Servia to appropriate the valley of the Vardar. Austria-Hungary is firmly determined to prevent Servian expansion in that direction, even at the cost of war.



FELIX AUSTRIA!

The edifice of Hapsburg foreign policy inclining to totter, the German soldier has to hold it up.
—Munich Simplicissimus

Autocratic Russia Puts the Screws on Republican France.

UNLESS Prime Minister Barthou can satisfy the Chamber of Deputies at Paris that Russia did not force France to extend the term of military service for her conscripts, there may soon be a crisis within the Dual Alliance. The French Premier has been making a series of denials which, the *Gaulois* fears, deny nothing. The accusation heard all over political Paris is that the Czar's government has "put the screws" on the republic. The French army is not strong enough to please the autocracy. It would be of slight use to Russia in the event of a trial of strength among the powers just now. There were long conversations on this very subject when President Poincaré, before his election, went to St. Petersburg. The key to the Poincaré presidency is this Dual Alliance. The first consequence of the change in the executive head of the government is the appearance of a bill making service in the army much longer than many experts deem necessary. There have been furious protests in the Socialist *Humanité*. There have been scenes in the Chamber, revolts among conscripts, outbursts of patriotism to overwhelm anti-militarists. Premier Barthou's denial in the Chamber the other day of the Russian origin of the three-years' bill seems to the efficient Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* to come a little late in the day. He denied, moreover, what nobody had said. Premier Barthou is too elusive, too great a master of the art of phrasing, to be quite trusted.

The French President as Russia's Agent in Great Britain.

PARISIANS have no idea that there exists a formal pact between the Czar and President Poincaré to keep French conscripts three years under arms. It is not insinuated that the French President bound his country. No one knows better than the Czar and the men about him that a French President could not tie his country hand and foot in such a fashion. "All that he could do was what he did, to pledge himself to effect his utmost to carry through the three-years' bill." His candidacy for the presidency of the republic was undertaken with that object. Since he assumed his new dignity at the Elysée, he has striven to keep his word given in St. Petersburg. "The important point is that the scheme of a three-years' service originated several months before the German military proposals were known and that it is the result not of those proposals, but of the Russian alliance, which has already cost

France so dear." This is the obstinate fact which all the denials of Premier Barthou do not minimize.

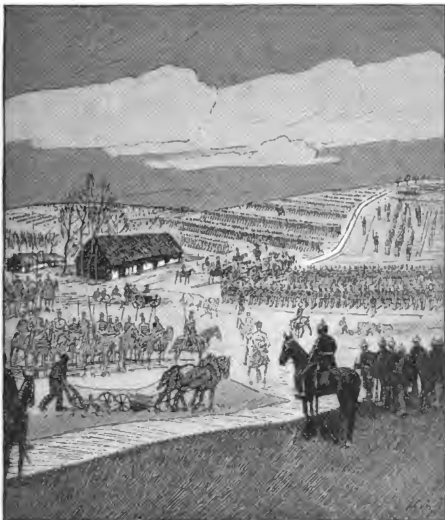
Secrets of French Diplomacy Leak Out Very Mysteriously.

CLEMENCEAU, the fiery French radical, and Poincaré, the cultivated French President, had a most important conversation not so long ago. What they said and what they did have been set forth recently in *Gil Blas* (Paris), with consequences embarrassing to the Dual Alliance. There were denials in the *Temps*, but they are too carefully worded to carry conviction. No denial was ever made of the statements in *Gil Blas* for the reason, we are told, that they are true and "inspired from an exalted source." As the *Gil Blas* says, the Russian government did not present an ultimatum to M. Poincaré; it gave a "friendly warning." "Blackmailers are usually polite to begin with." M. Barthou in effect confirmed the *Gil Blas* article when he said that "it is a condition of alliances that all the allied States should make the same effort." So the Russian alliance has something to do with the matter after all. A Radical

deputy asked what Russia and England were doing. As to England M. Barthou was silent; Russia, he declared, was making the "necessary efforts," but he could give no details.

Franco-Russian Alliance Endangered by Rampant Militarists.

IT was M. Dumont, the French Minister of Finance, who, according to the story in the *Manchester Guardian*, let the cat out of the bag. The explanations given by M. Poincaré to M. Clemenceau, and related in the *Gil Blas*, had previously been given privately to others, and M. Dumont and M. Massé excused themselves to some of their Radical colleagues for joining the present Ministry on the ground that M. Poincaré had given the same explanations to them; they further said that they had been shown telegrams from the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg which convinced them that the Franco-Russian alliance would be endangered if the three-years' bill were not passed. M. Dumont was challenged on this point and made a lame attempt to explain away his previous confidences without venturing to deny them. He made the extraordi-



MANEUVERS OF THE MILITARY

The farmer tills his acres—that is where there is room.

—Munich *Simplicissimus*

nary statement that he had "loyally accepted the three-years' service in order that our ambassadors should not be covered with shame abroad." The effect of this statement on the Chamber was such that M. Dumont tried to remove it. He had told his friends, he observed, that after the joy with which the three-years' bill had been received by the "friend and ally" of France, and the astonishment that it had excited among "our enemies," it could not be abandoned without "putting our ambassadors in a regrettable situation." M. Barthou, comments the organ of British liberalism, can hardly have been grateful to his colleague at that anxious moment.

**The French President
Gets a Smart Set-
back.**

LOUIS BARTHO, a dandy from the South, a limb of the law, a journalist, little, black-haired, quick with his words, a piano-player, a book-lover and well dressed, as the Paris *Action* puts it, became Premier of the French Republic after the Cabinet of

Aristide Briand had lasted just eight weeks. It was all a slap in the face of the new President of the French Republic, insists the Paris *Gaulois*, and it was that veteran destroyer of ministries, Clemenceau, who turned the trick. "It is certain that the radical Socialists of the old school who regarded as a disaster the election of Poincaré to the Presidency of the Republic, have to some extent retrieved that defeat; but, on the other hand, it is equally certain that they would not have achieved their victory if there had not been a strong feeling in the Senate, quite apart from all party questions and intrigues, that the introduction of proportional representation, even in the modified form of the representation of minorities, would really endanger the existence of republican institutions as understood by the radical party." That is the expression of the mind of Clemenceau himself to a Paris journalist. He had already tried to make Aristide Briand see all this. That statesman carried the deputies with him. He could not convince the Senate, under the thumb

of Clemenceau. Thus came into being the ministry of Barthou, threatening a succession of short-lived cabinets, fears the *Figaro*. Luckily, "the German peril" is faced directly.

**British Anxiety at the
French Crisis.**

SO CLOSELY is British policy on the continent of Europe involved with that of France that a crisis involving republican institutions at Paris would fill London organs with dismay. Yet just such a crisis will present itself if the President of the Republic persists in forcing his pet scheme of suffrage reform, according to French dailies inspired by the radicalism of Clemenceau. The new Premier was wise, therefore, says the London *Times*, not to press the point just now, although he is against rather than with Clemenceau on this issue. "The French people have made a singularly patriotic and enthusiastic response to the call for increased individual sacrifice to meet the palpable increase in the pressure of foreign armaments," observes the great British journal. No wonder England rejoices at the new military burdens of France, retorts the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, since they are imposed to render the "cordial understanding" of the two powers effective. The German paper can not refrain from gently chiding the French upon the madness of the infatuation they display in this style.

**The Suffrage Reform
Struggle in France.**

RADICALS of the familiar anticlerical sort in France view the latest of the many schemes to change the method of voting as a device to bring clericalism back to power. Such enthusiastic support as is given to the principle of representation of minorities by the clerical element in general alarms them. Clemenceau experienced a malicious satisfaction, his foes infer, because this bill passed the Chamber last July when Poincaré was Prime Minister. It seemed highly popular then not only with clericals and moderates but with the Socialists as well. The old guard—anticlericals of the Combes and Clemenceau school—could not hold the deputies. Clemenceau at the eleventh hour won their fight in the Senate. Had the two chambers fought the issue out, observes the *Temps*, the Republic might not have survived. The scheme contemplates the election of deputies by "scrutin de liste." A constituency would embrace an entire department. Electors vote for whole lists of candidates nominated by their respective groups. This makes an end of the simple constituency represented by its single member.



THE TRIPLE ENTENTE

FRANCE (to England and Russia): "Forward! Don't you understand French?"
ENGLAND AND RUSSIA: "Yes, we understand French. In fact, we're taking French leave."
—Munich *Jugend*

Persons in the Foreground

THE INOFFENSIVE GRANDEUR OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN WASHINGTON

NO STUDENT of human nature, however keen, contemplating for the first time the mere personal appearance of Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, so recently installed as British Ambassador at Washington, could divine the social rank of His Excellency at home. This, the greatest compliment that can be paid an aristocrat, opines *London Truth*, was said of the great Earl of Cork and of the "citizen king" of France, and it aptly sums up Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice. His reposeful blue eye, the vaguely pointed beard neither gray nor brown nor black, the medium build, a figure neither spare nor portly, the spectacles with their ear clasps and the neutral gray, brown or black sack suit, as the case may be, blend in a general note of "quietness" that is altogether British and unfathomable. His career has all the quietness of the man, a slow, self-effacing, unobtrusive career at great courts. The man's voice, low, easily conversational, suggests that no boisterousness is permitted to escape the firm lips lest attention be attracted. The Ambassador has no gestures, is neither good-looking nor bad-looking, is neither haughty nor humble. Such is the man in externals whom the *Paris Temps* has characterized as the ablest living diplomatist ever sent from one great capital to another under orders from the British Foreign Office.

Simplicity in all things is thus the essence of the ambassador's temperament, but it is, to our French contemporary, that high, noble and ultimate simplicity of the man who has exhausted experience without being jaded by life. He is "fresh" in the London sense of the term—cheerful, alive to new impressions, affable in the fashion dear to British diplomacy, which strives always for geniality of manner, avoiding the coldness and impassivity of Englishmen of good breeding without rushing, on the other hand, into effusiveness. One seems to become well acquainted with him all at once without ever penetrating below the quiet, easy superficiality of a manner bred of much mingling with men in Europe and Asia. Those who comprehend the ideals of the British Foreign Office understand this manner, we read

—it has been handed down since the early seventeenth century, from the first Duke of Buckingham, who was ravishingly polite without ostentation, magnificent without overwhelming one. Every British diplomatist is expected to be as charming as the first Duke of Buckingham without the jewels and the velvet, and Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice is all that.

Altho he has attained his fifty-fourth year, the ambassador, owing to a good constitution and abstemious habits, has lost none of the vigorous health of his youth. He drinks wine, as all members of the diplomatic corps are very likely to do, and he dines late. He seems to have no particular fondness for sport despite the prowess he is said to have shown as a cricketer in his Eton days. Upon the advice of Rosebery himself, it is said, he abandoned at the outset of his career any dream he may once have cherished of writing prose or verse. He is not literary, therefore, like Sir Rennell Rodd, or artistic, like his great preceptor, Rosebery. Neither does he emblazon his dress coat—in which he appears every evening at seven—with orders or decorations, altho he has not a few. It is said in the *London dailies* that he can make clever speeches; but this is a form of self-exploitation upon which his official superiors frown. He was noted at Oxford for his Horatian lure and his French is perfect. His only known relaxation is an occasional visit to the theater.

As a specimen of the Foreign Office type of character, the ambassador's personality and career would repay study, it seems. Only the well-born and the truly British enter the charmed circle. Civil service requirements, strict in every official department, are modified for the British Foreign Office to an extent that excludes the mere passer of examinations, however brilliant. The theory is that those in the diplomatic service are guardians of great secrets. They are trustees of the safety of the kingdom, and it would be easy for a continental government to place its instruments in the citadel of British diplomacy if every Tom, Dick and Harry who passed first, rose to a secretaryship of legation. The fledglings, as a rule, belong to the first families—those

which have served their king and country for generations, those to the manner born, those who are the sons and grandsons of envoys or of statesmen. The new ambassador is a scion of such a house. He breathed the atmosphere of diplomacy from his boyhood precisely as a German prince before entering his teens dons a uniform.

Because he was the scion of an ancient house, the best blood in England flowing through his veins, he went as a lad to Eton, the greatest public school in the kingdom. It glories in the type it evolves—that of the Christian gentleman—and never has the grizzled diplomatist forgotten the Etonian standard. To this day, the Ambassador betrays what is called the "Eton slouch." The term is misleading. It does not describe the gait it would deride. Chest out, shoulders back, a good swinging walk from the hip—these are the salient characteristics. Sir Arthur Cecil Spring-Rice—seems to be "Arty" in the family circle—formed at Eton, too, his habit of early rising and at Eton he manifested first a fondness for the literature of Greece and Rome which has never quite worn away. When he went up to Balliol at Oxford it was thought that a certain fluency in speech marked him out for the parliamentary career. The family interest could have procured him a seat readily enough. There happened, however, to be a shortage of material in the Foreign Office when a final choice was to be made, and the youth was put to writing despatches.

It has been said of Lord Rosebery that he has spoiled many promising young men who, like him, have passed through Eton and Oxford to enter diplomacy or parliament or the army under his auspices. The charge has been made in the *London Post*, but it loses all force in the light of the career and personality of the new ambassador to Washington. There has been traced in him many of the characteristics stamped by Rosebery upon the admiring youths he has influenced. Sir Arthur—to be officially correct, Sir Cecil—has the Rosebery ease of manner, a suggestion of youth surviving years and gray hairs that is conspicuous in Rosebery, too. He was installed



THE CHUM OF SHAHS, HAIL FELLOW WITH EMPERORS, THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR HAS CALLED DUKES BY THEIR FIRST NAMES

Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, now stationed in Washington, has been part of the pageantry of all courts and secrets that shake the world when inadvertently allowed to leak out and which are locked within the impenetrable citadel of his discretion.

in the Rosebery school of democracy, with its lightness of method, so different from the heaviness of Palmerston on the one hand, the flash and show of Disraeli on the other. He has the horror of "side"—a Britishism, this, for something like ostentation, putting on airs. They have quite cut out the Disraeli kind of diplomacy now at the Foreign Office. The spectacular in dress as in language is taboo. There is no more going to church in uniform and decorations, no more pomp and ceremony on the grand staircases of embassies, no more declarations that Britain is mistress of the seas. It has gone so far under Sir Edward Grey, the least ostentatious Foreign Minister in Britain's history, that one of his Britannic Majesty's ambassadors at a great European capital does not even

dance. Sir Arthur Cecil Spring-Rice can dance. One may doubt if he would permit himself to dance with a grace rendering him conspicuous. The spirit of the British Foreign Office is alien to that sort of thing.

Now it would be egregious misconception to infer from all this, assuming the accuracy of European press comment upon this diplomatist's career, that his simplicity of manner reflects any poverty of mind. He has served his sovereign at the legations in Brussels, in St. Petersburg, in Tokyo, in Berlin, in Constantinople, in Teleran quietly, placidly but always efficiently. He has a genius for eliciting pledges, for negotiating difficulties. There are physicians whose mere presence in a sick chamber soothes away the fever of the patient, reflects the French daily,

and there is in the calm, unruffled deportment of the British diplomatist a pacification that assuages an international crisis. He never knows there is a crisis, as journalists who have sought him in the Russian capital and in the Japanese capital are too well aware. His conversation with newspaper men is a kind of art. It is difficult to extract information from one who, as London *Truth* infers, prides himself upon knowing only what he has read in the morning's newspaper. "I must look to you," he is quoted as saying to a correspondent of the London *Times*, in a great European capital, "to keep me informed. You know my sources of information are nothing to yours." The artlessness with which he can talk in this fashion is delightful. He carries it into negotiation. Never does he go further in negotiation than the bestowal of advice. He "advised" the Shah's ministers at Teheran on one crucial occasion to release a British subject from a dungeon, the advice being given with impeccable politeness and taken in the same quiet spirit.

The indefinable and elusive something beyond his quietness of manner, the suggestion of a giant slumbering within the mere man, is always suspected—felt, indeed,—in this diplomatist. London dailies praise him for it in their appreciations. Deep down in his consciousness is an abiding sense that he represents the greatest empire the world has seen since Rome. A sense of power never leaves him, but it is a steady sense. London *Truth* gives him credit for that. The importance of the man is never suggested at a first interview. He grows on one amid even the amenities of social life. In the end comes the knowledge that his self-effacement is a result of training. He will not permit himself to be histrionic like Disraeli, arrogant like Eismarek. There is a dramatic quality in this quietness. He has delivered an ultimatum in St. Petersburg as if it were an invitation to dinner, for in his time there relations were strained horribly. But he toned it down. It is all to our contemporary the extreme touch in grandeur—the restraint of the artist who scorns effect for its own sake.

Shahs, emperors, kings, these are commonplaces in the existence of Spring-Rice. He has experienced every latitude, been in the pageantry of all courts. No secret of the kind that shakes the world when betrayed could give him a shock of novelty. If he has passions, they are mastered. If he is ever surprized he has lost all capacity to betray it. No pomp can stun him. He has feasted his eyes upon the beauties of every clime at palace balls rivaling in splendor the feasts of Heliogabalus. He has summoned the great ones of the earth to his table and they have trooped in willingly without evoking in his bosom

a mood of that exultation forgivable in all not to the manner born. Not that this is brute impassivity, the attitude of the barbarian who scorns to stare at the grandeurs of Rome. But he has seen everything and he has felt everything, without concluding, like the man in the book of Ecclesiastes, that life is a failure. He loves life and he lives life—according to the precepts of the British Foreign Office.

Those who have seen the great diplomatist escorting a Prussian princess to a banquet table or smoking a cigaret with the Khedive of Egypt will understand all that is implied in the new grandeur of which he is the exemplification. It is personal to himself and befitting a democratic age, since it is without the haughtiness of the stare of a Due de Guise, and, to London *Truth* at any rate, destitute of

what the French call "morgue," or the stiffness of officialdom. He resembles in this that other renowned British diplomatist, Sir Frank Lascelles, whose charming daughter he married some years ago. There are two children, both quite young. The boy is said to show already traces of the gifts of his great-grandfather, the famous first Lord Monteagle, while the girl inherits her mother's power of mimicry.

THE ELEGANT FRENCH PREMIER

SO clever is Monsieur Louis Barthou, so brilliant, indeed, so finely does he combine an infinite politeness with an innate elegance of deportment and of character, that his success in life and more particularly in the post of French Premier amazes more than one Paris daily. How can a man with so many charms and so many gifts succeed? The *Figaro* frankly gives it up. To succeed in life and in politics under the third French republic, explains a writer in the *Gaulois*, one needs to be dull, fat-witted, ungrateful, selfish, without charm, and a monomaniac on the subject of one's own prosperity. In Louis Barthou, nevertheless, one sees combined many gifts, many virtues. Yet he gets along in spite of everything. However, there are exceptions to all rules and he is one.

This French Premier gives to the keen correspondent of London *Truth* in Paris the impression that he is a dilettante. Unfortunately for himself, Louis Barthou is not rich, except in the suppleness of character which enables him to live on the friendliest terms with the powerful, the great, altho not always the good. Truth to tell, Louis Barthou is easily bored. He talks entrancingly himself. He knows all the arts, including that of dressing to perfection. His aspect suggests the yielding grace of the sunflower rather than the rigidity of an oak. He looks gentle, poetical and not in the least political. The eye smiles long before the lips wreath themselves in harmony with its expression. A trifle, perhaps, but it has enabled Louis Barthou to hold his constituency during long and stormy years. He has a genius for modifying his principles which is but a form of his sympathy with all who come near him. He is republican to the tips of the white, slender, shapely fingers (for which he is famous), but he is not grimly and austere republican like Clemenceau or Bourgeois. Barthou is republican as Cupid or Apollo or Beau Brummell might conceivably be republican—that is, romantically, graciously, sentimentally. Not for Barthou is the grim scorn of monarchy or clericalism, neither could he tear his clothes over the corpse of

liberty, in the Latin manner of Gambetta. He is pensive at times in the Chamber, but that is the result of some failure to get hold of a rare edition or a bit of jewelled Florentine work. Louis Barthou is famous for his collection of beautiful things—jade ornaments from China, Elizabethan playbooks and that sort of thing.

Louis Barthou is fifty-three and he looks it with an elegance altogether characteristic. Few are the men, reflects the French daily, who can look fifty-three vigorously, gloriously, irresistibly. Louis Barthou looks fifty-three much as Sappho might have looked thirty-five or Sarah Bernhardt forty-one. The circumstance lends a new fascination to the man's personality. He can look fifty-three with all the energy of thirty-two, all the freshness of twenty-five and all the gaiety of nineteen. Who would not be fifty-three if at that age one had a Louis Barthou's look? It is less that he seems younger than his age as that his age—since it is his—seems younger than it is. The subtlety of the connection between this and his career does not escape the Paris journalists who study his personality, which to them suggests the century plant, blooming in an extreme old age.

Unless this point be understood, it is difficult to see how Louis Barthou can be so powerful when he stands for nothing but his gracious self. He believes in nothing much, we read, not even his own principles. He can not attach himself to them. They do not last. "One never knows where to have him, he shifts about so often," explains our contemporary. "His evolutions, involutions and convolutions are comparable only with Loie Fuller's performances." The explanation is that he sits down to politics in the fashion of London society women sitting down to auction bridge. It is all a game, a test of skill. Monsieur Barthou holds trump cards always. He wastes none. In moving from one official post to another, and he has filled many, he acts with strictest reference to his own hand. And he will take no mean advantage of an opponent. He plays the game fairly, but it is always a game.

During the twenty-five years of his parliamentary career, Louis Barthou has evinced a marvelous capacity for receiving information from others. He rather prides himself upon his superficiality—an easy, graceful superficiality, consistent with fluent witticisms. He picks up information as he goes along, managing a department well by studying his subordinates and working through them. He makes no mistakes. He understands the human factor too well. Endowed with the easy and bewitching faculties of the intellect, he is not incapable of harmony with the dry, the precise, the bureaucratic. That is why he has managed the department of the interior and the department of justice so well in former cabinets. He never knew a thing of the details of either. It mattered little, owing to his entrancing fluency. He uses the French language with an eloquent and epigrammatical ease when on his feet to answer the questions of suspicious deputies. He is never so brilliant as not to seem plausible, never so clever as to give offense. That, explains our French contempo-



THE DILETTANTE AT THE HELM OF STATE IN PARIS

Louis Barthou is delightful, successful, elegant and, if we are to credit his admirers, too indifferent to success in life to be a failure.

rary, is the whole art of debate. But let his psychology be elucidated by the subtle Paris correspondent of *London Truth*:

"A 'strong' president, king, or emperor, who wants all the time to have his own way, means a weak prime minister. England had a strong king in the sense of a wilful one in George III. No strong cabinet or premier was possible in his long reign for any length of time. M. Barthou may therefore suit the 'combine' that brought in M. Poincaré to the Elysée.

Not that the latter presents, save in having a will of his own that must not be thwarted, any resemblance to the Third George.

M. Barthou is a Béarnais. When Henri IV. said that Paris is well worth a mass and had sucked dry the Huguenot orange, he was typically Béarnais. The Béarnais is clever, mobile, pleasant to deal with, because all things unto all men. But though you might be so intimate as to *tutoyer* him—address him, that is, with the familiar French 'thee' and 'thou'—he is the last person to oblige

you, however trifling the favor you ask, if you cannot be of use to him.

"The four first Bernadottes, the Norwegians complained, had pretty much this character. The first had it in a remarkable degree. He never betrayed anyone, though charged with having done so. But he had a knack of slipping away from close associates when he could be of use to them, and they could be of no further use to him. His son and grandsons had that collecting instinct and the tastes that make M. Barthou's flat in the Avenue d'Antin an interesting museum."

ESSAD PASHA: THE FEUDAL ROBBER CHIEF WHO SEEKS THE THRONE OF ALBANIA

IF the Albanians wish Essad to be their Prince—Essad, the most picturesque and the most conspicuous of Balkan personalities just now—he may, opines the *London Spectator*, be a figure for a long time to come. Europe, in the diplomatic sense of that geographical expression, may prefer a royalty from one of the established dynasties, but Europe will not have her way in the end if Essad Pasha can decide the point. And what if Essad himself were to found an enduring dynasty? Even that, says the *London periodical*, would not be so wonderful as the founding of the present Swedish dynasty by the private soldier of the French revolution, Bernadotte.

Essad Pasha, whom newspaper readers will remember as the hero of Scutari, expressed last month his intention of working in agreement with the Italian government for "a satisfactory and definite solution" of the question in which his interest is so personal. His methods of "work" are elucidated by one who knows him well through the medium of an anecdote published by the *London News*. It is like a story from Benvenuto Cellini's memoirs and despite its melodramatic flavor is too well attested to call for anyone's skepticism. Many years ago, a tragedy of the too familiar kind under the old Sultan threw all Constantinople into a state of wildest excitement. Abdul Hamid was at the time at the height of his power, and none enjoyed greater favor with him than a young Albanian named Gani Toptani. Gani was the Sultan's friend and the Sultan's special executioner—not a very exalted character, but clever and handsome. One day he grew too impudent and insulted his master. Abdul Hamid's justice was swift. An order went forth secretly to the Grand Vizier. Gani Toptani was shot dead. Eight days later the perpetrator of the outrage was himself killed in broad daylight on the Galata bridge. A card pinned to the wound bore the legend: "Done by Essad Toptani." This is the Essad who but the other day was the commandant of

Scutari, and who has now proclaimed himself Prince of the autonomous Albania.

A wild, imperious, primitive character, like most Ghegs, but not inattentive and in many ways even fascinating is this Essad Pasha as described by the *London daily*. He had to avenge his brother because that was the law of the mountains, the great canon of blood feud bequeathed to all posterity by Lek Ducagjin, the lawgiver of the time of Scanderbeg. But then Essad has also from his youth been an ardent Albanian patriot, proud of his race and its history, and an early advocate of the Pan-Albanian national idea, and even of the Latin script, for the sake of which he quarreled with the Young Turks and became their deadly enemy. For with these men of primitive instincts everything assumes an exaggerated character. What Renan once remarked of the Semitic genius applies also to the Albanian; he, too, thinks and acts in antitheses. He does not say, "I love Isaac better than Esau." He says, "I love Isaac; I hate Esau." Both their hatred and love are great, and just as they will not spare their enemy so they will not spare themselves for the man or the idea they love.

Essad is, indeed, an Albanian of the purest water. His family, the Topitanis, of Tirana, near Durazzo, is one of the richest and most powerful in the country. Its history is the typical history of feudal robber chiefs such as we read in medieval chronicles. Essad himself was from the first educated for the army. He did his service in many garrisons of Macedonia and Anatolia. Next he became commander of the gendarmierie at Constantinople. He took a distinguished part in the campaign of 1897 against Greece, and received from the Sultan the title of Pasha. So great was his personal and family influence in the political world at Constantinople that Abdul Hamid never dared lay his hands on him for the murder of his agent. He only transferred him to Yanina to command the local gendarmierie, and even con-

ferred upon him the rank of a general. It was while there that Essad first embraced the doctrines of the Young Turks.

It was not the constitutional ideals of Ahmed Riza and his friends which attracted Essad. There was the motive of personal revenge upon the real author of his brother's death, the red and irresponsible tyrant in Yildiz Kiosk. Essad remained the implacable enemy of the assassin of his brother, and, to that extent, continued to side with the new régime. As the counter-revolution broke out, he remained with the Young Turks and left the capital to join the Salonica troops in their historical march for the vindication of the Constitution. Here he soon met with the chance of his lifetime. Constantinople was taken, and the Sheikh-ul-Islam issued a fetwa, deposing Abdul Hamid. Who was to take the fateful message to the Caliph at Yildiz Kiosk? Slowly and grimly, Essad rose before the Committee, and said, "I will go to Abdul Hamid." Everyone realized the compelling logic of this offer, and Essad, accompanied by three other members of the Committee, went to Yildiz Kiosk. As the Sultan, trembling from head to foot, presented himself to the visitors, Essad spoke: "In accordance with the fetwa and by the decision of the National Assembly thou art deposed from the throne, Abdul Hamid." What feelings must have agitated at that moment the wild heart of Essad! But never afterwards did he like to dilate upon this most dramatic incident in his life, and speaking a few months ago to a French friend he admitted that whenever he thought of that brief dialogue with Abdul Hamid "something like the taste of lemon would rise to his tongue."

Essad is about fifty years of age, and his high forehead, Roman nose, and straight and sharp look betray the warrior race to which he belongs. A peculiarity of his features is the fixed immobility of his right eye, giving the impression that he is constantly taking aim with his Mauser.

WOMEN WHO ARE MAKING GOOD IN PUBLIC OFFICE

MANY people would be surprised if they were told that women in the United States now hold positions as judge, as State Senator, as head of a Bureau of Sanitation, as inspector of amusements, and as industrial expert. Yet such is actually the case. The story is unfolded in character sketches appearing in current newspapers and magazines.

The only woman judge in the country lives in Chicago. Her name is Mary Margaret Bartelme, and she heads the Court for Delinquent Girls. She is a Chicagoan by birth and was educated in the public schools. She graduated from the Law School of Northwestern University in 1894 and took up general practice, specializing in probate law. In 1897 she was appointed Public Guardian of Cook County by Governor Tanner. She resigned this position upon her appointment to her present place.

She is still comparatively young, and, according to the *New York Times*, has a keenly intellectual face, sensitive, sympathetic and serious. "She is perhaps a trifle old-fashioned in appearance," the same authority proceeds, "dresses plainly and neatly, and is certainly old-fashioned in her ideals and her outlook on life."

Girls who have "gone wrong" appear before Miss Bartelme from day to day. She treats them with never-failing high-mindedness, and tries to impress upon them that she is their friend, not their enemy. "In nine out of ten cases," she observes, "these young girls are more sinned against than sinning. They are not criminal. They are, as a rule, poor deluded creatures too young to have an adequate conception of the tragedy upon which they have stumbled." She continues:

"Knowing as I do that these children have been misled through their ignorance of life, I make it a point never to send a first offender to a correctional institution unless she seems hopelessly incorrigible. Those who have made a misstep for the first time and show a realization of the seriousness of their act, I send to their own homes or find employment for them with good families. They are then kept under the watchful eyes of a probation officer who visits them and receives reports from them at least once a month.

"Many girls come before me with an insolent and defiant air. I excuse this. It is usually the result of their wrong idea of the law and the court, whose only purpose they seem to think is to punish them. With this sort of girl it is necessary sometimes to be severe. I usually manage, however, to gain their confidence and impress upon them the idea that I am interested only in their welfare.

"Subnormal, weak-willed, and mentally deficient girls, of course, require to be

dealt with in a different way. Often they are a menace to society, and I deem it best to send them to institutions where they will have the benefit of protection and proper direction."

The remedy for conditions that lead girls astray does not lie, in Miss Bartelme's judgment, in a court. What is needed, she feels, is the repeal of obsolete laws, and the passing of new ones. Public sentiment must be aroused. Municipal aid must be enlisted. One definite reform that she proposes is this:

"An innovation which would be a vital step in guarding the innocence of girls would be the appointment of women on the police force. These police women would inspect factories, stores, and all places where girls are employed in large numbers and see that conditions were not only hygienic but moral. They would chaperon all public dances. They would censor the pictures in 5-cent theaters. They would keep a watchful eye on skating-rinks, ice-cream parlors, and saloons that do a back-room business. They would patrol city parks and summer gardens and guard girls against men who prey. They would supervise commercial amusements of all kinds and in general would act as safeguards for girls against all the dangers that surround them."

The idea embodied in Miss Bartelme's proposal has already been carried into effect in one city. Josephine

Roche, of Denver, is an integral part of the police force, and supervises dance-halls, moving-picture shows, skating-rinks and other forms of commercialized recreation. It seems that in the summer of 1912 Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of the Juvenile Court in Denver, and Police Commissioner George Creel, secured the adoption of an ordinance establishing the city's right to control and regulate popular amusements with respect to the greater protection of children. The need of such supervision had long been evident, but the ordinance was fought bitterly by owners of resorts who felt that their profits would be diminished. The success or failure of the new measure would depend, it became clear, on the character of the supervisor appointed. At this juncture the idea of appointing Miss Roche came to the authorities as an inspiration. She was a New York girl of good family. She had done settlement work. She was one of those rare characters whose motives are based in the desire to help, rather than in the desire for self-expression. The appointment of Miss Roche more than fulfilled expectations. Mr. Creel tells us (in the *Metropolitan*):

"From the start, she was an amazing sort of cop, for all her energies were devoted to avoiding all necessity for arrests. When she made the rounds of the amusement places she didn't say, 'Do



ON THE STUMP

Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, selected by President Wilson to serve with eight men on the new Industrial Commission, did effective political work in last year's campaign.



HEAD OF A BUREAU OF SANITATION
"Chief" Chadsey, of Cleveland, is the only woman in America in charge of a corps of uniformed men.

so and so or I'll lock you up.' What she did was to talk long and quietly with every sullen, resentful man of the lot, citing instances of assault and seduction growing out of the nightly swarmings of mere children about rink and show and hall, showing the stain of shame and tears on many a dime, and appealing to their sense of decency and love of family. Miss Roche's policy turned every proprietor into an active supporter of the ordinance."

"Chief" Chadsey, of Cleveland, is another woman with an ideal, who is doing big work. She is at the head of the Bureau of Sanitation. The Sanitary Police of Cleveland are uniformed officers who carry revolvers and enjoy all the powers of the usual policeman; but their mission is unique. They are employees not of the Police Department, but of the Department of Health. Their job is to keep Cleveland clean. Miss Chadsey, we learn, has reached her present position by logical steps and after varied experiences. She went to school at the University of Chicago, where she specialized in social work. She took a Carnegie fellowship and studied at first hand the social organizations of some of the Western industries. She went out to the silk industries of New Jersey and of Pennsylvania, made a report on the homeless women in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and made special studies of waitresses and department store girls. When she first took up social work in Cleveland, it was as an investigator of dance-halls. A little later she was appointed tenement-house inspector. This led inevitably to the problem of sanitation. She organized "sanitary squads," and finally became so necessary to the city that a special position was created for her. Says Helen Christine Bennett, in the *Pictorial Review*:

"Mildred Chadsey is a notable example of the new kind of woman who wins her way into municipal affairs. She did not enter social work by accident; she planned it as a life profession. She did not slip in as so many women do, through the side door of a woman's club interested in civic matters; she went to school and studied how to help. The position she holds and the almost incredible accomplishment of her three years in the City of Cleveland are due in some measure to the city itself, but still more to the fact that she knew scientifically tried and proven cures for municipal ills and that she was prepared to put them into practice."

A fourth woman of large public spirit and capacity is Mrs. Helen Ring Robinson, "the Senator from Colorado." She was born in Massachusetts, and went to Colorado twenty years ago. At that time she was a school teacher and an anti-suffragist. "It was only after I became interested in civic conditions and improvements," she says, "that I saw the value to the State of equal suffrage."

Since her election to the Colorado Senate a few months ago, Mrs. Robinson has been anything but a cipher. Her most notable achievement was the introduction of a Minimum Wage Bill. It is now a law and it creates a commission for investigating the wages paid to women in mercantile and manufacturing establishments, in telephone and telegraph offices, and in every department of woman's work outside the home with the purpose of determining whether or not these wages are sufficient for the necessities of life.

Another piece of legislation in which Senator Robinson took special interest was a bill providing for better working conditions for miners. One of her most telling speeches was in defense of the women of Denver who had been



THE SENATOR FROM COLORADO
Mrs. Helen Ring Robinson, first Woman State Senator, has already made an enviable record as a legislator.

assailed as hard drinkers and smokers. Another effective speech was made in opposition to a libel bill, which proposed to muzzle the press. Mrs. Robinson says she is proud of her State. To a New York *Evening Post* interviewer, recently, she pointed out that some of the best laws ever enacted are on Colorado's statute book. The Minimum Wage bill, the Miners' bill, children's bills, an eight-hour work-day for women, another for men, are but items on a long program of highly social legislation. As to the women's part, she remarked:

"Well, all I can say is that these laws have been passed since women got the suffrage. The co-guardianship of parents was enacted into law almost immediately after women were enfranchised. They had worked for it a long time before that. In industrial legislation Colorado is fairly anticipating conditions. When I was urging the Minimum Wage law, people said to me, 'Oh, Colorado doesn't need such a law as yet.' But I urged that we be ahead of the need, that it would save some hardship and misery if we were ahead, and we are ahead."

This record of feminine achievement in public life would not be complete without a reference to President Wilson's appointment of Mrs. J. Borden Harriman as a member of the Industrial Commission which is to investigate and report on the relations between capital and labor. The other members of the Commission are all men. Mrs. Harriman married a nephew of the late E. H. Harriman. She has interested herself for a long time in problems of immigration and of social welfare. She belongs to the National Civic Federation and to the Child Welfare Association. In the last campaign she was President of the Women's National Wilson and Marshall organization, and made speeches in favor of the Democratic candidates.



THE ONLY WOMAN JUDGE IN THE COUNTRY

Mary Margaret Bartelme, of the Chicago Court for Delinquent Girls, enjoys the distinction of being the only woman invested with full judiciary powers in the United States.

Music and Drama

"IOLANTHE"—GILBERT'S IMMORTAL LIBRETTO

THE success attending the yearly revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan's operettas attests the enduring quality of Gilbert's humor. "The Mikado," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Pinafore," and that brilliant satire of the esthetic movement, "Bunthorne," are as real to-day as they were to the audiences of Gilbert and Sullivan's day. "Iolanthe," recently produced by the Shuberts, reveals Gilbert as a prophet. He foreshadowed the action of Parliament which recently robbed the House of Lords of its power when, many years ago, he assigned that ancient institution to fairyland. On the other hand the semi-serious revival of the belief in fairies, led by Chesterton and others of his ilk, lends peculiar timeliness to Gilbert's fairies. Simeon Strunsky in the New York *Evening Post* jocularly suggests that the time is ripe for an academic discussion of Gilbert and Sullivan's permanent place in the world of creative art by a pedantic German professor. The imaginary professor compares the character of Ko-Ko in "The Mikado" with the Lord High Chancellor who enlivens the score of "Iolanthe." This character, we are told, is less subtle than Ko-Ko, too, within his limitations, no less real.

"Like Ko-Ko he has risen from humble beginnings. But whereas our Japanese hero attains fortune by trusting himself boldly and joyfully to life, letting the currents carry him whither they will, like Byron, like Peer Gynt, and like Senator Martine, the Lord High Chancellor's rise is the result of painful concentration and steadfast plodding. Ko-Ko is at various times the statesman, the poet, the lover, the man of the world (as when he is tripped up by the Mikado's umbrella-carrier). The Lord High Chancellor is always the lawyer. In response to Strephon's impassioned cry that all Nature joins with him in pleading his love, that dry legal soul can only remark that an affidavit from a thunderstorm or a few words on oath from a heavy shower would meet with all the attention they deserve.

"Plainly, we have here a man who has won his way to the highest place in his profession by humdrum methods; the same methods which Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., employed when, by writing in a hand of remarkable roundness and fluency, he became the ruler of the Queen's naves; the same methods brought into

play by Major-General Stanley, of the British army and Penzance, when he qualified himself for his high position by memorizing a great number of cheerful facts about the square of the hypothenuse.

"There is matter enough for an entire volume on Gilbert's self-made men—Ko-Ko, the Lord High Chancellor, Major-General Stanley, and the lawyer in 'Trial by Jury,' who laid the foundation of his fortunes by marrying a rich attorney's elderly ugly daughter. I throw out the suggestion in the hope that it will be some day taken up as the subject of a Ph.D. thesis in the University of Arizona."

This is good fun, of course, but there certainly is room for a chapter on Gilbert and Sullivan in any history of the English drama. The libretto of "Iolanthe," tho originally published in 1889, is more original and more novel than Paul Rubens' "Sunshine Girl," the *dernier cri* in English musical comedy. Such, at least, is the claim of one of its critics, Robert Allerton Parker. "What," he asks, in *The International*, "is the secret of this newness and this originality?" The Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, he goes on to say, remains perennially young in the sense that Lucian's dialogs remain perennially young; in the sense that Molière's comedy remains perennially new and original, in spite of Molière's sincere confession of plagiarism. In these comic operas, collaboration is not merely an obstacle successfully overcome. It is an art. Gilbert, Mr. Parker continues, is in reality the father of the artificial satirical comedies of Oscar Wilde and St. John Hankin, and even Bernard Shaw owes him a debt of gratitude.

In the recent performance of "Iolanthe" De Wolf Hopper's personality overshadowed, by sheer merit, the other performers. Yet Mary A. Sanger, as the corpulent fairy queen, was no less delightful. The play opens in an Arcadian landscape, with a song of the fairies:

"We must dance and we must sing
Round about our fairy ring."

At the end of the chorus all sigh heavily.

CELIA. Ah, it's all very well, but since our Queen banished Iolanthe, fairy revels have not been what they were.

LEILA. Iolanthe was the life and soul

of Fairyland. Why, she wrote all our songs and arranged all our dances! We sing her songs and we trip her measures, but we don't enjoy ourselves.

FLETA. To think that five-and-twenty years have elapsed since she was banished! What could she have done to have deserved so terrible a punishment?

LEILA. Something awful: she married a mortal.

FLETA. Oh! Is it injudicious to marry a mortal?

LEILA. Injudicious? It strikes at the root of the whole fairy system. By our laws the fairy who marries a mortal dies.

CELIA. But Iolanthe didn't die.

(Enter Queen of the Fairies.)

QUEEN. No, because your Queen, who loved her with a surpassing love, commuted her sentence to penal servitude for life, on condition that she left her husband without a word of explanation and never communicated with him again.

LEILA. And that sentence of penal servitude she is now working out at the bottom of that stream?

QUEEN. Yes. But when I banished her I gave her all the pleasant places of the earth to dwell in. I'm sure I never intended that she should go and live at the bottom of that stream. It makes me perfectly wretched to think of the discomfort she must have undergone.

LEILA. To think of the damp! And her chest was always delicate.

QUEEN. And the frogs! ugh! I never shall enjoy any peace of mind until I know why Iolanthe went to live among the frogs.

FLETA. Then why not summon her and ask her?

QUEEN. Why? Because if I set eyes on her I should forgive her at once.

CELIA. Then why not forgive her? Twenty-five years! it's a long time.

LEILA. Think how we loved her!

QUEEN. Loved her? What was your love to mine? Why, she was invaluable to me! Who taught me to curl myself inside a buttercup? Iolanthe! Who taught me to swing upon a colub? Iolanthe! Who taught me to dive into a dewdrop, to nestle in a nutshell, to gambol upon gossamer? Iolanthe!

LEILA. She certainly did surprising things.

FLETA. Oh give her back to us, great Queen—for your sake, if not for ours. (All kneel in supplication.)

QUEEN (irresistible). Oh, I should be strong, but I am weak; I should be marble, but I am clay. Her punishment has been heavier than I intended. I did not mean that she should live among the frogs. And— Well! well! it shall be as you wish.

QUEEN. Iolanthe!
 ALL. From thy
 dark exile thou art
 summoned;
 Come to our call,
 Iolanthe!
 Iolanthe!
 Iolanthe!
 Come to our call,
 Iolanthe!

(*Iolanthe rises
 from the water.
 She is clad in tat-
 tered and soubre-
 garments. She ap-
 proaches the Queen
 with head bent and
 arms crossed.*)

IOLANTHE.
 With humble breast,
 And every hope
 laid low,
 To thy behest,
 Offended Queen,
 I bow.

QUEEN.
 For a dark sin
 against our fairy
 laws

We sent thee into
 lifelong banish-
 ment;

But Mercy holds her
 sway within our
 hearts;

Rise, thou art par-
 doned!

IOLANTHE. Par-
 doned?

ALL. Pardonéd!
 IOLANTHE. Ah!

(*Her rags fall
 from her, and she
 appears clothed as
 a fairy. The Queen
 places a diamond
 coronet on her head
 and embraces her.
 The others also em-
 brace her.*)

CHORUS.
 Welcome to our
 hearts again.

Iolanthe! Iolanthe!

We have shared the
 bitter pain,

Iolanthe! Iolanthe!

Every heart and every hand
 In our loving little hand
 Welcomes thee to Fairyland,
 Iolanthe!

QUEEN. And now tell me: with all the
 world to choose from, why on earth did
 you decide to live at the bottom of that
 stream?

IOLANTHE. To be near my son, Stre-
 phon.

QUEEN. Your son! Bless my heart!
 I didn't know you had a son.

IOLANTHE. He was born soon after I
 left my husband by your royal command,
 but he doesn't even know of his father's
 existence.

FLETA. How old is he?

IOLANTHE. Twenty-four.

LEILA. Twenty-four! No one to look
 at you would think you had a son of
 twenty-four! But, of course, that's one
 of the advantages of being immortal—we
 never grow old. Is he pretty?



A VERY SUSCEPTIBLE CHANCELLOR

De Wolf Hopper's impersonation of one of Gilbert's immortal figures in the recent revival of
 "Iolanthe."

IOLANTHE. He's extremely pretty, but
 he's inclined to be stout.

ALL. (*disappointed*). Oh!

QUEEN. I see no objection to stoutness
 in moderation.

CELIA. And what is he?

IOLANTHE. He's an Arcadian shepherd,
 and he is in love with Phyllis, a ward in
 Chancery.

CELIA. A mere shepherd, and he half
 a fairy!

IOLANTHE. He's a fairy down to the
 waist, but his legs are mortal.

CELIA. Dear me!

QUEEN. I have no reason to suppose
 that I am more curious than other people.
 But I confess I should like to see a person
 who is a fairy down to the waist, but
 whose legs are mortal.

IOLANTHE. Nothing easier, for here he
 comes.

(*Enter Strephon, singing and dancing, and
 playing on a flageolet.*)

"Has the Lor.
 Chancellor at last
 given his consent
 to your marriage
 with his beauti-
 ful ward Phyllis?"
 asks the solicitous
 mother.

STREPHON. Not
 he, indeed! To all
 my tearful prayers
 he answers me, "A
 shepherd lad is not
 fit helpmate for a
 ward of Chancery."
 I stood in court, and
 there I sang him
 songs of Arcadée,
 with flageolet ac-
 companiment in vain.
 At first he seemed
 amused, so did the
 Bar, but, quickly
 wearying of my
 song and pipe, he
 bade me get out. A
 servile usher then,
 in crumpled bands
 and rusty bombaz-
 ine, led me, still
 singing, into Chan-
 cery Lane! I'll go
 no more; I'll marry
 her to-day, and brave
 the upshot, be what
 it may! (*Sees Fair-
 ies.*) But who are
 these?

IOLANTHE. Oh,
 Strephon, rejoice
 with me; my Queen
 has pardoned me!

STREPHON. Par-
 doned you, mother?
 This is good news,
 indeed!

IOLANTHE. And
 these ladies are my
 beloved sisters.

STREPHON. Your
 sisters? Then they
 are my aunts. (*He
 kneels.*)

QUEEN. A pleas-
 ant piece of news

for your bride on her wedding-day!

STREPHON. Hush! My bride knows
 nothing of my fairyhood. I dare not tell
 her, lest it frighten her. She thinks me
 mortal, and prefers me so.

LEILA. Your fairyhood doesn't seem to
 have done you much good.

STREPHON. Much good? It's the curse
 of my existence! What's the use of be-
 ing half a fairy? My body can creep
 through a keyhole, but what's the good of
 that when my legs are left kicking be-
 hind? I can make myself invisible down
 to the waist, but that's of no use when
 my legs remain exposed to view. My
 brain is a fairy brain, but from the waist
 downward I'm a gibbering idiot. My up-
 per half is immortal, but my lower half
 grows older every day, and some day or
 other must die of old age. What's to be-
 come of my upper half when I've buried
 my lower half, I really don't know.

QUEEN. I see your difficulty, but with

a fairy brain you should seek an intellectual sphere of action. Let me see. I've a borough or two at my disposal; would you like to go into Parliament?

IOLANTHE. A fairy member! That would be delightful.

STREPHON. I'm afraid I should do no good there. You see, down to the waist I'm a Tory of the most determined description, but my legs are a couple of confounded Radicals, and on a division they'd be sure to take me into the wrong lobby. You see, they're two to one, which is a strong working majority.

QUEEN. Don't let that distress you; you shall be returned as a Liberal-Conservative, and your legs shall be our peculiar care.

STREPHON (bowing). I see Your Majesty does not do things by halves.

QUEEN. No; we are fairies down to the feet.

This is followed by a charming scene between Phyllis and Strephon. We learn that the penalty for marrying one of the Lord Chancellor's wards without his consent is penal servitude for life. We also learn that half the House of Lords is in love with Phyllis. Enter a procession of peers, headed by the Earl of Mount Ararat and Earl of Tolloller.

CHORUS.

Loudly let the trumpet bray—

Gaily bang the sounding brasses—
Tantantara! Tzing!

As upon its lordly way

This unique procession passes!
Tantantara! tzing! boom!
Bow, ye lower, middle classes!
Bow, ye tradesmen! bow, ye masses!
Blow the trumpets, bang the brasses!
Tantantara! tzing! boom!
We are peers of highest station,
Paragons of legislation,
Pillars of the British nation!
Tantantara! tzing! boom!

(Enter the Lord Chancellor, followed by his train-bearer.)

LORD CHANCELLOR.

The law is the true embodiment
Of everything that's excellent:
It has no kind of fault or flaw;
And I, my lords, embody the law.
The constitutional guardian I
Of pretty young wards in Chancery.
All are agreeable girls, and none
Are over the age of twenty-one.
A pleasant occupation for
A rather susceptible Chancellor!
ALL. A pleasant, etc.



PHYLLIS ACCEPTS TWO EARLS

That is because she is not familiar with the peculiar institutions that prevail in the land ruled by the corpulent fairy queen in Gilbert and Sullivan's tuncful operetta.

But, tho the compliment implied
Inflates me with legitimate pride,
It nevertheless can't be denied
That it has its inconvenient side;
For I'm not so old and not so plain,
And I'm quite prepared to marry again;
And there'd be the deuce to pay in the
Lords

If I fell in love with one of my wards;
Which rather tries my temper, for
I'm such a susceptible Chancellor!
ALL. Which rather, etc.

And every one who'd marry a ward
Must come to me for my accord;
And in my court I sit all day,
Giving agreeable girls away—
With one for him, and one for he,
And one for you, and one for ye,
And one for thou, and one for thee;
But never, oh never, a one for me;
Which is exasperating for
A highly susceptible Chancellor!
ALL. Which is, etc.

LORD TOLLOLLER. And now, my lord,
suppose we proceed to the business of
the day?

LORD CHANCELLOR. By all means.
Phyllis, who is a ward of court, has so
powerfully affected your lordships that
you have appealed to me in a body to
give her to whichever one of you she
may think proper to select; and a noble
lord has gone to her cottage to request
her immediate attendance. It would be
idle to deny that I, myself, have the mis-
fortune to be singularly attracted by this
young person. My regard for her is
rapidly undermining my constitution.
Three months ago I was a stout man.
I need say no more. If I could reconcile
it with my duty, I should unhesitatingly
award her to myself, for I can con-
scientiously say that I know no man who
is so well fitted to render her exception-
ally happy. But such an award would be
open to misconstruction, and therefore, at
whatever personal inconvenience, I waive
my claim.

LORD TOLLOLLER.
My lord, I desire,
on the part of this
House, to express
its sincere sympathy
with your lordship's
most painful posi-
tion.

LORD CHANCELLOR.
I thank your lord-
ships. The feelings
of a Lord Chan-
cellor who is in love
with a ward of
court are not to be
envied. What is his
position? Can he
give his own con-
sent to his own mar-
riage with his own
ward? Can he marry
his own ward with-
out his own con-
sent? And if he
marries his own
ward without his
own consent, can he
commit himself for
contempt of his own
court? Can he ap-
pear by counsel
before himself to

move for arrest of his own judgment?
Ah, my lords, it is indeed painful to have
to sit upon a woollack which is stuffed
with such thorns as these.

(Enter Lord Mount Ararat.)

LORD MOUNT ARARAT. My lords, I have
the pleasure to inform your lordships that
I have succeeded in persuading the young
lady to present herself at the Bar of this
House.

Phyllis enters. Tolloller and Ararat
present their claims to the hand of
Phyllis. She declares that she is al-
ready betrothed to Strephon.

(Exeunt all the Peers, marching round
stage with much dignity. Lord Chan-
cellor separates Phyllis from Strephon,
and orders her off. Manent Lord Chancellor
and Strephon.)

LORD CHANCELLOR. Now, sir, what ex-
cuse have you to offer for having dis-
obeyed an order of the Court of Chan-
cery?

STREPHON. My lord, I know no court
of Chancery; I go by Nature's acts of
Parliament. The bees, the breeze, the
seas, the rocks, the brooks, the gales, the
valleys, the fountains, and the mountains,
cry, "You love this maiden; take her, we
command you!" "Tis writ in heaven by
the bright-barbed dart that leaps forth
into lurid light from each grim thunder-
cloud. The very rain pours forth her sad
and sadden sympathy. When chorused
Nature bids me take my love, shall I re-
ply, "Nay, but a certain Chancellor for-
bids it?" Sir, you are England's Lord
High Chancellor, but are you Chancellor
of birds and trees, king of the winds and
prince of thunder-clouds?

LORD CHANCELLOR. No. It's a nice
point; I don't know that I ever met it
before. But my difficulty is, that at pre-
sent there's no evidence before the court
that chorused Nature has interested her-
self in the matter.

STREPHON. No evidence? You have

my word for it. I tell you that she bade me take my love.

LORD CHANCELLOR. Ah! but, my good sir, you mustn't tell us what she told you; it's not evidence. Now, an affidavit from a thunderstorm or a few words from oath from a heavy shower would meet with all the attention they deserve.

STREPHON. And have you the heart to apply the prosaic rules of evidence to a case which bubbles over with poetical emotion?

LORD CHANCELLOR. Distinctly. I have always kept my duty strictly before my eyes; and it is to that fact that I owe my advancement to my present distinguished position.

(Exit Lord Chancellor.)
(To Strephon, who is in tears, enters Iolanthe.)

STREPHON. Oh, Phyllis! Phyllis! To be taken from you just as I was on the point of making you my own! Oh, it's too much! it is too much!

IOLANTHE. My son in tears, and on his wedding-day?

STREPHON. My wedding-day! Oh, mother, weep with me, for the law has interposed between us, and the Lord Chancellor has separated us for ever!

IOLANTHE. The Lord Chancellor! (Aside.) Oh, if he did but know!

STREPHON (overhearing her). If he did but know—what?

IOLANTHE. No matter. The Lord Chancellor has no power over you. Remember, you are half a fairy; you can defy him—down to the waist.

STREPHON. Yes, but from the waist downward he can commit me to prison for years. 'Of what avail is it that my body is free if my legs are working out seven years' penal servitude?

IOLANTHE. True. But take heart: our Queen has promised you her special protection. I'll go to her and lay your peculiar case before her.

STREPHON. My beloved mother, how can I repay the debt I owe you?

The Lords and the Lord High Chancellor discover Strephon kissing his mother, who, being a fairy, looks younger than her son. No one believes in his fairy-tale. In vain he pleads with them. Phyllis scornfully turns from him and engages herself to both earls, being in love with neither. Here the Fairy Queen comes to his rescue. If she cannot give him the heart of Phyllis, she at least can give him revenge.

QUEEN.
Take down our sentence as we speak it,
And he shall break it (indicating Strephon).

Henceforth, Strephon, cast away
Crooks and pipes and ribbons so gay,
Flocks and herds that bleat and low;
Into Parliament you go.

FAIRIES.
Into Parliament he shall go.

Backed by our supreme authority,
He'll command a large majority.
Into Parliament he shall go.

QUEEN.
In the Parliamentary hive,
Liberal or Conservative,
Whig, or Tory, I don't know;

But into Parliament you shall go.

FAIRIES. Into Parliament, etc.
PEENS. Ah, spare us!

QUEEN (speaking through music).
Every bill and every measure
That may gratify his pleasure,
Tho' your fury it arouses,
Shall be passed by both your Houses.
You shall sit, if he sees reason,
Through the grouse-and-salmon season;
He shall end the cherished rights
You enjoy on Wednesday nights;
He shall prick that annual blister,
Marriage with deceased wife's sister;
He shall offer to the many
Peppercorns at three a penny;
Titles shall ennoble then
All the common councilmen;
Earldoms shall be sold apart
Daily at the auction-mart;
Peers shall team in Christendom,
And a duke's exalted station
Be attainable by com-
petitive examination.

An amusing duel of words between the two peers ensues about Phyllis. Neither will sacrifice himself for the other. The Lord Chancellor reappears. His song is one of the most famous and the most difficult to sing in the operetta.

LORD CHANCELLOR.
When you're lying awake with a dismal
headache, and repose is talooed by
anxiety.

I conceive you may use any language you
choose to indulge in without impro-
priety;

For your brain is on fire—the bedclothes
conspire of usual slumber, to plunder
you;

First your counterpane goes and uncovers
your toes, and your sheet slips de-
murely from under you;

Then the blanketing tickles—you feel like
mixed pickles, so terribly sharp is
the pricking.

And you're hot and you're cross, and you
tumble and tuss till there's nothing
'twixt you and the ticking;

Then your bedclothes all creep to the
ground in a heap, and you pick 'em
all up in a tangle;

Next your pillow resigns and politely de-
clines to remain at its usual angle.

Well, you get some repose in the form
of a doze, with hot eyeballs and
head over aching,

But your slumbering teems with such
horrible dreams that you'd very
much better be waking;

For you dream you are crossing the
Channel, and tossing like mad in a
steamer from Harwich;

Which is something between a large bath-
ing-machine and a very small second-
class carriage;

And you're giving a treat (penny ice and
cold meat) to a party of friends and
relations—

They're a ravenous horde, and they all
come on board at Sloane Square and
South Kensington stations;

And bound on that journey you find your
attorney (who started that morning
from Devon);

He's a bit undersized, and you don't feel
surprised when he tells you he's only
eleven.

Well, you're driving like mad with this
singular lad (by-the-by, the ship's
now a four-wheeler),

And you're playing round games, and he
calls you bad names when you tell
him that "Ties pay the dealer";

But this you can't stand, so you throw
up your hand, and you find you're as
cold as an icicle

In your shirt and your socks (the black
silk with gold clocks), crossing Salis-
bury Plain on a bicycle;

And he and the crew are on bicycles too
—which they have somehow or other
invested in—

And he's telling the tars all the particu-
lars of a company he's interested in:
It's a scheme of devices to get at low
prices all goods from cough-mixtures
to cables

(Which tickles the sailors) by treating re-
tailers as tho they were all vegetables.
You get a good spademan to plant a
small tradesman (first take off his
boots with a boot-tree),

And his legs will take root and his fin-
gers will shoot, and they'll blossom
and spread like a fruit tree.

From the greengrocer tree you get grapes
and green pea, cauliflowers, pine-
apples, and cranberries,

While the pastry-cook plant cherry brandy
will grant, apple puffs, and three cor-
ners, and banberries.

The shares are a penny, and ever so
many are taken by Rothschild and
Baring;

And just as a few are allotted to you,
you awake with a shudder despair-
ing.

You're a regular wreck, with a crick in
your neck; and no wonder you
snore, for your head's on the floor,
and you're needles and pins from
your soles to your shins; and your
flesh is a-creep, for your left leg's
asleep; and you've cramp in your
toes, and a fly on your nose, and
some fluff in your lung, and a
feverish tongue, and a thirst that's
intense, and a general sense that you
haven't been sleeping in clover;

But the darkness has passed, and it's
daylight at last, and the night has
been long—ditto, ditto, my song—
and thank Goodness they're both of
them over!

(During the last lines Lords Mount
Ararat and Tolloller have entered. They
gaze sympathetically upon the Lord Chan-
cellor's distress. At the end of his song
they come forward.)

LORD MOUNT ARARAT. I am much dis-
tressed to see your lordship in this con-
dition.

LORD CHANCELLOR. Ah, my lords, it is
seldom that a Lord Chancellor has reason
to envy the position of another, but I
am free to confess that I would rather be
two earls engaged to Phyllis than any
other half-dozen noblemen upon the face
of the globe.

Love, however, laughs at the Lord
Chancellor. Phyllis and Strephon meet
and make up. Strephon asks his
mother to plead with the Chancellor
for him. She at first refuses.

IOLANTHE. You know not what you
ask! The Lord Chancellor is my hus-
band!

STREPHON and PHYLLIS. Your husband?
IOLANTHE. My husband and your father! (*Strephon overcome.*)

PHYLLIS. Then our course is plain. On his learning that Strephon is his son, all objections to our marriage will be at once removed.

IOLANTHE. Nay, he must never know. He believes me to have died childless; and, dearly as I love him, I am bound, under penalty of death, not to undeceive him. But see, he comes! Quick! my veil! (*Retires up.*)

(*Enter Lord Chancellor. Iolanthe retires with Strephon and Phyllis.*)

LORD CHANCELLOR. Victory! victory! Success has crowned my efforts, and I may consider myself engaged to Phyllis. At first I wouldn't hear of it; it was out of the question. But I took heart. I pointed out to myself that I was no stranger to myself—in point of fact, I had been personally acquainted with myself for some years. This had its effect. I admitted that I had watched my professional advancement with considerable interest, and I handsomely added that I yielded to no one in admiration for my private and professional virtues. This was a great point gained. I then endeavored to work upon my feelings. Conceive my joy when I distinctly perceived a tear glistening in my own eye!

Eventually, after a severe struggle with myself, I reluctantly, most reluctantly, consented.

His joy in his decision is short-lived. For Iolanthe reveals herself. The Lord Chancellor now consents to the match. But the Fairy Queen feels compelled to pronounce Iolanthe's doom. Two other fairies rush forward to intervene.

LEILA. Hold! If Iolanthe must die, so must we all, for as she has sinned, so have we.

QUEEN. What? (*Peers and Fairies kneel to her—Lord Mount Ararat with Leila; Lord Tolloller with Celis.*)

CELIS. We are all fairy duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, viscountesses and baronesses.

LORD MOUNT ARARAT. It's our fault; they couldn't help themselves.

QUEEN. It seems they have helped themselves, and pretty freely, too! (*After a pause.*) You have all incurred death, but I can't slaughter the whole company. And yet (*unfolding a scroll*) the law is clear: Every fairy must die who marries a mortal!

LORD CHANCELLOR. Allow me, as an old equity draftsman, to make a suggestion. The subtleties of the legal mind

are equal to the emergency. The thing is really quite simple; the insertion of a single word will do it. Let it stand that every fairy shall die who don't marry a mortal, and there you are, out of your difficulty at once!

QUEEN. We like your humor. Very well. (*Altering the M.S. in pencil.*) Private Willis!

SENTRY (*coming forward*). Ma'am!

QUEEN. To save my life it is necessary that I marry at once. How should you like to be a fairy Guardsman?

SENTRY. Well, ma'am, I don't think much of the British soldier who wouldn't ill-convince himself to save a female in distress.

QUEEN. You are a brave fellow. You're a fairy from this moment. (*Wings spring from Sentry's shoulders.*) And you, my lords, how say you? Will you join our ranks?

(*Fairies kneel to Peers, and implore them to do so.*)

LORD MOUNT ARARAT (*to Tolloller*). Well, now that the peers are to be recruited entirely from persons of intelligence, I really don't see of what use we are down here.

LORD TOLLOLLER. None, whatever.
QUEEN. Good! (*Wings spring from the shoulders of Peers.*) Then away we go to Fairyland!

WHY IT IS EASIER TO WRITE A PLAY THAN A NOVEL

THERE is an idea abroad that it is more difficult to write a play than a novel. Arnold Bennett, basing his opinion on twenty novels and twenty plays of his own, emphatically dissents from this view. It is easier to write a play than a novel, he insists. "Personally," he confesses in *The Metropolitan*, "I would sooner write two plays than one novel—less expenditure of nervous force and mere brains would be required for two plays than for one novel!" An enormous amount of reverential nonsense, thinks Bennett, is talked about the technique of the stage, the assumption being that in difficulty it far surpasses any other literary technique, and that until it is acquired a respectable play cannot be written.

"One hears also that it can only be acquired behind the scenes. A famous actor-manager once kindly gave me the benefit of his experience, and what he said was that a dramatist who wished to learn his business must live behind the scenes—and study the works of Dion Boucicault! The truth is that no technique is so crude and so simple as the technique of the stage, and that the proper place to learn it is not behind the scenes, but in the pit. Managers, being the most conservative people on earth, except composers, will honestly try to convince the naive dramatist that effects can only be obtained in the precise way in which effects have always been obtained, and that this and that rule must not be broken on pain of outraging the public. And indeed

it is natural that managers should talk thus, seeing the low state of the drama, because in any art rules and reaction always flourish when creative energy is sick."

"I tremble to think," Mr. Bennett goes on to say, "what the mandarins and William Archer would say to the technique of 'Hamlet' could it by some miracle be brought out as a new piece by Mr. Shakespeare. They would probably recommend Mr. Shakespeare to consider the ways of Sardou, Henri Bernstein and Sir Herbert Tree, and he wise." There is one reason, the argument proceeds, why a play is easier to write than a novel. A play is considerably shorter than a novel. On the average one may say that it takes six plays to make the matter of a novel. Other things being equal, a short work of art presents fewer difficulties than a longer one. Not only does a play contain less matter than a novel. It is further simplified by the fact that it contains fewer kinds of matter, and less subtle kinds of matter. The dramatist, to instance only one of his many advantages, is saved all descriptive work.

"See a novelist harassing himself into his grave over the description of a landscape, a room, a gesture—while the dramatist grins. The dramatist may have to imagine a landscape, a room, or a gesture; but he has not got to write it—and it is the writing which hastens death. If a dramatist and a novelist set out to portray a clever woman, they are almost

equally matched, because each has to make the creature say things and do things. But if they set out to portray a charming woman, the dramatist can recline in an easy-chair, and smoke while the novelist is ruining temper, digestion and eyesight, and spreading terror in his household by his moodiness and unapproachability. The electric light burns in the novelist's study at 3 a. m.—the novelist is still endeavoring to convey by means of words the extraordinary fascination that his heroine could exercise over mankind by the mere act of walking into a room; and he never has really succeeded and never will. The dramatist writes curtly, 'Enter Millicent.' All are anxious to do the dramatist's job for him. Is the play being read at home—the reader eagerly and with brilliant success puts his imagination to work and completes a charming Millicent after his own secret desires. (Whereas he would coldly decline to add one touch to Millicent were she the heroine of a novel.) Is the play being performed on the stage—an experienced, conscientious and perhaps lovely actress will strive her hardest to prove that the dramatist was right about Millicent's astounding fascination. And if she fails nobody will blame the dramatist; the dramatist will receive naught but sympathy."

It is easy for the playwright to persuade the public to accept the improbable. If the dramatist decides that Millicent must accept the hand of the wrong man, there she is on the stage in flesh and blood, veritably doing it. The dramatist has less to do than the novelist and is more richly rewarded.

"Of course, it will be argued, as it has always been argued, by those who have not written novels, that it is precisely the 'doing less'—the leaving out—that constitutes the unique and fearful difficulty of dramatic art. 'The skill to leave out'—lo! the master faculty of the dramatist! But, in the first place, I do not believe that, having regard to the relative scope of the play and of the novel, the necessity for leaving out is more acute in the one than in the other. The adjective 'photographic' is as absurd applied to the novel as to the play."

The drama, Mr. Bennett maintains, need not even be "dramatic" in the narrow sense of the word. In so far as it suspends the listener's interest every tale, however told, may be said to be dramatic. A novel, Bennett explains, has only one author; the dramatist is never the sole creator of his play. The manager's commentary as he reads the play alters the conception of the work itself in the brain of the playwright. And when the producer has his first confabulation with the author, the play assumes contours undreamed of till that startling moment. Even if the author has the temerity to conduct his own rehearsals, similar disconcerting phenomena will occur; for the author as a producer is a different fellow from the author as author. The producer is up against realities. He,

first, renders the play concrete, gradually condenses its filmy vapors into a solid clement. . . . He suggests the casting. "What do you think of X, for the old man?" asks the producer.

"The author is staggered. Is it conceivable that so renowned a producer can have so misread and misunderstood the play? X. would be preposterous as the old man. But the producer goes on talking. And suddenly the author sees possibilities in X. But at the same time he sees a different play from what he wrote.

"Now in truth he deeply realizes that a play is a collaboration. In extreme cases he may be brought to see that he himself is one of the less important factors in the collaboration. The first pre-occupation of the interpreters is not with his play at all, but—quite rightly—with their own careers; if they were not honestly convinced that their own careers were the chief genuine excuse for the existence of the theater and the play they would not act very well. But more than that, they do not regard his play as a sufficient vehicle for the furtherance of their careers. At the most favorable what they secretly think is that if they are permitted to exercise their talents on his play there is a chance that they may be able to turn it into a sufficient vehicle for the furtherance of their careers."

As the rehearsals proceed the play changes from day to day. It is never the same play for two days together.

Nor, Mr. Bennett goes on to say, is this surprising, seeing that every day and night a dozen, or it may be two dozen, human beings endowed with the creative gift are creatively working on it. "Every dramatist who is candid with himself well knows that, tho his play is often worsened by his collaborators, it is also often improved—and improved in the most mysterious and dazzling manner—without a word being altered."

"Producer and actors do not merely suggest possibilities, they execute them. And the author is confronted by artistic phenomena for which lawfully he may not claim credit. On the other hand, he may be confronted by inartistic phenomena in respect to which lawfully he is blameless, but which he cannot prevent; a rehearsal is like a battle—certain persons are theoretically in control, but in fact the thing principally fights itself. And thus the creation goes on until the dress rehearsal, when it seems to have come to a stop. And the dramatist lying awake in the night, reflects stoically, fatalistically: 'Well, that is the play that they have made of my play.' And he may be pleased or he may be disgusted. But if he attends the first performance he cannot fail to notice, after the first few minutes of it, that he was quite mistaken, and that what the actors are performing is still another play. The audience is collaborating."

GERHART HAUPTMANN'S TILT WITH THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE

A GAIN, for the first time in many years, Gerhart Hauptmann, the author of the "Sunken Bell," stands in the center of a controversy that is dividing Germany into two hostile camps. At the urgent request of the city of Breslau the poet consented to write a festival play in honor of the centenary of Germany's emancipation from the yoke of Napoleon. Hauptmann produced a curious spectacle on a gigantic scale, requiring 3,000 men and women for its production. Elaborately staged by Max Reinhardt the play was given before an audience of ten thousand. Immediately after the first performance heated discussion arose. After the second performance the Crown Prince, siding with Hauptmann's enemies, demanded its suppression. It is said that the young Hohenzollern was so incensed at the sentiments expressed by Hauptmann that he declared he would take his name from the list of patrons of Breslau's centennial celebration, if the "Festspiel" was not at once withdrawn from the boards. Thereupon the Burgomaster of Breslau, much to the chagrin of the poet, ordered its suppression.

The drama is a mixture of realism and symbolism which clearly indicates

Hauptmann's intention to link it to the most intensely national of all German poems, Goethe's "Faust," especially its second part. There is also evidence that Hauptmann has read Thomas Hardy's "Dynasts" to good purpose. Just as Browning's poem suggested "Pippa Dances," Hardy's strange epic drama in twenty-seven acts showing Napoleon and his contemporaries as the involuntary tools of a vague World-Will seems to have inspired the "Festspiel." Like "Faust" and like "The Dynasts" the play is written in somewhat uncouth verse. There is a prolog reminiscent of that other prolog in heaven in "Faust." Only Hauptmann merely suggests the Master and Maker of Destinies in the guise of the director of a puppet theater, who discusses with his assistant the marionettes he is about to put on the stage. They will make history while he pulls the strings, believing themselves to be free agents.

The puppets merge into the historical personages of the period, and the play begins with the approach of the French Revolution. A boy called Napoleon Bonaparte is unconcernedly spinning his top in the streets of Ajaccio. His top, as the poet symbolically suggests, is the world. In a spectacle of this

kind, as a writer in the New York *Tribune* remarks, there can be no question of development of character; the story is told, not acted, and action is replaced by the movements of enormous masses directed by Professor Reinhardt, until, in the last act, the German people are seen streaming into a medieval cathedral to give thanks for peace with freedom. It is Hauptmann's historical realism in celebrating the true heroes of Germany's great awakening at the expense of its royal figureheads that, the writer goes on to say, is the cause of the protests that have been raised against the play. "Its spirit is ultra-liberal, for in its epilog it looks into the future. Of course, the German dramatist is used to disfavor in high places, and is, no doubt, indifferent to it, as well he may be. 'The Weavers' was forbidden nearly twenty-five years ago; to-day it is a classic of the German drama. No doubt the same fate awaits this centenary 'Festspiel' of his."

The actual merit of the play is somewhat obscured by the discussion engendered by the act of the Crown Prince. The philosophy underlying the play precludes the patriotic self-congratulations that Germany expected from the poet at this occasion. Instead

of making his play a grand epic in honor of the men who fought against Napoleon, Hauptmann has magnified the Corsican at the expense of his countrymen. The anti-militaristic finale and the unflattering picture presented by Hauptmann of Frederick William III. of Prussia and of certain elements of the German people hardly served to soothe the ruffled feelings of Germany's patriots. The Conservative and the Clerical papers uphold the action of the Burgomaster and of the Crown Prince. "Because a man wears his hair like Goethe," remarks the official mouthpiece of the Roman Catholic Party, the *Germania*, "it does not necessarily follow that he has a brain like Goethe." The *Tägliche Rundschau*, a Pan-German organ, accuses Hauptmann of persecution mania because of his reply to votes of sympathy sent to him by members of the Reichstag. "After what I have experienced and am daily experiencing," the poet wrote to his friends, "I congratulate myself on the unsought mission which fate has assigned to me. Without desiring to attack any one, I had to give expression, as a fifty-year-old man and as a German, to my sincere conception of the spirit of the great period. I shall continue loyal to my motto: 'Go your own way straight and mercy will come to you.' By that, however, I do not mean mercy from anybody, but from God, who alone has it to dispense."

Friedrich Hardt, a distinguished poet of Weimar, takes sides with Hauptmann; "Hauptmann's play," he remarks, "epitomizes the spirit of 1813. Breslau's action epitomizes the spirit of 1913." Fritz Engel, in the liberal *Berliner Tageblatt*, champions Hauptmann's patriotism and his impartiality. This seems to us somewhat of a contradiction in terms. Raoul Auernheimer, in the Vienna *Freie Presse*, admits that Napoleon is the real hero of Hauptmann's Play. Genius, as Madame de Staël remarked, has no sex. Neither, adds the writer, has it nationality. But, under such circumstances, genius should not write plays to order for patriotic occasions. He likens Hauptmann's action to that of an after-dinner speaker who avails himself of his opportunity by pointing out various dark spots in the past of the guest of honor and by extolling his enemies. Hauptmann's play may reveal his genius,—that is still a mooted question; it certainly reveals his lack of tact.

The stage is divided into three platforms. On the lowest level the masses indicating the nations move up and down during the play. The second platform is reserved for human characters, leading figures of the period. The third and highest platform is reserved for the spirit of history and supernatural characters. While Haupt-



PUPPETS ALL

The cover design of Gerhart Hauptmann's suppressed Napoleonic drama reveals the philosophy of the poet. Each character in the play imagines that he is moving by his own volition, but it is the Master of the Show who, behind the scenes, pulls the strings.

mann makes Napoleon his hero, he still is critical even of him. "You shall drink blood to your heart's content," Napoleon assures the populace, "but I shall draw it from your breasts." At which the populace roused to martial enthusiasm replies: "Vive l'Empereur!" This, according to a vivid account in the *New York Times*, to which we are indebted for our quotations, is followed by a scene in Rome where the German Eagle is shown to be in a sorry plight. A knight tramples on it. Lawyers sprinkle it with ink. Others pluck out its feathers. Then Frederick the Great appears and prophesies a brilliant future for the Eagle. As he leaves the stage Death the Drummer suddenly comes on, followed by Napoleon, his Marshals, and Talleyrand. Napoleon declares that he will turn Europe into a military camp. And Hegel, the German philosopher, hearing his words, extols him as the world-spirit, the world-soul incarnate. Thereupon an active dispute begins among various Germans.

"For all their arguments the 'burghers' have nothing but bitterly hostile words. They brand freedom as an illusion manufactured in Paris and evince adamant 'stand-pat' tendencies.

"Then 'John Bull' appears, speaking atrocious German, interspersed with many English words, and offers, 'since English pounds sterling make German courage,' to finance an uprising against Napoleon, but he is met by cries of 'We'll remain neutral.' One Prussian remarks that the rest of the world may do what it pleases so long as matches and tobacco pipes are to be had in Prussia. Others say that

'Germany' means no more to them than something Spanish or Chinese, and when John Bull once more offers his guineas, he is driven away to the cry of 'We'll remain neutral!'

"The thunder of cannon is heard. A 'war fury' races through the crowd, brandishing two flaming torches.

"'War! War!' she cries. 'You have been asleep and the world is now up in arms. You awake, but you awake too late, for your eagles have sunk to the ground at Jena and Auerstädt.

"Do you hear the Reaper? He reaps! He reaps! His Corsican Majesty is speaking in a language of blood. He wreaks a bloody vengeance, turns Prussia into a lake of blood. Pray to your God! Too late have you awaked!"

Finally Blücher, old "Marshal Forward," pushes his way through the crowd and launches into a furious invective against Napoleon. "Why is your Excellency in such a fury?" asks the "first burgher," unperturbed. Blücher turns to him with another explosion, but it is useless. The "burghers" refuse to be inspired with patriotism.

"A detachment of French soldiers drives Fichtel off the stage. There is a roll of drums. On a second stage eleven Hussar officers are shown lying at the foot of a wall. Before them stands the firing party which has just shot them to death. Between the Frenchmen and the dead stands Death the Drummer.

"Napoleon appears.

"Who are those men who have been shot?" he asks, and is told 'Some of Major Schill's officers.'

"Against Schill and the others seeking to free Prussia from his rule, Napoleon then directs a scornful tirade. Before he came to Prussia, he says, Prussians were mere slaves, accustomed to nothing but blows from their rulers. Then he gives rein to a wild dream of world-power.

"What is Europe? a little land!" he exclaims. "Is it a continent? Well, if it is, a grain of sand is also. Where the Hindus swear under the British whip is surely where the spider lurks in the center of the world's dominion. To there must my eagles press forward; there will I unite the empires of Charlemagne and Alexander the Great. I will tear down the great wall of China and annex the Celestial Empire to my dominions.

"This is no Caesar's dream; all things are easy. The road to that goal is much shorter than the road I have already traveled!"

At the close of this speech the War Fury once more rushes on the stage with her terrible cry of "War! War! You have slept too long!" Napoleon is shown, enthroned as Zeus, with the eagle at his feet. In the next scenes Hauptmann shows that German national feeling has been aroused.

"The people, mad with enthusiasm, are singing stirring patriotic songs. A procession marches on the stage showing the Germans as a united people, happy and prosperous, living in an era of peace.

"Then 'the director' comes on the stage,

announcing that the play is over. But suddenly one of his puppets, waving a sabre, comes clattering upon the stage. It is Blücher.

"Who are you, fire-eater?" asks the director.

"Marshal Forward!" answers Blücher, giving himself the name by which he is known to every German.

"You are only a little puppet, the shade of a dead general," says the other.

"But Blücher, protesting that he is still alive, inquires angrily:

"What was all that nonsense I heard about peace? Blow, trumpet, Forward! I'm for infantry and cavalry, not peace!"

"Get back into your box!" commands the director.

"How's that? Into my box?" says the bewildered old warrior.

"The director touches the old Marshal with his staff. Blücher falls dead. And the director concludes the play with the words:

"Lie in your place, brave graybeard. Not your thirst for war must live, but your motto—Forward!"

CONFLICT OF CONFUCIANISM AND MODERN IDEAS ON THE JAPANESE STAGE

THE young dramatic insurgents who introduce the plays of Sudermann, Ibsen and Shaw into old Japan are sorely hampered by their country's traditions. At heart, it seems, the kingdom of the Mikado is by no means so open to western influences as would appear on the surface. In Japan, remarks the Japanese critic of the *New York Sun*, Yone Noguchi, the censorship walks with all self-complacency, and old morality is backed by Confucianism. In vain rebellious youngsters attempt to baffle the censor by the great names of the writers whose names are attached to the program. The Japanese censor fears the socialistic tendencies of the modern mind no less than its egocentric and individualistic expressions.

"Altho I believe that even the Japanese censorship has its own basis of faith—and the majority of people whose thoughts have been denied access to the philosophical speculation and criticism, whose eyes see only the mechanical comfort and meaning, might justify its work—I cannot help seeing the rather pathetic side of its attempt. Is it not already understood that when we encouraged and welcomed the western civilization in Japan we had to expect her coming in her entirety, even with her unagreeable element? Modern Japan was, was she not, the country who made an unconditional whole surrender to the West at the beginning? It is indeed too late now for her to insist upon her old ideals and prejudices.

"I do not mean that when the literal translation of modern western plays are seen on our Japanese stage we have the same social conditions with the West, but we are eager for the same spiritual stimulus and intellectual excitement. I can say without being mistaken that those western plays will teach us, even when we only half understand and often misunderstand them, how to protest, and revolt and rebel against the old faith and thoughts. When our mind turns to conform itself with Shaw's Shavian witicism, Ibsen's alarming egotism and some one's unmasking of old sophistication, certainly it is time the Japanese censorship dressed in ancient armor and with an iron fan should appear. And it has been making its appearance for some time now."

The censor, it appears, stopped Su-

dermann's "Magda," as it was originally written, because it was, in his opinion, a blasphemy against the old Japanese idea of woman's morality. The censor went even further than that. He actually forced the translator to add a scene in which Magda wearily surrenders to parental authority before the curtain drops. Indeed, Mr. Noguchi goes on to say, there is nothing under the sun which Japanese despotism cannot do. The production of "Magda" was of special importance to the audience because of the introduction of female actors, an innovation which Mr. Noguchi strangely enough seems to regard with disfavor. When, he says, the Imperial Theater of Tokyo opened the Training School for Actresses some three or four years ago, many young Japanese girls, most of them having a certain education under the modern system and not a few of them being the daughters of respectable and even well-known families, became students.

"Altho I found an occasion or two to express my own opinion upon the uselessness of actresses on our stage, an opinion based upon previous observation, as we have so many very well trained woman impersonators, I am so placed now that I must recognize the fact at least as a fact. I see that some twenty or thirty young Japanese actresses are playing to-day at one place, that is, the above said Imperial Theater, famous in Japan from its costly western structure.

"What have they learned in those trifling three years? It might be too cruel to say that it really amounts to little; but even in Japan, where magic and wonder, it is said, always happen, three years cannot be sufficient to make a Ilerhard or a Terry. What interests me most in their existence (indeed the actress in the new western sense is a new thing in Japan) is from my reflection on them from a somewhat psychological viewpoint.

"It might be from the same motive as in the West that their ambition turned to the stage, because, while with some of them it was from the necessity to earn their own living, not a few of them aspired to acting as the most effective means to satisfy their own feminine vanity with the people's attention around themselves. Oh, how many were there among them who determined from the very beginning to serve for art only, or

whose sensible minds already foresaw the great difficulties to surmount in order to please that jealous goddess?"

Those who looked for the material return, Mr. Noguchi goes on to say, now find after graduation, that is, three years' training, that they are not given enough for their bare existence, and those whose vanity ever dwelled on the side of notoriety are equally disappointed, as their ideal lives of actresses are most expensive. We hear already, the young Japanese critic adds, quite often the story that they are the cause of their fathers' impoverishment.

The ticket system of the western world, the strict forbidding of eating and drinking in the theater and other western customs are rapidly gaining ground in Japan. Formerly the way to the theater invariably led through the tea house. The spirit of old Japan still survives, however, in the provinces, and even in the capital the so-called Kabuki plays of Japan draw audiences, altho, Mr. Noguchi assures us, the intellectuals prefer western plays or plays written under western influence.

"The old plays have still their own audience created by untiring insistence during the last two hundred years; and it will not soon die, I think, since they have their own beauty of color too often confused, and sparkling point of sentiment too often absurd; and we are pleased sometimes to return to old Japan and live even a while in the ancient glamar.

"Here in Tokyo there are three famous No stages, where the No plays are played every month quite regularly. Once last June I took my foreign friend, a poet by nature and a critic of learning, to one of them to see the play called 'No no Miya,' in which the masked lady, a spirit, sang her world-weary lamentation around the No no Miya shrine whither she had accompanied her princess in her life's day; by the way, nearly all the characters of the plays are ghosts or spirits. When we entered the house—the shrilling sound of a bamboo flute and the heroic stroke of a drum were already heard—he remarked: 'I am sure we have old Japan within.'

"Indeed, without, we are even scandalously westernizing ourselves. Whether it is wise or foolish that is a question."

Science and Discovery

HOW RADIUM AFFECTS THE DISPUTE OVER THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN

LONG and bitter has been the controversy between geology and physics as to the length of time during which this earth has been in a condition to support human life. Geologists have always demanded the widest latitude. They speak of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of millions of years to cover the periods with which they have to do. The physicists, led by the late Lord Kelvin, have refused to grant them their demands. They claimed to have proof of a mathematical kind that the sun could not have been giving out heat at its present rate for more than a hundred million years. They have even said this was an outside limit—that forty million years is the likeliest figure. The controversy still rages, as those may see who look into the official reports of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

Now when we see that the sun must have been in existence and giving out heat for untold millions of years before the earth was in a condition to support life, says the well-known British scientist, Doctor William Allen Sturge, it will be seen how short a time has been allowed the geologist for all his great periods. The biologists are allowed an equally brief time for the development of the hundreds of thousands of species, genera and families of living things of all positions in the scale, in both the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. It seemed to many geologists and biologists even in the lifetime of Lord Kelvin to be an impossible position, and occasional voices of protest were raised. But Lord Kelvin, or Sir William Thomson, as he long was, had won recognition as one of the commanding intellects of his day, as the greatest master of physical mathematics that ever lived, and to stand up against him in a subject he had made his own was almost an impossible task. On his side he brought forth exact calculations. On the side of the geologists and biologists the data were obscure. Yet in the sequel it is the geologists and the biologists who have triumphed all along the line, according to the distinguished Doctor Sturge, himself a geologist and a high authority on prehistoric man. The victory is not complete, in the sense of

having achieved general recognition, but it is none the less real according to our high authority, who states the case thus in the *London Outlook*:

"The problem that Lord Kelvin set himself to solve was this: The sun, after throwing off the various planets and settling down into its present shape and weight, contained a definite amount of matter wrapped up with a certain amount of energy, using these terms in their ordinary acceptation. The quantity of matter is supposed to have remained practically the same, the energy has been dispersing all the time in the form of heat, light, electric and chemical force, and in other ways. How much energy did it start with, how much is it dispersing in a given time, how much does it now contain? How long therefore has it taken from the start to reach its present condition? The problem would seem to be one beyond the wit of man to compass; but it was a giant intellect that set to work upon it, and, provided the data were correct, the conclusions would probably be correct within a certain margin of error.

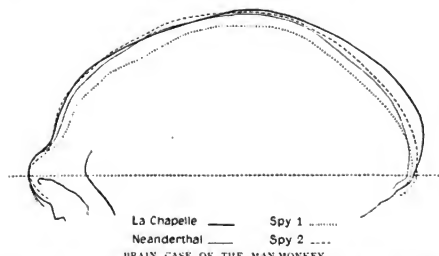
"The energy in the sun would be of two main kinds: one, that of gravity, tending to draw all the matter towards the center; and other varieties, largely affecting the atoms and molecules of which all matter is composed, tending to drive them apart from one another and thus to counteract the force of gravity. If these two classes of energy were accurately balanced, stagnation would result; no energy would be liberated in the form of light, heat or otherwise; and the sun would be a dead body, or more correctly in a state of suspended animation. There are believed to be large numbers of dark suns in the universe, and it may be that some, at any rate, of these are in this state of suspended animation, yet with gigantic potentialities still within them. Is it possible that the occurrence of 'nova,' the sudden outburst of new stars, may be due to the sudden giving way of a balance of this kind, with the liberation for a short time of energy in the form of light, after which the balance is again established?"

There is no such balance in the sun, insists Doctor Sturge. Gravity is always in the ascendant. As it acts and by acting reduces the size of the sun's body, energy which has hitherto been utilized in keeping the atoms and molecules apart, becomes liberated, is transformed into other forms of force and

makes itself evident to us as heat and light. What is an atom and what is a molecule? Until recently the atom was considered to be the ultimate division of matter, the primordial stuff of which matter was made. All atoms, however, are not the same. There is one atom for oxygen, another for hydrogen, another for iron, and so through the whole group of the chemical elements, some eighty in number. But in each case it was considered the indivisible basis of the element. A molecule is a structure composed of two or more atoms up to, say, a thousand or more, of the same kind or of different kinds, bound together by energy on different systems so as to produce definite bodies having properties very different from those of the original atom or of the element made of these atoms. Thus rust, the oxide of iron, is very different from the iron of which it is made.

"The amount of energy required to build up a complex molecule of, say, a hundred atoms is out of all proportion to that required for simple molecules, say, of three or four atoms, and it is by the breaking down of complex molecules into simple ones that all our mechanical work is done; as when the complex molecules of coal, fossil-wood, are broken down by the action of heat and absorption of oxygen from the air into the simple molecules of carbonic acid (three atoms) and of water (three atoms), which go up the chimney. What is liberated and does not go up the chimney drives our trains and steamships and factories.

"Let us take a simile. Let us picture the stones of which St. Paul's Cathedral is built to be laid out in orderly array on the ground waiting for use. These are our atoms. Little by little and stage by stage the structure grows until we have the mighty dome, chancel, transepts, and nave. Here are the stones, but how different is the setting. Vast forces have been called into action, thrusts in every direction of enormous power, yet all so beautifully balanced by the skill of the great architect that the building stands immovable and solid for, let us hope, all time. Here is our molecule and an elaborate one. But the simile is not quite correct, for our atoms in this case are stationary. As a matter of fact in the true molecule they are far from stationary, are in reality spinning round one another like a swarm of gnats on a summer's evening; and the marvel of the ac-



The outline of the skulls is supposed to characterize the races of men who dwell in the particular regions from which each individual relic came. Each has been given an age of some five thousand years before Christ. Recent theories of geological time indicate that the man-monkey existed forty thousand years ago at least.

curate balance of forces is intensified a thousandfold when one thinks that this elaborately spinning mass of atoms, with all the forces at work to hold it together or to bring it to ruin, may remain unchanged for ever. This then was the basis on which Lord Kelvin founded his great research into geological time. It was the forces acting upon atoms and groups of atoms that he was investigating, what we may call the *inter-atomic* forces. The results, accurate tho they may have been from the data supplied, were so impossible to bring into line with biological and geological knowledge that it was felt in many quarters that some great factor yet remained to be discovered."

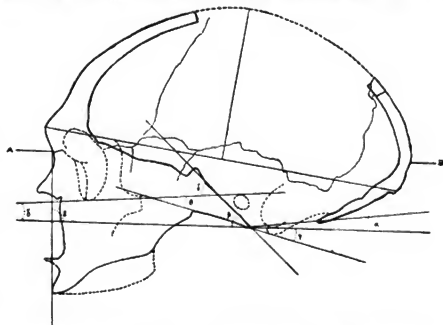
Suddenly, and as if to determine the whole problem of the antiquity of man on the globe, the discovery of radium was made. It was a sequel to the discovery of the Röntgen rays, which threw such fresh light upon the construction of matter. What is radium? The crucial importance of the answer to the geologist in his controversy with the physicist has still to be adequately realized. Radium is a later-day burning bush that burns and yet is not consumed. "Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." With all reverence, observes Doctor Sturge, the command given to Moses is as applicable now as in the days of old. Are we not in the presence of one of the great arcana? A substance that can keep itself permanently at a higher temperature than its surroundings, that can sparkle with light and yet at the end of many years shall show no sign of diminution in quantity or weight—what a discovery! Permanency can, it is true, be used only in a relative sense. It was soon calculated that in the course of long ages exhaustion would begin to be apparent. Still, here was a substance that would give out energy for periods undreamt of hitherto.

What does it all mean?

"This: that the atom is after all not the primordial unit it was considered; on the contrary, it is a wonderful universe in petto, with its own stores of energy; its internal forces of attraction and repulsion; motions of its component parts comparable with the speed of light; marvelous balances and adjustments, and all on a scale that makes the brain reel to think of. On what then is the energy based? All energy, as we have hitherto known it, is based on the material atom; by analogy there must be some material thing within the atom through which the energy acts. Yet the atom has been considered as almost infinitely small; what can be the state of matter to which the atom shall be as a world, or even as a universe? Physicists call the infinitely minute particles that compose the atom electrons or ions. There may be thousands or tens of thousands of these in a

single atom, all moving in orderly arrangement but at terrific speeds round and about one another, generally in a state of complete and permanent balance; so that like the dark suns, tho not really dead, they are to us in a state of suspended animation and we know them not. In almost infinitely rare instances this is not the case, and radium is such an instance. Here the balance of forces is not complete; the orderly association of the ions breaks down and energy is liberated in all sorts of forms, of which heat and light are only two. What is the amount of energy thus locked up within the atom? A negligible quantity? By no means; on the contrary, inconceivably great. The statement has been made that the energy in fifteen grains of radium, if it could all be liberated at once, would blow the whole British Navy a mile high."

Now one can see how it was, according to Doctor Sturge, that all pre-radium investigators had gone wrong in their calculations of time. It was like calculating how long the falls of Niagara would take to empty Lake Erie without taking any note of the other great lakes behind it or of the vast sources of supply that were keeping them replenished. So immense are these intra-atomic forces compared with the inter-atomic, that to all intents and purposes geologists, biologists and historians of prehistoric man at once found themselves with an immense supply of time and were at liberty to make drafts upon it to any extent. This is by no means realized as yet and there is still timidity in its use. "Some of us who have all along felt that this freedom was essential and would some day be granted are reveling in our newfound powers and go on our way rejoicing; but others seem frightened at the great vistas thus opened out."



A CRANIUM THAT MAY HAVE HELD A THROBBING BRAIN A MILLION YEARS AGO

This relic of Neanderthal man has never been assigned a definite age until the advent of the new physics, which modify all conceptions of the age of the earth. There are scientists who think Neanderthal man may have lived on this planet so far back in time that the mind can not realize its great duration.

A SCIENCE THAT HAS COME TO A DEADLOCK

DURING the last few years a large number of experiments and observations have been made which, instead of solving the central problem of atmospheric electricity, appear to have made it more difficult than ever. For that reason, Professor George C. Simpson, a recognized expert in this department of physics, makes in London *Nature* a statement of the present position, with an appeal to physicists generally to find a way out of the blind alley in which the subject has entangled itself.

Measurements of the electrical conditions of the atmosphere, he explains, have now been made over the land from north polar regions through the equator to south polar regions, over the centers of the Atlantic and south Indian oceans and on Samoa to the Pacific Ocean. Thus the conditions over both land and ocean areas have been investigated. Everywhere it has been found that the air is a conductor and that the potential gradient is practically the same. The result can be expressed in rather a more objective way by stating that the earth has been found to be a negatively charged sphere, of a nearly uniform surface density, surrounded by a conducting atmosphere.

This, however, can not be a complete statement of the case, for by the laws of electrostatics a charge can not exist within a conductor, and in consequence the charge on the surface of the earth must be transferred more or less quickly to the outside of the conducting atmosphere. In spite of this, the charge on the earth's surface remains undiminished. Whence, then, comes the negative charge to make this possible? This is the chief problem of atmospheric electricity.

To make it clear that the surface of the earth does lose electricity, it will be as well to state the methods used to determine the loss. The surface of the earth, be it explained before going further, is at a uniform potential, which for convenience is called zero:

"If, therefore, a certain area of this is insulated, it can only remain at the potential of the remainder so long as it receives or loses no charge. If it was losing a charge before it was insulated, it can only be kept at zero potential after insulating by supplying it with the charge lost. In 1906 C. T. R. Wilson designed an instrument by means of which an insulated plate could be kept at zero potential while exposed to the atmosphere, and the charge which had to be supplied to do this could be measured. The result proved an actual loss of negative electricity. The amount of this loss was found to be equal to that which can be calculated from a knowledge of the potential gradient and the conductivity of the air.

"Realizing that the plate in Wilson's instrument did not exactly represent a piece of the ground and that measurements at odd times could always be objected to, a method was developed in Simla by which a continuous record could be obtained of the charge necessary to keep at zero potential a large area—17 square meters—which was to all intents and purposes a part of the surface of the ground. This instrument was in use for nearly a month, and registered a continuous loss of negative electricity. These experiments indicate clearly that during fine weather negative electricity actually passes from the earth into the air. This disposes of the possibility of the lost charge being renewed uniformly over the whole earth by such processes as the fall of charged dust, friction of the air on the earth's surface, or the absorption of ions from the air. The loss over the whole earth is equivalent to a constant current of more than 1,000 amperes. As this loss takes place from all regions of the earth, subject to normal or fine weather conditions, it would appear that the return current can only exist in regions of disturbed weather, and it is known that in such regions the potential gradient is often reversed and the rain charged."

A reversed field certainly causes a flow of negative electricity into the earth, but as the time during which the field is reversed in any one place is only a very small fraction of the time during which it is normal, the flow of electricity would have to be enormous if the loss were made good in this way. Such a large flow could not possibly escape detection and no one has seriously put forward this as a solution of the problem.

There is still the possibility that the electricity comes to the earth in the disturbed area as a negative charge on the rain. For many years this was the most favored theory for the supply of the negative electricity. Three years ago, however, measurements were made in Simla which showed that there at least the rain carried down more positive than negative electricity. Since then many measurements have been made on the electricity of rain. Now we have before us the results of observations made in Porto Rico, Simla, Vienna, Potsdam, Puy en Velay and Dublin.

"In every one of these cases the Simla result is confirmed, and there can be no doubt now that in all kinds of rain, from the intense rain of thunderstorms to the drizzle of a

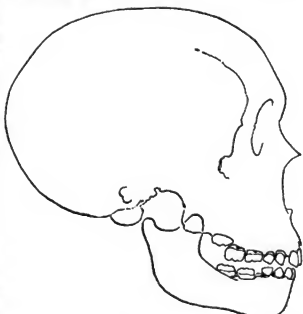
depression, more positive than negative electricity is brought to the earth. Thus rain, instead of solving our problem, has made it more difficult.

"It has been suggested that the charge may be returned in the lightning of thunderstorms. Prof. Schuster has discussed this point in his recent book, 'The Progress of Physics,' and comes to the conclusion: 'It does not seem to me, judging by present information, that lightning discharges from cloud to earth can play an important part in increasing or diminishing the charge of the earth,' and there are other reasons, not mentioned by Prof. Schuster, for coming to the same conclusion.

"We have now discussed the conditions in disturbed areas and have not found the return current, for neither the reversed field, the precipitation, nor the lightning provides it. Thus the science of atmospheric electricity has come to a deadlock, and there is at present no indication of a way out. We may sum up the position in the following statement. A flow of negative electricity takes place from the surface of the whole globe into the atmosphere above it, and this necessitates a return current of more than 1,000 amperes; yet not the slightest indication of any such current has so far been found, and no satisfactory explanation for its absence has been given."

While, then, the occurrence and something of the more fundamental atmospheric vibrations are already known, says Edwin C. Martin,* who is a careful authority, the cause of them remains still very much hidden. In the eager search for it going on the object first and most questioned is, naturally, the sun. The sun, indeed, is just now as if it were a trust under investigation.

* OUR OWN WEATHER. By Edwin C. Martin, Harper and Brothers.



ONE OF OUR PREHISTORIC ANCESTORS

This outline of the so-called Moustier Skull was supposed to be relatively modern as these things go, but just now there is reason to infer that it may be many thousands of years old.

APPLICATION OF THE LAWS OF MOTION TO THE GIANT OCEAN LINER

NOT many know the real beginning of the movement towards modern ocean giants like the *Imperator*, observes the well-informed J. C. Backhouse in a recent paper on the new era in seamanship. It is the story, he declares, of a now deceased Liverpool ship-owner who, from small beginnings, became first manager and then partner in a shipping firm at a time when the shape and build of ships was widely different from what it is now. This ship-owner was struck by the idea that if he built his steamers twice the length then usual they would carry between four and five times the cargo, and yet be run with only a very slightly increased expense. In the older type a disproportionate space was taken up by engines and boilers. In the newer type all the space added by

doubling the length was clear stowage room. Not only did the ship-owner carry out his idea, but by cheapening freights he built up an immense trade, and a vast fortune, before competitors realized and imitated his simple secret. The discovery, by lowering the cost of ocean transport, has done more for international trade than all the laws passed by all the parliaments of civilization. In that man's brain—he was the late Frederick Leyland—the modern steamship was really born, and the modern steamship, and its gigantic proportions, have come to stay. This is a matter in which there can be no turning back, unless and until oversea traffic shrinks. All the possibilities and probabilities of the future, however, point to its increase. Our careful student of this subject enlarges in the *London News*:

"The problem of the giant steamship is no longer a constructional problem. The real problem, so far as the safety of the world's ocean-traveling public is concerned, is one of seamanship. The ship of 45,000 or 50,000 tons sets up, from the standpoint of practical management, conditions which are altogether novel. We have to face a question of dynamics so new that nobody can be surprised if, in the absence of any experience to speak of, caution must for some time be the watchword.

"The latest type of giant has three propellers, and an arrangement by which steam can be instantly shut off the central propeller. The wing propellers are reversible. Hence, if the central propeller be stopped and the wing propeller on, say, the port side reversed, the ship can be swung round to port in about her own length. That, at any rate, is the theory of the matter, but it is a question if the theory takes adequately into account the momentum of a body weighing, when loaded, 80,000 tons and moving at the rate of 20 or 21 knots per hour. Suppose a ship of that weight traveling at such a speed to be 'put about' by the means described. Her path through the water would be nothing like that of a lighter ship, tho the latter were equally speedy. It would be an immensely more elongated parabola curve. Hence the only chance of avoiding a danger point, whether fixed or moving, would be to begin the maneuver of avoidance at a distance increased in proportion to the enormous momentum of millions of foot-tons which has to be controlled. In narrow tidal waters this difficulty of maneuvering is great, but it exists also on the open ocean, because of the vast area such a ship must describe in avoiding an obstacle in the line of her course. Owing to the height of the deck above water, and the distance of the bridge from the bow, the navigator in charge becomes doubly dependent on the lookout. If, therefore, the latter is not intelligent enough to realize that obstacles or possible obstacles ought to be reported much sooner than would be necessary in the case of smaller ships, danger may be unavoidable, where a smaller ship might readily escape."

There is a moral attaching to this matter in the fact that merchant captains at present receive no training in the science of dynamics. The men who control great Atlantic liners undoubtedly do know a good deal of the science, picked up in the course of experience in handling ships, or from their own reading. All the same, a man can pass the examinations and obtain his captain's certificate without having the most elementary knowledge of the laws of motion. As at present conducted, the examinations seem to be arranged on the idea of making the tests before everything 'practical.'

The spirit of scientific intelligence is anathema. Theory, that is to say,



Photo by Brown Brothers

THE MOST GIGANTIC OF RUDDERS

The steering gear of the *Imperator* has been devised with so exquisite a nicety that the slightest pressure of a button on the bridge effects a responsive reversal of engines below at an unprecedented speed.

science as science, is under a ban. The revolution in shipbuilding has in truth initiated a revolution in seamanship. This the more intelligent members of the profession appreciate. But it has not yet dawned on the responsible authorities. To them seamanship is very much where it was in the days of Nelson, and the practical man in control, who hates your theorist, fights for his position with the tenacity of a bulldog.

"Take an example. Every navigator is familiar with the 'Table of Traverses'—the winds and currents likely to send a ship out of her course. In setting the

course from day to day he calculates and allows for these where they occur. Now the 'Table of Traverses' is nothing more or less than a series of examples of that elementary scientific fact, the parallelogram of forces. The embryo navigator has to cram the Table, and to work out examples from it. Yet he is never taught the principle, which any intelligent youth could master in fifteen minutes. At least, the principle is ignored in the examinations, because rule of thumb is supposed to be the best equipment for a seadog. Over and over again have inquiries into the loss of ships shown that, knowing nothing of the scientific principle, a navigator in a traverse current not noted in the Tables has been utterly at a loss. Nay, the rule of the road at sea com-

pels a man steering for a point to keep the ship's nose towards that point, although, if there is a cross-current, the line he thinks he is following is wholly non-existent and imaginary. The real line may, and not infrequently does, land him on a coast or a sandbank. And then the authorities suspend his certificate for in effect not knowing what they never required him to know.

"The profession has now to adapt itself to a new state of affairs. At present it is looked upon, officially, much as the military profession was looked upon by the British War Office in the days of purchase of a commission. The scientific officer existed then, as he exists among merchant captains now, but he could look for no favoring countenance."

THE ETHER AS THE SUPREME PARADOX OF MODERN PHYSICS

IN THE complexity due to the extreme specialization of modern scientific work, there is probably no aspect that so frequently acts as a barrier between those claiming the rights of an "initiate" and the uninstructed public as the conception of the ether. It is a product of the intelligence that can make no direct impression on our senses. Indeed, adds the well-informed physicist who studies the problem in the pages of the *London Post*, and whose words we reproduce owing to their informing clarity and importance, the ether is the supreme paradox of scientific thought. It offers to passage through it no appreciable resistance, it is able to exert a strength of resistance where the most skilfully forged steel would snap like tow; we are dependent on it as the faithful bearer to us of the heat and light of the sun and the stars; it alone makes possible the development of the electric forces that play so great a part in every-day life, but it remains unknown, impalpable, the necessary condition of scientific thought.

But to-day, when we have come to correlate cause and effect, when we have behind us centuries of effort inspired by the world's arch-sceptic Lucretius, we have reached a desperate strait where we must do something to escape from the hell of inconsistency into which our speculations have led us.

"The need of the existence of an ether can be realized most simply by having recourse to a very common experiment. If we take a vessel of glass and connect it to an air-pump, putting an alarm clock inside, and the clock alarm goes off, there is no difficulty about hearing the ringing of the bell. But we have only to get the air-pump to work and to exhaust the air when the sound of the bell grows faint, and as the vacuum gets more and more complete, is absolutely stifled, though the hammer can still be seen striking at the bell. The experiment

is one that appeals to the imagination; the interpretation of it is obvious enough, and has long been a commonplace of school-boy instruction; sound is nothing more than the waves that have been set up in a fluid medium, and our appreciation of them. The knowledge we thus gain brings home to us what a miserably imperfect piece of mechanism our bodies are. The ear can detect these slow heavy-footed vibrations that come to us at the rate of between 40 and 40,000 a second. But the whole of space may be quivering and palpitating with waves at all sorts of varying speeds and our senses will tell us nothing of them until we get them coming to us at the inconceivable rate of 400,000,000,000,000 a second, when again we respond to them and appreciate them in the form of light.

"We have only to consider the experiment a little further to find a first cause for the need for the existence of an ether. We can substitute an electric light for the alarm clock, we can use the most delicate instruments, but the light will still come through to us, undimmed and unchanged by the fact that there is no air to transmit it. We must pass over the brilliant train of experimental work that has proved definitely that light is nothing else than a series of intensely rapid vibrations. Having learned that air, or some other substance, is necessary to carry to us the waves of sound and make them perceptible to our ears, we naturally put ourselves the question what is the substance in which the waves of light originating in the glowing filament of carbon are transmitted to our



Photo by Brown Brothers

THE CITADEL OF THE OCEAN RACER

On the bridge of the *Imperator* one finds the signal bells, the apparatus of direction as distinguished from the mechanism proper. Here are the men who guide, direct and rule—the brains of the ship.

eyes. Something must pass from the filament to our eyes, and a moment's reflection suffices to warn us that the experiment we have done with labor and difficulty in the laboratories is a mere replica of what has been happening in the universe for unlimited time. For the sun and the moon and the stars have been sending us their light through the void without the aid of any medium such as our senses can appreciate.

The case is, one might say, a circumstance in which to avoid the conception of an ether, of action at a distance. The sun occupies one position, we on the earth another, and may it not be that the sun for all this time has been sending us through space the something that we recognize as light? The idea of there being some such action has not been without its advocates, and Clerk Maxwell devoted a brilliant exposition to it. He started with the idea of the ringing of a bell, and reminded his audience that their ordinary methods of logical thought forced them to the conclusion of there being some material connection between the bell and the man who rang it, either a connecting wire that was pulled, or an electric wire conducting a current, or a tube of air which on being compressed brought a mechanism into play. These were commonplace examples, and he passed to the contemplation of the case of rapidly spinning discs placed near to a light suspended body. If the necessary conditions are satisfied the light body is attracted, a phenomenon that at first sight looks like action at a distance. One has only, however, to realize the truth of the general statement that in a moving fluid the pressure is least where the velocity is greatest to understand that the disc sets the air in motion in such a way that it exerts a pressure from behind the light body and drives it towards the disc.

"There is a danger of our regarding it a simple matter that we are able to stir up the mud in a pool with the stick that we hold in our hand. But when we come to think correctly in the terms of modern scientific thought there are the best of reasons for believing that no two particles that go to make up the stick are actually touching. There is good reason, indeed, to doubt whether two atoms of matter ever have been in real contact. Optical methods show that if one piece of glass is placed on another it does not touch in the same sense that it does when by considerable pressure the two pieces have been brought more closely together. If still more pressure is applied and the glass surfaces are smooth, the two pieces can be brought so closely together that in pulling them apart they will break away, but not at the place of contact, where the join may be stronger than the substance of the glass. All our common ideas on this subject require revision. As Sir Oliver Lodge has pointed out, a flexible chain set spinning can stand up on end; a jet of water at sufficient speed



A FORTUNE IN RADIUM

In this hand is one of those trifling quantities of the new element which has transformed our ideas of the world we live in, changed our theories of the universe and left the old chemistry and the old physics in ruins besides vindicating the theory of the transmutation of elements.

can be struck with a hammer and resists being cut with a sword; a spinning disc of paper becomes elastic like flexible metal, and can act like a circular saw. So if the various parts of our stick are not in contact we want to know what is the something that gives it rigidity. The common experience at once becomes of interest, and if we deny the ether we are faced once again with the old problem as to what transmits our action to the muddy pond."

In his lecture Clerk Maxwell drives home his argument as to the impossibility of action at a distance by reference to the work of Orsted and Ampère, and more particularly to the long series of brilliant researches of Faraday on electric and magnetic lines of force. Faraday was able to show that these lines or tubes of force tend to shorten and to spread out in the same sort of way that a muscle does when it contracts, and argued that electricity manifested itself in the medium in which it acted by a state of stress consisting of tension like that of a rope in the direction of the lines of force combined with a pressure in all directions at right angles. And then, reaching the climax of his lecture, he said:

"The vast interplanetary and interstellar regions will no longer be regarded as waste places in the universe, which the Creator has not seen fit to fill with the symbols of the manifold order of His Kingdom. We shall find them to be already full of this wonderful medium, so full that no human power can remove it from the smallest portions of space or produce the slightest flaw in its infinite continuity. It extends unbroken from star to star, and when a molecule of hydrogen vibrates in the Dog Star, the

medium receives the impulses of these vibrations, and after carrying them in its immense bosom for several years delivers them in due course, regular order and full tale into the spectroscope of Mr. Huggins, at Tañse Hill."

What are the properties of the ether, if by the inconceivability of action at a distance we can regard its existence as established? If it is matter at all, or if, as many modern philosophers believe, matter is in reality ether in motion, it must be matter in a peculiar state. We can form a picture of the possibility by noting the behavior of a vortex ring. When we blow a smoke ring we find that it behaves peculiarly. Though consisting only of air—for the smoke particles that make it visible have no effect on those of its properties that are being considered—it resists any attempt at the alteration of its shape, and were it not for friction, which would not exist in a perfect fluid, it would remain in form and motion and matter as permanent as the Universe. It may be that the truth is that the ether is comparable with the air, while matter is comparable with a vast series of smoke-ring constellations, each bound up in the world of its own atom and each liable to be affected by neighboring atoms. But, if the view is accepted, it is only in the realm of thought that ether and matter can be regarded as one.

It is a substance of amazing elasticity, for if we accept the teachings of the natural philosophers, when we bend a steel spring it is not the atoms composing the steel that are bent, but the connecting links between the atoms of the steel, and this elasticity must be a property of the ether. Its strength must be astounding, for calculation shows that the force that holds the moon in its orbit would be great enough to tear asunder a steel rod four hundred miles thick, so that, as Sir Oliver Lodge has graphically expressed it, a forest of pillars would be necessary to whirl the system once a month round their common center of gravity.

"Little can be added to our knowledge of ether to-day. Owing to the discovery of the wireless waves and their harnessing to the service of man in wireless telegraphy, it has come within the scope of popular interest, but the ether has manifested itself in no sense other than that it is the nominative of the verb to undulate. But none the less, it is a fundamental conception of science, an entity having an existence as real as ourselves, and essential to a right understanding of the modern views of natural phenomena.

"And yet with it all we are profoundly unconscious of its existence. It sweeps through the densest material as if it were gossamer, much as the wind sweeps through the trees without our being able to see its passage, and it is this property of it that makes it so elusive as to revolt our senses."

AN INDICTMENT OF THE EDUCATED HORSE FROM THE COLLEGE PROFESSOR'S STANDPOINT

QUITE a number of educated horses have been conspicuously before the public in recent years. Many will remember Blondine, the steed who manifested such amazing intellectual gifts during the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo. The testimony of great statesmen, including the late President McKinley, that of distinguished heroes, including Admiral Schley, and that of teachers all agreed that Blondine was an intelligent prodigy. He could, so it seemed, add, subtract, multiply, divide, spell and read.

Impressed by these accomplishments and by those of other horses, Professor M. V. O'Shea, of the University of Wisconsin, took advantage of an opportunity he had to test the intelligence of King Pharaoh, which has probably attracted more attention than that of any other horse of recent times. Professor O'Shea writes in *The Popular Science Monthly*:

"He has appeared before notable people and vast audiences in every section of this country. He has received unqualified praise for his abilities from newspaper and magazine writers, and from such persons as Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Governor Eberhardt, of Minnesota, and others of like distinction. His trainer, Dr. Boyd, of Columbia, South Carolina, claims that we have at last an animal with genuine human intelligence, as shown in his interpretation of oral and written language, his mathematical calculations, his reading of human character, and similar achievements.

"The writer, who had made some observations respecting Blondine's powers as revealed in his exhibitions in Buffalo, was able to make an investigation of King Pharaoh's abilities in November, 1911. An educational convention was in session in Miles City, Montana. King Pharaoh with his trainer and retinue of attendants happened to be passing. . . . Doctor Boyd was asked whether he would permit the writer to make a test of King Pharaoh's reputed human intelligence and he readily consented to this. It was stipulated that the trainer should first exhibit the horse in the presence of a body of twenty-five observers, these to be chosen mainly from the educators in attendance at the convention, after which the writer would take control of King Pharaoh, and his trainer and caretaker should leave the building."

King Pharaoh, be it noted, is a small pinto stallion. He has an unusually large head for his size. The trainer called special attention to this trait before beginning his performance with the horse. He also dwelt upon the remarkable success which King Pharaoh had had in all his exhibitions. He mentioned the people of prominence who had studied King Pharaoh, putting special emphasis upon the testimony of Ella Wheeler Wilcox and

Governor Eberhardt. The trainer had carefully arranged the setting of the stage before King was brought in. He had placed a blackboard on an easel. At four or five yards to the left there was a rack ten feet long, on which could be placed in upright position ten letters or ten numbers printed on blocks that could be easily knocked down. The letters and figures were printed on both sides of the blocks, so that the horse and the trainer could see them and the audience could also observe them. Throughout the exhibition the trainer stood between the blackboard and the rack, so that the horse would always be in front of him and he could see what was taking place.

For the purpose of the experiment Professor O'Shea put on the blackboard the following figures:

$$\begin{array}{r} 8576 \\ 6394 \end{array}$$

"King," Professor O'Shea next said to the horse, "add these figures."

"The trainer then said: 'King, do as the gentleman bids you. Go to the rack and show what is the sum of the first two figures. Go along and do it quickly.' Then turning to the audience he remarked: 'King is mischievous to-day, perhaps it is so cool, and he may not do just as he should unless I compel him to. Usually I never have to take a switch to him, but sometimes, when he is too mischievous, I have to correct him, and urge him to attend to his business.' It was interesting to note the effect of this statement upon the observers. It put them at once into sympathy with the horse, and predisposed them to explain King's lack of responsiveness and his mistakes to his 'mischievous,' and not to his inability to understand what was wanted of him. The remarks served effectively to divert many of the observers from studying the commands and actions of the trainer as possibly affording a clue to the reactions of the horse. They just naturally concluded that so much talk by the trainer was necessary in order to control the horse's 'mischievous,' and it did not occur to them that verbal clues were mixed in with the commands."

Meanwhile the horse was standing at the rack without indicating any interest in the proceedings. He was not "studying" the figures on the board. He did not appear to understand what was being said about him:

"At least it was impossible for the writer, who was carefully noting King's reactions at short range, to detect any recognition on King's part of the trainer's remarks or commands, tho it was claimed he understood every word. Turning to the horse again the trainer said, 'King, why don't you do as the gentleman asked you? Find the first number. Come on,

behave yourself, and find the first number,' and he picked up a stick as if to slap him. The horse then walked over to the rack on which the number 10 had been placed near the lower end. He moved down to this number, and pushed it off. However, just as King came to the number to the trainer said, 'Show the gentleman what the first number is.' After having pushed off the right number, he pushed off the number 6 which was next to it. The trainer then said, 'What is the number you carry? Find the number which you should carry.' The horse moved along the rack, and while the trainer was talking to and commanding him, stamping occasionally to impress him with the necessity of 'cutting out' his 'mischievous,' he pushed off the number 1 and the number next to it. Then the trainer said, 'What is the next number in this addition? Find it for the gentleman.' The horse moved along the rack and at the command, 'Show the gentleman,' he pushed off the number 13, and the one next to it. The trainer then had some one in the audience put the number 1 on the rack, tho it could not be determined whether the horse was looking at the moment; and, being commanded to show the number which should be carried, King moved up to the rack and apparently went directly to the right number and pushed it off."

So he went through the entire addition, making no mistakes except that for most of the numbers he pushed off both the right one and the next one to it. The trainer in each case would take two or three steps towards him and say: "He knows perfectly well what is right, but he is mischievous to-day. Sometimes he does that, but very rarely." Then the trainer would call out to the horse: "King, if you do not behave yourself I will whip you for it. Now you go and do as I bid you." The effect of these remarks was to make the spectators sympathize with the horse in all his pranks, tho he appeared to be in earnest, Professor O'Shea says, "according to equine standards." The Professor, at any rate, could detect no evidence of "mischievous" in the horse's expression or action.

Next, Professor O'Shea put on the board a problem in subtraction, one in multiplication and one in division. The horse solved each in the way he solved the others. In most cases he pushed off more than one number, which the trainer ascribed to the weather or to some similar cause—not to lack of intelligence.

King Pharaoh's most remarkable work in arithmetic, judging from the expressions of the audience, was his correct solution, in the same sense that his other solutions were correct, of the problem: "If I must pay thirty-five cents for one dozen oranges, how much must I pay for 224 dozens?" King Pharaoh "solved" this "in his mind,"

which, observes Professor O'Shea, is more than the average high-school graduate can do. Also the horse apparently solved all the other problems, or at any rate carried the solutions in his mind after studying them once, which would be regarded as a feat for even a mathematician.

Stopping for comment at this point, Professor O'Shea observes that the trainer, while commanding the horse, saw the numbers on the rack. The horse passed, moreover, along the rack, instead of walking straight up to a number.

"It was impossible to keep tab on all of the trainer's talk so as to determine whether he always used a given word or phrase when the horse was opposite a particular number; but some observers in the audience believed that this was true, and that the phrase he used was 'Show the gentleman.' It was thought by some members of the audience that the trainer always stamped his foot when the horse was to move back on the rack in order to find the right number. The writer, who remained at the blackboard while the horse was 'studying' the figures, noted that he did not appear to concentrate upon them at all. The trainer would say to him as the numbers were being written, 'Now, King, study these numbers, so that you can do your work quickly.' The horse on at least two occasions nibbled at the writer's fingers while the numbers were being written. Once he looked out of the window; and from the focus of his eyes, which were specially observed, it appeared impossible for him to be attending to the numbers which had been written. If a child had been doing this work he would have shown in his bodily adjustments that he was concentrating upon the situation before him; but it was just the other way with King. The trainer would tell him to figure a problem all out before he went to the rack, so that he could do his work fast; and, assuming that he did this, it indicated a higher degree of numerical imagery and retentiveness than the majority of human beings possess."

After the arithmetical tests Professor O'Shea himself introduced King Pharaoh to three of the observers in different parts of the room. Then five ribbons of different colors were put on the rack:

"The writer said to the horse, 'King, take the orange ribbon to Miss W.' The trainer followed with, 'King, do as the gentleman bids you. Find the orange color.' The trainer was constantly talking to King, and stamping to make him obedient, and the horse soon picked out the orange ribbon and apparently went directly with it to Miss W., throwing it at her. The writer next said, 'King, find the blue ribbon and take it to Mr. X.' Again the trainer talked to the horse while he was performing the task, with the result that he found the blue ribbon, and took it to Mr. X. Miss W. threw her ribbon onto the floor, and the trainer said, 'King, pick up the orange ribbon and take

it to Dr. O.' The horse picked up the ribbon, turned around, and did exactly as he was commanded; and in this case neither the writer nor the observers could detect any cue word or signal which was used to guide the horse. It should be said that all the observers were much impressed with the directness with which the horse appeared to go to the individual whose name was mentioned in any of these tests, though when King was being introduced to a person he did not seem to pay any attention to him. A human being would look at any one to whom he was being introduced, so that in the future he could recognize him through having focalized some of his characteristics; but King's eyes never once focused on the person to whom he was being presented."

After the trainer and his assistants had left the hall Professor O'Shea repeated every one of the experiments which had been performed by King Pharaoh when his trainer was present. It may be stated in brief that the horse failed to perform a single test satisfactorily. When told to go to the blackboard without any gesture or sign other than the mere words of the command he did not respond. He could not react even to the word "blackboard." But when urged with the uplifted hand in the act of striking, and guided in the right direction, he would go and "study" the numbers. When invited to go to the rack and achieve the solution, he seemingly had no idea of what was said to him. When urged and threatened he would pass along the rack without knocking off any number. It was impossible to get him to remove a number simply by telling him to find the correct one. It was the same in regard to the spelling. In some instances, when he was commanded in a threatening manner to find numbers, he would paw, indicating that he seemed to think the command was to count. The only reaction that could be got from him was to stand before the blackboard, walk along the rack when urged and threatened with a stick, but without any disposition to solve problems. He would paw when a command such as "Go and find Miss W." was continually repeated in an increasingly austere tone. It was evident that the horse had no imagery whatever for the words "Miss W." and no notion of what was required of him. From all these things Professor O'Shea generalizes:

"Any one familiar with horses knows that they are capable of keen responses of a particular kind. They can very acutely distinguish tones of voice in respect to their denoting gentleness, or harshness, or weakness, or sternness in their possessors. Dogs have the same sort of keenness. Very young children, before they understand a single word as a symbol of meaning, can discriminate a number of shades in vocal quality. A horse can learn the significance of certain words which denote simple, definite reactions, as 'gee,' 'haw,' 'get up,' 'whoa,' and the like. He can be

taught to respond in special cases to a considerable range of visual and auditory signs or cues, as may be observed in any circus. He can discriminate strangers from his caretakers, alike by smell and by sight, and also by the 'feel' of the rein in driving him. The dominant emotion of the horse is fear, and he is keen in noting the characteristics of persons or places or objects which have been associated in his experience with pain or terror. He is extremely cautious, which keeps him ever on the alert, with the result that he will respond to simple stimuli in the form of 'lessons' much more readily than the cow or the sheep, for instance. King is undoubtedly an average horse in this respect. As a result of repeated 'lessons,' he has associated a few visual and auditory signs with definite responses, and he has probably connected particular reactions with specific words, as 'gentleman,' or 'show the gentleman,' which is, of course, but one word to him, denoting a specific reaction, just as 'whoa' does. Unquestionably much of his performance depends upon the peculiar vocal and bodily mannerisms of his trainer. When these are removed, King is at sea, helplessly befogged when he is requested to do anything.

"Those who exploit the intelligence of the horse, and other animals as well, usually try to show that they possess the traits of the human mind, in that they can understand sentences in ordinary speech, can read and spell and calculate numerically, can learn the names of people and discriminate their character, can interpret facial expression, and so on. Now, all these acts and processes demand a synthesis of particular experiences which it is safe to say the equine brain is incapable of under any kind or degree of education. If a horse could do these things, it would cease to be a horse."

The equine brain, in a word, is the cause of the circumstance that the horse must forever remain a horse by what may be called a zoological necessity. It is true that the lower animals are derived from the same stock as the higher ones. They persist, explains Dr. William T. Matthew, in his article on Zoology, in *The Science History of the Universe*, because they are perfectly adapted to their habitat and mode of life or because they had gotten into a groove of evolutionary progress which did not allow them to advance so fast or so far as the higher types or because of arrested development from obscure causes. Some of the factors which have limited their evolution are clearly seen while others are more difficult to trace. The animal or plant is thus not a mere aggregate of living cells, but an organism. In the successive classes and orders of animals, from lowest to highest, there is a progressive complexity in the organism, a more and more absolute and exact limitation of the cells or groups of cells to special functions. This progressive specialization is the key to the fact that a horse never ceases to be a horse.

Religion and Ethics

SEX O'CLOCK IN AMERICA

A WAVE of sex hysteria and sex discussion seems to have invaded this country. Our former reticence on matters of sex is giving way to a frankness that would even startle Paris. Prostitution, as *Life* remarks, is the chief topic of polite conversation. It has struck "sex o'clock" in America, to use William Marion Reedy's memorable phrase. The White Slave appears in the headlines of our newspapers. Reginald Wright Kauffman and a tribe of other scribes are making capital out of the victims of Mrs. Warren's profession. Witter Bynner in *The Forum* exploits the White Slave in blank verse. *Leslie's Weekly* points out her lesson in short stories. *The Smart Set* makes her the subject of a novelette. In the theater, "Damaged Goods," a play of which the action springs from venereal disease, marks an epoch of new freedom in sex discussion. The story of Brieux' drama is being "adapted" to *Physical Culture* readers by Upton Sinclair. Mr. Rockefeller's young men in Chicago, Philadelphia and New York, have made exhaustive studies of the lupanar and its inmates. Vice reports leap into print. Vice commissions meet and gravely attempt to rebuild in a fortnight the social structure of the world. Is this overemphasis of sex a symptom of a new moral awakening or is it a sign that the morbidity of the Old World is overtaking the New? Does it indicate a permanent change in our temper or is it merely the concomitant of the movement for the liberation of woman from the shackles of convention that will disappear when society has readjusted itself to the New Woman and the New Man? Has it struck sex o'clock permanently or will time soon point to another hour?

One writer in the *St. Louis Mirror*, James F. Clark, asserts that we must grant to-day to woman the same promiscuity that society tacitly grants to the male. This statement has aroused a storm of discussion and protest. Mr. Reedy himself, tho a radical, strongly dissents from the attitude of his aggressive contributor. He points out that Clark's point of view is the logical outcome of the hideously materialistic theory that disregards spiritual values altogether. "I do not believe," he says, "that given the prophylactic and

remedy, women, under the new dispensation, are to abandon themselves to promiscuity. I cannot see that emancipation tends that way. It seems rather to me that emancipated woman, knowing good and evil, will choose her man rather than be chosen."

"The laxity in sex matters in this and other countries cannot be said to be due to the broadening of women's views. The women who have entered upon the life of civic and social enlargement are not those who 'go astray.' The sexually loose women are not the so-called advanced women. They are the parasite women, the indulged women, the women who do not think. And I want to say that I don't believe in the theory that the woman has the same passions as a man. I, too, have been to Cyprus, and the woman of passion, from Sappho to Catherine of Russia, is a fake or a psycho-psychological freak. Woman's passion is mostly a pretence. The idea that women in any great number would resort to promiscuity is absurd. The removal of the fear of consequences won't count for much with an intelligent womanhood. Not intelligence, but ignorance recruits the ranks of the social evil."

The brilliant Saint Louis editor has little use for the anti-vice crusades financed by Standard Oil money. There are, he says, and he speaks with the authority of a man of wide experience, plenty of women of evil life in all large cities. But these are not "White Slaves." The inmates of houses may be in debt to mistresses, but they are not held prisoners and cannot be. "But as young Rockefeller is putting up the money for the White Slave hunt, of course," Mr. Reedy goes on to say, somewhat cynically, "White Slaves' have to be produced." Vice and crime, he insists, are the symptoms of poverty, which itself is a symptom of the disease known as privilege. Does strike at the root, not at the branches.

The vice crusade business in Chicago, New York, San Francisco, everywhere, thinks Reedy, is being overdone. There is too much sensationalism in its campaigns. There is too much censorship of songs and dances. It is all as spasmodic and Saint Vitus dance-like as some of the condemned performances themselves. "There's an epidemic frenzy in it. And the public isn't so much shocked.

It rather enjoys the coprolalia of it all."

"No one is particularly in favor of vice. But most thinking people are in favor of liberty and there cannot prevail much liberty when the raiding plan of reform is so generally adopted. I have an idea that people have a right to go to hell in their own way. And that a good way to drive them to hell is to begin to coerce and drive them towards other people's ideals of righteousness. Raids are going to produce more harm than good. If society is going to hell by way of the tango and the turkey trot and the cabaret show, who started it in that direction? Why, 'the best people.' It is 'the best people' that have exalted vaudeville and girl shows above the genuine drama. It is the best people who have made the cabaret show and demanded that it be ever more and more highly spiced. When the habits and customs of the best people broaden down to the common people, lo, there is a wild cry for reform. And it is all done now in the name of the working girl. Balderdash! The working girl is a working girl, not a bawd at large. The working girl doesn't keep the hot joints in the big town running. That is done mostly by folks who think themselves in the know and in the swim. The prevalent looseness in society is not to be checked by sensational raids or slumming expeditions by legislative committees of investigation. We must begin farther back than the patrol-wagon."

Reedy places the blame for the sex hysteria upon the hedonistic materialistic philosophy that pervades American life. The poor, he says, learn their worst vices from the rich. Everybody lives for a good time in the upper world, and the infection spreads downward. "Is there," he asks, "anything of the spiritual left in education in America, broadly speaking? There is not."

"Education is now directed to the end of enabling a man to get money. Our youths study what they think will enable them to get there quickest. No classics. No arts and no metaphysics. No religion. And science—well, science is fallen into the hands of those who pursue it not to know, but to get. Education is not to draw a man out of himself, but to draw material things to himself. No one is concerned with eternal things. All that interests us is the immediate gratification. And some few of us have the idea that, because we think we are better than

other people, we have a right to say what they shall sing or dance and whom they shall marry and whether they shall marry at all. We want to make people good by science."

There is, however, the writer eloquently continues, a return to the spirit, which, indeed, most people have never forgotten. We are beginning again to discover the common man and to forget the superman and his indulgence in himself, and his imitators.

"When we get back again to teaching that man is made for the eternities and not for his little, feverish hour here—as we are getting back to it—we shall find that we have only been on a long drunk of materialism, that we have been of Circe's swine. We shall not abolish vice, but vice will be more decent, more natural, more healthy than it is now with its horrid, formal, artificial glare. Some of us may, as in the past, set aside the Ten Commandments as interferences with our energies, but we won't set up the Seven Deadly Sins in their places. We shall be free of eugenics, and of economic determinism and the survival of the fittest and all the Spencerian, Bergsonian, Nietzschean gods, and have liberty of the spirit to develop ourselves by virtue of that human in us that is not one with the dragons of the prime. We will not be good as long as, or because 'it pays,' and then kick over all the traces. We will be as good as we can, with an occasional stumble, and try always to be better, and we will not turn raiders tomorrow against the people who are doing merrily the things we did to-day. We shall realize that bad tho we be, and our brothers, too, we all have souls to be saved and they can't be saved by government or by science or by anybody but ourselves, aspiring to our better selves in the likeness of the ideal we call God. So we shall quit trying to destroy vice as it flourishes by raids and censorship. We shall begin at the beginning and be virtuous ourselves and teach virtue to others by showing them the eternal, not the temporal, values of conduct, motivated by justice and upon love."

Dr. Cecile L. Greil, a Socialist writer, welcomes the fact that society is drawing its head out of the sand of prudery where it had hidden it, ostrich-like. But she, too, fears the hysteria of sex discussion. She especially warns the members of her own sex. The pendulum with women swings more rapidly to extreme degrees, she asserts. This may be because of her highly sensitized nervous organism, which fastens with almost hysterical tenacity to anything which produces an emotional appeal. And surely nothing that has come to her for study or reflection in all the ages has been as important to her, and through her to posterity, as is this freedom of sex knowledge, which guards the citadel of society and makes for a better, finer race of citizens. "But one danger lurks in her midst. Sex free-

dom is frequently hysterically interpreted into meaning sex license. And the science which shall give her the right to freer, happier motherhood entails all the responsibilities that freedom in any other sense does." The modern social system, the writer continues in *The Call*, is a terrific endurance test against the forces within ourselves and the forces that attack us without. Vanity and love and sport she admits, quoting a Judge of one of the Night Courts, make more prostitutes than economic pressure and exploitation.

"Youth is extravagant to prodigality with itself. It is drunk with its own intoxicating perfume. It looks down into the glass of life as did Narcissus into the brook, and like Narcissus falls in love with its own beauty. And we surround that young, passionate, bursting blossom with every temptation to break down its resistant power, lure it into sentiment, pulsating desire and eroticism by lurid literature, moving pictures, tango dances, suggestive songs, cabarets, noise, music, light, life, rhythm everywhere, until the senses are throbbing with leashed-in physical passion—everything done to lure, but nothing to instruct. So one day the leath snaps, and another boy or girl is outside the pale. We do much for the developing of the intellect and for the use of our hands so that we may send our young people out into the big battle that lies beyond the home, but for the battle against the physical forces, the law of the magnetic attraction of the sexes, at the dangerous period of puberty and adolescence, we do nothing. Education is the only thing that can save, rational libertarian education on the subjects pertaining to the laws of personal and social hygiene."

Society is apt to regard the fourteen-year-old adolescent as a little dreamy school-girl, ties pretty ribbons in her hair, and keeps her dresses well confined to knee length, forgetting that all the externals of the child mask the seething turbulent ocean underneath. In the child dwells a fully awakened woman. Nature goes through a vicarious process of sex awakening with all its stupendous morbid psychology and complexes. The position of the boy at puberty, contends Dr. Greil, is still worse. He has not even the hereditary instincts of inhibition that his little sister has.

"Society smiles on his acts, calls them 'sport,' sowing his wild oats, etc. He becomes a moral coward and sneak, conscious only of strong animal impulses that he need not curb, and these drive him early to secret vice, to the brothel, to dissipation and roguery. And the crop he reaps from the wild oats he sows fill our streets with prostitutes, fill our foundling asylums with nameless babies and give him a heritage of venereal disease to wreck his future usefulness and hand down as a sad legacy to his posterity. He fears no moral code! His mother and sisters live in a rarified atmosphere of imaginary purity that cuts

him off from intimacy, and the understanding which his mother could impart to him if she were his friend instead of a transcendental ideal far up on a pedestal out of his reach. His father, perhaps the only human being who could save him at the crucial period, is his bitterest foe or at best a total stranger to him, shielding himself after exhausting all the phases of sex liberty for himself in an armor of virtue and respectability, which simply antagonizes the boy and widens the breach between himself and society."

"He becomes an alien in his own home, an outcast free to mingle with the world of vicious freedom that welcomes him with open arms, makes him the tool of lost souls and stains him with a smear of filth that ruins him utterly before he is old enough to learn that his much-prized sex freedom is a bondage that makes him pay exorbitant prices in loss of strength, ideals and health. Truly, life does teach as thoroughly as any academy, but how it makes us pay!"

The necessity of sex education is generally recognized. Yet there are also evidences of reaction. Thus the Chicago Board of Education rescinded the order issued by Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, in whose hands rests the school system of Chicago, providing for lectures on sex hygiene in the schools. *The Ecclesiastical Review*, a Roman Catholic publication, maintains that whatever warning and instruction may be necessary should be left in the hands of the priest. Nevertheless, the editor, tho grudgingly, prints a list of books on eugenics for the use of Roman Catholic teachers and priests to aid them in following intelligently the trend of public opinion. Another Roman Catholic publication, *America*, asks for the suppression of vice reports and of vice commissions, except for restricted particular investigations. The publication attacks Doctor Eliot's championship of the Society of Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis. Eliot has no right, in the opinion of *America*, to declare that before the advent of the Society and its head, Dr. Morton, the policy of the world was "absolute silence" with regard to sex hygiene. "There is," we are told, "a world of difference between absolute silence and the wise and prudent discretion which bids father and mother and teacher refrain from handling the topic in public and without discriminating sense, whilst it at the same time inspires them to say at the fitting time the right word which shall safeguard their children, and to say it with a circumspection not likely to destroy the sense of shame, which is the best natural protection of the innocence of these little ones."

Radicals and conservatives, Free-thinkers and Catholics, all seem to believe in solving the sex problem by education, but as to the method that is to be followed there are abysmal differences of opinion.

THE BANE OF THE CROWD

A CHRISTIANIZED Nietzscheanism," the "Superman with a touch of *marionetta*,"—that is William Marion Reedy's idea of "Crowds" (Doubleday, Page & Company), the latest book by Gerald Stanley Lee, author of "The Lost Art of Reading" and "Inspired Millionaires." "I am not prepared to say quite that it wholly misrepresents Nietzsche," Mr. Reedy writes. "It is a book very much like Allan Upward's 'The New World' and again like Charles Ferguson's 'The Religion of Democracy,' both of which Mr. Lee enthusiastically approves."

So impressed by "Crowds" was James Howard Kehler, a Chicago business man, that he took whole pages in the Chicago newspapers to urge people to read it as the greatest book of the age, this, without consulting either Mr. Lee or the latter's publishers. In fact, the writer seems to have imbued Mr. Kehler with the concrete qualities of the Inspired Millionaire.

Mr. Lee has visualized the world as a crowd in which he sees the individual struggling for recognition only to find his hands and feet held by the crowd. He finds that we live in crowds; are amused in herds, in fact, that the problem of living in this world is the problem of finding room in it. The crowd principle is the principle of production and distribution as evidenced in the department store and the syndicate stores. He finds that it rules commerce and philosophy, even the church.

He bemoans this surrender of religion, which, he says, is run on the working conviction that, unless the elders and the minister can gather two or three hundred in God's name, He will not pay any particular attention to them.

"The church of our forefathers, founded on personality, is exchanged for the church of democracy, founded on crowds; and the church of the moment is the institutional church, in which the standing of the clergyman is exchanged for the standing of the congregation. The inevitable result, the crowd clergyman, is seen on every hand among us—the agent of an audience, who, instead of telling an audience what they ought to do, runs errands for them morning and noon and night. With coddling for majorities and tact for whims, he carefully picks his way. He does his people as much good as they will let him, tells them as much truth as they will hear, until he dies at last, and goes to take his place with Puritan parsons who mastered majorities, with martyrs who would not live and be mastered by majorities, and with apostles who managed to make a new world without the help of majorities at all."

The great individual teacher, whose ideas penetrate every pupil who knows

him, is a thing of the past so far as our universities are concerned, and the crowd rules there. In journalism, it is the same and our journals have fallen off as a matter of course, "not only," Mr. Lee says, "in moral ideas, but in brain power, power of expression, imagination and foresight." With all their greatness, masses of readers, crowds of writers and piles of cablegrams, they are not able to produce the kind of man who is able to say a thing the kind of way that will make everybody stop and listen.

Mr. Lee attacks Socialism as the very apotheosis of the crowd spirit.

"The principle that an infinitely helpful society can be produced by setting up a row of infinitely helpless individuals is Socialism, as the average Socialist practices it. The average Socialist is the type of eager but effeminate reformer of all ages, because he seeks to gain by machinery things nine-tenths of the value of which to men is in gaining them for themselves. Socialism is the attempt to

invent conveniences for heroes, to pass a law that will make being a man unnecessary, to do away with sin by framing a world in which it would be worthless to do right, because it would be impossible to do wrong."

"Where are we going?" is the crowd cry. "The Men Ahead Pull"; "The Crowds Push"; "And the Machine Starts"—these are the titles to some of the chapters in Mr. Lee's book, and they about tell the story. What we need to learn, in his view, is the individualism that knows what it wants, where it is going and goes straight for it. Lee has Colonel Roosevelt in mind, but the Colonel does not quite measure up to his ideal. The big man must be big enough to want the right thing, but that is not enough. He must want it, not only for himself; he must want it for all.

"The only touch of poetry or art as yet that we have in America is—acting as if we believed in people. This particular art



THE APOSTLE OF A NEW INDIVIDUALISM

Gerald Stanley Lee in his latest book visualizes the world as a crowd in which the individual struggles for recognition only to find his hands and feet held by the crowd.

is ours. Others may have it, but it is all we have.

"That is what makes or may make any moment the common American a poet or artist.

"Speaking in this sense, Mr. Roosevelt

is the first poet America has produced that European peoples and European governments have noticed for forty years, or had any reason to notice. We respectfully place Mr. Roosevelt with Mr. McAdoo (and if Mr. Brandeis will pardon

us, with Mr. Brandeis) as a typical American before the eyes of the new President.

"We ask him to take Mr. Roosevelt as a very important part of the latest news about us."

PROFESSOR HERRON'S VISION OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION

THERE are times of unthinkable travail just ahead, according to Prof. George D. Herron, the somber prophet and poet who from his home in Florence, Italy, is inspiring the policies and guiding the destiny of the international Socialist movement. Just what forms the struggle will take, how long it will last, he does not pretend to say. But it will be a social struggle; it will end in a social revolution; and it will lead to "a really ecstatic human society, wholly fruitful, and with pathways leading to the stars."

Professor Herron makes these predictions in a series of articles he is contributing to the *Metropolitan* under the title, "Socialism and Spiritual Expansion." He sees in Socialism the force behind the coming revolution, and, unlike most Socialist thinkers, he treats the movement as primarily spiritual. "Is it not time," he asks, "that Socialism have its more mystical presentment? Is it not the aroma and the romance, as well as the information and the fact, that leads the host of men to holy war?" Socialism, he adds, must become a religion if it is to revolutionize and reorganize the world. To do for Socialism on its spiritual side something of what Karl Marx and William Morris have done for it on its economic and artistic sides, is Professor Herron's ambition and chosen life-task.

The expansion of the soul of man, he argues, is all there is of history; it is the only standard of value. "It is only the soul that counts." "I may be challenged," he continues, "to say what I mean by the soul; but it would be idle to accept the challenge. No one's definition would satisfy another." Yet everyone knows, in a general way, what the word "soul" means. "Whether we be materialist or mystic, we all speak of the soul when we try to distinguish the essential man, the real personality or ego, from the habits of thought or conduct." And history, according to this argument, is the effort of man to bring soul and society into agreement, to "make material organization the accordant expression of a satisfying, and yet eternally enlarging social ideal." "It was the expansion of the soul that brought Babylon and Rome low, that made the seats of old civilizations as the habitations of savages and beasts, and that buried

forgotten cities beneath the sands. It is because the soul is drawing a deep, new breath to-day, that there is trembling and trouble, foreboding and indecision, in all the places of power."

To say this is not, Professor Herron contends, to deny the importance of economic motives. "There is no such thing as a material distinction from a spiritual question. Nor is there any true consideration of the condition of the soul apart from the economic and social conditions which set the stage and the scenery for the drama of the soul's development." The argument proceeds:

"All social power, in its last analysis, is economic. No matter what the nature of such power may seem to be, its substance is the private possession and disposal of common necessities produced by common labor. Putting it simply and symbolically, the world's bread is the key to the world's control; and the quality of this control over bread determines the quality of the world—determines its social groups and its individual types. Whoever owns the bread that I must have, or the tools I must use in order to obtain it, he is the owner of me—whether I know it or not. From the modes by which the bread of men is gained, or from revolts against these modes, rise not only the customs and institutions of society, the dominion of states and classes, but also the gods and temples, the philosophies and faiths, the schools and sciences. The power of bread is the power of life and death, both physical and spiritual; it is the power to release or imprison the mind's attention, to open or close the regions of man's advance into the unknown and the unconquered."

It is just because there is no real harmony between the soul and "the power of bread" that the present social structure, in Professor Herron's view, is doomed. From time immemorial he traces the efforts of humanity to achieve social unity. Everlastingly he finds men's imaginations inspired by "The Great Hope." Christianity was one of the most notable expressions of this hope. "The proposals of Jesus were the most revolutionary that men had ever heard then, or that they have ever heard since; and because of these proposals he was put to death as a religious anarchy and a political criminal. His peace and good-will were to proceed through a conclusive destruction of the powers and customs, national and individual, built upon tyrannical

and ill-will. The fellowship of his friends was to be a flame consuming the laws and kingdoms that related men to one another as slaves and masters." But by no means does "The Great Hope" shine only from the soul of Jesus.

"There is no race or nation that has been without it; nor ever has its voice been altogether silent. It has never been without its witnesses upon the world's walls. There has been no revolution or religion that has not borne its banners. It has always had its apostles and martyrs. The reported sayings of Lao-tse, centuries before Christ, had The Great Hope as their core. It was long ago preached and practiced on the hilltops of Burmah, in the forests of India. Isaiah and Hosea and Malachi uttered it in voices that would be silenced by the police of New York or Paris or London. Some of its most beautiful expressions, in word and action, proceeded from the early Shinto Buddhists of Japan. Old Mohammedan prophets proclaimed it in Asia; and later, it lit the fires of peasant insurrections in Europe. Some of its sublimest and truest preachments are from the squalid yet splendid soul of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. In harsh and hard materialistic terms, yet truthfully and tremendously and effectually, did Karl Marx state The Great Hope also; and the Socialist movement is its modern and mighty apostolate."

But what, it will be asked, is Socialism, and what does it intend, definitely, to do? The answer, in Herron's phraseology, is that Socialism comes to mutualize and equalize the power that resides in the world's bread. If the inquiry be pursued farther, How is this to be accomplished? Herron replies, broadly: By the capture of the machinery of society by the working class. He writes in this connection:

"There can be no true understanding of Socialism apart from the recognition that society, by the system of social production for private profit, is divided into two classes, engaged in perpetual war with each other; one a producing and the other an exploiting class. Substantially stated, the present organization of the world is in order that a comparatively few may compel the labor of the many, and appropriate its fruits. Existing political institutions have no other end than this private seizure of social production, over and above the lowest scale of living which labor can be coerced into accepting. That the capitalist works, does not argue against the existence of his class.

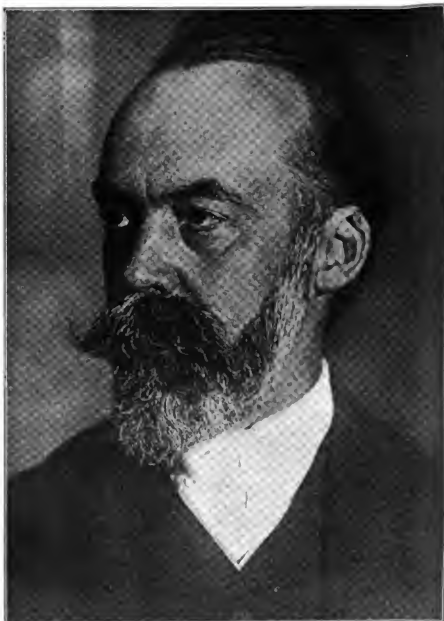
Or that the ruler works, does not argue against the parasitical nature of his position. The work of the capitalist consists in the exploitation of the real producer; the work of the ruler consists in the defense of the property of the capitalist—without which capitalist the ruler could not be. And between the workers and the class that possesses itself of their product, there can be neither identity of interest nor social peace.

"Nor ought there to be. It is an utterly irrational and immoral society, an insanely wasteful industrial arrangement, by which the bulk of the world's population is engaged in producing wealth it is never to enjoy. It is really a world of slaves we are living in; and freedom, either of labor or spirit, is a fiction. . . . For wherever industrial development begins, under capitalism, whether in Japan or China, in Pennsylvania or Poland, there the decay of man begins. It is the capitalist increase that is making the world a desperate shambles, and filling the minds of men with despair as to the human future. It is through capitalist centralization that men are herded in the dirt, the disease and the ugliness of tenements, of factories and mining shanties. It is through capitalism that so many millions of children never behold the green fields, nor anything but the dilapidation, the barrenness, the dumb and helpless sorrows, of congested industrial populations. And it is Socialism that will restore greenness and gladness to the earth; that will release children from the blight and brutality of modern industry, and set their feet once more among the fields, and put flowers in their hands and in their cheeks."

The working class, Professor Herron goes on to point out, has already laid the foundations for its future triumph in rapidly growing political and economic organizations. "The co-operative society," he says, "may be precipitated through universal catastrophe. Or, suddenly, it may become the obvious and only mode of decent human existence. Or it may come forth from long and tedious evolution, through many vacillations between unintelligent revolt and darkest reaction."

The important thing, in Herron's view, is that when it does come it will represent a complete transformation. Two obstacles chiefly menace its realization, and these are its own unworthy friends and the enemies who would forestall it by compromise. It is quite incorrect, Professor Herron holds, to speak of extensions of governmental centralization and control as State Socialism. "A State Socialism cannot be, any more than there can be a black whiteness or a white blackness." We are told further:

"Socialism, by its very establishment, is the negation of the capitalist state. Socialism is the mutual participation of all, not only in labor and its fruits, but in the organization and direction of society. It reaches beyond anything contemplated by even political democracy; and the name of democracy itself may have to be



HE ANTICIPATES THE SOCIAL CATAclysm THROUGH WHICH WE ARE TO PASS

Professor George D. Herron, apostle of Socialism and founder of the Rand School of Social Science in New York, predicts an imminent cataclysm out of which is to issue "a really ecstatic human society, wholly fruitful and with pathways leading to the stars."

abandoned, because of the debased and banal usage to which it has been subjected.

"Regardless of whether its forms and phrases be monarchical or democratic, the capitalist political state is the organized violence of the possessing class toward the dispossessed proletariat. Its governments, under whatever name they govern, are the organization of political and economic crime. Its wars are the sanctioned murder of the body; its peace is the murder of the soul. The capitalist state exists for the repression and vilification of man, and for the protection and glorification of property. And when the capitalist form of property is ended, when the private appropriation of social production is no more, then the thing for which the capitalist state exists is ended also; and the conception of society as a political organization is relegated to the rubbish heap of history. For the world ceases to be political as fast as it becomes social; as mankind becomes cooperative,

it ceases to govern, to be governed, or to need governing; as fellowship prevails, coercive powers of every kind pass away. Under Socialism, the state, as we know it, will be out of employment: there will be nothing for it to do; most of its functions will no longer exist; its offices will have atrophied from disuse; its police powers will have become a pestilence of the past."

The conclusion to which this argument leads is not that the State should be abandoned or that workers should stop voting. It is rather that every method of emancipation—political and economic—should be employed. The Socialist Party has much to learn from Syndicalists, while "direct actionists" will find that they cannot realize their plans without the assistance of political allies. Professor Herron says:

"Not by any exclusive method can the workers achieve their freedom. The rev-

olution that releases labor from its masters must include the whole of humanity in its vision and purpose; else the revolution will fail of its flood-tide and its fulfilment. Whether acting politically or directly, the Socialist movement must act in unity and must be all-embracing; nothing can be left out of its conquering sweep, its succoring sympathies. We cannot evade a single human problem: the

foundations we lay are for the solution of all problems. We cannot ignore the existing social order: whether it be to use or to destroy institutions, we must first assault and possess them. We cannot narrow our program, or limit our methods of fulfilling it: we must make each economic crisis or development our ally and opportunity. The political Socialist cannot deny the general strike: it

is the first and final weapon of the workers, and the one that makes for their spiritual self-discovery. The devotee of direct action cannot proceed as if the state were not, any more than he can proceed as if the mountains and the seas were not: the existing state must be conquered before it can be supplanted with that better national being which Socialism proposes.*

MRS. STETSON'S NEW ASSERTION OF SPIRITUAL LEADERSHIP

THE struggle between Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, the deposed Christian Science leader, and the authorities of her church, reaches a new and acute stage as the result of the publication of her book of "Reminiscences." It will be recalled that Mrs. Stetson, one of the earliest and ablest advocates of Christian Science in America, and founder of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in New York City, was excommunicated from the Mother Church in Boston four years ago. The charges against her included "teaching an erroneous sense of Christian Science" and mental malpractice. Mrs. Stetson accepted her chastisement meekly, and refused to lead a schism. But her attitude was one of quiet defiance. She held, and still holds, the allegiance of many Christian Scientists. Every Sunday morning, at a bay window in her house adjoining the church she founded, she may be seen in solitude, conducting devotional services. Committees appointed by her church have vindicated her. Friends from that same church have lately tried to reopen her case by bringing new facts to the attention of the Board of Directors of the Mother Church in Boston. And now Mrs. Stetson herself, in the elaborate book already mentioned, comes out into the open; reiterates former statements; replies specifically to her critics; and reasserts her spiritual leadership.

When Mrs. Stetson speaks of her spiritual supremacy in Christian Science, she does not mean that she sets herself above Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of the cult. Such interpretation of her meaning has "grieved and shocked" her. What she tries to convey is her conviction that she is the person to whom Mrs. Eddy intended the real authority of the Church to descend. She does not claim that she is the head of the Church in the sense that Mrs. Eddy was and is. She does claim, however, that she is the head in the sense that her interpretation of Christian Science should be accepted rather than the views of the Mother

Church directors. "Throughout the columns of the book," she says, "I positively state that Mrs. Eddy is the head of her church, which means the entire body comprising the members of her, the mother or universal church. She has not died but is rising to a final demonstration of her teachings that 'all is life, there is no death,' and is, as she has been, the spiritual head of the universal church. I have never ceased to follow the impersonal ideal once seemingly embodied in flesh. I remain steadfast in my convictions that I am the spiritual head of the branch church which she organized and over which she placed me as spiritual head. I am responsible to God and to my leader for defending my position."

Mrs. Stetson's book chronicles the experience of twenty-eight years of constant service in the cause of Christian Science. "It is a record," she declares, "of the human footsteps which have led me from the letter to the spirit of absolute Christian Science, and my present demonstration of the spiritual facts of being, viz.: that 'man is not material; he is spiritual.'" She goes on to assert that "this book is not in advance of its time. The spiritually-minded of the twentieth century, quickened by the impetus of the oncoming Christ, are grasping and demonstrating their spiritual 'dominion . . . over all the earth' with which God endowed man." She speaks of "crossing words with materialists," and with those who interpret the text-book of Christian Science from a material viewpoint.

The facts in relation to Mrs. Stetson's resignation from the New York church and to her expulsion from the Mother Church are recited at considerable length. At many points in the narrative she takes issue with the Mother Church directors and their interpretation of Christian Science. She says that they do not understand Christian Science and practically never will. For that reason she is grateful that she has been "without the pale of the material organization and has been free to rise higher and higher in the faith."

Several charges were made against Mrs. Stetson at the time of her expulsion. These she now takes up in detail. The first allegation in the com-

plaint was that she taught her students to regard the First Church as the only legitimate Christian Science church in New York. To that Mrs. Stetson replies that the charge is not a true statement of the facts. "The First Church of Christ, Scientist, New York City," she writes, "over which I was placed by Mrs. Eddy in 1887 and was later ordained as pastor, is the original Christian Science church in New York City." Then she makes the emphatic assertion: "I remain as spiritual head of this church in all its history."

As to the charge that she endeavored to exercise a control over her students, hindering their moral and spiritual growth, she quotes from Mrs. Eddy's instructions on that point, saying she always followed them strictly, and asserts: "I never have taken personal control of my students."

Mrs. Stetson denies she tried to obstruct herself on the attention of her students in a manner to turn their attention from "divine principle" and that she practised "pretended Christian Science."

She goes on to make answer to the charge that she used "malicious animal magnetism against directors of the Mother Church." She denies it was malicious animal magnetism, but says she was compelled to warn her students of the Boston influence, and adds:

"That they might not make any mistake in regard to this method of defence (for this is the first time in my experience in Christian Science that I have ever felt the necessity of addressing by name the directors of the Mother Church to protect our cause from impersonal evil, which was operating through them to overthrow me), I then gave what I should use as the counter argument of truth to annul the argument of error."

As to the charge that she "so strayed from the right way as not to be fit for the work of a teacher of Christian Science," she says, "this was only the opinion of the directors." She says that eight of the Board of nine Trustees of her own church agreed that she was teaching true Christian Science and she puts their opinion above the judgment of the Boston directors. "During the trial in Boston,"

* REMINISCENCES, SERMONS, AND CORRESPONDENCE, 1884-1913. By AUGUSTA E. STETSON, C.S.D. G. F. PUTNAM'S SONS.

she says, "before the directors, every argument was used by them to prevent us from following our leader's instruction to build 'on a wholly spiritual foundation.' They repudiated our claims that we are immortal now and denounced our efforts to demonstrate the ever presence of truth and love." She continues:

"The directors seemed unable to grasp Mrs. Eddy's higher metaphysical instructions. There was nothing left for us to do but to stand for her teachings against their declaration that they were mortal and that we were mortal, and wait on God to prove, in His own way and His own time, that 'spirit is infinite; therefore spirit is all.'"

Finally, she has this to say in regard to the immortality of Mrs. Eddy:

"Mary Baker Eddy will demonstrate her teachings and will reappear as individual spiritual idea never to disappear, to those who have spiritual sight."

In commenting on these "Reminiscences," which, it is generally conceded, have created a profound sensation, a friend of Mrs. Stetson's says:

"It was a splendid thing indeed that Mrs. Stetson got out of the Mother Church. It was Mrs. Eddy's wish, really, for the founder of Christian Science wanted Mrs. Stetson to develop spiritually and mentally as she could not have done had she remained confined by the material organization and the board of directors.

"Mrs. Stetson believes Mrs. Eddy foresaw that it would be better for Mrs. Stetson to be unhampered by material things and to grow in strength and in fulness of understanding as to the meaning of Christian Science. She has indeed risen higher and higher and is closer than anybody else to the Mrs. Eddy who soon will manifest herself to Mrs. Stetson."

Another friend calls Mrs. Stetson "a spiritual Pankhurst," and pays her tribute in the following terms:

"First Church was Mrs. Stetson's own creation, that is, she got the money for it. She built it at Mrs. Eddy's order. It is only politics, the ambition of personal dominion, that caused Mrs. Stetson to be deposed. But Mrs. Stetson's spiritual power cannot be hampered. Once she preached on a soap-box covered with cambrie on Fifth Avenue and led great crowds then.

"Mrs. Stetson might be called a spiritual Pankhurst, who has fought for her spiritual freedom to worship God according to her interpretation of His word and the text-book of Christian Science as valiantly as Mrs. Pankhurst has struggled for her physical freedom to stand on equal footing with man and freedom to voice her convictions. One is fighting a mental battle for spiritual supremacy, the other a physical battle for equal rights with man and acknowledged citizenship."

The *Baltimore American*, which, with other newspapers, devotes considerable news and editorial space to Mrs. Stetson's new bid for supremacy, thinks that "this New York woman of culture and ingenuity, whose animal magnetism charges astonished the Christian world some years ago, is likely to prove to the directors of the Mrs. Eddy organization a thorn in the flesh that they will translate, in the words of Paul, as a messenger of doom to buffet them." The *New York Times* comments:

"Mrs. Stetson's claim to recognition as leader of the cult is thoroughly well based. She is a woman in every way so nearly like Mrs. Eddy in character and thought, that for the one to take the other's place so far as it can be taken is more than logical—it is inevitable. Those of us who view Christian Science from the outside, and therefore with impartiality as regards its factions, can plainly see that its present managers are of heterodox beliefs and practices—that they have not kept the faith, but have made, in an attempt to conciliate the negligible antagonism of those who do not understand Mrs. Eddy's doctrines, one weak concession after another to so-called reason, till now the system is hardly distinguishable from new thought or mental healing.

"This is a comfortable, but fatal, policy, for history shows that peace has invariably been the precursor of extinction for every such movement. Mrs. Stetson has never abandoned any principle of the original, authoritative teaching. No more than did Mrs. Eddy herself does she recoil from expounding the concepts by which the uninitiate are most startled, and she calmly repeats to-day, in almost identical words, what Mrs. Eddy said as to the need for defense against the evil thoughts of malignant enemies. In nothing more than in this is her perfect orthodoxy demonstrated, and in nothing is the falling away from fixed standards by the Boston group more plainly shown than by their evident wish that Mrs. Eddy's sturdy belief in the possibility of torture and assassination by this projection of malice should be forgotten.

"Never having manifested any friendliness to Christian Science, *The Times* cannot pretend to advise its followers, but it honestly believes that the wisest and sincerest of them will side with Mrs. Stetson in the war so evidently at hand."

Leola Leonard, a writer in the *New York Morning Telegraph*, remarks that

Mrs. Stetson has been widely misunderstood.

"Even a casual perusal of Mrs. Stetson's book results in the irrefutable establishment of these three facts:

"1. Mrs. Stetson has never claimed the leadership of the Christian Scientists.

"2. Mrs. Stetson considers Mrs. Eddy to be the spiritual head of the Christian Science Church.

"3. The only 'headship' which Mrs. Stetson claims is that of her own church at Ninety-sixth street and Saton Park West."

The attitude of the Christian Science authorities in Boston is conveyed by Alfred Farlow, Chairman of the Publication Committee. He said to a representative of the *New York Sun* that he did not think there was any statement to be made in regard to Mrs. Stetson's book and he doubted very much if any of the Board of Directors would have anything to say. "Mrs. Stetson is not a member of the Christian Science Church," remarked Mr. Farlow, "and her position is the same as that of any one else who is outside of it. Not being a member she cannot, of course, be the spiritual head of the Church."



From a Painting by Chester C. Hays

SHE AIMS TO KEEP CHRISTIAN SCIENCE UNALTERED!

Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson asserts in a new book her unwavering devotion to the principles of Mary Baker Eddy and indicts the Christian Science authorities in Boston on the ground that they seem "unable to grasp Mrs. Eddy's higher metaphysical instructions."

A WARNING AGAINST SPIRITUAL SHIPWRECK

SPIRITUALLY we may be nearer shipwreck than has any epoch humanity has yet passed through. The floundering Middle Ages, with their positive passion for vulgarity, were not nearer a moral Scylla and Charybdis than the present age, intellectually and ethically. This at least is the inference to be drawn from the detached, almost Olympian analysis of our age which we find in "Winds of Doctrine" (Scribner's), a new volume of essays from the pen of George Santayana, late Professor of Philosophy in Harvard University. Professor Santayana, from the point of view of older philosophies, is a materialist. Consequently, there is a distinct novelty in this warning against the danger of the older and orthodox idealism of the nineteenth century. In his detached contemplation of the "huge good-natured comedy of the whole drift of things" to-day, Santayana has been compared to Anatole France. "Like the author of 'Le Jardin d'Epicure,'" we read in the *English Review*, "he is a sceptic, and the criticism he brings to bear upon life and philosophy is, for the most part, destructive." But according to Arthur Davison Ficke in the *Chicago Evening Post*, it will take Americans about fifty years to become aware of the true importance of the Santayana message. "In about fifty years," declares Mr. Ficke, "America will wake up to the fact that there once lived on this continent, during a portion of his life, a great and subtle mind that fortunately left certain valuable works behind it. America will not read the valuable works even then; but it will come and beg of a few of us who were foresighted copies of George Santayana's first editions, pieces of his overcoat, locks of his hair, and other equally illuminating relics which we shall perhaps have treasured up."

Our age is an interesting one, says Santayana, because the civilization characteristic of Christendom has not yet disappeared, yet there can be no doubt that a new spirit is taking its place—a new spirit of emancipated, atheistic and international democracy. Shudder if you will, he continues, but this new spirit is deeply rooted in our hearts, and is pregnant with a morality of its own. Depreciate it as we may with our "antiquated morality of a past age," the new spirit "has possession of us already through our propensities, fashions and languages. Our very plutocrats and monarchs are at ease only when they are vulgar." Prelates and missionaries feel honest only when they are devoting themselves to social work, he goes on. The new spirit is amiable, tho disquieting; and liberating, tho barbaric. We live in a Babel of ideals.

In the fine arts, as in religion and philosophy, asserts Santayana, we are in full career towards disintegration. "The arts are like truant children who think their life will be glorious if they only run away and play forever; their taste, their vision, their sentiment are often interesting; they are mighty in their independence and feeble only in their works."

Bergsonism brings relief to a stale imagination, according to Professor Santayana,— "an imagination from which religion has vanished and which is kept stretched on the machinery of business and society, or on small half-borrowed passions which we clothe in a mean rhetoric and dot with vulgar

live at all. In those days men recognized immortal gods and resigned themselves to being mortal. Yet those were the truly vital and instinctive days of the human spirit. Only when vitality is low do people find material things oppressive and ideal things unsubstantial."

How are we to save ourselves? How are we to cure ourselves of this vulgarity of the spirit, this "confusionism"? We need a largesse of mind, answers Santayana. "Such largesse of mind, not to be vulgar, must be impartial, comprehensive, Olympian." But this type of greatness "is impossible in an age when moral confusion is pervasive, when characters are complex, troubled by the mere existence of what is not congenial to them, eager to be not themselves; when, in a word, thought is weak and the flux of things overwhelms it."

"These are the *Wanderjahre* of faith; it looks smilingly at every new face, which might perhaps be that of a predestined friend; it chases after any engaging stranger; it even turns up again from time to time at home, full of a new tenderness for all it had abandoned there. But to settle down would be impossible now. The intellect, the judgment are in abeyance. Life is running turbid and full; and it is no marvel that reason, after vainly supposing that it ruled the world, should abdicate as gracefully as possible, when the world is so obviously the sport of cruder powers—vested interests, tribal passions, stock sentiments, and chance majorities. Having no responsibility laid upon it, reason has become irresponsible. Many critics and philosophers seem to conceive that thinking aloud is itself literature. Sometimes reason tries to lend some moral authority to its present masters, by proving how superior they are to itself; it worships evolution, instinct, novelty, action, as it does in modernism, pragmatism, and the philosophy of M. Bergson. At other times it retires into the freehold of those temperaments whom this world has ostracised, the region of the non-existent, and comforts itself with its indubitable conquests there. This happened earlier to the romanticists, altho their poetic and political illusions did not suffer them to perceive it. It is happening now, after disillusion, to some radicals and mathematicians like Mr. Bertrand Russell, and to others of us who, perhaps without being mathematicians or even radicals, feel that the sphere of what happens to exist is too alien and accidental to absorb all the play of a free mind, whose function, after it has come to clearness and made its peace with things, is to touch them with its own moral and intellectual light, and to exist for its own sake.

"These are but gusts of doctrine; yet they prove that the spirit is not dead in the hull between its seasons of steady blowing. Who knows which of them may not gather force presently and carry the mind of the coming age steadily before it?"



HE SETS UP A DANGER SIGNAL

Professor George Santayana bids us beware of "winds of doctrine" that may overwhelm us.

pleasures." He continues his subtle characterization of the worshippers of the Life Force in this fashion:

"To be so preoccupied with vitality is a symptom of anæmia. When life was really vigorous and young, in Homeric times for instance, no one seemed to fear that it might be squeezed out of existence either by the incubus of matter or by the petrifying blight of intelligence. Life was like the light of day, something to use, or to waste, or to enjoy. It was not a thing to worship; and often the chief luxury of living consisted in dealing death about vigorously. Life indeed was loved, and the beauty and pathos of it were felt exquisitely; but its beauty and pathos lay in the divineness of its model and in its own fragility. No one paid it the equivocal compliment of thinking it a substance or a material force. Nobility was not then impossible in sentiment, because there were ideals in life higher and more indestructible than life itself, which life might illustrate and to which it might fitly be sacrificed. Nothing can be meaner than the anxiety to live on, to live on anyhow and in any shape; a spirit with any honor is not willing to live except in its own way, and a spirit with any wisdom is not over-eager to

Literature and Art

The Selection of a New
Poet Laureate.

SPECULATION has been rife, on both sides of the Atlantic, with reference to the appointment of a successor to Alfred Austin. One London weekly has printed a list of the sixteen most favored candidates for the position, and has invited a plebiscite from its readers. The sixteen are: Robert Bridges, G. K. Chesterton, W. H. Davies, Austin Dobson, Thomas Hardy, Maurice Hewlett, A. E. Housman, Rudyard Kipling, Richard Le Gallienne, John Masefield, Alice Meynell, Henry Newbolt, Alfred Noyes, Stephen Phillips, William Watson and W. B. Yeats.

"Alfred the Little," **A**LFRID AUSTIN had a difficult position to fill, and he did not fill it well. "The pedestal on which Lord Salisbury set him," observes the *Manchester Guardian*, "became inevitably a pillory." He was old-fashioned, and, more than that, he was narrow and prejudiced in many of his judgments. One of his early essays predicts that posterity will "shriek with laughter and flout to scorn" those who to-day regard Tennyson as a great poet. No wonder that jokes have been cracked at the expense of "Alfred the Little" as compared with "Alfred the Great." Mr. Austin displayed at times a positive genius for doing the wrong thing. Witness his verses on the Jameson raid in South Africa. Yet William Watson calls him "a writer of verses among the most beautiful of his time," and we find the *Chicago Dial* printing a leading article in appreciation of his achievement. The London *Athenaeum* notes his "invulnerable self-content, a shield from all critical arrows," and goes on to say:

"It would be a great injustice to his memory to judge him only by the unrealities an unreal position imposed. He was tender-hearted, and womanhood never lost for him the freshness of romance. As a journalist he wielded a pen of a strenuousness once in fashion. He had a zeal for the good name of Byron and of Byron's sister which was wholly amiable, and the rhetoric which he used in their defence was forcible in its own day, and may have its recurring turn in another. Moreover, he wrote now and again verses which will hold an ungrudging place in anthologies when the devious dealings of politicians

with literature are almost unresented, because almost forgotten."

BACK of Austin, the line of Laureates stretches into the dim past. Chaucer is generally reckoned the first. He received in exchange for his muse a daily pitcher of wine from the table of Richard II. The next Laureate of whom we have record is John Skelton, appointed by Henry VIII. After him came Edmund Spenser, author of "The Fairy Queen," and Ben Jonson. The state papers establishing the existing laureateship were drawn up in 1630. Jonson died in 1637. His successor, Sir William Davenport, is said to have been a natural son of Shakespeare. John Dryden was another famous Laureate. He lost his office at the time of Cromwell's

revolution. Thomas Shadwell, whose plays Dryden had bitterly assailed, was the Laureate of the Restoration. Nicholas Rowe, appointed by George I., was Surveyor of Customs, as well as Poet Laureate. He edited Shakespeare and wrote a tragedy entitled "Jane Shore." Colley Cibber, the actor-manager, served as Laureate from 1730 until 1757. Henry James Pye, appointed in 1790, performed the duties of his office with faithful and unvaried faithfulness for twenty-three years. Robert Southey was much more gifted, yet could hardly be called a great poet. Wordsworth, who became Laureate in 1843, had written all his best poetry before he was appointed. In his official capacity he wrote nothing whatever. After him came Tennyson and, finally, Alfred Austin.

Should the Poet Laureateship Be Abolished?

THE opinion has been freely expressed, in this country and in England, that the Poet Laureateship should be abolished. King George himself is quoted as saying that "the post of Poet Laureate is about as obsolete as that of court jester." The *Athenaeum* and other influential papers take much the same view. It seems that a Laureate's salary is £72 a year, and that his position still has something of the serving man's flavor about it. The Laureateship is not so much a national office as a court post. If you look for it in "Whitaker's Almanack," you will find it listed not in the academic or literary sections of the book, nor even among the knightships and orders, but under the heading, "His Majesty's Household," thus:

"Gentleman Usher of Black Rod, Admiral Sir Henry F. Stephenson, G.C.V.O., K.C.B.

"Poet Laureate, Alfred Austin.
"Surveyor of the King's Pictures and Works of Art, Lionel Henry Cust, M.V.O.

"Keeper of the King's Armory, Guy Francis Laking, M.V.O."

But, for all that, the Poet Laureate has of late years been regarded more and more as the mouthpiece of his nation. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, now Professor of English Literature at Cambridge University, vigorously defends the continuation of the office. He asks why the poets may not have a single sinecure when members of the



OUR NEW MINISTER TO HOLLAND
Dr. Henry Van Dyke, long pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York and later Professor of English Literature in Princeton University, has been appointed ambassador to the country from which his ancestors emigrated in 1652.



OUR LITERARY AMBASSADORS

With all the discussion of what they should wear at Court, why not adopt this as the official uniform of our Administration?

—Hy. Mayer in *New York Times*

House of Commons get \$2,000 a year. Mr. Shan F. Bullock, London correspondent of the *Chicago Evening Post*, declares:

"An office at once so picturesque and so traditional as that filled by men like Ben Jonson, Wordsworth, Southey, Tennyson, and refused by Scott and Rogers, is in no danger at the hands of the general public; and simply to abolish it because men of the caliber of Pye and Austin had succeeded to it is something which an average human in the boots of a premier would hardly have courage to do. Would you make England a republic because it had a line of Hanoverian kings, or America a monarchy because a few of its Presidents were failures?"

Combining Literature
with Diplomacy.

VERILY, this is a national Administration in which the literary man is in clover," exclaims the *Baltimore Sun*. The remark is evoked by the number and quality of President Wilson's literary appointments, and may serve to recall an earlier era in which Lowell, the poet-essayist, Lothrop, the historian, White, the scholar, and Bigelow, the publicist, represented the United States abroad; while Bret Harte and W. D. Howells held consular posts at Glasgow and Venice. At the present time, Walter H. Page has been sent to the Court of St. James. Henry Van Dyke is to be our Ambassador in the Netherlands. Thomas Nelson Page is selected for Rome. Meredith Nicholson was offered, but declined, the ambassadorship in Lishon. Maurice F. Egan, editor, college professor and author, now Minister at

Copenhagen, was offered, but declined, the ambassadorship in Austria. Frederick C. Penfield, author of books of travel and once a newspaper man, has been named for the Austrian post. Jacob Schurman, former President of Cornell University, is our Minister at Athens. In addition, P. A. Stovall, editor of the *Savannah News*, has been appointed Minister to Switzerland, and W. E. Gonzales, editor of the *Columbia (S. C.) State*, Minister to Cuba. None of these men has had experience in diplomatic work. Their appointment is evidently inspired by a feeling that writers and "intellectuals" are likely to be creditable representatives of the American people.

Does Diplomatic Service Promote Literary Activity?

SOME of the best work of the literary men named has been inspired by Europe. But can it be said that diplomatic service and foreign residence are stimulating, from a literary point of view? The *Indianapolis News* is inclined to answer the question in the negative:

"In the case of Washington Irving's foreign residence it gave an impetus to his literary productiveness, tho much of it was before he was appointed to office. His three years' unofficial residence in Spain was the most fruitful period of his life, resulting in 'The Alhambra,' 'The Conquest of Granada,' 'The Life of Columbus,' etc. In 1842 he was appointed Minister to Spain, but his literary work there was done. Irving was not seeking any appointment when this position was offered him. He owed it to Daniel Webster, Tyler's Secretary of State, Henry Clay, who was then opposing

nearlly all the President's appointments, said: 'This is a nomination everybody will concur in.' Irving had no politics that anybody knew of, but Tyler appointed him because Webster asked him to, and Webster himself put it on the ground of fitness, for he wrote to Irving: 'If a person of more merit and higher qualification had presented himself, great as is my personal regard for you, I should have yielded it to higher considerations.' Irving's literary reputation at that time was such that all Americans were proud of his appointment, and the Spanish Government received him gladly, but his literary work in Spain was ended. . . .

"Nathaniel Hawthorne owed his foreign appointment as distinctly to literary merit as Irving did, tho Hawthorne did render the political service of writing a campaign life of Franklin Pierce, who afterward appointed him. . . .

"The consularship at Liverpool was one of the best-paying positions in the Government, and he gladly accepted it. He did not get much inspiration out of his residence abroad, and what he did get was acquired in Italy, when away from his official duties. This went into 'The Marble Faun.' The historian Motley did some good research work while Minister to Austria, in 1864-67, and Bayard Taylor expected to do some literary work as Minister to Germany, but he died a few months after reaching Berlin. On the whole, official residence abroad does not seem to have stimulated the productiveness of American authors much."

"The Inside of the Cup."

WOE unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess." Such is the text of Winston Churchill's new

novel, "The Inside of the Cup" (Macmillan). The San Francisco *Chronicle* regards it as "easily the strongest novel that has appeared this season with the single exception of 'V. V.'s Eyes." It recalls "Robert Elsmere," with the emphasis laid on sociological rather than on theological perplexities. The hero of the story, the Rev. John Hodder, is the rector of a fashionable and wealthy church in one of the largest cities of the middle West. He awakens to a realization of the fact that his church is responsible for almost every social injustice which he, as a Christian minister, is pledged to fight. His chief antagonist is his most conspicuous parishioner, a captain of industry, who believes in supporting Christianity, but whose acts are flagrant violations of his creed. He sees a baby who is dying of inanition because its father has been ruined by this very man, and he sees the body of the father, who has committed suicide. He knows that others of his parishioners are pursuing crooked methods, and he cries: "How can we reach the wretched people who are the victims of the ruthless individualism and greed of those who control and claim the church!" He comes to feel that his position is intolerable. He breaks with the historic creed, and thinks his way into a kind of Christian Socialism. His agony is that of a new Elsmere, but, unlike Mrs. Humphry Ward's hero, he determines to face his problem within the church. When his vestry ask him to resign, he refuses. He institutes vital changes and reforms. His bishop upholds him; and we leave him rector of a redeemed church no longer the subsidized possession of the wealthy and corrupt, but a home for mankind.

Winston Churchill,
Reformer.

ALL this represents something very different from what we have had in the past from Mr. Churchill. There is little or nothing of "Richard Carvel," or "The Crisis," or "Mr. Crewe's Career," or "A Modern Chronicle" in "The Inside of the Cup." Like Tolstoy, Mr. Churchill seems to have come to the conclusion that it is more important to point a moral than to adorn a tale. If his new book is not as successful as some of his earlier ones, it is because of its intense didacticism, its moral passion. The eritic of *The Book News Monthly* is more impressed with the author's own views than with any convictions that his clergyman may have. *America*, the Roman Catholic weekly, scores the book as "an object lesson in the mental and moral chaos to which Protestantism reduces the cleverest writers who are guided by its principles." The same paper comments further:

"Plunging into the philosophy, theology, history, sociology and science of all time, including scriptural exegesis, Hebrew, and other subjects of which he has not even a smattering, he dishes up bits of Henry James, Luther, Emerson, Modernism, Socialism, Progressivism, etc., dashes the mess with a seasoning of Hebrew prophets and American philanthropists, plutocrats and democrats, and serves up the heterogeneous stew from a composite Union Seminary pulpit decked out in a fashionable Episcopalian setting. He out-paragons Gilbert and Sullivan's paragon in 'Patience,' who combines in himself the wisdom of all worthies from Macaulay and Mephistopheles to Thomas Aquinas—of each one 'a touch of him, but not very much of him.' In fact, the book is unconsciously Gilbertian, though devoid of the Sullivan harmonies, and is also suggestive of 'that popular mystery,' Marie Corelli, and Hall Caine after he abandoned his Xanmen, but it lacks the melodramatic blare and glare by which those writers impress infantile minds."

Yet William Marion Reedy, of the *St. Louis Mirror*, finds "burning sincerity" in the story, and asserts: "It is written in colors that no ink-well but the heart can hold."

"The Lore of Proserpine."

MAURICE HEWLETT sounds a fresh and characteristic note in "The Lore of Proserpine" (Scribner's). It is really a book of fairy stories, and he says in the preface: "I hope nobody will ask me whether the things in this book are true, for it will then be my humiliating duty to reply that I don't know." Some of the critics look askance at Mr. Hewlett in his new rôle, but E. F. Edgett of the *Boston Transcript* points out that Mr. Hewlett has always written to a certain degree of other worlds than ours. The heroes and heroines of "The



HE SAYS HE HAS SEEN FAIRIES

Maurice Hewlett devotes his latest book to fairy lore. He tells us that he has seen an elfin boy in a thicket and a meeting of Diana's nymphs on the Wiltshire downs.

Forest Lovers," of "Richard Yea and Nay" and of "The Fool Errant" are scarcely more unreal than the heroes and heroines of this new volume, which is part autobiography and mostly pure fantasy. Mr. Hewlett has always sought to puzzle and amaze his readers by writing of things and creating people above or below ordinary humanity's level. One may be inclined to question the verisimilitude of his incursions into the souls that haunt woods, and of his account of fairy wives, some half million of whom he declares are actually married to ordinary men. One may resolutely refuse to believe that he has seen a rogue-fairy tormenting a rabbit, a dryad bathing in light, or an ore leaping by her little one. At the same time, it is not well to be too particular. "Whether true or not," observes *The English Review*, "Mr. Hewlett's visions as a boy of strange women vanishing from windows, of human hares and sprights seen by the wayside, are delightful metaphysical creations, and dovetail easily enough into chapters which contain a good deal of philosophic thought and literary descriptive matter, especially of flowers and the countryside, which Mr. Hewlett revels in. It is an eminently readable work, in many ways a very delightful one. Nearly all creative artists are visionaries, and we now know that Strindberg has left four volumes of a diary in which he has described his communings with spirits and unseen souls in his walks and even at his own table, a book which some day will be published, when no doubt the whole world will declare that this is the final proof of Strindberg's madness."



THE SECOND PAGE TO REPRESENT US

Thomas Nelson Page, the Southern writer, shares with Walter H. Page the honors of the diplomatic service under the Wilson administration. He will be our Minister in Rome.

A SCULPTRESS WHO HAS CAUGHT THE AMERICAN RHYTHM

IT is the beauty that is in the world to-day that appeals to me—not what may have existed centuries ago in Greece." Such is the affirmation of the American sculptress, Abastenia St. Leger Eberle. "Tho I love the art of the past," she continues, "I will not shut my eyes to the present and continue to echo the past. No matter how ugly the present might be, I would rather live in it. . . . We are trying to find new bottles for new wine—Greek vases are about worn out."

Miss Eberle's work is an interesting commentary on her own words. She has looked for inspiration to America and to common themes. She has caught, with exceptional felicity, the *rhythm* of our present-day life. Her subjects are divided between the sociological and the lyrical. Her best-known figures are those of dancing children, and appeal to the *Metropolitan* as an embodiment of "rag-time in bronze." Four hundred and fifty years ago Donatello and the Robbias caught up the little urchins from their play in the streets of Florence and transferred them into dancing

and singing angels. Miss Eberle leaves them in their own environment to express their natural instincts in their own happy way; and, "to our modern feeling for children," observes Charles H. Caffin, "her treatment is preferable." The same authority pronounces her effects "strikingly good." In 1904 she was awarded a bronze medal at the St. Louis Exposition. Three years later, her "Roller Skate Girl" was purchased by the Metropolitan Museum. Her "Windy Doorstep" was awarded the Helen Foster Barnett prize at the exhibit of the New York Academy in 1910. Her figure of the veiled Salome was bought by an Italian Art Society in Venice. And she is one of the ten women who belong to the National Sculpture Society.

She was born, we learn from the *New York Sun*, in Webster City, Iowa, and spent her childhood in Canton, Ohio. The first sculpture she ever saw is said to have been the sentimental pseudo-classic monuments to the patient dead in an old cemetery in Canton. She copied the hands and feet of these melancholy marbles, but found

little satisfaction in the result. A little later her father's military career took her to Porto Rico. The change of scene proved stimulating. For three years she modeled in Porto Rico in summer, and studied at the Art Students' League in New York in winter.

Then she came under the influence of George Grey Barnard. She feels that to him she owes much of her success. He advised her against taking a foreign course of study lest she be so carried away by the accomplished technique abroad that the native creative genius in her would be overwhelmed by academic polish.

The years 1907 and 1908 Miss Eberle spent in Italy. At Naples she controlled a factory of fifteen men, and there she had cast in bronze twenty of her works. She was glad to avail herself of the skilled foundries of Italy at a less price than the foundry work would have cost in this country, but she brought all of the bronzes back here. "Miss Eberle," remarks the *Sun*, "got along famously through her Neapolitan experience, tho her appearance as the lone woman in a workshop of men led the elemental natives to peer inquiringly at the windows, with sundry murmurings upon the strangeness of American women."

It was among the teeming populations of the New World, however, that Miss Eberle may be said to have "found" herself, artistically. Her East Side figures, as Christina Merriman in *The Survey* puts it, "live for us, and speak for themselves,—from the placid, necessitous hunt of the 'Rag Picker' to the tremulous wistfulness of the loving 'Little Mother'; from the tender feeling of 'The Bath Hour' to the intense, joyous absorption of the rag-time dancer and the exultant balance of that flying little figure on the roller skate." The same writer goes on to note the steps by which social values have crept into Miss Eberle's sculpture:

"First of all, her deep and instinctive love for children, and her appreciation of human values, led her to select types that until recently have been almost entirely disregarded.

"To this keen observer and lover of human nature, the many years of contact with this vivid, arduous East Side life—reinforced and interpreted by constant reading and thinking—brought an ever-increasing sense of social interrelation and interdependence. Jane Addams' books have, more than anything else, she says, helped to clarify and mold her vision of the constructive part the sculptor may play in social readjustment."

The social note in Miss Eberle's work reaches its culmination in the "White Slave" shown at the recent International Exhibition of Art in New York.

"Here she has turned from her more objective work to the graphic interpreta-



THE WHITE SLAVE

Abastenia Eberle's powerful dramatization of the problem of the hour.

tion of a social menace; and it is here, perhaps, that she finds herself with surest touch. Her conception of white slavery is as searching in its indictment, as ruthless, cruel and scourging as the fact itself. One visitor who saw those haunting figures at the International Exhibition said afterward:

"I was passing through that room of the exhibit when suddenly I faced it—I could not go on. I had vaguely realized that this horrible thing was in the world, but it had never touched me. I sat there for perhaps an hour, thinking—and thinking—"

"This woman was one who has led what is called a 'sheltered' existence, whose instinct would be to turn from any discussion or writing on this subject. It is this thought-compelling quality in such work which links it as a social force with, say, the dispassionate but terrible report of the Chicago Vice Commission, or with Elizabeth Robins' 'My Little Sister.'"

"It is interesting to know that Miss Eberle worked out the composition for the 'White Slave' four years ago; but the actual work of modelling was done in the four weeks' interval between the time she was invited to send some of her work to last winter's International Art Exhibition and its opening. Until

then she had felt that the time had perhaps not come when such a group would be received except as an unwelcome effort toward sensationalism. It is the first of several such interpretative subjects which she has in mind, and which, if worked out in an equally sincere spirit, should be big in social significance."

But after all is said, an artist's work stands on its artistic merits, rather than on its moral or social values, and Miss Eberle's main purpose has been not to preach nor to teach, but to convey beauty in form and line. Mr. Caffin rejoices in her skill in "catching movement in its fluency," and goes on to say (in the *New York American*):

"I emphasize the point because this faculty of rendering the flow of movement, while still preserving something of



SHE FINDS HER INSPIRATION IN AMERICA

Miss Eberle's subjects are divided between the sociological and the lyrical. She interprets with rare skill our teeming populations. "Personal as her work is," comments *The Craftsman*, "it is becoming more and more national in tendency."

of a static quality in the figure, is very rare in our modern sculpture.

"When it exists it is the product of the sculptor's own instinct of movement, an instinct corresponding to that of an actor who feels the movement that he wishes to suggest in the play of his own muscles.

"To be as expressive as it is in Miss Eberle's work, it must also be the product of a complete knowledge of structure and form, and particularly of the articulations of the points.

"Further, it must be the product of a sense of rhythm, which marks the flow of the movement to a point of accentuation, from which it lapses in a cadence.

"Nor must I overlook another source of her eminence which lies in her sincere and intimate sympathy with life. She does not need to go in search of subjects. She finds them all around her.

"For example, an old woman beholding over a trashcan in search of rags supplies her with a motive; a mother bathing her baby; a woman sweeping her doorstep on a windy day. But, I expect, if she has a preference it is for children in the joyous spontaneity of play.

"Here, for instance, are three little girls disporting themselves on the beach, perhaps at Coney Island.

"One of them, seated, is drawing her foot through her hand to squeeze the sand or water from between her toes; another, standing, is wringing the water from her frock, while a third stoops to gather up a swish of seaweed.

"Art is added to the naturalness of life, and the rhythmic relations established between these three figures have enhanced the natural beauty of the group and given it permanent esthetic value."

Miss Eberle has a farm studio at Woodstock, in Ulster County, New York, where she has been her own gardener, cook and, to some extent, architect. "Personal as her work is," comments *The Craftsman*, "it is becoming more and more national in tendency." The *New York Evening Sun* says:

"There are many interesting things one might tell of Miss Eberle, but these two things no space nor time must crowd out: The one is that George Grey Barnard, whose pupil she is, frequently left his classes in her care during his absence, and the other is that she is a most ardent suffragist.

"These two things are significant because they indicate, the one the high regard in which she is held by modern masters and the other that she is very much a part of the world in which she lives."



RAG-TIME IN SCULPTURE

Miss Eberle's best-known study illustrates her democracy and her rhythmic feeling.

ROMANTICISM AS A SNARE AND A DELUSION

ROMANTICISM has been constantly glorified as the very light and inspiration of literature; but Paul Elmer More, in his lately published book of essays, "The Drift of Romanticism" (Houghton Mifflin), takes just the opposite view. He sees the romantic spirit growing in popular favor, and laments its growth. Just because it is "the dominant tendency and admitted ideal of the modern world," it is dangerous. Mr. More identifies it with all that is weakest and most irresponsible in human nature. It has been, he says, the source of the last century's greatest evils—"its dark materialism, its intellectual pride, its greed of novelty, its lust of change, its cruel egotism and blind penance of sympathy, its wandering virtues and vices, its legacy of spiritual bewilderment."

Mr. More finds in romanticism a spirit that has run like a river down through many ages. For its source, he says, we must go back to the remote beginnings of our era, and look into the "obscure mingling of Oriental and Occidental civilization that followed the invasion of Alexander's army into Asia." More definitely, we must look into "the confluence of Eastern religion and Western philosophy."

In elaboration of this thought, Mr. More contrasts the Oriental and Occidental conceptions of life. The Orient, he reminds us, believed that the infinite was identical with the boundless; the Occident conceived of it as something self-controlled at a center. The Orient, again, conceived of personality as a name merely for an ephemeral group of sensations, while to the Occidental personality was a sharply defined, active emotional entity. The first Christian centuries mingled these notions in a strange way, choosing one term, and the less desirable one, from each continent. "We can actually see," says Mr. More, "the Occidental sense of the ego merging with the Oriental sense of vastness and vagueness, of infinity as akin to the mere escape from limitation. To that alliance, if to any definite event of history, we may trace the birth of our sense of an infinite insatiable personality, that has brought so much self-torment and so much troubled beauty into the religion and literature of the modern world."

With this definition as a touchstone, Mr. More goes on to analyze six of the best-known types of romanticism in the nineteenth century. First he takes William Beckford, who with enormous wealth at his command transformed Oriental dreams into the brick and stone of his magnificent mansion Fonthill, and in his "Vathek" displayed a weird energy of fancy and a powerful command of Oriental imagery never equalled in English literature. The out-

come of Beckford's mode of life was "solitude and self-devouring thought and infinite weariness." Next Mr. More considers Cardinal Newman, the cause of whose conversion to Catholicism is characterized as being, for Newman personally, "a great mistake." Of him it is said: "His inability to find peace without the assurance of a personal God answering to the clamor of his desires is but another aspect of that illusion of the soul which has lost its vision of the true infinite, and seeks a substitute in the limitless expansion of the senses." For Walter Pater is re-

sting blue; the half-conscious eroticism in the merging together of nature and the woman who is in the heart of women." There are gleams of magic beauty in such an attitude, but no real liberation.

The essay on Nietzsche includes a lengthy account of the development of ideas of individuality and of sympathy since Hobbes. To Mr. More, Nietzsche seems "the final expression of one side of the contest between the principles of egotism and sympathy that for two centuries and more has been waging for the policies and morals of the world." The end of it all is "the clamor of romantic egotism turned into horror at its own vacuity and of romantic sympathy turned into despair." It is in this essay that the author expresses some of his most extreme views. Modern Socialism, he asserts, has sprung from romanticism, and "it would be possible," he believes, "in many cases to establish from statistics a direct ratio between the spread of humanitarian schemes of reform and the increase of crime and suicide," a thought developed more fully in the succeeding essay. This is devoted to Huxley, and a bold attack on modern science is made.

The curse of romanticism, as Mr. More sees it, lies in its denial of classical dualism and of the ancient distinction between good and evil. It is a "morbid and restless intensification of the personal emotions"; "the mere limitless expansion of our impulsive nature"; the strangeness and wonder that "proceed from, or verge towards, that morbid egotism which is born of the union of an intensely felt personality with the notion of infinity as an escape from limitations." It is "the expansive conceit of the emotions which goes with the illusion of beholding the infinite within the stream of nature itself, instead of apart from the stream." Again, it is "the infinitely craving personality, the usurpation of emotion over reason, the idealization of love, the confusion of the sensuous and the spiritual, the perilous fascination that may go with these confusions." It is like a dream of fever, beautiful and malign by turns; and, looking at its wild sources, one can understand why Goethe called romanticism a disease and classicism health. He might have added that disease is infectious, whereas health must be acquired or built up by the effort of the individual.



THE LATEST PROTAGONIST OF THE ROMANTIC SPIRIT

Max Eastman's new book on poetry is ranked by one critic with the essays of Shelley and Sidney Lanier.

served sharp denunciation. The emphasis placed by him upon the cool enjoyment of the senses, and what seems to Mr. More his total misunderstanding of Platonism, of early Christianity, and of the Renaissance, receive almost bitter comment. Paterism is described as "the quintessential spirit of Oxford emptied of the wholesome intrusions of the world—its pride of isolation reduced to sterile self-absorption, its enchantment of beauty alienated into a faint Epicureanism, its discipline of learning changed into a voluptuous economy of sensations, its golden calm stagnated into languid elegance."

Fiona Macleod is treated with equal severity. Mr. More sums up this writer's philosophy as "symbolic vision that is impressive because it really symbolizes nothing; the notion that one becomes spiritual by becoming abstract, as in hitting blindness instead of some-

thing by the spirit of romanticism. Mr. More sets a faith that he concedes is neither new nor original, but which, he affirms, is eternally vital and necessary. His trust is in "that true infinite within the heart, which is not of nature, and whose voice is heard as the inner check, restraining, centralizing, and forming." A man should give him-

self up neither to his emotions nor to his reason, but

trust,

With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved.

Faith needs to be sustained by religion. We must learn again to pray. "Therein shall a man learn to know the truth of his own being and see with open eyes the infinite consequences of that truth; and from thence he shall go out into the world armed with power and assured in peace."

Mr. More's argument has led to widespread discussion in the literary world, and appeals to the New York *Independent* as very forceful and convincing. The *Independent* says:

"The Drift of Romanticism" is incomparably Mr. More's best work. He has

cut to the very heart of his subject, and a single one of his many glowing phrases tells more than another man's whole volume. The book has a message which, direct as it is to our own age, is true for all time. Readers will find in its pages some of the best critical work that has been done in this country; but beyond this we believe they will find in the way that Mr. More points out, release from a multitude of opinions, from doubt and unrest and confusion. The final conception that one carries away from the book is of a strong, clear-sighted, deeply earnest man."

On the other hand, the Newark *News* calls Mr. More's book "the rather gloomy reflections of a Puritan." And the London *Athenaeum* comments:

"It is possible, we think, to admit all the flaws, whether of moral or of intel-

lectual consistency, to which Mr. More unerringly points, and still to maintain that the illusions of Romance are to be associated with, and justified in the light of, an element of essential inspiration. Mr. More's explanation of the phenomenon explains it utterly away. The world for him is evil, a negation, and the Romantics, thinking it good, have cast in their lot with it, and pass so into the region of shades. The explanation is, perhaps, too simple. What they have done rather has been to confuse the presentiment of goodness with the perception of it, and to impute to superficial aspects a goodness which appears only to the perfected and essential faculty of vision. Their own vision, necessarily imperfect, we might define as that for which the infinite itself—the absolute, the self-contained—is subject to the law or susceptible to the condition of growth."

THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF POETRY

SOMETHING of a paradox is involved in our attitude toward poetry. We are apt to regard a poet in history as a divinity, but we treat a poet in the next room as a joke. This mixture of veneration with distrust toward poetry, Max Eastman, formerly Associate in Philosophy at Columbia University, points out in his admirable "Enjoyment of Poetry" (Scribner's), is not colloquial. It is the world's attitude. There are savages of Africa who give beads of wealth and honor to the singers that entertain them, but they bury them upside down in a hollow tree, to show that honor is not unmixt with contempt.

Plato himself expressed this paradox when, in one mood, he was ready to banish the whole tribe of poets from his ideal Republic, and when, in another, he said that the character of a people depends much more upon their songs than upon anything else. "Did he say," Mr. Eastman remarks, "that poetry is madness? Yes—but the madness of poets is the most efficacious state of being that this world offers. Madmen are strong. They mold history and the earth. Is it not a kind of madness that the world exists at all, a kind of infatuation with the idea of being? And is not the madness of Homer more akin to divinity than the sanity of all your politicians? Would you not even rather join yourself with Homer, who so loved reality, and begot with her such children as the Iliad and the Odyssey, than be a husband and the father in respectability of a whole family of industrious citizens? Such is the other judgment of Plato, and his enthusiasm when he speaks upon the brighter side of this universal paradox."

It is true, of course, that poetry is, in one sense, an end in itself. "If often associated with meaning," Mr. Eastman

tells us, "and with truth and wisdom and morality, and with all those things that look greatly into the future, it is because it lends itself to them. Of its own nature it is foreign to them all." The argument proceeds:

"Reading pure poetry is like gazing on the moonlight long. We wish we could receive it—but we cannot—a final proof that we are sadly practical at heart. We are but driven pilgrims through the world, the children of its evolution, and we must be going on. Pure being is too much for us. The best that we can ask of moonlight is that it shall shine upon our occupation. Perhaps the best that we can ask of poetry is that it shall attend the statement of a truth with glory. And yet there are great poems, poems universally called great, which are pure realizations. There is Keats's 'Ode to Autumn' . . . It looks to autumn. It is not only an imagination, but a pre-perception, and its value culminates in the more full experience of the very hours it dreamed of. Thus the poetry of words may be regarded as a means toward the poetry of life. It is to that extent practical. . . . We do not read Shelley and then return to the world, but we see the world through Shelley's eyes. Creative vision of the specific actual throughout all time—creative vision kindled by flaming language, is an onward and immortal value of his songs."

Poetry, Mr. Eastman continues, prepares and also restores. The world grows stale for us because in proportion as we become accustomed to a thing we are estranged from it. In proportion as we win the daily presence of friends, we lose them. We come to regard life as a dry package of facts. We want the spirituous refreshment of another's vision. We want to have our eyes reopened, and our souls made naked to the touch of being.

"This is the priesthood of art—not to bestow upon the universe a new aspect, but upon the beholder a new enthusiasm.

At our doors every morning the creation is sung. The day as a drama, the night as an unfolding destiny within whose shadowy arena impetuous life shall still contend with death. A world laughs and bleeds for us all the time, but our response in this meteoric theater we suffer to be drugged with business and decorum. We are born sleeping, and few of us ever awake, unless it be upon some hideous midnight when death startles us, and we learn in grief alone what bit of Olympian fire our humid forms enveloped. But we could open our eyes to joy also. The poet cries 'Awake!' and sings the song of the morning. He that hath eyes let him see! Even now all around us the trees have arisen, and their leaves are tongues of the air in song—the earth swings on in drastic revolution—and we laugh and love perpetually—and the winds enlarge our goings and our comings with a tune."

The poet, the restorer, Mr. Eastman concludes, is the prophet of a greater thing than faith. All creeds and theories serve him, for he goes behind them all, and imparts by a straighter line from his mind to yours the spirit of boisterous living. His wisdom is above knowledge. He cries to our sleeping selves to come aloft, and when we are come he answers with a gesture only. In him we find no principle; we find ourselves reborn alive into the world.

"So far from being past, or on the wane, this wisdom of the soul of poetry looks for the first time joyfully into the future. Man is now returning to his rights as an animal. He has now learned that morals is not meant for a scourge and a dry medicine, and that joy is its own reason. Existence was not perpetrated in malice or benevolence, but simply is, and the end of our thinking is that here we are, and what can we make of it. We have a planet to act upon, a sense of the drama. We will not squint and argue, nor balk, and try to justify God, but we will make with high hearts of abandon our entrance and our exit before the congregation of the stars."

RECENT POETRY

PROPHETS and poets are alike in this, that they are usually at outs with the life of their time and are either deriding a glorious past or heralding a splendid future. The poets of our day are no exception to this rule, and a striking indication of their attitude is seen in a recent number of *The Poetry Review*, edited by Stephen Phillips. Reviewing an introduction, written for an English book by William Watson, on "The Poet's Place in the Scheme of Life," Mr. Phillips puts himself side by side with Mr. Watson in regard to the effect which the rush and hurry of modern life have upon poetry. Mr. Phillips writes as follows:

"He [Mr. Watson] points out, with entire truth, that the utter futility, monotony, emptiness of incident of a 'life in which nothing occurs' and where 'none of the primal passions have full play' should provide the very conditions necessary for the appreciation of the poetic art, for surely such an unengrossing existence would drive the mind back on absent heroisms and non-existent splendor. This certainly cannot be held to account for the decline of the appeal of high verse. And here it might not be out of place to ask those modern critics of verse and also the 'modern' poet what precisely there is in the present conditions of life which can by any possibility stimulate an imaginative enthusiasm. Yet these critics cry aloud, 'Be modern, thou singer,' and the majority of the younger verse-writers of to-day are lashing themselves hysterically to the business. Probably the only real and important fact which differentiates the present day from those which preceded it is that we are enabled to hear bad news more quickly. In point of great passions or high actions, great virtues or great vices, the age is undoubtedly the most insignificant which this planet has yet brought forth. But for this very reason it should by force of contrast drive the human mind back on the 'glory and loveliness' that have passed away." It is not, in fine, the contemplation of modern life that should call forth some great note, but a revulsion from it. This view, so utterly opposed by present-day critics, who are now for the most part journalists, is voiced more or less by Mr. Watson with his well-known pungency and lucidity of phrase. One phrase alone descriptive of this modern critic is well worth transcribing, "Some critics when they speak of progress mean decomposition."

Well, we don't need to despair of the age because the poets are thus denouncing it. Rather we should need to despair of it if they were not denouncing it. Tennyson and Browning were doing the same thing in their day, and Shelley and Byron in theirs. The main thing in poetry is not whether the poet shows the modern spirit or the spirit of the past; but

whether he shows any kind of spirit. For the past is his domain as much as the present and the future as much as either. Poetry is precisely the one thing in which the time-spirit is of least consequence. What we want is the individual note and the universal note conjoined, and we can get that in a poem about Helen of Troy or in a poem about General Booth, if the writer is only a real poet. After all the stuff of which poetry is made differs little from age to age. James Whitcomb Riley has almost ceased his singing of late, and to hear his voice again is almost like hearing that of a new singer. The following appears in *The Century*:

MY CONSCIENCE.

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Sometimes my Conscience says, says he.
"Don't you know me?"
And I, says I, sneered through and through,
"Of course I do,
You air a nice chap ever' way,
I'm here to say!
You make me cry—you make me pray,
And all them good things thataway—
That is, at night. Where do you stay
Durin' the day?"

And then my Conscience says, onct more,
"You know me—shore?"
"Oh, yes," says I, a-trimblin' faint,
"You're jes' a saint!
Your ways is all so holy-right,
I love you better ever' night
You come around,—tel plum daylight,
When you air out o' sight!"

And then my Conscience sort o' grits
His teeth, and spits
On his two hands and gabbs, of course,
Some old remorse,
And beats me with the big butt-end
O' that thing—tel my closest friend
"Ud hardly know me. "Now," says he,
"Be keeful as you 'd orto be
And allus think o' me!"

Those who have not seen Mr. Lindsay's "Rhymes to Be Traded for Bread" have missed a real treat. We have already reprinted one of the poems, that on John P. Altgeld; but we feel tempted to reprint several others, for there are in all his work a fervor and freedom that are infectious, and he has a love for beauty that our poets sometimes seem disposed to scorn in these days of insurgency. Mr. Lindsay is something of an insurgent himself and the social passion is strong in his breast; but he never revolts against beauty.

THE TRAP.

By NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY.

She was taught desire in the street,
Not at the angel's feet.
By the good no word was said
Of the worth of the bridal bed.
The secret was learned from the vile,

Not from her mother's smile.
Home spoke not. And the girl
Was caught in the public whirl.
Do you say "She gave consent:
Life drunk, she was content
With beasts that her fire could please?"
But she did not choose disease
Of mind and nerves and breath,
She was trapped to a slow, foul death
The door was watched so well,
That the steep dark stair to Hell
Was the only escaping way.
"She gave consent," you say?
Some think she was meek and good
Only lost in the wood
Of youth, and deceived in man
When the hunger of sex began
That ties the husband and wife
To the end of a strong fond life.
Her captor by chance was one
Of those whose passion was done,
A cold fierce worm of the sea
Enslaving for you and me.
The wages the poor must take
Have forced them to serve this snake.
Yea, half-paid girls must go
For bread to his pit below.
What hangman shall wait his host
Of butchers from coast to coast,
New York to the Golden Gate—
The merger of Death and Fate,
Lust-kings with a careful plan
Clean-cut, American?

In Liberty's name we cry
For these women about to die.

Oh! mothers who failed to tell
The mazes of Heaven and Hell,
Who failed to advise, implore,
Your daughters at Love's strange door,
What will you do this day?
Your dear ones are hidden away,
As good as chained to the bed,
Hid like the mad, or the dead—
The glories of endless years
Drowned in their harlot-tears:
The children they hoped to bear
Grandchildren strong and fair,
The life for ages to be
Cut off like a blasted tree,
Murdered in filth in a day,
Somehow, by the merchant gay!

In Liberty's name we cry
For these women about to die.

What shall be said of a State
Where traps for the white bride wait?
Of sellers of drink who play
The game for the extra pay?
Of statesmen in league with all
Who hope for the girl-child's fall?
Of banks where Hell's money is paid
And Pharisees all afraid
Of panders that help them sin?
When will our wrath begin?

The following poem from *The Independent* is just as good to-day as it would have been twenty years ago, and would have been just as good if written twenty years hence. It illustrates what we say at the beginning of this department about poetry's not needing to bother much about the time-spirit:

ON THE BIRTH OF A CHILD.

By LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

Lo—to the battle-ground of Life,
Child, you have come, like a conquering
shout,
Out of a struggle—into strife;
Out of a darkness—into doubt.

Girt with the fragile armor of Youth,
Child, you must ride into endless wars,
With the sword of protest, the buckler of
truth,
And a banner of love to sweep the
stars.

About you the world's despair will surge;
Into defeat you must plunge and
grope—
Be to the faltering an urge;
Be to the hopeless years a hope!

Be to the darkened world a flame;
Be to its unconcern a blow—
For out of its pain and tumult you came,
And into its tumult and pain you go.

Harry Kemp has been taking a leaf
out of Masfield's note-book. His long
narrative poem in *The Smart Set* is
distinctly suggestive of Masfield's
work, but it is not unduly imitative.
We shall probably have a good deal of
this sort of thing in the near future
and, like the Maine farmer in the
story, "gosh! how we dread it!" Mr.
Kemp's poem, "The Harvest Hand,"
is seven pages long, and is not exactly
a work of inspiration. But it is an in-
teresting experiment, and the follow-
ing passage is particularly pleasing.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By HARRY KEMP.

And, then, the farmer's daughter, home
again,
Put brightness in the faces of the men
By her sweet singing presence. She
had been
To Kansas City visiting a friend. . . .
John hoped the world would sooner come
to end

Than the last load of wheat be gathered
in;

For she was like a cloudless morning.
Soon

They sat alone beneath the mounting
moon

Despite the next day's work each woke
to do;

And the old game between the two began
That has been played ever since woman
and man

Lived in the Garden and were only
Two.

A whip-poor-will sang in a cottonwood
tree;

Far off another answered plaintively;
A thousand little night things woke and
cried,

And the wide body of the bulging moon,
Orbed to the full globe of its plenitude,
Upon the silver elm-tops seemed to
ride.

Clouds caught, and broke across its am-
ber face

And trailed themselves into dissolving
lace. . . .

His hand found hers as if it thought
and knew:
For the most loveless heart in love's
despite
Could scarce resist a woman, stars and
night—
John only did what any man would do.

They felt akin. They loved. Their
pulses burned
As through each other's eyes they each
discerned

New worlds; for she, above the cook-
stove's heat,
Dreamed, as she worked, helping her
mother cook:
He, where the sun blazed down, with
visions shook
While grappling with the pouring hills
of wheat.

Their growing love calmed on each idle
space,
And Anson with his sun-browned boyish
face

Walked with her Sundays. Sweet the
thrill that comes
When all the banners of the heart unroll
And all the flowers of life break in the
soul
And Fancy marches with her fifes and
drums. . . .

The prairie like a purple map spread far,
And here and there a village like a star
Flashed in the distance; they sat on a
hill
Hand mixed with hand; the sky wall, far
away,
Seemed to push out and break beyond the
day
Until its blue edge touched God's win-
dow sill.

At any moment something might look out
Divine, of that the lovers held no doubt;
They floated in eternity together.
They leaned against a ledge whose lime-
traced shell
Into the depths of some old ocean fell
And now lay bared beneath the tooth
of weather.

Tears rushed up in their eyes; a sacred
awe
Came on them out of space. Their spirits
saw
The meaning of the Man and Woman's
tryst.
All that religions sanction or condemn
Swept like a prairie whirlwind over
them:
And they were caught to heaven as
they kissed.

A mover's wagon, passing at the base
Of Pawnee Rock, again brought time and
space
Into their ken, and, light at heart as
birds,
Homeward they strolled along the wind-
ing way,
Feeling within their hearts as ones that
pray,
Without a word, beyond the need of
words.

The death of Alfred Austin, poet
laureate of England, leaves a vacancy

the filling of which is of almost as
much interest to this country as to
England itself. There is a prevalent
impression in America that the honor
is destined for another Alfred, who
has been proclaiming his evangel of
peace to us here. We judge from the
lines below (reprinted from the *Centu-
ry*), that Mr. Markham shares that
impression. His beautiful tribute to
Mr. Noyes should help that gentle-
man's chances not a little if anything
we can say on this side could help
them.

TO ALFRED NOYES, APOSTLE OF
POETRY AND PEACE.

*An April Greeting on His Return from
the South.*

By EDWIN MARKHAM.

Again the mood of Eden on the earth!
Again the summons and the mystic mirth,
The beauty and the wonder and the dare,
Thrilling the heart, the field, the delicate
air!

So now once more the old remembering:
The lyric hosts come out of the South
with song.

With music that can save the soul from
wrong—

The immemorial multitudes a-wing
Down bright savannas, over the greening
trees.
Hark, the first warbling in the bough soft-
stirred!

And you, O Poet, with your winged word,
You come convoyed by these!

You come with all the buds and birds
astart—

You with the heart of April in your heart.
So take our banded welcome as we drink
A health to you on April's flowering
brink—

To you come hither from that elder clime,
Where April has been wreathed in poet's
rhyme.

Been touched with love and tears
By English minstrels down a thousand
years.

And now that Sherwood Forest calls you
home

Over the furrows of the ocean foam,
Take message from this people to your
own—

To England, with her scented hawthorns
blown,

And all her skylarks in a rapture-pain
Sprinkling the happy fields with lyric rain.
Tell her that, lordlier than her cliffs and
towers,

Tell her that, mightier than her pomps
and powers,

We see her line of poets stretching back
Ten centuries, a bright, immortal track.
Tell her that while she builded the things
that seem,

They built her glory out of deathless
dream.

Ah, more is that wild beauty left by Keats
Than all the blazon of her kingly sears;
More is that wonder from the hand of
Blake

Than all her guns that make the nations
quake;

More is her Shelley, with his starry dare,
Than all her flags ringed round with
battle blare;
More her blind Milton voyaging the vast,
Than all her squadrons shearing down
the blast;
And more is Shakspeare, lord of lyric
seers,
Than all her conquests of a thousand
years.

But none of all the line
(Save only Shelley, darling of the Nine)
Has cried as you have cried the valorous
vow
Of Love's heroic heart, God's prayer to
men
To cease the wolfish battles of the den,
And so the Muses bind upon your brow
The olive with the laurel; for your song
Bears on that dauntless prayer against the
wrong,
The cry the embassy of angels sent
Of old across the Syrian firmament,
Above the stable door.
For in your voice we still can hear their
cry

Sound down into our sky:
"Let there be peace: let battles be no
more!"

There is a good deal of sameness
about the poetry of Katherine Tynan.
It is all in the minor strain, expressive
of home-sickness and longing for the
Ould Sod. But if you don't read too
much of it is very pleasing. This
is from *The Delinctor*:

FEBRUARY IN LONDON.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN.

The gray streets of London are sweeter
than the rose,
The gray streets of London when the
West Wind blows.
The wild wind, the fresh wind, brings
home the Spring again,
And I turn my face to meet her in the
softest rain.

The tired folk and busy they put their
cares away
With "Never mind to-morrow, since life
is good to-day."
They are wondering what ails them, the
West Wind blows so sweet.
With a flash of green and silver in the
saddest street.

There's dappled sky above us if the
smoke would let us see,
In dingy squares and crescents there's a
thrush upon the tree.
The rain like little fingers comes with a
soft surprise
And is smoothing out the wrinkles 'round
the weary eyes.

The rain and the West Wind that set the
flowers to start
They wash the grime from all the soul,
the grief from the heart.
And who would you be meeting as you
walk the murky town
But Spring that's like a daffodil in a
golden gown?

The girls beside the pavements they
carry golden store
Of wallflowers and hyacinths and violets
galore.
The soft speech of Limerick I heard as
I went by,
And the blue eyes of Ireland were like
a glint of sky.

The West Wind is blowing on people
stepping light;
They wonder what is on them—they feel
so queer and bright.
The softest rain is falling, and while the
West Wind blows
The gray streets of London are sweeter
than the rose.

Arthur Stringer sticks pretty closely
to Irish dialect verse. He does it well
and the following from *The Forum* is
one of the very best he has ever done:

THE GIRL WHO WENT TO AILEY.

BY ARTHUR STRINGER.

I mind the day she went wid him,
Wid all her big and frightened eyes,
The day wid all the tears and bells
And all the laughin' and good-byes.

I mind how white and shmall she stood,
Beside that glowerin', towerin' man,
Wid all his Ailey twists av tongue
And furrin-lookin' coat av tan.

But faith, he took her off wid him
Beyond his leagues av brine and rack;
And wid her seemed to go the sun;
And niver word nor sign came back.

(Och, such a wishful eye she had,
And such a slow and meltin' smile,
Ye'd carry off the thought av her
To lighten up your longest mile!)

But tales they told av how she pined
To see the hills av home again,
To see the bogland and the whin,
The Arran wathers soft wid rain.

And me it was they pressed to go,
Me, av all the whispurin' glen,
To seek her out and send some word
From that gray isle av glowerin' men.

(Still mindin' that, in other days,
The two av us had passed a word
When I was told as any blade
And she was light as any bird!)

So off I set betimes, to where
The windy Isles av Ailey lay,
The worn and bither Ailey rocks
That seemed a weary world away.

And white she went when face to face
I met her where the kelp-smoke curled
Along those wind-swept Ailey reefs
That stood in truth another world.

And fair destroyed I was to think
Av her who loved a laughin' face,
And laughin' hearts, and laughin' ways,
In such a lone and ghastly place!

And och, the wishful eyes av her
Across the sea-mist as she spoke,
And like a white ghost questioned me
Av home and all the Arran folk!

"I'll ne'er win back—I'll ne'er win back!"
Sez she without a smile or tear.
"Me husband is an Ailey man,
And Ailey men," sez she, "is queer!"

"But does he treat ye good?" sez I,
And faith, her face was all a mask.
"He treats me just," she slowly said;
"He gives me all that wan could ask!"

And pale she was and proud she was;
"And must I tell him that?" sez I.
"O, back in Arran tell him that,
And speak me kindly!" was her cry.

Then out to me her white hands went,
And on me breast, before I knew
Or saw at all, she sobbed and cried:
"Me heart, me heart, 'tis broke in two!"

And when she, faith, could weep no more,
She kissed me wid no shame nor fear.
"O, how this heart av mine," sez she,
"Has ached for you and Arran here!"

"And this, me Thruve Love, now I tell,
For back to Arran ye must go
And speak me proud—but O, me Love,
'Tis only us shall iver know!"

We get the following from the *London Nation*. It has dramatic rather
than poetic value, and leaves an un-
forgettable picture in the gallery of the
mind:

THE BLIND BOXER.

BY WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

He goes with basket, and slow feet,
To sell his nuts from street to street;
The very terror of his kind,
Till blackened eyes had made him blind.
Aye, this is boxer Bob, the man
Who had big muscles harder than
A schoolboy's bones; who held his ground
When six tall bullies sparred around.
Small children now, that have no grace,
Can steal his nuts before his face;
And, when he threatens with his hands,
Mock him two feet from where he
stands;

Mock him who could, some years ago,
Leap full five feet to strike a blow.
Poor Bobby, I remember when
Thou wert a god to drunken men:
But now they push thee off, or crack
Thy nuts, and give no money back;
They swear they'll strike thee in the face,
Dost thou not hurry from that place,
Such are the men that once would pay
To keep thee drunk from day to day.
With all thy strength and cunning skill,
Thy courage, lasting breath, and will,
Thou'rt helpless now; a little ball,
No bigger than a cherry small,
Hath now refused to guide and lead
Twelve stone of strong, hard flesh that
neel

But that ball's light to make thee leap,
And strike thee onwards down like sheep.
Poor, helpless Bobby, blind, I see
Thy working face and pity thee.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH MOUNTAIN LIONS

In a recent number of the *Outlook*, Lucy Rider Meyer, under the title "Is Nature Red?" discusses the sufferings of animals of the lower forms. She gives a number of incidents to indicate that such sufferings are far less than they seem to us to be. "The psychology of the lower animals," she says, "is a science yet in its infancy, but so far as it has advanced it has not strengthened our belief in the ability of these animals to generalize or to perform any of the higher functions of reason. Even when animals have been led by instinct to actions similar to those which in man have been arrived at by reason—tho, in the last analysis, a greater part of our life than we think is instinctive, reason only confirming its judgments—there cannot be connected with them the keen and high sensibilities of the human being." The following story is used to illustrate the point that even in the fiercest conflict there may be far less agony than we are apt to read into it. The story was told to her last winter by "a modest young giant of an itinerant Methodist minister" in Montana, and is given in his words.

I REMEMBER still how cold it was at three o'clock that Saturday morning, tho I am used to cold weather. The train did not stop at Swanscott, where I lived, and I had five miles to walk to catch the five o'clock morning express—the latest train that would get me to Little Wolf in time for my Sunday work.

I kissed my wife good-by, stole a glance at my sleeping babies, and trudged out into the cold—when I struck town I learned that it was forty-four degrees below zero. But my coat was heavy and I pulled my woolen cap well down over my face, for every inch of skin that was uncovered felt as if invisible fingers were pinching it. Ever feel the cold like that? It isn't bad after one gets used to it. I am a perfectly well man and I am used to it. I enjoy it.

I went by the railway track, the nearest way and the best walking. The keen air in my lungs was almost intoxicating in quality, and I felt like a king as I tramped along. There was no moon, but the stars were glorious, and their light, reflected by the brilliantly white snow, gave light enough for my way. There was not a particle of wind, and the stillness was wonderful. The only sound I could hear was the crunch of the dry snow under my shoes.

I had gone about half the way when I came to a place where the railway crept unusually close to the sandy cliff or bluff along the side of which it was built. As I was walking along this stretch with steady, swinging steps, something—some angel of a primeval instinct, some sound so slight that it reached my attentive animal ears only, not my brain—made me glance hastily up, and I jerked myself back just in time to escape being hit by a large body flying in front of me.

I distinctly felt the rush of air as the creature passed. I knew at once that it was a mountain lion that had jumped at me from the cliff. Missing me, it hit the earth the other side of the track, and I could hear it scramble along the ground as it tried to save itself from going down the hill.

I was terribly frightened. I ran. I ran very fast. Did you ever feel the hair rise prickling with terror all over your head? I did then. It seemed to me it would lift my cap—queer how one thinks of trivial things at such a time. If ever a man took ten feet at a jump in running, I did then.

I knew the beast would be after me again, and, sure enough, in a little while I heard his steps behind me. Then I could hear him panting—no doubt he heard me panting, too. In an agony of terror, it came to me that I must face him or die, and, without reasoning, I obeyed the impulse and suddenly wheeled about. The lion stopped, too, both of them—for I saw now that there were two—as soon as they could control their momentum.

We glared at each other motionless for a minute. I saw I must fight, and I was ready. I raised my hand very slowly and buttoned my coat collar tight about my neck—they always jump for the throat, you know.

Then, with still a passing thought of escape, I began taking long, slow steps backward, my eyes still fixed on my foes. But when I moved they moved too, slowly creeping toward me. For every step I took they took two. So I stopped again, choosing a place where the ground was level and the footing sure.

This time the lions did not stop when I did, but as I expected, came creeping on, the larger one ahead. I could see in the starlight their crouching forms back of the eyes that glowed like literal balls of fire in the darkness. I had no weapon, nothing but my little leather satchel. That was packed solid, however, and I lifted it slowly above my head, intending to strike with it at the first one that jumped.

My plan of defense was perfectly definite. My shoes were heavy, and I had kicked football in my college days. It came into my mind in another odd flash of inconsequent memory how little I knew what I was really training for in the old football team.

The situation was, to say the least, interesting, and every detail is burned into my memory. Once before in my life I had been in danger from wild beasts—attacked by a bear, or rather chased by one. Then I had the help of a dog—noble fellow, his life went to save mine—but this time I was thrown entirely on my own resources, and they could fairly be pronounced rather slender.

Yet I was not afraid. That was the most interesting part of it all—my feelings. I remember them perfectly. I have often recalled them, and have used them sometimes in my sermons to illustrate a psychological point. When I was running I was afraid—horribly, miser-

ably afraid. But as I faced the lions every particle of fear left me, and I flashed into an exalted state of mind and body that was, I think, courage in the highest degree.

I did not dread the moment of conflict. I waited it with intense eagerness, just as we wait sometimes for the end of an exciting story. Every ounce of my body was alertly ready. I never in my life felt so big and so *alite*—so entirely confident. I suppose psychologists would say that I was no longer a man, that I had dropped back into a purely animal condition—the condition of a creature that had had thousands of experiences of conflicts through myself and my savage ancestors, and had always come off victorious.

Yet with these purely animal sensations and impulses I used my human reason in planning my course. Moreover, I had a wonderful spiritual quickening—a kind of clearing away of sense barriers between me and God. My soul flashed out to him in intimate contact. I was exultingly sure that he was with me and that he would help me.

I know now, of course, that I hadn't a ghost of a chance with the beasts. A single mountain lion is altogether too much for an unarmed man—I hadn't even a penknife—and here were two ferocious creatures furnished by the long Montana winter!

Yet, in spite of all, I was perfectly confident—sure I should win in the conflict.

The foremost lion was on his belly crawling toward me an inch at a time. The big muscles on his haunches knotted themselves for the spring. But at what seemed the very last moment there was a tremendous whistle that seemed, in the clear air, to sound in our very ears, and a freight train came booming around a slight curve in the road, the headlight glaring full into the faces of the two beasts.

They turned and bounded up the sides of the cliff, screeching at every jump. They had been as silent as death before, but now! I never had heard such blood-curdling yells. My fear all came back.

My hair came up again, prickling all over my head, and again I turned and ran. I had another little bluff to pass, and I was horribly afraid the big cats would be waiting for me there, but they were not. And so I am here to tell the story.

Finance and Industry

A Captain Kidd of Wall Street.

THE publication of a story discrediting the dissolution of the Harriman merger brought into the fiercest lime-light one of the most lurid characters of Wall Street. Judge Lovett intimated in statement that the stories in question had been spread to embarrass the company because of its refusal to pay blackmail. Other directors of the Union Pacific, according to the New York Times, were even more outspoken. They asserted that a notorious and thoroughly discredited market operator whose questionable behavior had gained for him the name of "The Wolf" had associated himself with a New York lawyer in the attempt to blackmail the Union Pacific and its bankers through intimations of their power over ultra-radical members of

Congress. Immediate investigation by a Congressional Committee brought out the fact that a prominent lawyer, Mr. Ledyard, received frequent telephone calls from an individual representing himself as Congressman Palmer and offering his influence over various committees of the House for a consideration. Mr. Palmer himself was unaware of these conversations until he was informed thereof by Mr. Ledyard. Mr. Ledyard endeavored to obtain a personal interview with the impersonator, but without success. The person who designated himself as Representative Palmer finally declared that he would name a person in whom Mr. Ledyard could have full confidence, to whom he could talk freely, and who would be able to produce evidence of his powerful influence. Those statements finally led to Mr. Ledyard's making an appointment to

meet the gentleman whom this person named, and at the hour of the appointment there appeared at Mr. Ledyard's house Mr. Edward Lauterbach, a distinguished member of the New York Bar.

Double Crossed Wires.

IN the subsequent Congressional investigation, David Lamar, known in Wall Street as "The Wolf," brazenly admitted that he was the man at the other end of the telephone. He laughingly confesses that, for reason of his own, he has impersonated many Congressmen in his time. The Committee was unable to ascertain Lamar's real name. Characteristically enough, The Wolf attempted to use the Congressional investigation to launch a bear raid on Union Pacific by charging that the books of the Company reveal a forgery of more than eighty million dollars. This statement was at once branded as a lie by Mr. Cravath. The Wolf's foot was imprisoned. His teeth were broken. Mr. Lauterbach tearfully protested his honesty. He admitted that he told a falsehood in his conversation with Mr. Ledyard. He confessed that he had freely used the names of Washington personages without other warrant than the word of his friend Lamar. In the course of the examination the astonishing discovery was made that the Stanley bill calling for an investigation of the Steel Corporation was actually penned by Lamar. From Lamar's hands it traveled into those of Mr. Martin who heads an Anti-Trust League of uncertain forebears. Mr. Martin, in turn, expedited the resolution into the hands of Representative Stanley. Before this was done the bill was hawked about in Wall Street by Mr. Lauterbach. The latter offered to stop the investigation. Mr. Morgan refused to cough up, and since that time the relations between Mr. Lauterbach and the house of Morgan have been somewhat strained. Lamar explains that he impersonated numerous politicians and initiated his campaign of trickery to install his friend Lauterbach again in the good graces of the house of Morgan. Lauterbach himself declares that his motives were pure, that he, as well as others, were duped by Lamar. He nevertheless insists in speaking of Lamar as a public benefactor. In his adventurous career, Lamar has evidently always enjoyed expert legal ad-



THE ORIGINAL MUCKRAKER—THE MAD WOLF OF WALL STREET

—Rogers in N. Y. Herald

vice. He invariably remained within the law. By an extraordinary omission of the law it is not a penal offense to impersonate a Congressman, whereas it is a penal offense to impersonate federal officials. Congressman, curiously enough, are classified, as State officials.

Trouble in Wall Street— Enter The Wolf.

WHENEVER there is trouble in Wall Street, The Wolf makes his appearance. If the Chairman of the Union Pacific had not been from Texas, remarks the *Times Analyst*, he would be prepared for the call. One of The Wolf's assets is that Wall Street fears him. He worries captains of industry. For The Wolf, we are told, is indestructible. To feed him is futile. His appetite is insatiable.

"When he is not hungry, he works wantonly, for the love of it. Three incarnations ago he was a brigand in the South of Europe. By habit of blood he still wears a belt, which is betrayed in the slouch of his trousers; but otherwise he affects a dress of importance—the long dark coat with braid on the edges, a stick and gloves, and usually a high hat. He is a handsome dog, big and square hewn, with a swarthy hide three inches thick and a face that would do perfectly for the villain in a play with no making up. His name does not matter. He invented it.

"He does not come to Wall Street regularly. Months pass in which nobody sees him. Then suddenly he appears. As he passes people say one to another: "That is he; I wonder what he's up to now?"

"Those who entertain The Wolf must do it surreptitiously, and afterward deny acquaintance with him. Therefore he has no place of wont in Wall Street. He might be very active in the stock market, buying and selling stocks in half a dozen places, and making nights restless for people with financial plans on hand, and yet he is so devious in his movements that if you found his tracks at all they would lead backward to the door of some large office building and stop there."

The Only Man Whom Morgan Feared.

IT was said of The Wolf that he was the only man whom Morgan feared. His tools, to quote again the able financial weekly sponsored by the New York *Times*, are cunning, imagination, an instinct for human weakness, and real intelligence. His raw materials are cupidity, credulity and guilt.

"Before he came to Wall Street he was an advertising swindler in the West. The first thing he found when he came to Wall Street was an old man in trouble with a railroad, attacked by a stock market manipulator on one side and a group of rapacious traction people on the other.

The Wolf slipped in and seized a share of the plunder—a reasonable share only; that is, not so much as to make it worth the while of the combatants to pause in their struggle for the major portion. That is the difference between a Hog and a Wolf. And, besides, when it was over, he had a hold on the manipulator which he did not relax during the remainder of that person's life. Nobody knew what it was. The manipulator, who was at that time a freebooter, became afterward respectable and did things in high finance for great bankers, but The Wolf had always the freedom of his door, and people wondered.

"A large railroad was once sued by a small stockholder, who pretended not to like certain financial transactions which were in a way to be consummated. It was very obviously a 'strike suit,' that is, some one had procured the suit to be brought for purposes of blackmail. The person in whose name the thing was done had never attempted anything like that before, and was not at once associated with The Wolf, but all the same it was strongly believed to be blackmail. One day a man who knew The Wolf by name and by experience met him in Wall Street and took him off his guard. He said:

"You're handling this thing badly. You won't get away with it. You haven't got the evidence."

"Haven't I?" said The Wolf. "Come in here and I'll show you."

They went and sat down at a restaurant table and The Wolf produced the case out of his pocket. It was statistically perfect. It looked bad for the railroad. A few days later the injured stockholder discontinued his suit. Somebody had settled with the Wolf.

The Wolf and His Methods.

AT one time, the writer goes on to say, The Wolf attached himself to an important investigation at Washington. It affected a well-known security on the New York Stock Exchange. For months The Wolf was seen prowling about in the Capital. He was not looked at so much askance in Washington; respectable people were not afraid to be seen talking to him. When, however, those in charge of the investigation discovered how much they were discredited by even knowing him, they were suddenly cold, and this he met by publishing from Washington a statement denying rumors that he had sold the investigation out. There never had been such rumors. He couldn't have sold the committee out if he had wanted to, but after that the investigation could never quite rid itself of the disagreeable suspicion of wrong associations.



EASY STREET

—Boardman Robinson in N. Y. Tribune

Whatever else was true about it, The Wolf made a great deal of money selling the stock of the corporation in question.

"These are but glimpses of The Wolf. Most of his activities remain undiscovered, for the peculiar reason that so many of his victims can ill afford to protest. He catches them making off with the spoils and demands his share. It is often very easy. The trick is to intercept the loot in transit, when the bearer thereof can neither turn back nor run fast enough to escape. For that kind of situation The Wolf has an unerring instinct. He sees it beforehand; that is the great point. He watches it develop, follows it doggedly, and presents himself at the awkward moment. He is no common blackmailer. It would be impossible to settle with him in person. He keeps a lawyer between himself and jail.

"His audacity carries him far. There

is no back door he will not essay to enter. He enters more than you might suppose, and such as you would never dream of. That is because he has an unscrupulous intelligence, is fertile, has ideas, and invents ways to acquire money easily. He knows the vulnerable points of a great many things. A man like that can be very useful on occasions."

There are those, we are told, who, tho they would not speak to him in public, yet traffic with him in secret. One may be debating how to embarrass an enemy, and lo! there is The Wolf at the door with a way to do it and make it pay.

An Adept at the Telephone.

THE Wolf always exercises caution. He never is guilty of the coarser crimes. If there were many wolves, remarks the New

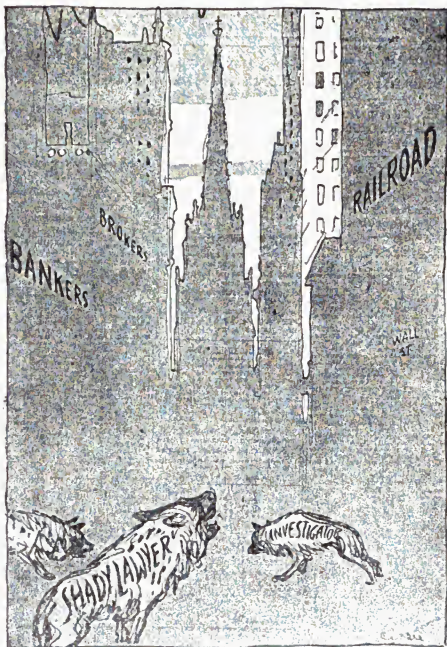
York Evening Post, the other animals, bulls and bears, would have to drop everything else and unite to exterminate them, but one wolf has protection. He can be useful. From a character sketch of The Wolf printed in the Financial Section of the *Evening Post* two years ago, it appears that he was always an adept at the telephone. The Wolf, we are told, has done some amazing things out of sheer uncontrollable impudence. One of his feats involved the telephone. Negotiations to settle a big coal miners' strike had finally failed, because the representatives of both sides were too stiff-necked to meet, and had been unable to accomplish anything by proxy.

"The Wolf took up the telephone and called the banker who represented the railroad companies. Without giving his name, he said that he represented the president of the Miners' Association, who wished to know if the banker would see him personally. It was such an overture as saved the banker's pride, and he consented. Then The Wolf called the president of the Miners' Association on the telephone and said, speaking for the banker, that the banker wished to see him in person. That was such an overture as saved the labor leader's pride. Two more telephone calls, one each way, and a meeting was definitely arranged. The Wolf thereupon withdrew, and perhaps made some money on the rise in prices which followed the settlement."

The recent mysterious caller at the telephone, who now, by his own confession, turns out to be Lamar, impersonated not only Congressman Palmer, but also Congressman Riordan. As the latter he urged Judge Lovett to engage Mr. Lauterbach as counsel for the Union Pacific. Mr. Lauterbach ascribes his present plight entirely to his friendship for Lamar. "I had been importuned to have nothing to do with him (Mr. Lamar), and I felt that I was suffering professional loss by having him as my client. But I owed him gratitude. I believed that the criticisms that were made of him were unjust, and I maintained my professional relations to him." His friendship for Lamar cost him the friendship of J. P. Morgan, and may cost him more.

The Listless Stock Exchange.

NO doubt you have read descriptions of the New York Stock Exchange and know what a scene of mad activity it ought to be; but, remarks Will Payne in *The Saturday Evening Post*, if you should drop into the visitors' gallery any of these days, you would hardly recognize the view beneath from any description you may have read. At the left is a knot of brokers in earnest conversation; but what they are discussing is yesterday's baseball scores. Over there sits a floor trader, pencil in hand, immersed in



THE JACKALS OF FINANCE

—Cesare in N. Y. Sun

thought; but he is not meditating a coup in Reading. He is figuring up his laundry bill. The persons with gold-braided caps, standing at little posts surmounted by telegraph instruments, are the official quotation reporters—all apparently sound asleep.

"Uniformed messengers come and go. Members move about—to get the cramps out of their legs. A number flashes out on the big blackboard to the right or the left, summoning a member to the telephone. His house wishes to know who sold that last Union Pacific—a quarter of an hour ago. A customer in Baltimore who bought fifty shares of Union Pacific year before last has asked the question.

"The scenery and properties are all there—the large and handsome trading room; the numbered posts on the floor; the battery of pneumatic tubes from the cable offices, near which the arbitrageurs are supposed to congregate in order to get their messages from London and Paris hot off the wire; the telephone booths at the rear; the messengers, attendants and members. The stage is all set. The only thing lacking is some business.

"There have been extensive dry spots before since the stock market came back to life in 1898, but never any such Sahara as this. In the last two years the Exchange has done less business than it did in a single year when there was a real market. Take one year's income and spread it over two years and you will find that it gets exceedingly thin in places; in fact, for three years now the sporting public simply has not been trading in stocks. The last good market was in 1909.

"Now three years is a long while

in any trade to wait for business to pick up. Naturally a good many people round Wall Street are asking themselves whether the Stock Exchange ever can come back—whether there will ever again be an extensive outside participation in stock speculation.

"It is a very important question for some people, as you can see at a glance by figuring it this way: The Exchange is a voluntary association with eleven hundred memberships. Four years ago a membership sold as high as ninety-four thousand dollars, on which basis the privilege of doing business on the Exchange would be worth in the aggregate more than one hundred and three million dollars. Recently a membership sold for thirty-eight thousand dollars, on which basis all the memberships would be worth nearly forty-two million dollars—a slump of about sixty-one millions, rising from the public's continuous and callous indifference to the stock game."

Can the Stock Exchange Come Back?

IN 1906 trade on the Exchange amounted to two hundred and eighty-four million shares. Commissions at twelve and a half cents a share came to more than thirty-five million dollars. Last year the trade was a hundred and thirty-one million shares and commissions sixteen million dollars—a decline of nearly sixty per cent. in brokers' incomes. The actual decline was considerably more than that; for with an active market almost any good broker can make office expenses out of his interest account, and with a dead market that source of revenue is cut off. The great Stock Exchange houses are trimming down

their expenses. They are dismissing clerks by the score. Hence Wall Street is gloomy, and sadly relates tales of the days when Gates and other master speculators cornered the market, days when every tip was good, and everybody made money. The question is, repeats Mr. Payne, can the Stock Exchange come back?

"About nine amateurs out of ten who dabble in it lose money. That fact has been so thoroughly demonstrated and so widely advertised of late years that this generation will probably never see another such big public participation in stock speculation as occurred in 1901. If it does it will probably be because another panic has intervened and stocks have been shaken down to such a level that anybody can buy anything with reasonable certainty of a profit.

"The professional and semi-professional element is pretty thoroughly discouraged and disgruntled at present. A large part of the active trading is always in shares of public-service corporations—steam railroads; electric roads; gas, telephone, telegraph and electric-light companies. It is becoming more and more a settled policy of the country that these public-service companies shall not be permitted to charge rates that yield more than a fair return upon the actual investment, which necessarily tends to limit the speculative possibilities in their shares. On the other hand, there is Steel—defendant in a suit by the Government to dissolve it and sentimentally affected by tariff revision. These things tend to dampen the professional speculator.

"However, that there will be periods of more active trading than we have seen during the last two years and a half is also fairly certain. The gambling instinct

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, JUNE 1. APR 1911											
2.13	112	200.32	300.147	162	500.49	1068	200.125	372			
THE TAPE AT THE OPENING											
CA	SP	US	PA	A	IS	RS	U	CA	E		
200.71	219.500.219.	300.84	200.58	108	200.98	14	200.159	200.147	219.8	26	
THE TAPE FIFTEEN MINUTES AFTER THE OPENING											
CA	CAN	U	RS		GNR	C	RS	CA	US	ON	P
213	311	500.144	700.157	800.158	124	500.70	200.158	214	300.571	55.2.98	200.21
THE TAPE HALF AN HOUR BEFORE THE CLOSE											
SS	R	ST	S	TC	T	U	B	US	P	UT	VC
29	71	106	108	33	12	145	84	58	106	49	27
2	7	65									
THE CLEARING-HOUSE PRICES ON THE TAPE											
These are the prices which are used as a basis for settlements through the Clearing-House. The Clearing-House price is always the nearest given price to the last sale made before the close in each Clearing-House stock. If, for instance, a stock closes at 10 1/2, the Clearing-House price will be 10 1/4; if it closes at 10 3/4, the Clearing-House price will be 10 1/2.											

Courtesy of The Outlook

remains. Time out of mind the British public has gone on a speculative debauch once in a while, lost its money and sworn off—and then, after just about so long, has gone at it again. It was only two or three years ago that they had a great jamboree in rubber shares. To be sure, we are more conservative than the British public is; but in due time you will again see quite a crowd of gentlemen putting their money on the red in Broad Street."

Meanwhile, Mr. Payne avers, Wall Street is prosperous. For Wall Street is not the Stock Exchange. To identify Wall Street with the Stock Exchange, he remarks epigrammatically, is like confusing a large circus with a single elephant.

The Legitimate Function of the Stock Exchange.

THERE is still another reason why the Stock Exchange is sure to come back, despite the pessimism of its members and the legislative restrictions that may hedge in its freedom. For the Stock Exchange, in spite of the frequent abuse of its machinery, serves a legitimate function. Just what this function is, Mr. Harold J. Howland sets out to explain in *The Outlook*. He admits that many of the Stock Exchange operations are virtually gambling, that many people lose money in stock operations who can ill afford to lose it, that its facilities are used at times by unscrupulous men, many of whom are not members of the Exchange, to the disadvantage of inexperienced outsiders. Nevertheless, he assures us, the Stock Exchange has a very real reason for being; its primary function being not only legitimate and useful but indispensable to modern business. Neither speculation, trading on margin, nor short selling, he thinks, are contrary to good law, good economics and good morals. But all these, at times, are used in ways that, if not illegal, are certainly uneconomic and immoral. The problem which we must face in relation to the Stock Exchange and which the Stock Exchange must face for itself is, how to preserve and develop its normal and indispensable function while curbing and eliminating to the greatest extent possible the misuse of its facilities. The movements of the prices, Mr. Howland admits, are not always the unassisted result of the law of supply and demand.

"Big operators and groups of operators can and do at times raise and lower prices in ways that may be called artificial and for ulterior purposes. Pools are created from time to time to put prices up or to hammer them down. Among the methods which have been used in the past for bringing about such results is manipulation—creating artificial prices through 'wash sales' and 'matched orders,' fictitious transactions in which no stocks actually change ownership. Whether this manipulation still continues and to what

extent is a debated question. Such writers on the subject as Mr. Lawson would give us to believe that manipulation is 'as easy as lying' and far more usual. Prominent members of the Exchange say that manipulation is no longer possible, that under the new rules of the Exchange and their rigid enforcement, and under the new laws of the State making fictitious transactions or 'wash sales' a felony, 'no man would dare to try it.' Whether manipulation through fictitious sales is still possible and still practiced or not, the Governors of the Exchange are making determined efforts to render it impossible.

"But the exceptions merely bring the truth of the rule into greater prominence. The members of the Stock Exchange, broadly speaking, buy and sell for the public."

A Day on the Stock Exchange.

IN his attempt to interpret the Stock Exchange Mr. Howland gives a vivid description of a day in the Board Room and on the "floor." He tells us of the sixteen posts around which the specialists in certain stocks gather. Each is a kind of standard, having a large number at the top, a bulletin board with eight faces around it just below, and a cushioned seat around it at the bottom.

"Number One is the Steel post; two, the Great Northern Preferred or Consolidated Gas post; three, the Pennsylvania post; four, the Sugar or Money post; five, the Atchison or Missouri Pacific, or, in the shorthand vernacular of the floor, the Atch. or Mop. post. Six is known either as the New York Central, the Northwestern, or the Can. post. Seven takes its name from Baltimore and Ohio. Eight is known as Katy (which, being interpreted, means Missouri, Kansas, and Texas). Nine is the Union (Union Pacific) post, ten the General Electric, and eleven the Reading post. Twelve is interchangeably Snelgers (American Smelting and Refining Company) and Copper (Amalgamated Copper). Thirteen is Southern Pacific, fourteen Chesapeake and Canadian Pacific, fifteen Petroleum (so called from California Petroleum and Mexican Petroleum), and sixteen B. R. T. (otherwise Brooklyn Rapid Transit) and Lehigh Valley.

"Each post, therefore, has its sobriquet. At each post a certain list of stocks is traded in, varying from half a dozen to nearly two score in number. At the Steel post, Number One, for instance, will be found: United States Steel, common and preferred, known to the world of Wall Street as "Steel"; Chicago, Minneapolis, and St. Paul, common and preferred, known as "St. Paul"; Utah Copper; Louisville and Nashville; Atlantic Coast Line.

"At the Katy post, Number Eight, will be found thirty-nine stocks, including such prominent ones as Bethlehem Steel, National Biscuit Company, and International Harvester Company, and such unfamiliar ones to the uninitiated as Weyman-Bruton Company, Quicksilver Mining and Assets Realization Company.

"No 4 is also known as the Money post, for there the representatives of the banks are found by brokers who have bought stocks and must make the necessary loans to 'carry' them.

"Along the west wall of the Floor are batteries of telephone instruments ranged in alcoves that look not unlike the coat-racks in a hotel or club coat-room. Each member has a telephone connecting with his office and a clerk in constant attendance on it."

The Tale of the Ticker

PROMPTLY at ten o'clock the Chairman's gavel falls. Trading begins. The voice of the ticker is heard. In among the posts are four pedestals each bearing the regulation ticker and a telegraph key. These are the sending stations of the great ticker service that records in brokers' offices and banks all over the country each sale of stock as it is completed on the New York Stock Exchange. When the Exchange opens, we see scattered about the floor uniformed attendants, each wearing on his cap a broad gold band and a plate with the word "reporter" on it. At intervals, more or less frequent as business waxes and wanes, the reporters converge upon the pedestals and hand to one of their number at the telegraph key slips on which they have hurriedly pencilled the particulars of sales which they have just heard made in the crowds about the different posts. Briskly the reports they bring in are "pounded out" by the man at the key, and back they dart to eavesdrop again. In two rooms on the top floor of the building is to be found the next stage in the ticker service. One is occupied by the New York Quotation Company, which is controlled by the Stock Exchange, the other by the Gold and Stock Quotation Company, a subsidiary of the Western Union. The first, Mr. Howland explains, supplies the reports of the transactions on the Floor to the offices of members of the Exchange below Chambers Street; the second to all the other tickers in New York and in fifty cities throughout the country.

"In each room sit two groups of men, one active, the other in reserve. There are five men to a team. One sits before a round disc studded with red and white push-buttons lettered and numbered like the keys of a typewriter. The other four sit around him, each with one ear close to a telegraph sounder in its wooden box. The wires to each sounder are the wires coming from one of the four pedestals downstairs. As first one then another of the instruments chatters out a metallic message of some sale on the Floor, the central operator's hands with their long, facile fingers spell out the message again on the buttons before him. He has taken the message 'by ear,' as he regularly does in dull times when selling is slow and only one sounder speaks at a time. But the listening operator whose instrument

(Continued on page 138.)



On the porch with your friends
and a Victor-Victrola



An impromptu dance with
a Victor-Victrola

Take a Victrola with you when you go away this summer

Whether you go to the country, mountains, or seashore for the summer, or just camp out for a week or so, you'll be glad of the companionship of the Victrola.

This wonderful instrument enables you to take with you wherever you go the most celebrated bands, the greatest opera artists, the most famous instrumentalists, and the cleverest comedians—to play and sing for you at your leisure, to provide music for your dances, to make your vacation thoroughly enjoyable.

And even if you don't go away, a Victrola will entertain you and give you a delightful "vacation" right at home.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from \$10 to \$500.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play your favorite music and demonstrate the Victrola to you.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

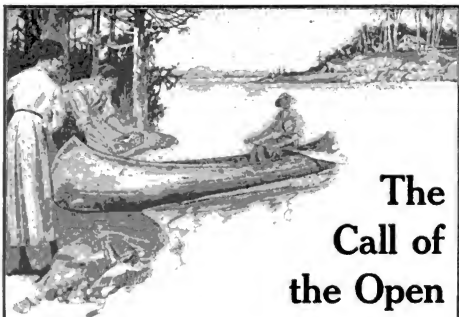
Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—the combination. There is no other way to get the unequalled Victor tone.

Victor Steel Needles, 5 cents per 100

Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100 (can be repointed and used eight times)

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 26th of each month





The Call of the Open

THE call of the open is more alluring as the Summer wanes and the city becomes more intolerable. But the full joy of the outdoors comes from freedom from household care and business worry. Taking the city into the country affords no relaxation from the complex problems of every-day life. Complete rest and healthful recreation must come with simple food and simple living. For the country home, for the bungalow by the sea, for the camp in the woods, for life in the open, nothing can equal

Shredded Wheat

as a food to sustain strength and to fully satisfy the keenest hunger. Being ready-cooked and ready-to-eat, it is the favorite ration of those who seek respite from the city heat far from the sources of food supply.

The Biscuit is deliciously nourishing with milk or with fruits of any kind. Trisuit is the shredded whole wheat wafer, or toast, containing the maximum of nutriment in smallest bulk. With butter or soft cheese it forms a delicious, satisfying lunch for the long ride in automobile or the tramp in the woods.

All the Meat of the Golden Wheat

Made only by

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

(Continued from page 136.)

has spoken also writes the particulars of the sale on a slip of paper and sets it before his partner. In quiet times this is only necessary in order to help the sending operator in checking his work. On busy days, however, it saves him from the impossible task of listening to four instruments at once and disentangling their dots and dashes.

"As he spells out each sale on the red and white buttons the ticker on the table before him prints on the tape the record U S 57½ U 145½ K 500.20 Pa 108 B O 200.07 K 20 R 16½ U 145¼ M P 31¼. As we watch the record grow on the marching tape we know that on just such a tape at precisely the same instant in 500 offices precisely the same record is being printed. In the next room the same process is sending the same word to probably ten thousand offices and banks in fifty cities and towns of the country."

The Ethics of Margin Trading.

THE man who buys stocks "on margin" is classed by Mr. Howland in the same category with a man who buys real estate with the aid of a mortgage. He defends "short" selling, that is to say the sale of stocks which the trader has not yet purchased, but expects to purchase. The publisher who accepts the subscription price for his magazine in advance is involved in exactly the same sort of transaction. When the publisher of *The Outlook* or of *Current Opinion* accepts the subscriber's \$3.00 in December for magazines to be delivered at weekly or monthly intervals he is "selling short" with a vengeance. He is selling something he has not got. Not only has he not got the completed product which he is to deliver, but he in all probability has only a very small portion of the raw material out of which the completed product is to be made. Short selling, in Mr. Howland's opinion, is a brake on the market whether prices are rising or falling. "The primary function of the Stock Exchange," he remarks, "is to provide a free, open, and broad market for the purchase and sale of securities. Such a market must be responsive to the law of supply and demand, but it must be protected, as far as possible, from rapid fluctuations and wide price movements. The best market would be that in which the swings of the price pendulum were short but deliberate."

"Short selling is a brake upon the market. It narrows the limits of fluctuation and retards their speed. Curiously enough, the fact that short selling is possible has the same effect whether the market is going up or going down. It checks both booms and panics, is a drag on both breaks and bulges.

"Let us take the case of a boom. The 'bulls,' those members who want to see

prices go up or believe they will go up, are buying right and left. Prices are advancing rapidly. The only thing which can stop such a movement is for the bulls' to find in the market a plentiful supply of the stocks they wish to buy. Now, in such a rising market, the bulls' have not only to buy stocks which others are 'long' of, having bought them 'for a rise.' They must also buy other stocks which traders do not possess but which they are willing to sell short in the belief that the prevailing high prices are only temporary and that a reaction is inevitable. The more shares the bulls have to buy, the harder is their task. Short selling adds to the actual supply of purchasable stock an increasing quantity of stock not now in the possession of the sellers but to be bought later. Short selling, therefore, is a brake upon a bull market, a curb upon a wild boom.

In a breaking market, in an analogous manner, short sales prevent too rapid a decline.

Unserambing Harriman's Nest Eggs.

WHEN Judge Walter H. Sanborne and his associates, sitting as the District Court of the United States for the district of Utah, approved the plans agreed upon by Attorney General McReynolds and the attorneys of the Union Pacific railroad, the famous Union Pacific merger, known as the great Harriman combination, came to an end. In brief, the plan which has the indorsement of the President, provides that the Union Pacific shall exchange \$38,000,000 of its \$126,000,000 of Southern Pacific stock for the Pennsylvania Railroad's entire holdings in the Baltimore and Ohio, virtually an equal amount, that the remaining \$88,000,000 shall be sold to the general public through the Central Trust Company of New York, that no present stockholder in the Union Pacific continuing as such may buy any of the Southern Pacific stock so sold; that the transaction shall begin on November 1, 1913, and if not complete by January 1, 1916, the court shall direct the disposition of any Southern Pacific stock remaining unsold. The plan in question, according to the Attorney General's statement, serves a twofold purpose. For it relieves not only the Union Pacific but also the Pennsylvania Railroad of objectionable holdings in actively competitive systems. The Government, however, expressly stipulates that should any illegal conditions arise from the exchange of stock, either under existing or future legislation or future interpretation by the courts of present statutes, Uncle Sam will have the right "freely to assail" the arrangement.



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HE lives in New York's stuffy tenement district, the most congested spot in America.

In his sultry three-room home there is scarcely space to eat and sleep. His playground is the blistering pavement of the ill-smelling streets, hemmed in by scorching brick walls.

No trees, no grass, not even a whiff of fresh air,—in the only world Tommy knows. Ash cans are his background, and the rattle and roar of traffic his environment.

Tommy's widowed mother is broken with worry; his sisters and brothers are as pallid and frail as he. The winter struggle has sapped their vitality. They are starving for air.

No medicine will help Tommy. What he, his mother and the other children need are: a chance to breathe something pure and fresh,—a taste of sunshine and outdoor freedom,—an outing in the country or at the seashore. But between Tommy and his needs stands poverty, the result of misfortune. He must suffer just as if it were all his fault.

And that is why Tommy appeals for a square deal. Nor does he wish you to forget his mother, or his "pals" and their mothers,—all in the same plight.

This Association every summer sends thousands of "Tenement Tommies", mothers and babies to the country and to Sea Breeze, its fresh air home at Coney Island. A dollar bill, a five dollar check, or any amount you care to contribute, will help us to answer Tommy's appeal. Send contributions to Robert Shaw Mintum, Treasurer, Room 204, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City.

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A Real Dissolution.

SUPPORTERS of the Administration assert that the Pacific decree avoids the mistakes of the former dissolution orders, because its terms made it impossible for the stockholders to exert restraints on trade forbidden to the corporation. In the Standard Oil and Tobacco decrees, they said, the stockholders were free to hold stock in the rival corporations, which succeeded the parent corporation, thus affecting a dissolution only in name, and that what the offending corporation did before the decree, the stockholders had been doing since the decree. The New York Press points out the difficulties of marketing the remaining ten millions of Southern Pacific shares. "We don't think," remarks Mr. Munsey's principal mouthpiece, "the American people have ever been much excited about the Union Pacific-Southern Pacific merger. Not many people in the United States have been so ignorant of the geography of their country as not to know that one of these lines in the North has been separated by virtually thousands of miles from the other in the South.

"Parallel systems so widely divided have not suggested to the American people the possibilities of monopoly that other combinations have. We believe, therefore, that the public, while in sympathy with the determination of the Government to divorce the two systems, would have no fault to find if larger consideration were shown to the Union Pacific in the almost insuperable task—so far as the present is concerned—of selling tens of millions of stock in a market which doesn't want to buy even cents of stock, though it be good stock."

Seeing the End of Railroad Troubles

THE New York Times takes a broad view of the matter. The law, it remarks, is now doing for railroads what they assumed to do for themselves. The stocks were acquired to establish that community of interests which was to prevent rate wars.

"Now rate wars are impossible, since all rates are regulated by law. Rates which had been unsettled and uneconomically low have been stabilized under the law, while the country has grown up to the volume of business necessary to sustain railway values. It follows that many railway investments are loosened, and that there is a possibility of advantage in the dispersal to the public of shares in exchange for a more liquid and available form of capital. The exchanging of shares between railway owners may perhaps turn out to be a mere way station on the route toward discovering the resources which the railways need and are at their wits' end to find."

The view expressed by some people in the financial districts, that the pur-

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chase of the stock of the Southern Pacific is the first step on the part of the Pennsylvania Railroad toward the unification of a transcontinental system, is not shared by Mr. Holland. The Pennsylvania management, the distinguished financial expert avers in the *Wall Street Journal*, has always regarded the Mississippi as the true boundary line of its system in the West. The most astute railroad managers, he goes on to say, are now convinced that on the American hemisphere the two Canadian transcontinental lines, the short transcontinental line, stretching from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific and known as the Tehuantepec railroad, and the single transcontinental line of South America, stretching from Valparaiso, Chile, to Buenos Ayres, will continue to be for many years the only lines under one management stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

A Critical Point for
U. S. Steel.

RISING wages and prospective tariff reductions are responsible for what the London *Economist* terms a critical point in the career of the United States Steel Corporation. The effect of its enormous overcapitalization, the British financial authority admits, has been reduced by the retention in the business of the major portion of the profits earned, while prices were kept up by the dominating policy of the Steel Corporation in the period of active trade which ended with the 1907 liquidation. The corporation was, in fact, an attempt to secure for itself the full effect of the protective tariff by raising prices to the home consumer. Had a complete monopoly been possible, the corporation could have raised domestic prices by very nearly the amount of the tariff duties, and when demand was good and trade active the Steel Corporation was able to dictate price levels to the American steel trade. Its share of the trade, however, did not amount to a monopoly, and the high prices encouraged production, so that the "independents" grew more rapidly than the Steel Corporation.

"Then came the Government attacks on trusts, and the Steel Corporation was forced to avoid any tactics which savored of a price maintenance policy. In 1910 the operations of the corporation in the matter of ore mining and steel production reached a higher point than they had ever done before, but profits took only third place, having been higher both in 1906 and 1907. The years 1909 and 1910 saw a rather artificial trade revival in the United States, and in 1911 there was a general falling away of both prices and production, so that the corporation's earnings suffered heavily, the output was not much below that of 1909. Then came



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a change of policy; instead of attempting to keep prices up by force of example (which had proved effective long after the independents had become strong enough to refuse to be ruled), the Steel Corporation competed for its share of the trade on level terms. This competition was not the price cutting of a great trust, undertaken with the definite purpose of accomplishing the financial ruin of its opponents, but done to safeguard its own position in the trade, and with due regard to the cost of production. Without it the corporation would simply have lost orders wholesale to the independents, and so we find that the Steel Corporation's profits for 1912 were but little above those of 1911, tho the scale of operations was very much greater."

Future of the U. S.

Steel Corporation.

THE Steel Corporation's expenditure per unit of production has steadily advanced, whereas its receipts on the same basis have declined. The figures of gross sales and expenses together with the average wage deduced from the annual figure of wages and the number of employees are:

	1909.	1910.	1911.	1912.
*Gross sales and receipts ...	\$646,382	\$703,961	\$615,148	\$745,505
Number of employees, 195,500	218,435	196,888	221,025	
*Wages paid \$151,663	\$174,955	\$161,419	\$180,351	
Per cent. of sales ...	23.5	24.9	26.4	25.4
Average wage per employee ...	\$776	\$801	\$820	\$856
Selling out-just per employee ...	\$3,300	\$3,400	\$3,110	\$3,370

* Round millions.

Consideration of the foregoing, the writer in *The Economist* goes on to say, may enable the interested observer to form some opinion of what is likely to be the result of tariff changes on the fortunes of the United States Steel Corporation. The placing of steel rails upon the free list is bound to lead to foreign competition.

"Under the present tariff, American imports of steel rails are so small as to be negligible, and, presumably, foreign rollers of rails would be able to secure many orders with rails free of duty. Prices, therefore, are likely to be reduced; but, on the other hand, pig-iron is also to be admitted free of duty, so that costs of production may be lowered to some extent by the cheapening of the raw material. America, of course, is very rich in iron ore, but the Steel Trust works some of its mines upon rather heavy royalties.

"Altogether the outlook for the Steel Corporation is for lower prices for its products, but the reduction of prices is not likely to occur so rapidly as to endanger the solvency of the corporation. The alteration of the tariff may disturb general trade for a time, but as soon as it has settled down under the new conditions there should be a steady upbuilding of real prosperity on a solid basis. The workers' nominal wages may not continue their rapid rise, tho their real value will be increased."

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"two rags and a bug."

Entering the kitchen when fish were on the fire he sniffed and exclaimed: "What a hell of smerrings!"

But the worst case of all occurred when he was in the pulpit. He announced as his text: "Many are called but few are chosen. Be ye therefore of the chosen few."

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings cometh forth wisdom and a few other things:

SUFFERING TOMMY.

Tommy's Aunt—Won't you have another piece of cake, Tommy?

Tommy (on a visit)—No, I thank you.

Tommy's Aunt—You seem to be suffering from loss of appetite.

Tommy—That ain't loss of appetite.

What I'm suffering from is politeness.

SYMPATHETIC HAROLD.

Harold watched his mother as she folded up an intricate piece of lace she had just crocheted.

"Where did you get the pattern, Mamma?" he questioned.

"Out of my head," she answered lightly.

"Does your head feel better now, Mamma?" he asked anxiously.

OBSERVANT WILLIE.

Little Willie attended Sunday school for the first time and went home and complained to his mother, that the teacher took his penny and didn't give him any peanuts.

Little Willie attended a wedding where the bride wore a veil. While going home he said: "Mamma, when you married did you wear curtains?"

The teacher said to little Willie, "Suppose your papa should take your kitty and cut its head off, what commandment would he break?" Little Willie said, after some thought, "What God has joined together let not man put asunder."

Lippincott's stands sponsor for the following bright ray of sunshine that entered a dark place:

HIS LAST REQUEST.

Not a sound could be heard in the court-room. The prisoner had just been condemned to death.

"You have a legal right to express a last wish," said the Judge, "and, if it is possible, it will be granted."

The prisoner, who was a barber, gave the Judge an appealing look as he replied:

"I should like just once more to be allowed to shave the District Attorney."

Francis Wilson, the comedian, tells this story and the Los Angeles Times publishes it:

NO NEED OF ACCOMPLICES.

"The best stage gag in history," Mr. Wilson said, "was undoubtedly an impromptu of Mrs. Keeley's. Mrs. Keeley was playing a boy's part in 'Genevieve.' She was taken before a judge in this part, and the judge asked sternly:

"Now, then, where are your accomplices?"

"To this question Mrs. Keeley roguishly replied, as she gave a nautical hitch to her trousers:

"I don't wear any. They keep up with me."

CURRENT OPINION



EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: LEONARD D. ABBOTT,
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No. 3

A Review *of the* World

The Impeachment of
Governor Sulzer.

ACCUSED of grand larceny, perjury and bribery, in violation of eight different sections of the Penal Code of the State of New York, William Sulzer, after less than eight months' service as governor, has been impeached by the Assembly and will be tried in a few days by the State Senate and Court of Appeals. Less than a year ago, Woodrow Wilson, now President, spoke of Sulzer as "a man whose reputation for integrity and independence is unquestionable, a man of high principle, devoted to the public interest." That was the opinion of Mr. Sulzer that generally prevailed, at least as to his integrity, after twenty-four years of continuous public service by him in somewhat conspicuous positions. An impeachment is not, of course, a conviction. It is merely an indictment. But it is an indictment made in this case after public hearings, with the evidence spread out before the world. The charges that are made are accompanied by elaborate specifications of times and places and persons, upon the sworn testimony of unwilling witnesses. As the case stands before the public, it makes what the Springfield *Republican* calls "one of the worst incidents in the history of American politics. In the history of the Republic but seven governors have been impeached prior to this time, and in but two cases—Holden, of North Carolina, in 1870, and Butler, of Nebraska, in 1871—has the impeachment resulted in conviction and removal. In a third case—Ames, of Mississippi, in 1876—it resulted in

resignation. And the cases of Ames and Holden came up in the South, in the carpet-bag days after the war. It is, therefore, a place of unenviable loneliness Mr. Sulzer will occupy if his impeachment is sustained.

What the Accusations
Against Sulzer Are.

THE articles of impeachment are eight in number. The first two accuse Sulzer of making a false affidavit as to the amount of money "received, contributed or expended by him," in aid of his election. The amount to which he made affidavit was \$5,460. Eleven checks, aggregating \$8,500, are specified which were not included in his affidavit. This alleged violation of the law was, of course, committed before he became governor, and the important point is raised by his lawyers that he can not be impeached for acts committed before he took office. One other article of impeachment accuses him of using \$32,850 of campaign contributions for personal speculation in Wall Street—"stole such money and checks," so runs the charge, "and was guilty of larceny." This act also was committed, if at all, prior to his becoming governor. The other five articles of impeachment accuse him of offenses committed while governor, namely: "suppressing evidence"; "preventing and dissuading a witness" from giving testimony to the legislative committee of investigation; promising and threatening members of the legislature "for the purpose of affecting the vote or political action" of these members on bills before the legislature; and "corruptly using his authority as governor"

to affect the current prices of securities listed and selling on the N. Y. Stock Exchange, in some of which securities he was at the time speculating. Other articles of impeachment, it is stated, may be added later.

Sulzer as a Lamb in
Wall Street.

PUBLIC interest centers on Mr. Sulzer's alleged use of campaign contributions for the purpose of speculating in stocks. The testimony shows that during the campaign he was carrying accounts in various brokerage concerns, one of them known as Account 63, another as Account 500, and one being carried on through the medium of Frederick L. Colwell. On one account he owed \$48,599.38, and had been urgently pressed for money. Within two weeks after his election he paid on this account \$10,000 in currency, and an additional sum of \$6,000, also in currency, about two weeks later, and the balance was paid by a wealthy member of his military staff last June. On another account, stocks were purchased by Colwell to the amount of \$12,025, and paid for on the same day (during the campaign), in part with currency and in part with checks that had been sent to Sulzer as campaign contributions and which did not appear in his affidavit of moneys received. Some of the campaign checks produced at the investigation which had been deposited to Sulzer's private account in a Trust Company, on which he drew from time to time for his stock payments, were "personally indorsed" by him, it is charged, and the deposit slips were "in his own

handwriting." The amount of currency alone which he used for stock payments in the three months between his nomination and his inauguration aggregated \$43,950.

A "Whirlpool of Confusion" in Albany.

DESPITE a general public call for a specific statement from Mr. Sulzer, nothing has appeared from him at the time of this writing except a general sweeping denial, a statement that in making his campaign affidavit of moneys received, he had depended upon others, and a charge that the legislature, being in extraordinary session, called for a specific purpose, had no right, under the Constitution, to do anything else and consequently its committee of investigation was without authority, and the impeachment proceedings themselves were illegal. Upon this ground chiefly he has refused to yield up the executive office to the lieutenant-governor, and a "whirlpool of confusion" was the first immediate result of the impeachment. "A steel chain with a heavy padlock secured the great seal; the privy seal lay under lock and key; the way to the executive chamber, Sulzer's citadel, was bolted and barred, and from two offices the rival claimants continued to exercise their functions." The state controller promptly recognized the lieutenant-governor as acting governor. So did the secretary of state. So did the head of the national guard. So, of course, did the legislature. But the banks have refused to honor checks drawn by either claimant until their claims are adjudicated.

Mrs. Sulzer to Her Husband's Rescue.

DESPITE Sulzer's silence, despite the strength of the case against him, despite the flaggrancy of the acts attributed to him, there is a distinct undercurrent manifest of sympathy for him and a disposition to support him in the desperate situation in which he finds himself. In Monroe county a large mass meeting was held and resolutions adopted in his defence. A number of eminent men like D. Cady Herrick, former Democratic candidate for governor, and Thomas Mott Osborne, former candidate for lieutenant-governor, are rallying to his aid. One reason for this is stated as follows by a group of lawyers who are acting as his advisers: "After an examination of Mr. Sulzer in relation to the transactions disclosed by the Frawley committee we are satisfied that there has been only a partial revelation of the facts so far, and we are satisfied that he has been guilty of no willful wrongdoing." Most of the Republican and Progressive members of the Assembly refused to vote for impeachment because of



"I HAVE RUINED HIS LIFE"

Mrs. William Sulzer, wife of the Governor of New York, now under impeachment, insists upon taking the blame for the seizure of his campaign funds, asserting that he is a mere child in money matters and she endorsed the checks in his name and deposited them to his private account.

the haste with which it was pushed through, claiming that the members had not had time even to read the Frawley committee's report, much less to discuss it. And almost at the last moment a sensational report was made public to the effect that Mrs. Sulzer had confessed to one of the legislators that she had been the one who misapplied the campaign contributions, endorsing the checks and speculating in stocks without her husband's knowledge. Mr. Sulzer's finances, so runs the story, were at a very low ebb. He himself is "a perfect child" in monetary matters and his wife has always had general charge of his finances. When the campaign money came in, she, not appreciating the enormity of the act, and sanguine of making quick money in certain stocks, applied the money to that purpose. When the storm came, she told the Governor and begged to be allowed to take the witness stand, but he refused to allow her to be drawn into the battle.

Rallying to Sulzer's Support.

BUT the chief source of the strength that remains to Mr. Sulzer is the feeling of deep distrust for his most active foes—Tammany Hall leaders—and for their purposes in securing his downfall. Here is a Republican view from the Syracuse Post-Standard: "Governor Sulzer prob-

ably deserved impeachment. But he was not impeached because he deserved it. He was impeached upon order of Tammany Hall because he proved faithless to Tammany Hall." James C. Garrison, a former editor of the N. Y. Press, now an employee of the Sulzer administration at Albany, writes a strong letter to the N. Y. Times in defence of his chief. He says:

"Long before Sulzer refused Murphy's demand for the surrender of the Governorship and the protection of Stilwell he knew that the campaign fund would be exposed. That was one of the threats about which he told me weeks before the Frawley Committee set to work to uncover the campaign fund. Sulzer knew they would accuse him of perjury and all kinds of impropriety. All these pains he could have spared himself and become a rich man, if he had yielded his office to Murphy.

"He weighed the promised rewards in one hand and he balanced on the other hand the possibility of ruin, and then William Sulzer vowed that at any personal sacrifice he would stick to his commission from the people. He does not care now what happens to him, because he did not care then. His resolution to go through with the fight for honest and efficient government, in the circumstances, was an act so supremely sacrificial that to me it bars the possibility that William Sulzer could ever have committed an intentionally dishonest act, and I would go so far as to say that even if he had been dishonest before he came into the governorship he would deserve a full pardon for the courage and unselfishness which he revealed when he chose the road to possible ruin, instead of the pleasant path to luxury and security which he could have traveled if he had betrayed the people to Boss Murphy."

The Buffalo Courier, a Democratic paper, takes a similar view. "Whatever may be the failings," it says, of Governor Sulzer, "the gunmen method of seizing the executive office and turning the whole administrative branch of the State Government into a Murphy annex deserves the severest popular condemnation."

The Contest Between Sulzer and Tammany.

THE contest between Governor Sulzer and Tammany Hall began early in his administration when he refused to appoint Gaffney as highway commissioner. It was intensified when he appointed John Mitchell, the labor leader, commissioner of labor. It became acute when he insisted on a direct primaries law that would abolish State conventions. Sulzer, who has been nearly all his life in more or less close alliance with Tammany, is said to have been persuaded that the success of Woodrow Wilson would be his if he assailed the bosses in New York as Wilson assailed them in New Jersey. By the middle of last April he had

broken off relations with Murphy and in a short time was denouncing him as the "only menace to Democratic success in New York City." From the boldness with which he carried on his fight against Murphy and against the legislature, under Murphy's control, the Springfield *Republican* derives a presumption of Sulzer's honesty. It says: "Mr. Sulzer must have known that continued opposition to Murphy would bring on a relentless effort to discredit and disgrace him. Under such conditions it would seem that a man who had been weak enough to misappropriate funds in November would certainly have given in to Murphy in May to avoid exposure."

Sulzer Running the Risk of Treason.

BUT the N. Y. *World*, which supported Sulzer for governor and has supported him in his contest with Tammany, refuses to support him now. "The evidence of his devious methods," it declares, "is overwhelming." The N. Y. *Tribune* thinks that impeachment was the only course. The N. Y. *Times* warns Sulzer that he may, by refusing to turn over his office, be laying himself open to a still more serious charge—that of treason. And the N. Y. *Evening Post*, never a friend either of Sulzer or of Tammany, says: "We ourselves prefer, if choose we must, the plain, unadulterated Tammany rascal, who stands out for what he is, to a political sinner turned saint for the moment and calling for aid to overthrow his quondam pals and bosses in the name of that political justice, decency, and honesty he so long helped to violate."

The Cyclonic Situation in Mexico.

AS near as one can get at the outlines of the cyclonic situation in Mexico, they are as follows. There are two governments, neither of which we recognize as legitimate. There are innumerable groups of bandits whom nobody controls. There are, or were until recently, about 40,000 Americans in the country and over one billion dollars of American money invested there for which nobody is able or willing to guarantee protection. Instead, our secretary of state says: "An order was issued some time ago for Americans to leave Mexico and it has never been revoked"; and the chairman of the Senate committee on foreign relations says: "Americans should leave Mexico and stay out of there until peace and order are restored." Many of these Americans in Mexico are agents of mining corporations, many are engaged in various mercantile and commercial pursuits, and many more are homesteaders and farmers. In one district, according to statements made recently on the



HE DEMANDS THE GREAT SEAL OF THE EMPIRE STATE.

Martin H. Glynn, who becomes acting governor of New York (unless Sulzer is successful in upsetting his impeachment), is an Albany editor and served a term as State Controller. He is very popular at Albany, is good-natured and whimsical but able and intelligent, and is not at all a Tammany man. His wife—the lady with him—was quite a friend of Mrs. Sulzer's until the husbands had a political falling out.

floor of the United States Senate and not challenged, 5,000 of the latter class, living under concessions granted by the Mexican government, have been thrown out of their homes, their houses have been burned to the ground, and they have been driven at the muzzle of rifles out of the country. That happened over a year ago, but "no redress has been asked or offered." Incessant reports of outrages appear in the newspapers, some of them to be disproved later, others exaggerated, but many of them too well verified. According to Paul Hudson, editor of the *Mexican Herald*, nearly a hundred Americans have been killed in the last two years. According to Senator Fall, of New Mexico, the American claims for property destroyed will aggregate not less than \$150,000,000. "This chamber," said Senator Lodge a few days ago, speaking in the Senate, "could be papered with tales of horror."

Senator Bacon Arraigns the White Mexicans.

THE existence of appalling conditions in Mexico is not denied. It is due, according to Senator Bacon, chairman of the Senate committee on foreign affairs, to just one thing—the cowardice or supineness of the white citizens of Mexico who have education, wealth and social standing, but who refuse to risk their own blood to restore order to their stricken coun-

try. There is in the City of Mexico alone a white population of between two and three hundred thousand, enough to enroll an army of 40,000 men. In all Mexico there are three and a half millions of whites, but "it is only here and there that a white man can be found who is willing to risk his life for the purpose of restoring order in the country." Senator Bacon was not speaking of Americans resident in Mexico, but of the white Mexicans. "Order can be restored," he declares, "and good government can be maintained in Mexico whenever the white men of Mexico are ready to risk their lives for that purpose." But about the only white men in the field now are the leaders of revolutionary bands, or those aspiring to be such. As for the rest:

"They are sitting back in personal security and letting brigands, because they are nothing more, enlist all the revolutionary, anarchistic elements in that country, people who like the license of war and plunder and ravage under the forms of war; and it is nothing in the world but brigandage. They are perfectly willing that their country should be trampled and marked from one end to the other by these irresponsible bandits, and they sit back in security in their clubs, in their city residences and on their estates."

Who Governs Mexico?

Answer: Nobody.

THE attitude of our government in the matter has become a subject of earnest debate at Washington, and in the American and European press. General Huerta holds the seat of Government, controls the federal treasury, and operates under the sanction—to some degree a forced sanction—of the Mexican Congress. Venustiano Carranza is in control of the States of Sonora and Coahuila, and bands of irregulars, operating in his name but not apparently under anybody's control, pillage and plunder through a large part of northern Mexico. The Federals under Huerta claim that Carranza really controls only one or two States. The Constitutionals, under Carranza, claim to control two-thirds of Mexico and to have an "army" of from sixty to eighty thousand. Under a law passed by our Congress March 14, 1912, and a proclamation issued by President Taft two days later, Americans are forbidden, under heavy penalties, to sell arms or ammunition to Carranza's followers. They are allowed to sell to Huerta's followers. If this attitude were changed, says Carranza, and the two factions were treated alike, Huerta would be overthrown and peace restored in two or three months. Others deride such a claim and assert that the only result of such a course would be to prolong the fighting until the poor peons, who don't know what they are fighting for, would be virtually exterminated.

Why Huerta is Impatient for Recognition.

HUERTA'S government has been recognized by all the powers except the United States, Brazil, Chile and Argentine, the three latter nations having agreed, it is said, to wait upon our action in the matter. Huerta, in dire need of money, can not borrow it until his government is recognized by President Wilson. He has arranged for a loan of about \$100,000,000, but the actual delivery of the money is held up. The present bonded debt of Mexico is about \$200,000,000. To secure it, the revenues on 62 per cent. of all the exports and imports are pledged. To secure the new loan, the remaining 38 per cent. has been pledged. In other words, practically the entire revenue would be pledged to the foreign bondholders and there would be nothing left with which to satisfy the claims for damages of Americans and other foreign residents in Mexico for years to come. Recognition of Huerta's government, it is held, would bind us to recognize the validity of the new loan, which would thus tie up all available revenues. But the real reason for refusing recognition to Huerta that seems to be in President Wilson's mind is the fact that the General holds office solely by virtue of force and has not cleared himself of Madero's murder.

Exasperation in Mexico Over Our Attitude.

WE stand, therefore, in this curious position. The Huerta government is exasperated because it is unable to get money, owing to our attitude. The Carranza government is equally exasperated because it is unable to get arms and ammunition, owing to our attitude. And the Americans in Mexico are still more exasperated because they are not getting protection. In a letter written to a mining engineer in Mexico whose name is repressed, submitted to the House committee on foreign affairs, these statements are made:

"An American has no protection, on account of being an American, in Mexico—none whatever. Better be a Chinaman, a Jamaica negro, anything but an American, if you are in Mexico, if you want protection or redress.

"This statement is absolutely true, and well known by any one that is a traveler. . . . Many, many Americans disclaim being Americans in Mexico and claim to be British or German subjects, because they thus command more respect and freely obtain redress in case of trouble, which is impossible in case they claim to be American citizens."

Huerta's "Amazing Impudence."

LAST month President Wilson, solicitous over the development of affairs in Mexico, called our ambassador, Henry Lane Wilson, from

Mexico City for consultation. The latter's visit and the unhesitating way in which, in newspaper interviews as well as in his interviews with the President, the secretary of state and the Senate committee, he urged the recognition of Huerta, resulted in the rather summary acceptance of his resignation. The despatch of ex-Governor Lind, of Minnesota, to Mexico in the unusual capacity of "personal representative of the President to act as adviser to the Embassy in the present situation," was followed by an official statement from Mexico which the London *Times* interpreted as "open defiance," and American papers interpreted as "amazing impudence." "By order of the President of the Republic," so ran the statement, "I declare, as minister of foreign affairs *ad interim*, that if Mr. Lind does not bring credentials in due form, together with recognition of the government of Mexico, his presence in this country will not be desirable." The governor of Vera Cruz also stated that he could not guarantee the safety of Mr. Lind in that district. The apparent effect of these statements was not such as Huerta probably counted upon. A day or two later the Japanese government pointedly announced that General Felix Diaz, who was even then on his way to Tokyo as a special envoy from Huerta, would not be received except as a private citizen. The effect of this is to destroy all the moral effect of Japan's recognition of the Huerta government, which had been made a good deal of in Mexico City. Also a day or two later came a despatch from London, to all appearances official, explaining that the recognition of President Huerta was merely "the recognition of a provisional President pending an election," to assist in the restoration of order.

Taking the Mexican Question Out of Party Politics.

BUT the most marked effect of General Huerta's bluff defiance was upon public sentiment in the United States. Prior to that time there had been a growing disposition to criticize President Wilson for his policy or, as many defined it, his lack of policy. This found expression not only in "yellow" papers like those owned by Mr. Hearst, but in conservative papers like the *N. Y. Times*, which was earnestly contending for the recognition of Huerta and declaring that the President and the secretary of state were simply letting matters drift. In addition, sharp words had come from the floor of the Senate such as Senator Clark's statement that in Mexico today, "no man is so poor as he who owes allegiance to the American flag," and the charges made by Senators Lodge and Fall that diplomatic efforts

for the relief of Americans in Mexico "have never been attempted." Since the despatch of Lind and the statement from Huerta's minister of foreign affairs the tendency to support the President has been manifest irrespective of party. "The administration," says the *N. Y. Tribune*, "is at last 'on the job.' Give it a fair chance to show what it can do." "President Wilson," says the Republican ex-Vice President Fairbanks, "is doing all that is possible to handle the situation peaceably, and we should endeavor to hold up his hands." "In the best sense of the phrase," says the *N. Y. Globe*, speaking of the President's conference with Senators and Congressmen of both parties on the subject, "the President has taken the Mexican question out of politics."

Use of United States Troops Urged.

BUT this lull in the situation soon showed signs of being evanescent as reports continued to come in of American lives endangered. Senators Lodge and Penrose were soon on their feet with resolutions of inquiry and protestations against inaction. "I am not a lingo and I abhor war," said Senator Penrose, "but when there are daily reports of murders and outrages something should be done to prevent their repetition." He did not say what ought to be done; but the *Army and Navy* Journal does not hesitate to say, and to say with some emphasis, what should be done. It thinks the hour has struck for "reading Mexico as sharp a lesson as was read to Nicaragua a few months ago when United States marines and bluejackets were landed to put an end to the terrors to which foreigners had been subjected during one of their fantastic revolutions." The Monroe Doctrine, it asserts, is in more danger "from the unpunished terrorism practised by Mexicans" than it ever was in Nicaragua. It describes the expeditions made by American troops into Mexican territory in 1877 and 1878, over and over again, in pursuit of Indians and cattle thieves. These were made under General MacKenzie and Lieut.-Colonel (later General) Shafter, the latter crossing the Rio Grande half a dozen times. The Mexican troops threatened all sorts of things, but no attacks were ever made by them. Says the *Army and Navy Journal*:

"Officers who were with that expedition point to the fact that it is pure bluff now as then, and that if the Mexicans cannot or will not punish those guilty of depredations it is the business of the United States to do that work for them as it did in 1877 and 1878. This is the position which *The Army and Navy Journal* has consistently held from the beginning, and which it believes the situation of today justifies more than ever."

Mexico Fixes the Attention of the World.

UPON the departure of General Felix Diaz for that visit to Japan which so piques the press of Europe, President Huerta retired to the privacy of his palace in the Mexican capital. He had made up his mind, according to a sensational despatch in the Paris *Temps*, that his days in the executive office were numbered. There was to be a general election before many weeks. The provisional President did not expect to last, officially, as long as that. A sensational report that Zapata had driven the federal troops back upon the capital and was soon to march down the Paseo de la Reforma on his way to supreme power turned out premature. Huerta, according to the inspired *Independiente*, published with his encouragement in the capital, has had rare luck lately in overcoming the revolutionaries. Francisco Villa, the pertinacious guerillero of Chihuahua, has, it says, just sustained "a terrible discomfiture" and was at last accounts "fleeing in appalling rout" in quest of a place of refuge in the desert mountains. That other bold rebel, Renteria Luviano, "lost in his last attempt," is scurrying to his fastness. In Nuevo Leon only insignificant bands of brigands remain. In Guerrero the federals have driven all before them. In Sonora the hosts of Maytorena are demoralized. Zapata and the Zapatistas are discouraged by successive defeats. In short, it has been a month of military triumph for the bespectacled but harried Huerta.

What Diaz Is Expected to Do in Japan.

EUROPEAN dailies have spent the past month in speculation regarding the object of the visit Diaz has been commissioned to pay to the Japanese capital. A great rifle factory near Tokyo is reported in the *Kölnische Zeitung* to be running night and day to fill a heavy order for the Mexican army. Felix Diaz will place some fresh orders, we learn, and at the same time get in touch with official circles in Japan. This development alarms Washington, it is reported in the Cologne paper. There seems no doubt that Diaz, if he goes to Tokyo, goes in an official capacity of some sort, entitling him to negotiate with the foreign office. It is announced that he will be received by the Emperor only as a private citizen. Felix Diaz is supposed to regard his election to the Presidency as assured, a fact indicating his return to the capital of Mexico before no long time. He makes no concealment of his hostility to Washington, if the correspondents who discuss his mission in European organs do not misrepresent him. It is even hinted that he will sound Tokyo on the subject of an alliance, that is, if he goes there.



SHALL WE CALL HIM PRESIDENT OR GENERAL?

This question, Senator Bacon admits, has become more important to the United States than the tariff or the currency question. It has already resulted in the dismissal of our Ambassador and the fear that it may yet entail a war by us in the "best guerilla country on earth" is becoming very evident at Washington. For this is a picture of Huerta, who claims the title of "Presidente Interino Constitucional de los Estados Unidos Mexicanos."

Mexican Comment Upon the Mexican Crisis.

ONE has but to study the comment of the Mexican dailies upon the events of the past month to appreciate the lack of coherence in the national mind, and even in the official mind. Huerta is simply drifting. He controls nothing. The fall of some important towns, and the revelation of the facts in spite of the policy of secrecy fill the *Paiz* and its contemporaries with gloom. The faithful *Independiente* maintains a futile optimism in the face of the candor of the *Diario*. "Official reticence," opines the latter, "which has done no good to any régime and yet which no régime is willing to dispense with, aggravates the general disease. To be in ignorance of what is happening is to be in fear, sometimes, indeed, to be in greater fear than is warranted or than is rational." The political sphinx, Huerta, remains silent, laments the Mexican daily further. "Patriotism, taught by sad experience, foresees

nothing but disaster and describes nothing but black horizons." Huerta has borrowed more money of late. That is the one good factor. While Huerta can borrow, we are assured, Huerta is safe.

A Mexican Estimate of Huerta's Position.

MADERISMO happens to be the real skeleton at the Mexican feast, according to the *Paiz*. The hapless Madero filled the Mexican mind with fantastic ideas of a Utopia based upon a new agrarianism. The peons seized lands, farms, oil wells. They refuse to pay rent. They give effect to their opposition through the medium of revolutionary movements. In comes Huerta. He professes civilization in the western sense, based upon the rights of property, the rights of capital. "A struggle begins with Maderismo, which seeks an illusory restoration, and when we all expected, if not organic peace, which requires a slow process of evolution, at any rate



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KEEPING HIS MOUTH SHUT IS ONE OF HIS STRONG POINTS

John Lind, ex-governor of Minnesota, who has gone to Mexico on a difficult diplomatic mission, is called "the imperious" by his friends. There is just one man on earth he wishes to talk to on Mexican affairs and that man—Huerta—refused at first even to see him.

order and discipline, security and the suppression of brigandage, we see that within the month there have been lacerations." The rebels seize six or seven towns of importance in the state of Michoacan, the very important port of Matamoras, and, finally, the city of Zacatecas, the capital of a state in the heart of the republic! Never, under the Madero régime, proceeds this paper, "altho there was then no such display of military force as at present, altho there were no military governors in sixteen or seventeen states, altho the support of substantial men was lacking and the loyalty of the army was wavering," never, repeats the discomfited *Pals*, did Mexico have to lament events so tragic, so disgraceful.

Gaiety of Life in the Mexican Capital.

TRAGIC as are the details of the month's events in Mexico, it is not evident to newspaper correspondents in the capital that its gaiety is eclipsed. The Avenue de San Francisco, notes the correspondent of the *Paris Temps*, is crowded in the forenoon and in the evening with shoppers and sight-seers. Automobiles and carriages of the finest make throng the streets. The Jockey Club is the resort of the wealthy. Never did Mexican hostesses dispense a more delightful hospitality with a less nervous equanimity. All is laughter and flowers. Lottery tickets are sold right and left. Whatever else goes by default, there has been no failure to pay the prize-winners in the lottery drawings. That proves to the man in the street that all is well with the republic. European dailies are of the opposite opinion. The *London Times* reflects a general trend of opinion abroad when it observes:

"The American Government has refrained from positive action. Its passivity, however, cannot be said, after a three years' trial of its effects, to have contributed in any definite way to the appeasement of the country. Nor must it be forgotten that, while foreign Powers have so far left the United States to handle the situation in its own way, many important interests, British and European as well as American, are affected by the continuance of Mexican unrest. Sooner or later, unless matters take an unexpectedly favorable turn, the Americans will have to consider whether an attitude of neutrality and non-intervention may not be persisted in until it wears almost the aspect of a shrinking from duty and responsibility, until it produces the very crisis it was intended to avert, and until it sacrifices to a scruple or a theory every opportunity for tangible and productive service. These are the risks inseparable from a policy of waiting on events. Whether they would not be replaced by greater risks if the policy were to be abandoned or modified, and if the United States were to assert itself more decisively, is precisely the problem that faces President Wilson."

The Selfish Capitalists, the European Powers and the Mexicans.

DISINCLINED as President Wilson may be to head the remonstrances of the "selfish capitalists," he can scarcely ignore the representations of European nations with financial interests in Mexico. That hint emanates from the *London Post*, in touch not only with the British foreign office but with British vested interests. We find it saying:

"But it is not only American citizens who are suffering by the present state of affairs. Other nations have considerable financial interests in Mexico, and it is said that at least one Power has informed the State Department at Washington that it looks to the United States to fulfil the responsibilities imposed upon her by the Monroe Doctrine. If the United States is to enforce the rule that no European Power must take military action on the American Continent, she cannot escape the obligation of interfering herself to protect foreign rights which may be endangered in any of the Latin Republics. President Roosevelt, it will



THE HAND OF HUERTA
To recognize or not to recognize.

—Weed in N. Y. Tribune

be remembered, admitted that the United States must be ready to wield "the big stick" in case of necessity. President Taft did send Marines to check the ravages of the civil war in Nicaragua. But intervention in Mexico would mean a very serious undertaking. There would be a long and costly guerilla war, and once American troops had entered the country they would not easily be able to leave it. It may be assumed, therefore, that Mr. Wilson will not take action unless he is absolutely compelled to do so. But he will not be able to tolerate indefinitely the continuance of anarchy."

French Opinion of the Mexican Crisis.

HUERTA and the man who take his orders in the Mexican capital appreciate the obstacles in the way of effective European action



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE JOHN?

—Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer

just now, observes the *Paris Matin*. The old world is confronted with a series of international crises—that in the Balkans, that in the far East, that within the Triple Alliance. Since the concert of Europe can find no voice in the old world, how is it to utter an ultimatum to the new? Yet, however the chancelleries may appreciate the delicacies of the position from the Washington standpoint, adds the *Temps*, organ of the Quai d'Orsay, there is always a limit beyond which patience will not go. That limit seems to have been reached. To the moderate *Débats* there is reason to suspect the exertion of sinister influences in the United States favorable to certain vested interests in Mexico. President Wilson may be as eager as any European power to end a situation which the world deplures, but he must not recklessly plunge his country into what would look like a war of conquest. The responsibilities created for America by her Monroe Doctrine must, for all that, be met.



HOW TERRIBLE!

—Cesare in N. Y. Sun

The Nation's Disconcerting Calmness.

ASIDE from the question of slavery, the two great historic topics of controversy in American politics have been the currency and the tariff. Either one of them has been sufficient over and over again to stir the political deeps to their farthest depths. Now we have them both before us at the same time. By all the rules of the game, the country ought to be writhing in convulsions and throwing cataleptic fits. It faces an almost certain reconstruction of the whole tariff system and it contemplates the remaking of our whole banking and currency system. Yet it looks on almost impassively.

The bankers show no signs of frenzy. The manufacturers manifest none of the symptoms of hysteria. The stock market has resumed the even tenor of its way. Tom Watson and a few other lonesome Populists make rather feeble attempts on the tom-tom, calling their braves to the war dance; but the braves are very slow to respond and the tom-toms sound a bit flabby. To those of us who have read a little political history and who try to illumine the path of the future with the lamp of experience, the situation is disconcerting.

Prosperity Marching On
Heedless of Discussions
in Washington.

WITH these two disturbing issues hanging over us for months, here are some of the things we have been going right ahead to do. At the beginning of last month, we paid out in interest on bonds and dividends on stock about \$88,000,000, which was two millions more than last year, when also a remarkable record was made. Thrice this summer we have broken the record for deliveries of grain at the primary receiving points, 54,000,000 bushels of grain being shipped from the farms in July. Early last month shippers were already beginning to complain of a shortage of cars. The department of labor in New York state reports the smallest percentage of unemployed labor since the boom times before the panic. Kansas reports a larger amount of money in her savings banks than ever before in her history. The president of the Continental and Commercial National Bank, of Chicago, issues a report, based on inquiries of several thousand correspondents, to the effect that in all parts of the country labor is unusually well employed, collections satisfactory, and stocks of merchandise of all kinds are low. The railroads have been reporting an encouraging increase in earnings, and the export business of the country for the year ending June 30 was unprecedentedly large, being an advance over the preceding year of more than two hundred millions of dol-



HIS NAME SOUNDS LIKE A SWEAR-WORD

Venustiano Carranza looks like a gentleman, but numberless are the atrocities being perpetrated in northern Mexico in his name by reckless bandits. He claims control of the major part of Mexico, but Huerta says he has only one State and part of another.

lars. That glut of gold of which we were hearing a year or two ago as the main cause of high prices has now disappeared in the world at large. "If trade continues to expand," says Joseph T. Talbert, vice-president of the National City Bank of New York City, "and the demand for gold increases in the same ratio as during the last few years, we shall be threatened with if not actually confronted by a real shortage."

Mr. William J. Bryan
Smiles and Has a
Right To.

THIS situation seems all the more incredible when one studies carefully the currency bill finally submitted early last month to the Democratic caucus in the House, and takes in the surprising changes it proposes to



JOHN BULL: "There, Woodie, come shake hands with nice gentleman."

—Illy. Moyer in N. Y. Times



BLESSINGS NEVER COME SINGLY

—Johnson in *Saturday Evening Post*

enact in our fiscal system. It is hardly too much to say that the central principle that gave vitality to the old Greenback Party, later to the entry of the Farmers' Alliance into politics and later still to the free-silver crusade is embodied in this bill as the real pivot of the proposed new system. The principle is not applied as those movements endeavored to apply it. There is to be no unlimited issue of greenbacks, nor of subtreasury notes based upon the contents of warehouses, nor free and unlimited coinage of silver. These things are not even hinted at. But the principle that it is the function of the government rather than of private corporations to issue the money of the country and control its supply sits regnant at the heart of this new bill. Ben Butler and General Weaver and Ignatius Donnelly, were they still living, would smile in elation as they read its provisions. Mr. Bryan is known to have smiled in commendation.

The Seven Men Who
May Control the
Nation's Banks.

THERE is to be a central governing body for the banking system of the country as provided for in the new currency bill. This body is to consist of seven men. Three of the seven are to be: the secretary of the treasury, the secretary of agriculture and the controller of the currency—all, of course, presidential appointees. The other four members shall be designated by the President and confirmed by the Senate. At least one of the four shall be experienced in banking, but none of them may, after taking office, be an official or director of any bank. No two of them shall belong to the same political party, and each

shall devote his whole time to the office at a salary of \$10,000 a year. Each one is to be appointed (after the system gets under way) for a term of eight years, but is to be removable by the President for cause. One of the four is to be designated by the President as manager, another as vice-manager. The manager shall be the executive officer of the board, "subject to the supervision of the secretary of the treasury and the board." This body of seven men, called the Federal Reserve Board, is to have general control over the banking operations of the country. It is entirely a governmental body. The President appoints it, the secretary of the treasury presides over it and supervises it, and its annual reports are made to Congress. Its expenses, however, are assessed by the board itself upon the banks.

How the Federal Reserve Banks Are to Be Constituted.

THE powers of this Federal Reserve Board are to be exercised through a system of not less than twelve Federal Reserve Banks. The continental United States is to be divided into at least twelve districts, and one city in each district is to be designated as a federal reserve city. In each of these cities is to be established a Federal Reserve Bank. Every national bank in the reserve district must become a holder of stock in the Federal Reserve Bank. It "shall be required" to subscribe to that stock to an amount equal to twenty per cent. of its own unimpaired capital. Any national bank now existing which shall fail to do this within one year "shall be dissolved." Each Federal Reserve Bank must have a paid-up capital of

at least \$5,000,000, and all the stock will be held by the member banks, none by other corporations or by individuals. Each Federal Reserve Bank is to be governed by nine directors. Three of these are to be chosen by the stockholding banks. Three are to be designated by the Federal Reserve Board, and one of these, who must be of tested banking experience, is to be chairman of the board of directors. Three are to be elected by the stockholding banks to represent the commercial, agricultural or industrial interests of the district. Any one of this last group is removable at any time by the Federal Reserve Board if it deems him not fairly representative of such interests, and none of the group thus chosen may be a bank officer or director.

Powers of the Federal Reserve Board.

THE pay of these directors shall be fixed by the Federal Reserve Bank itself, subject to review by the Federal Reserve Board, except that the chairman's compensation shall be fixed by the board. The chairman is to be removable from office without notice, at the pleasure of the board. But the power of the Federal Reserve Board over the Federal Reserve Banks is not limited to the selection of the chairman, the selection of three out of nine directors and the right of removal of three more. It may suspend any official of such bank and remove him for incompetency, dereliction of duty, fraud or deceit (subject to review by the President). It may suspend any Federal Reserve Bank and appoint a receiver, "for cause relating to violation of any of the provisions of this act." It may suspend for 30 days (renewing the suspension indefinitely) "any and every reserve requirement specified in this act." It may permit, "or in time of emergency require," any Federal Reserve Bank to rediscount any prime commercial paper held by any other Federal Reserve Bank.

What Our New Banking Machine Will Do.

SUCH is the machine to be established by the new currency bill. This is what it is to do. All the money in the general fund of the U. S. Treasury is to be deposited in these Federal Reserve Banks, and all the revenues of the Treasury are to be paid into them, and all the government's disbursements are to be made through them. The secretary of the treasury may fix the interest to be paid on such deposits, but it is never to be less than one-half of one per cent. Any Federal Reserve Bank may discount notes and bills of exchange endorsed by any of its stockholding banks. The Federal Reserve Board may define the character of such notes,

but they can not be notes "issued or drawn for the purpose of carrying or trading in stocks or bonds." These notes may, under certain circumstances, be 120-day notes, and if they are based upon foreign commerce they may even run for six months. Furthermore—and here comes in the plan for asset currency—the Federal Reserve Board may issue federal reserve notes to the Federal Reserve Banks which shall be receivable for all taxes, customs and other public dues, and shall be redeemable at the Treasury, upon demand, in gold or lawful money. These federal reserve notes are to be issued by the Board upon collateral security from the reserve banks consisting of notes and bills of discount already discounted by the banks. The Board may fix such rate of interest as it sees fit to be paid by the bank on such federal reserve notes. There is no limit except the discretion of the Board upon the amount of such notes that may be issued, the limitation of \$500,000,000 originally in the bill having been stricken out. But the notes are to be redeemed as rapidly as they come in and are not to be reissued. This is in many respects the most important feature of the bill. It is by this provision that that elasticity of the currency so much talked about is expected to be secured.

Where the Profits Are to Go.

THIS is by no means all the new banking machine will do. Each Federal Reserve Bank is to be empowered to buy and sell in the open market prime bankers' bills, bills of exchange, gold coin and bullion, state, county and municipal bonds. It is to fix each week a rate of discount for such paper within its own district, subject to review by the Federal Board. It may establish agencies or branches abroad, with the consent of the Board, and these will conduct a regular business in foreign bills of exchange and act as fiscal agents of the United States. Also it may establish a savings department and a trust department to do the business done ordinarily by trust companies and savings banks. As for the profits that may be made in the various operations of the Federal Reserve Bank, they are to be divided as follows: After all expenses are paid, the stockholding banks are first to receive five per cent. in dividends on the capital paid in; 50 per cent. of the balance of net earnings are to go into a surplus fund until that fund equals 20 per cent. of the paid-in capital; of the remaining profits sixty per cent. are to go to the United States and forty per cent. to the stockholding banks. The portion that goes to the United States is to be set aside as a sinking fund to reduce the nation's bonded indebtedness. Special provision is made for refunding



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT

—Johnson in *Saturday Evening Post*

the national two per cent. bonds that now form the basis of our bank-note currency. Each year any bank owning such notes may exchange five per cent. of them for new three per cent. twenty-year bonds of the government. In the meantime the two per cents are to retain the present circulation privilege until, at the end of twenty years, they are all called in and paid.

What Will the National Banks Do About It?

THAT is the new banking system for the nation as provided for in this new currency bill. There is an infinite number of details about reserves and other matters that will assume more prominence in actual operation than in present discussion. The bill itself is three times as long as the Federal Constitution. We have given only the main outlines. From them it appears that the banks are expected to furnish all the capital for the new system, the United States to furnish all the deposits. The banks are to receive about forty-five per cent. of the earnings, the United States is to receive about fifty-five per cent. The banks are to furnish one-third of the directors, but are not even to be represented in the all-powerful Federal Reserve Board. That is to consist of presidential appointees entirely. But there is also to be a Federal Advisory Council, elected not by the stockholding banks but by the directors of the Federal Reserve Banks, and this council, the members of which may or may not be bankers, will have power only to confer, advise, recommend and "call for" information. Every national bank now in existence is required to merge itself in this new system and furnish the requisite capital, or be dissolved in a

year's time. Only one other recourse is open to it. It may become a state bank and operate under a state charter. Already there are about 16,000 state banking institutions, and one of the interesting questions that will come up will be: Will the national banks prefer to become state banks when the new system goes into effect? That question, of course, the bankers will decide for themselves. On their decision the success of the new system must depend.

The Surprising Calm in New York.

TWENTY years ago, or even ten years ago, this currency scheme would have been violently denounced as Socialistic, revolutionary and crazy. To-day it is receiving careful, respectful and thoughtful consideration. There is serious opposition to it, but this opposition has lessened very considerably in the last few weeks as various amendments have been made to the original draft first published. Perhaps the most striking illustration of this attitude of the country is seen in the editorial utterances of New York dailies. The *N. Y. Evening Post*, which on currency questions has always represented conservative views, sees vast improvement in the bill since it was first published and does not hesitate to declare that while it has serious defects it is superior, as it stands, to the Aldrich bill. "The course of events," says the *Post*, "has made it certain that no measure with absolute bank control of the directorate could possibly be enacted." The *N. Y. Times* finds "cause for great satisfaction" both in what has been left out and in what has been inserted in the bill as it has gone through the committee's hands. The Advisory Council, it thinks, is a "helpful and

important" feature, even tho the Council is to "have no powers." The N. Y. *Journal of Commerce* also considers that the provisions for such a Council "will go far toward removing the most serious objection" to the bill as it previously stood. While it still objects to the grant of powers given to the Federal Reserve Board, it feels that, exercised under competent banking advice, "no great harm may come of it." The assumption that the bankers generally will oppose the bill it considers a hasty conclusion. "In its essentials," says the N. Y. *Evening Post*, "it has won the approval of the best economic and banking opinion of the country."

Metropolitan Papers
Pleased, But Not
Satisfied.

OTHER New York papers sing in the same key. The *Herald*, usually colorless on its editorial page, finds "some excellent features" in the scheme, especially "this long-prayed-for change to an assets currency." The *Tribune* is pleased with the announcement that the Republicans in the House will not oppose the bill, which it regards as "acceptable as a step toward a central banking system." No one, it adds, expects to see the bill defeated; and, if adopted, "it will be easy to erect the crowning edifice, a central reserve institution, upon the base of the regional reserve institutions as soon as the country is made thoroly aware of the need of one." The N. Y. *Sun* speaks tolerantly of the bill and the N. Y. *World* speaks almost enthusiastically. Its "one great objection" has been removed by the provisions for an Advisory Council, and it says: "The Government is left by this amendment in final and supervisory control of the banks in the new system and their regional operations. But the Government board is provided with banking knowledge and advice which it will never feel at liberty to ignore. This at once minimizes the danger of political domination in banking and of banking domination in politics. As so amended the bill is one that can command the support of all friends of currency reform." We shall have, it adds, reform on this basis or we shall have repressive action without currency reform. "Which shall it be? Let the bankers' conference give thought to the answer."

Governmental Control
versus Private Control.

THIS comment of the New York press is the most significant of all the press comment, and is a fair sample of the disposition of the conservative papers everywhere to give the bill a fair hearing. The Indianapolis *News* sees great improvement in the bill since it first appeared

and thinks that "never was there a better chance for currency and banking reform." What it most fears, however, is "making the government a prize to be desperately struggled for by greedy interests." The Baltimore *Sun* would like to see two bankers added to the Federal Reserve Board, but it says in italics, "there are no possibilities of evil in the proposed composition of the board that should suggest for a moment the defeat of the bill." The Springfield *Republican* thinks that the objections to the power of the Federal Reserve Board "have shriveled into a very unsubstantial issue" since the change was made in the bill allowing the Federal Reserve Banks rather than the Board to fix the discount rates for the different districts. It says:

"The more the point is discussed, the surer are the masses of the people to sustain the principle of public control as against private control. This is not a period in the country's development in which vast public interests are being left under private domination. . . . If we can safely trust our other national interests to the President of the United States, we can trust him to name the members of this board of control of the national banking system. If he is not fit to make such appointments, according to the highest standards of the public welfare, then he is not fit to appoint federal judges or interstate commerce commissioners or foreign ambassadors or the governor-general of the Philippine Islands or the chief of the general staff of the army or the admiral in command of the fleet."

The "Fundamental Weakness" of the New Currency Scheme.

MOST of the individual comment made by banking experts has been severely critical of the bill; but that may be because it was made before the recent changes were written into the bill. Thus George M. Reynolds, president of the Continental and Commercial Bank, one of the largest banks in Chicago, declared, before the provision for a Federal Advisory Council was added to the bill, that it was revolutionary and that to compel the banks to turn over their capital to "the control and domination of a purely political board" was no more defensible than it would be to compel interstate corporations to invest their funds in lines absolutely foreign to their business. But since the changes in the bill, Mr. Reynolds, it is said, has accepted government control of the Federal Reserve Board. "The main thing," says the N. Y. *World*, in comment on this fact, "is the changing attitude of the banks in general. They are no longer threatening or merely obstructive." And it notes with delight that the banking committee of the United States Chamber of Commerce approves the new

system as a "practical instrument of government regulation and control." The main objection to the bill, however, in the opinion of Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank of New York, would not be removed even if the Federal Reserve Board were wholly constituted of bankers. He writes:

"If the appointing power lay with the banks themselves and the detached character of the board was maintained, a board could not be created which would be competent to assume the responsibilities. The trouble lies in separating the management of a financial institution from its ownership. A management so separated, no matter how appointed, could not remain intelligently in touch with conditions and perform the vastly important and extremely complicated functions that are entailed under this plan, and which must be inherent in any plan which will successfully mobilize the banking reserves of the country. We might as well expect legislators not responsible to their constituency to represent wisely the interests of their constituency. . . . Here, then, is the fundamental weakness of the proposed legislation, and it is so fundamental that we may better have no legislation at all than to have legislation in which the control of the credit system of this country is dissociated from the active responsibility of bank management."

Panics, Says Senator
Owen, Will Be Im-
possible.

ONE of the interesting facts in the present situation is that the chairman of the Senate committee on banking and currency is Senator Owen, who is part Indian and who comes from the very new state of Oklahoma. The Senator was for ten years president of a "country bank" in Muskogee. He has had much to do with framing this bill and will have charge of it in the Senate. He issues a circular letter in its defense, denying that it will inflict any hardship upon the small banks or large ones either. The capital they supply to the Federal Reserve Banks, he asserts, will come out of their deposits, on which they pay but two per cent. interest, and they will receive five per cent. in dividends from the Reserve Banks. He goes on to assert that the new bill will relieve the banking business from the control of "a half dozen men who can shake the country to its foundation by panics whenever they please." Under the new system, he assures us, panics will be impossible because of the provisions for adequate expansion of the currency. Governmental control of the Federal Reserve Board he stoutly defends. The capital put into the Reserve Banks, he insists, is not their own; it is capital furnished by the people in the form of deposits. The Government of Germany, says Senator Owen, appoints both the supervising board and the

managing board of the Reichsbank; the government of France appoints the governor, sub-governor and each of the 188 managers of the Bank of France. Yet the stockholders of both banks are private citizens. In the Bank of England the stockholders elect the board of governors, but "under a rule which forbids a banker, broker, or bill-discounter to be a member." "Nobody has ever had the shamelessness to charge the reserve banks of France, Germany or Great Britain with being used for partisan or political purposes."

How the European Banks Are Governed.

TO THIS *Wall Street Journal* makes quick reply. The Bank of France, it says, is controlled by fifteen regents and three censors, who are elected by the stockholders and whose assent must be secured by the governor before he is privileged to act. In the Reichsbank, the stockholders have their own board, which possesses not only "general advisory supervision" but "absolute power to control the amount of securities purchased and power to veto loans to the Empire." The Bank of England is a private corporation "operated without dictation from or supervision by the government," and while there can not be on its board of directors any representative of the joint-stock banks—with which it does business—other bankers are elected, such as Lord Revelstoke, of Baring Bros. & Co., E. C. Grenfell, of Morgan, Grenfell & Co., and others. "In the mouth of an Aldrich," says the *Wall Street Journal* caustically, "Senator Owen's lecture to the bankers would be unhesitatingly characterized as mendacious. Everybody would know that Senator Aldrich knew better than to make believe he believed what was said. In the mouth—or at the pen—of the author of the Oklahoma bank guarantee law, everybody familiar with the subject is disposed to believe that the utterances, too mistaken, are sincere." Which is the nearest approach to passion the currency question has so far developed.

President Wilson Explains About "Agricultural Credits."

FROM an entirely different point of the compass comes another attack upon the new currency measure—an attack which one Washington correspondent thinks likely to "involve the creation of a distinct hostile minority in the Democratic party." It is an attack along Populistic lines because the bill fails to incorporate a provision for issuing \$200,000,000 of "agricultural currency" on cotton, corn and wheat in warehouses and elevators. By a vote of 11 to 3, the committee refused to adopt an amendment to this effect offered by Congressman Ragsdale, of South Carolina, and

drafted by Congressman Henry, of Texas. The fight was carried into the caucus and the Henry forces have developed considerable strength, so much strength indeed that it has drawn forth from the President a special statement in regard to the subject. No special provision, he said, has been adopted in the bill for agricultural credits for the reason that if such credits are to be adequately supplied, "special machinery and a distinct system of banking must be provided." A commission is now in Europe studying the successful methods for supplying such credits there. Its report will be made at the regular session of Congress next winter. "Our next great task and duty," said the President, is to attend to the financial needs of the farmers. "There is no subject more important to the welfare of the industrial development of the United States; there is no reform in which I would myself feel it a greater honor or privilege to take part, because I should feel that it was a service to the whole country of the first magnitude and significance. It should have accompanied and gone hand in hand with the reform of our banking and currency system, if we had been ready to act wisely and with full knowledge of what we were about."

The President's Skillful Surgical Operation.

THE skill with which the President has handled the situation so far as the radicals are concerned is spoken of admirably by the Washington correspondent of the *N. Y. Journal of Commerce*. He wrote, even before the statement by the President appeared:

"Sixty days ago the prospective members of this minority, Radicals, Populists and others of the same stripe—were rubbing their hands and counting upon using Mr. Bryan as a vehicle of their schemes. President Wilson performed a major operation upon this group by skillfully cutting out Mr. Bryan from participation. In order to do so it was necessary to change the bill in well-known particulars, but the effect was to leave the radicals without a leader. To-day the singular spectacle is presented that hostile members go to the White House, are refused admission, and then pass on to the Department of State where they pour out their troubles to the Secretary. But thus far none of them have been able to come back with the assertion that Mr. Bryan intended to break away from his allegiance."

The *Chicago Tribune*, indeed, has credited to Mr. Bryan the dominant influence in shaping the bill. It stands alone in this, so far as we have observed. He is quoted as saying, however, that no one can object to the bill except "those who dispute the right of a people to issue through their government the money the people need."

Japan and the United States Give Europe a Fresh Sensation.

TOKYO'S diplomatic corps takes so serious a view of the dispute between Japan and the United States that official despatches from that capital, leaking into the press of Europe, color the month's news sensationally. The far East is filled with rumors, according to the *Vienna Neue Freie Presse*, that both powers are simply waiting upon events. The official correspondence continues "correct" in the technical sense; but underlying it is a conviction that the dispute over the California land laws must in the end be settled by a show of force. That idea is reflected in the editorial utterances of very conservative dailies like the *London Times* and the *Paris Temps*. Realizing the pessimism of Europe on this point, the Japanese Premier, Admiral Yamamoto, took the trouble lately to unobscure himself through the medium of the inspired dailies of Tokyo. The *Kokumin Shimbun*, the *Nichi Nichi* and their contemporaries insist that the attitude of Washington has become highly satisfactory to the Japanese Government. The point involved is the recognition due to the Mikado's subjects as members of a race entitled to equal treatment with Europeans. This point has, "in principle," been conceded by the United States. The trouble now is the establishment of a policy giving practical effect to the concession. The moment Washington acknowledged that Japanese are as good as anybody, the crisis lost its acute character. This is said to be the idea of Premier Yamamoto himself.

Menace of the Japanese Navy in Pacific Waters.

NAVAL experts abroad take very seriously a growth in the Japanese fleet upon which European dailies lately dwelt at length. In the *Fusoo*, for example, building at Kure, the Japanese have in hand, says the *London Times*, the largest battleship yet begun for any power, so far as can be ascertained. Work on her has been expedited recently. The four Japanese battle cruisers, moreover, as large as any contemporary British vessels of that type, are hastening to their completion. These ships, with one exception, are building at home. By next July Japan is to receive from a British yard one of the most formidable battle cruisers of modern times. Details of this nature, supplemented by reports of activity at the navy yards in Nagasaki, Yokosuka and Kobe, have concerned the naval experts abroad very much. Why is the naval clan now in power at Tokyo rushing forward so formidable a series

of additions to the fighting fleet? While perhaps the most remarkable feature about Japanese naval construction at the present time, says the British paper, is the increase in the extent of the local resources for producing war materials of all kinds, the great advance in the size of the new vessels—they are larger than even the new battleship *Settsu* completed last year—attracts attention. Japan seems to think that she will soon need a formidable squadron.

Japan Receives Admonition from British Friends.

WHATEVER illusions may have been cherished in Tokyo on the subject of the alliance with Great Britain have been dissipated by the frank expressions of Sir Edward Grey. The British Minister of Foreign Affairs, according to the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, let the Japanese understand that as against the United States the alliance in question can have no validity. This seems to Berlin dailies the secret of official Tokyo's discretion just now. Those London organs which are closest to the British foreign office, *The Times* and *The Morning Post*, continue their admonitions to Tokyo to be reasonable. A letter from Admiral Mahan, to which the former daily gives much space and comment, impresses London as the clearest analysis yet written of the American attitude. "It brushes aside minor controversies and deals broadly with the fundamental issue in a spirit of philosophical calmness." In saying so much, the British paper echoes a general sentiment of its contemporaries. They find Admiral Mahan very convincing when he urges that the Japanese do not assimilate in the

United States, and for that reason they will not be received. The subject is dismissed by the London *Times* with this strong hint to Japan:

"Japan craves more recognition, but what sort of recognition? If she aspires to vindicate her new place in the world by sending floods of Japanese immigrants to America, she has a frank answer in the contentions formulated by Admiral Mahan. Her action in checking immigration across the Pacific suggests that such is not her purpose. The alternative supposition is that she is contending for a principle; for a somewhat abstract acknowledgment of her equality, for a removal of real or fancied slights upon her citizens in the laws and the popular attitude of other nations. These are desires which can be steadfastly pursued without recourse to minatory language; and, in pursuing them, Japan may well remember, with such patience as she can command, how recent is her emergence from medievalism, and how many deficiencies she has still to make good. Her immediate need is greater clarity of thought. On the one hand, she demands recognition because her people are not as other Asiatics. On the other hand, as our Tokyo correspondent told us recently, her publicists are now asserting that 'to Japan is assigned the leadership in the claim of the "colored" races against the "non-colored." These two sets of claims are mutually destructive. Japan cannot have it both ways."

War Makers in Germany Get Off "Easy."

SOCIALIST organs throughout Germany make no concealment of their chagrin at the light penalties imposed upon those bureaucrats who involved themselves in the Krupp scandals. The trial was conducted before a military court in Berlin composed of officers who, if we are to trust the *Vorswärts*, took no very serious view of the scandal they were investigating. The explanation is to be found in the detail that the country first obtained knowledge of the affair through revelations in the Reichstag by a Socialist deputy, Doctor Liebknecht. What interested the military, according to our Socialist contemporary still, was less the scandal than the identity of those who gave up secrets so embarrassing to officials. Seven individuals of no great importance were on trial. The accused admitted their relations with that Herr Brandt who was a go-between with the Krupps. The

prisoners declared their intentions innocent. They never suspected they were doing wrong. They gave the Krupp agent information in which he was interested because they supposed his inquiries legitimate. Krupp and the German war ministry were presumed to be acting hand in hand. The accused admitted dining with Brandt, accepting gratuities from him, but he was an old friend and former colleague whom they thought they were legitimately "obliging." Moreover, as one of the accused said, everyone who has relations with the Krupps gets money.

Emperor William and the Krupp Scandal.

A SENSATION of the Krupp trial in Berlin was the testimony of one of the accused to the effect that the Krupps got favored treatment by order of Emperor William himself. As some points brought out by this line of investigation involved "state secrets," the evidence was obtained partly behind closed doors. This has left an unfortunate impression upon the German mind, altho the officially inspired *Post*, a Krupp organ, in Berlin, announces that the Emperor's friendship affected no bids. The Krupps have made financial sacrifices for the German army and the German navy. They are rewarded with the sovereign's favor. This reasoning is not satisfactory to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and other radical papers. Between an admiralty and a war office and the armament companies, however, points out the detached London *News*, "the friendliest relations must in the nature of things prevail." It is part of the system, even in England and France, that secrets withheld from a parliament are freely disclosed to makers of guns and armor. "The safety of the German empire is held to be best secured by revealing the whole wisdom of the Berlin war office to Krupps." Nor is it a disadvantage that Krupps make guns for possible use against Germany. Great Britain follows the same rule.

Emperor William's Love for the Krupps

ONLY the exertion of official and imperial influence can explain to German dailies of the Socialist school the light penalties incurred by the prisoners on trial last month for selling secrets to the Krupps. The Emperor himself went to the funeral of Herr Krupp—a very great honor. The Emperor was at the wedding of Fräulein Krupp, the heiress of Essen, when she married an army officer he had selected as her husband. The Socialist dailies, at any rate, suspect that to be the case, altho we infer from the *Kreuz-Zeitung* that the lady married the poor lieutenant



GOOD NIGHT!
—Murphy in San Francisco Call



KISMET

TRUCKY (in Adrianople): "Quite like old times, being back here."

DAME EUROPA: "Ah, but you'll be kicked out, you know."

TRUCKY: "Well, that'll be like old times, too."

—London Punch



A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE BALKANS

GREECE: "Now how do we divide these Bulgarian spoils—supposing we get 'em?"

SERBIA: "Why, my dear fellow, aren't you and I allies?"

Of course we fight each other for 'em."

—London Punch

only because she loved him. The Emperor conferred upon Frau Krupp von Bohlen the Order of Louise and on her husband the rank and title of envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary. If, then, his Majesty directed that the Krupps be favored when weapons are bought for the German army or the German fleet, he did nothing sinister. The episode has had none the less a very bad effect not only in Germany but in France and England. The nations are in danger from a new vested interest, alleges the *London News*, which prospers every time there is a war scare. Our British contemporary expatiates:

"For less than the price of one Dreadnought a year the education of the country could be made efficient and new schools could be built to supply the present deplorable deficiency both in number and quality. From such an expenditure would result a higher standard of efficiency and of citizenship which would be the best security of the State. Unfortunately there is no vested interest in education. And so, while money is poured out like water for armaments which are obsolete almost as soon as they are finished, the most vital work of the State stagnates for want of funds. Why is money so easy to get for war and so difficult to get for peace? The explanation is simple. Nothing is easier than to create a panic about war and when once a panic is started the armor-plate panic-mongers can dip their hands into the pockets of the taxpayer."

One More Peace Is
Signed in the Balkans.

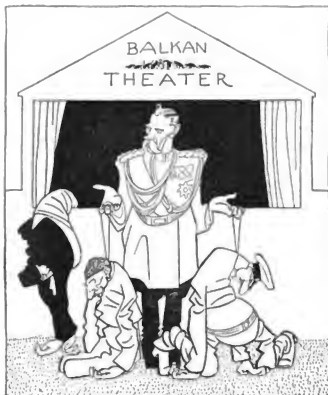
UPON the conclusion of that peace in the Balkans which confirmed last month the triumph of Constantine of Greece over Ferdinand of Bulgaria, the forces of Turkey were still in possession of Adrianople. The soldiery of the Sultan had reoccupied the great fortress lost by them after so memorable a siege, but in effecting this stroke they alienated their best friends in Europe. The reappearance of the Turk in Adrianople hastened, in fact, the adhesion of Bulgaria to a peace her sovereign loathes. It would not be easy, comments the edified *London Telegraph*, to find a parallel in history to "the lurid drama of Bulgaria's fortunes in the past few months." Such a rapid and dizzy rise, succeeded so promptly by a collapse so tragic, affords an episode unique in the annals of modern peoples—"and perhaps in all the recorded story of Europe." It seems but yesterday, observes the British daily—the best-informed upon the Balkan crisis of all European organs—that the Bulgarian armies were compelling the admiration of those who least loved Ferdinand's subjects by "the brilliant success of a campaign carried out with well-nigh perfect mastery of all the difficult problems involved in warfare and especially in a policy of invasion and conquest."

Rise and Fall of the
Bulgarian Ferdinand.

BETWEEN the original declaration of war and the arrival of the triumphant Bulgars at the gates of Constantinople, less than a month intervened. Ferdinand stood at the apex of a renown unrivalled in Europe since the catastrophe of Sedan placed an imperial crown upon the head of a Prussian king. The Bulgarian monarch dreamed of a hegemony of a Balkan empire. The prize was within his grasp. "Then," to follow still the analysis of the *London daily*, "was disclosed to the outraged eyes of the world the deplorable and disgraceful spectacle which some prophets had all along predicted—the allies at one another's throats." Serbia was linked with Greece. Bulgaria's plight became desperate. The Rumanian thunderbolt fell. Turkey left the Chatalja lines and reoccupied Adrianople. "This last development is the most extraordinary in the complicated devil's dance of the Balkan imbroglio." It did not fail to "draw" Prime Minister Asquith. In an official utterance that proved the sensation of the month he told the Turks flatly that they must "get out."

German Excitement Over
British Balkan Policy.

IN THE city of Constantinople there was great excitement over the admonition to the Sultan delivered by the British Prime Minister. The



MARIONETTES

"And now, gentlemen, the puppets go back to their box and the play is played out."

—Munich *Simplicissimus*



DISAPPOINTED

RUSSIAN CZAR: "I didn't know these dogs of war could bite."

—Munich *Simplicissimus*

intimate relations between Emperor William and the Turkish dynasty, which is, in a fashion, under his tutelage, as the *Indépendance Belge*, of Brussels, puts it, might have made Mr. Asquith more discreet. Yet Berlin and London seem to be working in harmony to control the military extremists who rule in Constantinople for the moment. German official circles are reported in the *London Post*, however, as greatly excited by Mr. Asquith's threat to "open up other questions, the discussion of which at the present juncture would not be in the interest of Turkey." The *Germania*, Berlin organ of the clerical center party, does not believe there is any foundation for the London rumor that the British Government proposes to accede to the wish of Russia for the opening of the Dardanelles in return for Russian acquiescence in the settlement of the Egyptian question in Britain's favor. It is of opinion that Great Britain will not consent to the opening of the Dardanelles, even if richly compensated, and it can not imagine that Mr. Asquith referred to the delicate question of Asia Minor.

Rumania as the Key to the New Balkan Situation.

ALTHO the action taken by Rumania to assert her position among the Balkan States, observes the *Politische Correspondenz* (Vienna), made the history of the past few weeks, no one in Europe has

done her justice. Rumania is accused of having blackmailed Bulgaria at a time when the latter was powerless. The idea is based upon the passivity of Rumania when the Balkan States fell upon Turkey, followed by the intervention of King Charles when the allies, after defeating the Sultan, began to war among themselves. The fact is that Rumania was not let into the Balkan league, despite her willingness and even anxiety, to join it. Bulgaria kept Rumania off. Ferdinand, the megalomaniac, dreaming of his Balkan empire, froze Charles out. The statement is confirmed by the *London World*. Rumania announced to Ferdinand that she would not see the balance of power in the Balkan peninsula altered in favor of Bulgaria without requiring compensation to safeguard herself as a Balkan power. Had she been asked to join the league, she would have thrown her army into the scale against Turkey. "Having been denied the opportunity of doing this, it only remained for her to take care that her economic and strategic interests were not endangered by any settlement between the allies." These revelations from Rumania fill Constantinople and Peter with amazement. Those two kings seem to have been misled completely by Ferdinand, who is just now a sadly discredited potentate. His dominions must not, says the *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna), be dismembered. Count Berchtold, Austria's right-hand man in the Balkans, will not hear of that.

Ferdinand of Bulgaria the Scapegoat of the Balkans.

UPON Ferdinand of Bulgaria is placed just now all responsibility for the carnage of the past month in the Balkans. When the Turks, under the redoubtable Enver Bey, recaptured Adrianople, they were infuriated by the tales of massacre they heard on all sides. All along the Turco-Bulgarian frontier villages were given over to pillage and rapine. In southern Bulgaria the Sultan's troops ravished and mutilated, if the press of Europe is well informed, until a whole population was wiped out or in flight. Bulgars, on the other hand, retail accounts of wanton massacre by Greeks, Serbs and Montenegrins. At the entrance to large towns in the theater of war, we read in the *Paris Temps*, newspaper correspondents come upon bands of dogs eating human remains. Bodies are heaped in piles at street corners. In one courtyard at a town called Doxato some hundred and twenty women and children were massacred by Bulgarians. In other places walls are spattered with blood to a height of six feet. Six-year-old girls come to refugee camps with bayonet wounds and their mothers have in some instances been crucified on the walls of bedrooms. Never in the history of European warfare, according to the *Paris Débats*, have outrages upon the defenseless and the non-combatants been so reckless, so numerous or so well authenticated. The past month

in the Balkans has been, it avers, "a carnival of horrors." Ferdinand of Bulgaria is accused of inciting this series of reprisals.

Bulgaria Repudiates
the Accusations of
Massacre.

LONDON dailies, which are on the whole friendlier to Bulgaria than to Rumania, give much space to denials from Sofia of the charges of rapine emanating from Bucharest. Ferdinand feels that he is the victim of a calculated campaign of calumny. "Atrocity mongering," observes the *London Chronicle*, "is an old game in the Balkans. Never has it been practiced more unblushingly than in the last few weeks, when Bulgaria's voice was silent and she was at the mercy of her traducers because she had no means of communicating with the outside world." The cabinet at Sofia now demands an inquiry into the facts behind the alleged atrocities. "Isolated acts of violence may have been committed by exasperated Bulgarians," we read in the official utterance. They are offset, it seems, by the pillage and rapine that were "a regular system with the Greeks, Servians and Turks." This has brought forth a furious denial from the fighting King of the Hellenes. He has filled the press of Europe with detailed stories of the horrors perpetrated by Bulgars. "This bandying about of charges of outrages," says the *London daily*, "disgusts the civilized world." The truth seems to the *Paris Figaro* to be that the Balkan States are as yet too imperfectly developed to be able to conduct a war in accordance with the rules of civilized nations.

Hopelessness of the Out-
look in the Balkans.

SELDOM has the press of Europe contemplated with such pessimism that future of the Balkans, which means so many things to so many great powers. All forecasts indicate a partition of Macedonia from which Bulgaria will be practically eliminated. Unrest, revolution, conspiracy—these are to be the fruits of the campaign of the past month in the Balkans, according to the Vienna *Fremdenblatt*. As for Bulgaria, says the *London Telegraph*, she is in a state of miserable confusion, her people exhausted and demoralized, her economic life a ruin:

"But what has revolted the whole world is the record of savage barbarity on the part of her troops in the Macedonian territory from which they have been driven. There has been wholesale murder and outrage and destruction, an unchecked eruption of the worst possibilities of human nature such as destroys the title of the troops guilty of it to the status of a civilized army. Granted that none of the Balkan adversaries is likely to prove blameless by any means in this respect.

the claim of the Bulgars to a superiority in matters of civilization in the Balkans is gone, and the respect of Europe with it. What the outcome of this extraordinary and profoundly melancholy situation will be it is impossible to foresee. It can only be said that, if ever there existed any hope of a stable settlement in the Balkans after the driving out of the Turk, none now remains. Whatever the Powers may do or leave undone, however the territory of the Peninsula may be distributed when the fighting is finished, the Balkans may well be ablaze again ten years hence, in renewed defiance of the Powers. These months have taught a bitter lesson to those deluded followers of a fanciful ideal, who persuaded themselves that the end of Turkish rule in the Balkans would be the end of the Eastern Question."

Passing of the World's
Greatest Socialist.

AUGUST BEBEL, at the time of his death last month, was the world's greatest Socialist. The title had been his for years, we read in the *Independence Belge* (Brussels), but the unique circumstance of his long career was the unchallenged authority he exercised within his great party up to the moment of his taking off. Socialists of the "newer" school in Germany had challenged the old man's authority at successive party congresses in vain. No one in the ranks could forget that German Socialism, as a political force in Germany, was the creation of August

Bebel. There had been dreamers and romanticists like Lassalle before the coming of a greater than they. Without money or friends or influence, a proletarian, dependent for bread upon the work of his hands, August Bebel, in the face of a hostile government, built up the Socialist party from a handful of men meeting by stealth in odd corners of Berlin until it numbered its voters by the million and was the largest party in the German Reichstag. Bebel achieved his miracle, says the *London Spectator*, mainly by means of his genius for organization and his oratory.

Bomb-Throwing by Wholesale in Lisbon.

MADRID reports of events in Portugal are discounted just now in Europe; but the censorship became absolute at Lisbon last month just when reports of a royalist revolution grew definite. It has not been possible to verify or disprove at last accounts a story that the President of the Republic passed away on the eve of a serious rising. Portuguese comment reflects only the official standpoint through a drastically censored press. All the clerical and moderate organs have been suppressed. A handful of ambitious criminals, machinations of the royalist conspirators and attempts on the life of Prime Minister Costa are made much of in the *Lisbon Mundo*. The monarchical *Falso* and the liberal *Intransigente* are no longer permitted to circulate. It becomes increasingly evident to the *London Post*, therefore, that what it calls the "ultra-republicans" have a definite object—the creation of an extreme régime based upon a suppression of even parliamentary institutions. The Portuguese elements in control of the government—such as it is—are not agreed among themselves, apparently. A sort of duel is raging between the extremists and part of the army on one side and the ministry, the Carbonario secret society and the police on the other. Prime Minister Costa barely holds his own.



THE LOOKER-ON

TURKEY (to the Balkan "Allies"): "It pains me, gentlemen, to think that you, who have been animated from the first by pure Christian zeal on behalf of oppressed nationalities, should fall out over the swag. If the mediation of a mutual friend would prove acceptable, pray command my services."

—London Punch

Conspiracy of Calumny
Against the Republic
in Portugal.

PORTUGAL happens just now to be the victim of a campaign of calumny in the reactionary press of Europe, according to the sympathetic Socialist *Avanti* of Rome. Lisbon is confronted with civil war. The republic must adopt war measures in facing the royalist foe. Nothing has been even attempted that would not happen in London itself were armed insurrection threatening. This fact is blinked by the dailies which comment upon the recurring crises at Lisbon. Unless drastic measures were adopted, the throne would be restored and Dom Miguel might to-day be king. Costa and the men about him realize how disappointing was the French revolution to the world's real radicals. They have set about a thoropaced reform not only of the political system but of the social system. When they get through, the world may see a true Utopia. For the time being, there is violence and bloodshed, for which royalist conspirators must be held responsible. The navy is disaffected, partly through syndicalistic insubordination and partly through intrigue fomented among the officers by the agents of the royalists.

A Friendly Interpretation
of the Republic in Portugal.

IF THE men at the head of the government in Portugal would permit a general election, the royalists and others would abide by the result. Such is the contention of the Paris *Gaulois*. The country, it says, is ruled by a clique in Lisbon and Oporto. In reply a writer in the London *Chronicle*, long resident in Portugal and intimately acquainted with the factors in the campaign to discredit the republic, supplies a few considerations:

"Now how can anyone seriously talk of a fair appeal to the country when the percentage of those unable to read and write is commonly put at 70, and when the only existing election law, a heritage from the Monarchy, is that appropriately styled by Franco, arch-Monarchist tho he was, 'the shameless job,' when no idea of what we mean by a fair election exists, or has existed, let alone the machinery for it?"

"As for Lisbon and Oporto ruling the country, are there not concentrated in these cities all the conscious, active, corporate life of the nation, whether political, industrial or social, and, despite Coimbra, three parts of the educational? Under the Monarchy every species of chicanery and administrative abuse was used to gag and defraud the cities. . . .

"Some people have suddenly discovered the existence, despite the Republic, of luxury but, until recently, unheard-of abuses, of controlled elections, of unjust arrests, of base informers, of foul prisons, of delayed judgments, and the rest. But in common honesty it should be



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A POLITICAL ECONOMIST TURNS
AMBASSADOR

Paul S. Reimach, professor in the University of Wisconsin, goes to the troubled republic of China, where, as in Mexico, there are two governments clamoring for recognition.

recognized that Europe has heard more of these abuses during the two and a half years of the Republic, and more has been done in that period by the Republic to remove them, than during all the recorded years of monarchist misrule.

"Again, it is a frequent complaint to-day that the new régime has permitted no monarchist press. Such critics forget that if no such press worthy the name exists—tho various so-called monarchist journals of the old days still continue in many instances under new names—that fact was equally true, if less patent, under the monarchy."

Yuan Shi Kai Puts
Peking on a War
Basis.

YUAN SHI KAI made a somewhat unexpected proclamation of martial law in Peking the moment he heard of the formal establishment at Nankin of that confederate government of which Tsen Chun Hsien (or Hsuan) is now the head. China is now officially as well as actually the theater of a civil war with two rulers claiming sovereignty in the land. Yuan Shi Kai has displayed the energy for which he is so noted, raiding newspaper offices, spending money for the equipment of troops and insisting upon the unqualified and immediate obedience of all functionaries. The southern rebellion is far stronger and much better equipped for its struggle than the men in Peking will concede. Thus runs the general impression as given by the military expert of the Paris *Temps*, confirmed by the military expert of the

London *Telegraph*. Yuan sends out from Peking optimistic bulletins, giving details of a victory won by loyal troops over the rebel forces in a province remote from treaty ports. Nevertheless, according to the French daily, the rebels hold some miles of railroad in the important Pukow district. Tsen Chun Hsien, who signs himself president of some eight federated provinces, is credited with an army of ninety thousand well-drilled troops. Sun Yat Sen, the socialist agitator and patriot, is quoted as saying that the rebellion can not be crushed from Peking, that, indeed, it can persist for ten years at least.

Prospects of the Chinese
Rebellion.

CHINA'S great rebellion derives its strength, in the eyes of foreign observers, from the circumstance that two men of such force and influence as Tsen Chun Hsien and Sun Yat Sen are acting in harmony. The south, as the London *News* reminds us, has always distrusted Ynan. It is the most intelligent as well as the best educated region of China. Had Ynan been more cautious, had he displayed less of the despot's spirit, he might, infers our contemporary, have held the loyalty of the southern provinces. From the first he has made his dislike of a republic too obvious. Nevertheless, to follow the careful analysis of the crisis in the well-informed London *Times*, events in China are following "the normal course prescribed by the character, condition and history of the people." By immemorial tradition, persistent since the beginning of its national records, the race has come to regard as inevitable long periods of strife and slaughter, coincident with the decline and fall of dynasties that have exhausted "the mandate of Heaven"—that is, proved their incapacity.

How the Chinese People
Regard their Civil War.

MASSACRE, sanguinary reprisals and a long inner crisis involving the assassination of exalted functionaries must characterize every stage of the civil war that has but begun. Such is the pessimistic forecast of the Paris *Matin*, supported by the inferences of the London *Times*. The Chinese people, say these dailies, have foreseen the eventualities of the past month. They are resigned. Yuan Shi Kai and Tsen Chun Hsien are enacting a tragedy almost conventional, from their viewpoint. Europeans generally, adds the British daily, can have but a faint conception of the sufferings endured by the defenseless peasantry of the eighteen provinces since the revolution of less than two years ago let loose upon them plundering bands of rabble soldiery, pirates and brigands. "The description of the es-

establishment and peaceable progress of the republic disseminated by the journalists of young China and reproduced in the press of the western world makes no mention of this grim side of the picture." Few foreigners have witnessed the devastation. The republic has meant an abomination of desolation.

The Opposing Policies in China's Civil War.

THAT inveterate and instinctive conservatism which finds so much favor with the solidly substantial elements in Chinese society is championed by Yuan Shi Kai. So much appears from the comment of the *Paris Figaro*. It sees in the southern uprising the aspirations of the dreamer, the political fanatic, the restless and the irresponsible. The north is heavy and dull but solvent. The south is quick and enthusiastic but financially unreliable. "The struggle now proceeding," writes a cautious observer on the spot to the *London Times*, "is frankly a competition for power and place between the new bureaucracy of Canton and the old bureaucracy of Peking, in which the leaders serve their own personal ambitions and their hireling armies recognize no binding allegiance save that of the longest purse." Even Yuan's own picked troops are notoriously untrustworthy. China must continue for the present, then, we read further, helplessly exposed to the tyranny of her rabble cohorts and to the despotism of her short-lived political adventurers.

The Outlook for the Civil War in China.

SINCE personal ambitions rather than a conflict of principle are at the bottom of the crisis in China, it follows, according to the European press, that intrigue may have as much to do with the outcome as the fortunes of battle. Sun Yat Sen is supposed to be a sincere republican; but he is not taken seriously by such papers as the *Paris Temps*. In its forecast of the immediate future we find the *Berlin Kreuz-Zeitung* dwelling much upon the chance that Yuan Shi Kai may be assassinated. The situation, on the whole, according to a military expert in the *London Times*, is favorable to Yuan. The business men and the wealthy residents of the central provinces have shown him favor. They are tired of the long political upheaval. Then, too, Yuan has ready money. The recent loan filled his treasury. He is spending his funds freely, much to the delight of his soldiery. "The physique, equipment and morale of the northern forces are much superior to those of the southern troops." Finally, the foreign powers have put their money on Yuan, and that, thinks the *Paris Débats*, gives him confidence.

Japan's Alleged Intrigue in China.

AS THE reports from the theater of war trickled into Peking last month, it became evident to Yuan Shi Kai, says the *Berlin Vossische*, that the rebels were receiving aid and comfort from Japanese sources. That the government of Tokyo is officially involved seems unlikely. It is the presence of Japanese officers in command of rebel regiments that concerns the Peking administration. The Chinese generally suspect the Japanese of stirring up strife where it has not yet spread. The arrival of a Japanese warship within the fighting zone has led to a formal protest from Yuan's government. The rebel president, Tsen Chun Hsien, announced lately that the Tokyo government would give him recognition as a belligerent, a statement not yet officially denied. The Japanese minister in Peking is alleged to have welcomed rebel spies to his legation and to have held long conferences with them. Indiscipline of a less flagrant sort led to the recall of a United States minister to China a few years ago, says the *Peking Pao*. It goes the length of calling the rebellion a Japanese trick. Yuan himself is affirmed to be suspicious of Tokyo. For the moment, the rebellion against his authority seems crushed.

The Inner Meaning of China's Great Rebellion.

CANTONESE insubordination, disobedience and general contumacy are behind the civil war in China, asserts *The National Review* (Shanghai), a paper issued in the English language under Anglo-American auspices friendly to Peking. The Cantonese want to take the law into their own hands, we read in this organ of the established order. From time immemorial, it adds, the Cantonese delta has been a nest of piratical freebooters. Hence the existing crisis. The situation appears to that high authority on contemporary Chinese politics, J. O. P. Bland, a natural development of the struggle between Peking and the provinces over the question of finances. He says in the *London Observer*:

"To-day, in addition to the funds required to grease the wheels of the metropolitan administration (greatly swollen by the invasion of place-seekers from the South), the annual service of China's loans and indemnities requires that between them the provinces shall provide some seven or eight millions sterling. Herein lies the crux of the situation: Yuan Shi Kai stands to-day, as the Manchus stood before him, for the centralized control of national finance. Sun Yat Sen and his followers stand for local autonomy—every province its own loan-monger."

"It was this question, fundamental in

Chinese politics, which led to the violent agitation in Chekiang in 1906, and which finally produced the outbreak of rebellion in Szechwan in August, 1911. The passing of the Manchus has neither solved nor simplified it; on the contrary, the weakening of the Central Government's authority, consequent upon the chaos of the revolution, has stiffened the backs of the provincial politicians and gentry, increasing their determination to retain in their own hands the lucrative opportunities arising from railway construction and foreign loans.

"The fulminations of Sun Yat Sen and the Kuomintang Hotspurs are vastly less important to-day than they were a year ago, when public opinion in China and abroad was temporarily unsettled by the contagious enthusiasm which arose with the collapse of the Manchu dynasty and the bright dawn of a new era of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Since then, the merchants and the peasantry, the classes which have to pay the final penalties of all the politician's sins and strife, have learned in the hard school of experience that the apostles of local autonomy are neither as unselfish nor as able as they proclaimed themselves to be; that, as guides to the promised land of peace and prosperity, they know the way no better than the mandarins of the old dispensation."

Ulster Completes Her Conspiracy Against Home Rule.

SO INFURIATED has the Asquith ministry been made by the Ulster campaign against Home Rule that warrants may at any moment be issued for the arrest of Sir Edward Carson and his men at Belfast. Undeterred by the prospect, they continue their nightly drillings, their purchases of arms and the muniments of war. High treason, sedition, incitement to civil war—these are the crimes for which the signers of the now famous covenant may be haled to prison at any moment. Yet Ulster, led by the still irreconcilable Sir Edward Carson, completed the other day the scheme of government to be set up in Belfast when the Home Rule bill goes into effect at Dublin. There can be no doubt whatever of the success of the scheme, according to the "rebel" Sir Edward, who addressed last month the most enthusiastic series of meetings yet held in the northern province. In the face of a declaration by Mr. T. P. O'Connor that by the end of next year a parliament would be sitting in Dublin to make laws for the Irish people, Sir Edward insisted that it would frame no statutes for Ulster. The open defiance of the law predicted by the Orange leader prompts the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* to point out that for remarks of a less inflammatory nature Home Rulers like Dillon and O'Brien have been sent to jail. It consoles itself with the reflection that much brooding has made the Orangemen mad. Sir Edward has just completed what we in this country would

call a whirlwind tour of England against the Home Rule idea. Eighteen Irish Unionist members of Parliament have been on the same pilgrimage—"Ulster's appeal," they call it. They complain that Mr. Asquith will not dissolve Parliament in order that England may hold a referendum on Home Rule.

Dragging King George
Into the Home Rule
Controversy.

THREATS of rebellion against the crown are heard with such frequency in Ulster that Sir Edward Carson finds himself indicted for treason in more than one London ministerial daily. There have been embarrassing incidents involving the name of George V. "I shall no longer sing 'God Save the King!'" cried Mr. Chambers, who sits in the Commons for South Belfast, at a meeting in that city; but he will hum the tune, he conceded, until the Home Rule bill is law. He begged his vast audience of Orangemen to reveal the side they would take "when the King will have told us that he values our allegiance no longer." The answer came quickly in chorus: "Germany." Vain are the appeals of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* that such sedition be met with prosecution after the precedents set by the cases of certain Home Rulers. In Ulster the "dragging in of the King" and the "preaching of disloyalty to him are matters of course now and are done 'grossly and contemptuously,'" complains the ministerial Manchester *Guardian*. Sir Edward even says he fears the Orangemen have another James the Second in King George.

Home Rule Again Rejected
by the Lords.

ATWO-DAYS' debate in a crowded house preceded the rejection of the Home Rule bill by the House of Lords. Not less impressive was the scene in the Commons when the motion for the third reading was put by Augustine Birrell. Then came a grave warning to Prime Minister Asquith from the leader of the opposition, Mr. Bonar Law. He expressed the belief that this was the last time the measure would be considered "calmly" by the Commons. He did not think the ministry meant to impose the bill upon Ulster by force before it had received the distinct approval of the people in a general election. He said Mr. Asquith was asking the people of Ulster to submit to something Scotland would never tolerate and which no district in England would endure. If the Liberals persisted, the Ulstermen would be entitled to use with equal sincerity and with greater justice the words of Stonewall Jackson: "What is life without honor? Degradation is worse than death. We

must think of the living and of those who are to come after us and see that, by God's blessings, we transmit to them the freedom we ourselves have enjoyed." Mr. Asquith replied that the members of his ministry were immovable in their resolution to put through the Home Rule bill at once. The voters of Great Britain, he thought, had given him a mandate to that effect.

The Secrets of the Con-
spiracy in Ulster.

EVER since the seizure of large consignments of arms to Belfast some months ago, the authorities have been vigilant to forestall efforts to equip the men of Ulster with ammunition and rifles. These efforts, if the Liberal press of London be accurate, are not meeting with success. Reports of nightly drillings in churchyards and of the drumming up of recruits for the coming "war" fill the columns of English newspapers. Ulster still hopes, we read in the London *Times*, that she will not be forced to proceed to extremities. "It is preparing for them in a thoro, determined and organized way, the extent of which shows an unwavering confidence in the ability of the leaders to make their eventual plans effective." On the surface, nothing illegal has been done. Liberal dailies like the London *Chronicle* hint that militant Ulster ought to be handled by the government as firmly as are the militant suffragists. Sir Edward Carson and his associates have laid themselves open to charges of criminal conspiracy like the Pankhursts. Such a train of reasoning is to the London *Times* wholly misleading. There have been no breaches of the peace in Ulster, it affirms. Any expectation that might have been entertained by their opponents that the zeal of the Ulstermen would outrun their discretion, that some violent or extravagant action would discredit the movement or bring its leaders within the meshes of the law has remained unfulfilled. On the contrary, the drilling of "recruits" has been effected within the four corners of the law.

Mr. Asquith Baffled by
Ulstermen.

WHAT can the government in London do if Ulster blocks the way to Home Rule, if she continues to defy Dublin? If British bayonets be used to coerce Ulster, Ireland will be plunged into civil war, say both the London *Post* and the London *Times*. The great daily last named notes the increasing strain and tension "which underlie every feature of Protestant Ulster's workaday world." It is impressed by the strength of the forces silently preparing for the coming crisis. "There is no other question in the north of Ireland to-day except

that of Home Rule. Everything in the social, religious and business life of the community centers on it. There is practically no other subject of conversation." The crisis is already causing uneasiness in the army. The Ulster covenant was signed by soldiers as well as by judges who entertain a fear that even before Home Rule is law the troops may be in collision with the people of Belfast. Could they be relied upon? The British constabulary is said to be predominantly Roman Catholic and for Home Rule. The army officers are not.

Charges of Inciting to
Riot and Murder in
Ireland.

WHEN criminal conspiracy was last prevalent in a part of Ireland it was not the custom of Liberal statesmen or of the chief Liberal journals in England to abet incitements to treason and murder in Clare and Kerry, or to describe dynamiting as an honorable pledge of Nationalist earnestness or to canvass eagerly the chances that Irish Catholic soldiers or policemen would mutiny against the King if called on to suppress Nationalist sedition or disorder. Such is the gist of an indignant utterance in the Liberal Manchester *Guardian*, by way of protest at the remarks of the London *Times*. Liberals sympathized with Home Rulers, adds the Manchester daily, but they drew the line at complicity in actual or contingent crime. But:

"Conservatives have now, in their turn, been put to almost precisely the corresponding test, and most of their leaders have failed at once. At the first temptation, slight as it is they have done what *The Times* vainly attempted for so many years to prove that Parnell had done. They have accepted complicity in the first criminal act by which it has ever been suggested in modern times that their party could profit. One cannot say for certain that Lord Londonderry or Lord Willoughby de Broke or Sir Edward Carson ever resisted the temptation to come to levying arms against the authority of the Crown, or at bilking the King's tax collectors, or corrupting the loyalty of the King's soldiers, or plotting to set up a rebel Government against the Crown's lawful one. For there is no reason to suppose that they were ever tempted before, as Nationalist Irishmen were, and as Labor has been and probably will be. We only know that at the first known strain on their loyalty it has collapsed, and that these boasted pillars of law and order are found at the first trial to be own brothers to Michael Davitt and John O'Leary and the other Nationalists who went to penal servitude for doing a tenth part of the crimes which our new Unionist Fenians boast that they mean to do, as well as to the man who, being so unfortunately as not to be an Irish Unionist, was sent to prison for some months last year for inciting soldiers not to fire at English strikers if ordered to do so."

Persons *in the* Foreground

LANE, THE WHITE HOPE OF THE WILSON CABINET

WHEN you talk with Washington correspondents these days about the members of the Wilson cabinet, you find them all disposed to put a question-mark after the name of each one—with a single exception. The exception is Franklin K. Lane, secretary of the interior. All the others they seem to regard as more or less in the nature of experiments in their present positions. The President himself is, naturally enough, looked upon in the same way. But there is no such feeling about Lane. They look upon him as a sure success. They look upon him as "the strong man of the cabinet," despite the fact that he used to be a newspaper man himself. It is a hard thing to induce one newspaper man to take another one seriously when he is placed in an official position. But Lane is taken seriously, tho he has been a printer's devil, a correspondent, an editor and a newspaper proprietor. Still worse, he used to write poetry, and in the drawer of his office desk, even now, they say, he keeps poems that others have written, especially Kipling, which have caught his fancy. But he has been so many other things since his reportorial, editorial and poetizing days that the Washington correspondents are willing to overlook those early indiscretions.

He can never be President of the United States unless Article II, Section 1, of the Federal Constitution be changed. He is not a "natural-born citizen" of this country. After his birth in Prince Edward Island, it took him three years to find his way to America; but when he came he stayed. He was the son of a Methodist minister, and the lap of luxury was not for him. But somehow every Methodist minister, no matter how small his salary, gets his children a fair education. Young Franklin K., after a course in the public schools, had two years at the University of California. But he had to do some hustling himself to accomplish this. He was a grocer's boy in Napa, Cal., at three dollars a week for a while and a printer's devil for another while. He not only hustled outside school, but inside as well. He was only thirteen when he delivered his graduating ad-

dress at the High School, and he broke all records at the University. He went through the three-year academic course, it is reliably said, in "two sessions" and then proceeded to do up the two-year law course in "a session and a half." He certainly was a boy-wonder. But he had had a very early start. He had toddled off to school alone, in Oakland, California, when he was three years old.

After his college days he took to



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SHE CAN NEVER BE MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE

The wife of the Secretary of the Interior, tho a social leader in Washington, can never be the first lady of the land, since her husband waited three years too long before coming to America. She was Miss Anne Wintermute, and she was living in Tacoma when young Franklin K. Lane came there twenty odd years ago to run a newspaper and clean up the city. The paper went into a receiver's hands, but Miss Wintermute went into young Lane's hands and stayed there.

newspaper work, and in his twenty-fifth year came to New York City as Eastern correspondent of several Western papers. He gravitated into the Reform Club—a sort of near-free-trade organization, in which Henry George, then in his zenith, was the central figure. Young Lane's conceptions of government and political economy were profoundly modified by the apostle of the single tax, who could talk almost as well as he could write. Lane has not, so far as we know, ever committed himself to the single tax; but the hatred for special privilege was driven deep into his soul. Two or three years later, after he had become editor and half-owner of the Tacoma News, a strike was started by the printers, and Lane, fresh from the influence of Henry George, joined the printers' union and championed their cause. Still hot on the trail of special privilege, he began a crusade against a political ring that was looting the city, and as a result the ring-leader went to jail and the chief of police went to Alaska. But the young editor showed still more courage a little later. The free-silver mania began to sweep the whole West, and every paper on the Pacific Coast was at one time, if we are not mistaken, carried along with the tide—all that is, except the Tacoma News. It fought against free silver until it went under in the panic of 1893. Young Lane sold out his interest for whatever he could get, and going back to San Francisco said a long good-by to journalism. Four years later he was elected corporation counsel for San Francisco. Five years later still (1902) he came within an ace of being made Governor of California, figuring then as "a Roosevelt-Democrat." Three years afterwards he was appointed by President Roosevelt a member of the interstate commerce commission. President Taft made him chairman of that commission. President Wilson made him secretary of the interior.

Thus despite his early piety, his precocity and his poetry, Franklin K. Lane may be said to have done passing well. He has been signally honored by three Presidents in succession, these three Presidents representing today three different parties. And as if that were not enough honor, he has



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HE WAS ONCE AN INFANT PRODIGY

He toddled off to school at the age of three, graduated from high school at the age of thirteen, and went through the University of California at a rate that broke all records and violated the speed limits. He just missed being governor of California, and now is Secretary of the Interior. His name is Franklin Knight Lane and he is not yet fifty years of age.

still more recently been elected an Indian chief, and his little daughter Naney has been made an Indian princess.

"Lane is smooth and round and sort of cherubic," so ran a description of him in the *Saturday Evening Post* several years ago. "His face is round, his head is round and not embarrassed with any too much hair, his chest is round—everything about him is round. He is a student, a worker, an impressive orator, a corking after-dinner speaker, a pleasant companion and a big lawyer." A more recent description in the same paper runs as follows:

"He is a radical, but he is a sane radical. He is a progressive, but he isn't a fanatic. He is a good politician, and he has a wide knowledge of governmental needs and the courage of his convictions on whatever subject he may have in hand.

"Probably it would be conventional to say Lane is breezy, as he comes from the West; but I shall not say it, for most of those breezy persons turn out to be merely windy—and there is a distinction there. What Lane is a fine, companionable, earnest, hearty, sincere man, with no frills about him; with a big head and a big brain in it; straight, reliable, able and strong. He likes the mountains and the woods and the water—can catch a fish, sail a boat, shoot a gun, do something at

golf; and on the indoor side can make a rattling speech, tell a story—and reads omnivorously."

A writer in *World's Work*—Burton J. Hendrick—finds Lane's predominant quality to be "a superabundant good nature," and his greatest gift that of making and retaining friends. A writer in *The Cosmopolitan*—James Hay, Jr.—on the other hand sees as his chief characteristic his fighting qualities. "In the matter of real class, hand-to-hand fighting, he can give the bulldog lessons on aggressiveness and teach the panther new tricks in fast foot-work." But the two traits are very apt to go together. The Irish are the fightingest and at the same time the most jovial people on earth. Lane's fighting, however, is never in the nature of a personal scrap. He fights for a cause, a policy, a principle, and even the Tacoma chief of police, after he had fled to Alaska, remained a personal friend of the young editor who chased him there. He fights, in other words, to conserve something. That is his aim always—to conserve what is worth conserving. Others may look upon him as a radical, but Lane looks upon himself as a real conservative, just as much now as when, on the third day of the great San Francisco fire, he stood on the sidewalk of Van Ness avenue, with one end of a telephone wire in each hand, touching them together from time to time to let an electric spark pass to a lot of dynamite placed under some building in the path of the oncoming flames. "It was destruction," he says, "which conserved the rest of the city. That has been the rule of my life—to conserve something. It was my aim when I was on the interstate commerce commission, and it will be my policy as Secretary of the Interior, by whatever means are required, to develop the natural resources of the country so as to assure their perpetuation for the use of future generations as well as my own."

JOHN PURROY MITCHEL, A MAN WHO EATS UP FIGURES

INTO the spotlight of national politics stepped last month a young man of thirty-four, lean, tall, intense, with a remarkable capacity for eating up figures and an equally remarkable incapacity for eating his own words. John Purroy Mitchel the choice of the Fusion forces for mayor of New York City, becomes something more than a local figure. He seems to be the leading man in a new political drama. Back of him, apparently, is the President of the United States, bent upon war with Tammany Hall. His choice a few weeks ago of Mitchel for collector of the port in New York City was a virtual declaration

of war. The choice of Mitchel, instead of Whitman or McAneny, as a candidate for mayor was largely due to this expression of the President's confidence in him. The mayoralty contest in this city assumes, therefore, a national significance. It is not merely a contest between the Fusion forces and Tammany, but between the national Democratic administration and Tammany. It is a part of that "war upon the bosses" which Woodrow Wilson began in New Jersey and seeks now to extend to other States.

Tammany Hall is in a poor condition to wage such a war at this time. It is not the Tammany Hall of fifteen or

twenty years ago. With the hostile Democratic President at Washington, a hostile Democratic governor at Albany and an administration in New York City all hostile except the mayor and he not exactly subservient, the Tammany tiger has not had much good hunting in recent years. In fact, ever since New York became Greater New York, the tiger has had to hustle to find provender. A complete defeat in New York City in the coming municipal election would make the very existence of Tammany Hall as a political force precarious. John Purroy Mitchel has been selected to administer the fatal blow.

There is poetic justice in this selection of a young Irishman to do the trick, and especially of a young Irish Catholic. Mitchel's grandfather was that leader of the "Young Ireland" movement who, in 1848, as editor of *The United Irishman*, was adjudged guilty of treason to the British government and banished to Australia for fourteen years. Escaping in 1854, he came with his three sons to America and settled in Virginia. One of the sons, James, came to New York and became fire marshal. He married a sister of Henry D. Purroy, a staunch anti-Tammany leader. Young Mitchel was born into the anti-Tammany atmosphere of this home and he grew lusty on it. The first recorded utterance of the young man after he entered upon his public career showed this. It was terse and profane. He was promised a judgeship at \$17,500 a year

if he would drop an investigation he was making. "Tell Murphy to go to h—ll!" was his response, and that ended negotiations. Mitchel kept on investigating. The Tammany president of Manhattan boro, Ahearn, was, in consequence, soon after removed from his office by Governor Hughes. Haffen, president of the Bronx boro, soon traveled the same road. Bermel, president of Queens boro, joined the procession by resigning. Young Mitchel was but twenty-seven at the time, but it looked as tho, with the loyal backing of Mayor McClellan and Governor Hughes, he might soon send the whole Tammany outfit to the place he told Murphy to go to. But it takes time to make real investigations and McClellan's administration came to an end while Mitchel was on the trail of a fourth boro president.

Mitchel's career has been short but

swift. After graduating at St. John's College in Fordham and Columbia law school, he entered the office of the corporation counsel as an assistant. That was where he was when he began the investigations spoken of above. But to give him greater facilities McClellan made him commissioner of accounts, and this was where he developed his remarkable appetite for figures. He went into department after department and smelled his way through interminable accounts to the graft and waste and inefficiency hidden among them. "To gather the experts and the departmental specialists around his own library table at home," says one writer, "and spend a whole evening over the bewildering arrays of facts and figures which represent a department's allowance for the year is his idea of an enjoyable evening. He would rather wrestle with the economies of the board of education than go to the opera." When he ended his investigations he knew more about the details of our municipal government than any other man living. Says the *N. Y. Times*: "He is that new thing in municipal history in America—a municipal expert. There is probably no man in an administrative office in this city to-day who knows more about the detail of municipal government."

When Gaynor was elected mayor four years ago, on the regular Democratic ticket, all the Fusion candidates for the other offices were elected at the same time. Mitchel was one of them. He became president of the board of aldermen and, by virtue of his office, a member of the board of estimate, which is really the governing board of New York City. When Mayor Gaynor was shot in August, 1910, Mitchel became acting mayor. The vigor with which he proceeded to clean up Coney Island is still remembered with shudders in the "tenderloin district." He found the mail full of complaints and, in the time-honored way, asked the police commissioner to investigate. The commissioner did so and reported Coney Island in excellent condition. But Mitchel then and there departed from the time-honored way. He put a number of investigators of his own at work, sending them in pairs to Coney Island. After getting their reports, Mitchel got busy. The inspector of police in charge of Coney Island was reduced to a captaincy, and in a few days the crooks and confidence men and painted ladies of Coney Island formed a spectacular procession, headed by a brass band, and amid the jeers and cheers of tens of thousands of spectators marched along the principal highway to the railway station and departed for other fields of activity. Even Gaynor's return to office didn't save the Police Commissioner, Baker. He was forced to resign not long after. As a result of this experience, Mitchel



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"HE BEARS THE MARKS OF THE PATRICIAN"

Just what those marks are we are not prepared to say; but John Purroy Mitchel, Fusion candidate for Mayor of New York, is said to have them. He is an independent, anti-Tammany Democrat, and has the stamp of approval of President Wilson and Secretary McAdoo. His election will, it is hoped, be the beginning of a contest that will drive Tammany from its position as the "regular" Democratic organization.

believes the police problem is, after all, a simple one. "Men dealing with thousands of persons all over the city," he says, "must leave a trail which is very easily traced if the men higher up really wish to trace it, instead of sending in lying reports to the police commissioner and to the mayor. It has not been difficult for the district attorney to get the records of the four inspectors convicted of conspiracy." All the legislative change he would ask would be the creation of a corps of detectives for the use of the mayor by which he could check up the work of the police department for himself.

Mitchel is described by those who know him as intense, serious and even, for a young man, austere. He spends but little time on social pleasures, and his official duties are but seldom brightened up by humor. He can be tart and quick and sharp; but a lightness of touch, says one of his biographers, is not his. A sense of humor has never saved him in difficult moments. He is always deadly earnest, sometimes almost painfully so. He dresses well and, according to one observer, he "bears the marks of the patrician." He has the straightforward look of a man

neither nervous, shifty, nor timid. Here is one of the pen-pictures of him:

"He is tall and slender—thin would not be an inappropriate term of description. The brevity of perimeter probably increases the effect of altitude, but he looks to stand about six feet, and maybe he weighs 130. It is in the face and hands that the personal force which put him through his years as commissioner of accounts shows so brilliantly. He has the long-fingered, large-jointed, big-veined hands which almost invariably belong to men who actually do things. His head is neither large nor small and it gets a good poise at the top of a long and supple neck. He has a high forehead, broad at the base, with high, arched eyebrows. His forehead is exceptionally high and broad and his nose long and straight. The nose is the most striking feature in his face. His lips are thin and are usually tightly compressed. The eyes are cold and stern and the face is thin.

"Mr. Mitchel is never quiet. He walks with a long, swinging stride which makes most men hustle when they try to keep pace with him. He talks with his mouth, his eyes, his hands and feet—figuratively speaking. That is the impression of alertness which he gives. So impatient is he with the man who stumbles over

the utterance of an idea that he grasps it, drags it out and answers it before the slow man knows it has been stated."

Mitchel was the youngest man ever appointed commissioner of accounts, the youngest man ever elected president of the board of aldermen, the youngest man ever appointed collector of the port in New York. If elected this fall, he will be the youngest man ever elected mayor of Greater New York. The one thing that gives most solicitude to many voters who would naturally support the Fusion candidate is this question: To what extent is he a tool of William Randolph Hearst? In the fight over subways he opposed to the very last the arrangement finally made, apparently following the cue given by the Hearst newspapers. His nomination, instead of that of McAneny or Whitman, is ascribed in large part to the insistent support of Hearst's followers. He has shown a disposition to favor municipal ownership and operation to a degree that has alarmed many of the less radical citizens. Mitchel's friends, however, scout the idea that he can ever be the tool of Mr. Hearst or anyone else.

COUNT BERCHTOLD: THE BEARER OF AUSTRIA'S BURDEN IN THE BALKANS

NEVER has that genius for diplomacy which makes the Austro-Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Leopold Berchtold, the central figure of European politics, won a greater triumph in the Balkans than is afforded him by Rumania's intervention. The whole career of Count Berchtold seemed a wreck when the war in the Balkans broke forth, observes the *Paris Figaro*. He plucked the fruit of Austrian policy from the flaming forest of Turkey's doom. He pent up Montenegro and he held Servia back from the sea she coveted. There seemed a time when Bulgaria must seize the hegemony of a Balkan league in spite of the Greeks, until Rumania, instigated, we are asked to believe, by Count Berchtold, threw her sword into the balance. No diplomacy emerges from the battles of the Balkans in anything like definite shape except that of Count Berchtold, and no task presented by the long crisis was more desperate and more heroic. The Count has outwitted Russia and checked Italy. He is the supreme genius of European diplomacy to the bedazzled judgment of our French contemporary.

Not that his head is turned. "Every morning when the weather is fine," to follow the admiring sketch written for the *London Mail* by one who knows him well, "you may see Count Leopold

Berchtold walking from his handsome Vienna residence, the Strudelhof Palace, to the Foreign Office on the Ballhausplatz." The impeccably waxed mustache does not conceal the curving, smiling, almost mischievous lips. The pink cheeks are not hollowed by loss of sleep. The bald dome is surmounted by a gray felt hat, as a rule, and the cane swings freely as the thin, tall figure of the Count advances at a brisk pace. He might be taken for a patron of the arts, so extremely elegant is his deportment, or he might pass for a poet, so romantically does he move. Not a trace of the official manner or the official reserve of Vienna is implied in his frequent greetings of passers-by or in the readiness he evinces to glance into shop windows. One might see him halt several minutes to study a picture display until, with the air of him who suddenly remembers that time is precious, he looks at his watch and hurries on. There are few more familiar figures in the streets of Vienna. He has the disposition for which the people of that city are famous—light, careless, aristocratic, artistic.

The year and a half during which Count Berchtold has conducted the diplomacy of his native land would seem to have lent his visage some sternness. There is a deep crease between the brows now. He is said to

addict himself more than ever to the piano, upon which he exercises a miraculous gift. Time was when he used the brush daily in the perfection of landscape studies which can be seen in the houses of his friends now and then. Lately he has not painted, but he is a patron of the art in the most discriminating sense. His gallery reflects a taste formed in Italy, just as his library proclaims the student of English literature. He speaks the language of England with absolute fluency, as, for that matter, does his wife, one of the noted hostesses of Vienna. She was an ornament of London society when her father, Count Karolyi, acted as ambassador there. Only a fortune as vast as that of Count Berchtold could endure the financial strain of the scale of existence maintained in Vienna by this brilliant couple. The Count is partial to the society of artists. His conversation has been described by one of his admirers in the *Paris press* as a blend of the wit of Scarron with the fine taste of a Medici. His judgment of a painter or of a poet is given the weight always attached to the verdict of one who loves what he talks about as well as knows it.

Few things ruffle the Count more, we read in the *London daily*, than the insinuation that he is subtle, profound, Machiavelian. The *Figaro* represents the Count as master of an art of high

and noble simplicity. He strives to carry this simplicity from his private life into his public career, with results that puzzle the journalists of Europe sorely. He happened, for example, to be spending a brief vacation at a pretty town in Austria, celebrated for its mineral spring. In the smoking room of the hotel he ran across an impoverished and obscure writer for one of the Socialist organs. Quite an intimacy sprang up between the journalist and the diplomat, who went upon long walks together. The Count took pains to inform his companion that Austria had no secrets. He outlined the whole Balkan situation predicting exactly what has come to pass. The obscure journalist transmitted everything to the insignificant sheet he represented, to the great amusement of the press of Europe. The revelations were referred to as Count Berchtold's "trial balloons." They formed the basis, however, of the high estimate now entertained with reference to his candor and good faith. His predictions of what would happen have been verified by the result. His statements of Austro-Hungarian policy have been confirmed by official Vienna's acts. Nevertheless the episode was a marked departure. The permanent officials at the Balhausplatz were stunned by such a display of indiscretion. It has been noticed since the Balkan crisis became acute that Vienna takes the world into her confidence, the candor representing the attitude of the Count. The old secrecy has gone and indiscretion has been reared into a virtue.

Elegance is the "note" of Count Berchtold. He is seen in the latest type of motor car. His servants wear the most stunning liveries, a circumstance by no means implying that they appear in the lowliest. The Count himself is one of the best-dressed men in Vienna. His abode in the Austrian capital is furnished in a style of the most finished kind. Regularly every spring the furniture is renewed in all the rooms, the pictures are newly framed, and the woodwork done over. The piano in the conservatory is a work of art apart from its tone and tuning. No detail of these arrangements escapes the eye of the Count himself, who exploits his artistic temperament regardless of financial considerations. His dinners are the marvel of the diplomatic corps. His social gifts are too fine to be eclipsed by the magnificence with which he surrounds himself, for never lived an aristocrat who could draw a truer line between ostentation and impeccable taste. His army of servants spare a guest the necessity of asking for even the newspaper at breakfast or a nosegay for one's buttonhole.

Time was when Count Berchtold afforded himself the luxury of the finest stable in all Europe. He actually



THE MOST ELEGANT DIPLOMATIST ALIVE

Count Leopold Berchtold, Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, has won his contention in the Balkans and the Hapsburg dynasty is not imperiled by events there. Count Berchtold is for this reason alone held to have won a place beside Talleyrand, Bismarck and Metternich as one of the few great diplomatists since Machiavelli.

challenged the supremacy of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild on the French turf not so long ago. He has given great encouragement to aviation as a sport. He has patronized the most spectacular of automobile races. The enthusiasm with which he threw himself into these pastimes was equalled only by the generosity he displayed in expending his immense income to promote them. Now that official cares monopolize him, he can not, it seems, find time for a conference with his trainers. His stables are depleted. He must snatch what recreation he can in his library and music room, where he may be found in the small hours of the morning during the Vienna season. Promptly at six he plunges into his bath, breakfasting before seven always. In the summer he often rises with the sun for a hunt in the woods of one of his estates, a magnificently kept game

preserve. It is said of Count Berchtold that he has never visited all his Austrian estates, they are so numerous.

The courtesy of manner for which Count Berchtold is so famed was acquired, the *Figaro* says, in Paris, where he acted as a secretary of embassy in his youth. He belonged to a preeminently aristocratic set. Fencing, dancing, kissing the hands of ladies and arts of that sort come most naturally to this paragon of good form. His acquaintance with the intricacies of the traditional court etiquette of Vienna is so complete that, it seems, the Hapsburgs themselves never dispute his decision on such points. He is a distinguished authority upon the fashions not only for his own sex but for Archduchesses. There are princesses at the court of Vienna who feel at ease, we read, only when the Count has given them a second look in a ball room.

TSEN CHUN HSIEN: LEADER OF THE SOUTHERN REBELLION IN CHINA

FEW students of the crisis confronting Yuan Shi Kai in Peking, so far as their views are reflected in the European press, attach importance to his announcement of the defeat of Tsen Chun Hsien. In selecting as their generalissimo and as president of their secessionist republic so brilliant an administrator as Tsen Chun Hsien, the southerners, according to the *London Times*, insured at least a respectable career for their movement. He has wealth, character, capacity. He has spent his active years at the Chinese court. His name is known in every province because of his success in every enterprise with which his name was ever connected. He is strong, determined, purposeful, fertile in expedient. Those who know China well deem Tsen the ablest man in the eighteen provinces—free from the vices of Yuan, without the cupidity of Yuan. His motives inspire no suspicion among his followers. There are Europeans who regard Tsen Chun Hsien as the most subtle of all the actors on the vast Chinese stage. They insist that he is playing a part with more histrionic art than Yuan Shi Kai possesses. He is animated only by an inveterate grudge. Beneath a profession of austere holiness he conceals the vices of his unrestrained youth. One thing alone is certain—Yuan Shi Kai must spend many a sleepless night before he triumphs over Tsen Chun Hsien.

Terror might be called the specialty of Tsen Chun Hsien. He has lived in the atmosphere of it. He has disseminated the sentiment with reference to himself as a matter of administrative policy. In this respect the resemblance between himself and his late father, most terrible of all the terrible viceroys of Yunnan, is pronounced by the *Paris Gaulois* incredible. In his days of power the father of Tsen Chun Hsien, borne in a litter through the streets of his provincial capital, would cry, from sheer force of habit, every time he saw a pedestrian: "Cut off his head! Cut off his head!" The sight of a fellow creature boiled in oil afforded him the most unmitigated satisfaction. He awarded prizes to anyone who could invent some new and exquisite torture. In this atmosphere, then, Tsen Chun Hsien grew up. He was permitted as a special treat, when quite a little boy, provided he had been good, to witness the punishment of those who had incurred the penalty of having red-hot irons thrust through their nostrils. He even took a hand in the discipline.

Ferocity was not alone the basis of the prodigious success achieved at the court of the great empress dowager,

Tzu Hsi, by the esurient Tsen Chun Hsien. She was first attracted to him by his wonderfully pleasing voice, which she compared upon first hearing it, we read in the *Débats*, to the sound of silver bells. The well-bred young aristocrat spent hours daily in reading the classics to the royal dame. He eagerly embraced those autocratic and conservative opinions which gave tone to society within the forbidden city before the boxer uprising. He traveled about the eighteen provinces on various official expeditions in such magnificence that his retinue was described as a moving rainbow. He delighted the empress dowager when he returned to the forbidden city by the present of the severed hand of an enemy or the ear of some capacious critic. In return she presented him with a painted fan or one of her poems.

Few native Chinese of Tsen's exalted social position took more pains to realize the ideals of his class. His yamen, or official residence, when he ruled a province, became a shrine of Chinese art. His rounds of official visits or his tours of inspection meant the depopulation of the whole surrounding area, so great was the terror he inspired. He possessed a regiment of concubines. He heaped up treasure despite the prodigality of his feasts. He spent no time in idleness, either. In outwitting the devices of the rich who sought to evade his measures of confiscation he shrank from no torture. In early life, none the less, he was celebrated for the beauty of his manner no less than for the beauty of his face. Like nearly all men whose temperaments and habits are sanguinary, he was very eager to be loved, most anxious for the approbation of his fellow creatures. At the termination of one of his periods of administration in a remote province it was declared that all the inhabitants liked him because all who did not had been put to the sword. He has been known to shed copious tears when the head of somebody or other was brought in by his orders. He had likewise special rules of punishment, adapted to the rank and degree of those whom he slew. He would not permit the decapitation of one who had mastered the supreme classics nor would he allow the boiling in oil of those who emerged first at the periodic examinations. Special modes of torture were invented for those whose abilities or careers differentiated them from the common herd.

That tendency to madness which some enemies of Tsen Chun Hsien detect in his family—one of his ancestors insisted upon dressing like a pea-

cock and another drank only blood and water—explains not only his vagaries, but his high capacities. He has the cunning, it is said, of the madman, and he seems never to go to sleep. Of his extraordinary capacity there can be no doubt. He has organized regiments of fighting men who fight—a task found difficult by Yuan Shi Kai. He rallies the natives to his support because of his reputation for always keeping his word. But his chief claim to consideration is the fame that has come to him in recent years through his ascetic mode of life, his unremitting pursuit of holy exercises and his absolute humility. The career of Saint Augustine does not, in the opinion of our French contemporary, afford a more impressive instance of the complete transformation of a character.

The great change in Tsen Chun Hsien dates apparently from his appearance in Szechuen in the capacity of viceroy of that province. He displayed his old-time efficiency, rising from his bed at dead of night to inspect the streets of his capital, or participating actively at the risk of his life in the labor of putting out a fire. It was noticed that his characteristic ferocity had deserted him. To the blank amazement of the people, he professed abhorrence of the custom of binding the feet of girl babies. The practice was stopped so far as he could effect a reform. He next announced the discovery that he was unfit to exercise any kind of authority. Not long before the demise of the great empress dowager, he disappeared mysteriously and was ultimately reported as on a pilgrimage in the garb of a beggar to the shrines of holy men. The report that he had become a lunatic, as did his father before him, gained general credence.

Instead of losing his mind, Tsen Chun Hsien, avers a writer in the *London News*, was filled with a sense of his own misdeeds, a consciousness of sin. Afoot, meanly attired, sleeping in the open air, begging his bread from door to door, he was discovered at last on his way to the grave of Confucius. The authorities of the province of Shantung at once placed a special train at the disposal of the brilliant viceroy. He declined the honor. Insisting that he was a mere private individual, Tsen rode, it is said, in a common cart beside a coolie and sat down in the road when he partook of his meal of rice-cake.

Tsen Chun Hsien in his weary pilgrimages has met the most influential of the priests and they seem now all on his side. He remains pious in the traditional Chinese sense, meek, a leader of men in a spiritual field.

Music and Drama

THE DANGEROUS NEW FREE WOMAN PORTRAYED IN "HINDLE WAKES"

NEW YORK audiences may have become so accustomed to plays in which the poor but virtuous working girl weds a millionaire hero that they were quite unprepared to understand that amazing young person, Fanny Hawthorn, who, in Stanley Houghton's play, "Hindle Wakes,"* refuses to marry the son of her wealthy employer. In spite of the unanimous praise of the critics, the play did not duplicate its London success. However, so enthusiastically was Mr. Houghton's drama received in Chicago (where it was heartily endorsed by the Playgoing Committee of the Drama League), as well as in other middle western cities, that William J. Brady has decided to send "Hindle Wakes" on a tour of the larger cities of the United States.

Altho "Hindle Wakes" was first produced in London scarcely more than a year ago by Miss Horniman's Repertoire Company of Manchester, it has already taken its place as one of the masterpieces of contemporary drama. The London *Times* wonders how Fanny Hawthorn could have passed the censor, but considers it a good thing that she did. "Her defence will open the eyes of the uninitiated. It is a plea and an attitude that will be scorned by the narrow-minded and the ostriches. But it is a plea that should be heard. It is of value in these days of the battle of the sexes. It heralds the movement of the future. It is inevitable that one day the sexual position of the woman will become as acute a question as that of her political rights. Therefore it is well that the way should be paved, and such a play as 'Hindle Wakes' is of greater value than a mere faithful picture of Midland life, because it forces the reader to give earnest thought to that which in our community is always repressed under the shield of tradition, convention, and even education."

Fanny Hawthorn is a weaver in the Daisy Bank Mill, in Hindle, Lancashire. She is a sturdy, determined, dark little girl, with thick lips, a broad, short nose and big black eyes. Her father and mother are under the im-

pression that she has been spending the week-end in Blackpool during the Hindle "wakes," with another mill girl named Mary Hollins. But Mary Hollins has been drowned along with seven others while aboard a sailing boat that has been run down by an excursion steamer. Consequently, in spite of the precautions she has taken to prevent her parents from learning about her adventure, Fanny, who is unaware of the death of Mary Hollins, is unable to explain where and with whom she has passed her holidays. She is put through a sort of "third degree" by her stern parents. When they tell her of Mary's death, in whose company she claimed to have been, Fanny breaks down. Mrs. Hawthorn, with the persistence of a district attorney, soon fastens the guilt upon her daughter. After a long cross-examination she finally sits down at the table opposite Fanny.

MRS. HAWTHORN. When you were in Llandudno did you happen to run across Alan Jeffcote?

FANNY. How did you know?

MRS. HAWTHORN. (Smiling grimly.) I didn't. You've just told me.

FANNY. (Gives a low moan.) Oh! (She buries her head and sobs.)

MRS. HAWTHORN. (To Christopher.) Well. What do you think of her now?

CHRISTOPHER. (Dazed.) Nat Jeffcote's lad?

MRS. HAWTHORN. Ay! Nat Jeffcote's lad. But what does that matter? If it hadn't been him it would have been some other lad.

CHRISTOPHER. Nat and me were lads together. We were pals.

MRS. HAWTHORN. Well, now thy girl and Nat's lad are pals. Pull thyself together, man. What art going to do about it?

CHRISTOPHER. I don't know, rightly.

MRS. HAWTHORN. Aren't you going to give her a talking-to?

CHRISTOPHER. What's the good?

MRS. HAWTHORN. What's

the good? Well, I like that! My father would have got a stick to me. (She turns to Fanny.) Did he promise to wed you?

FANNY. (In a low voice.) No.

MRS. HAWTHORN. Why not?

FANNY. Never asked him.

MRS. HAWTHORN. You little fool! Have you no common sense at all? What did you do it for if you didn't make him promise to wed you?

Fanny refuses to divulge any of the details of her affair with Alan Jeffcote, the handsome and spoiled son of her employer. Her father sends her to bed. Mrs. Hawthorn, whose austere morality is altogether practical and businesslike, immediately urges her husband to go at once to the Jeffcote mansion and to insist upon a marriage between the two young people. "It's a fine chance, and don't you forget it," she exclaims.

CHRISTOPHER. He ought to wed her. I don't know what Nat'll say.

MRS. HAWTHORN. Look here, if you're not going to stand out for your rights



"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HER NOW?"

Fanny's parents discover that she has been spending the week-end in a hotel with young Alan Jeffcote.

* HINDLE WAKES. A play in three acts, by Stanley Houghton. Boston: John W. Luce & Company. All rights reserved.

I'll come myself. I'm not afraid of Nat Jeffcote, not if he owned twenty mills like Daisy Bank.

CHRISTOPHER. I'm not afraid of him, neither, tho' he's a bad man to tackle. (*He rises.*) Where's my hat? (*Mrs. Hawthorn gives him his hat and stick, and he goes to the door.*)

MRS. HAWTHORN. I say, I wonder if she's done this on purpose, after all. Plenty of girls have made good matches that way.

CHRISTOPHER. She said they never mentioned marriage. You heard her.

MRS. HAWTHORN. Well, he mightn't have gone with her if she had. Happen she's cleverer than we think!

CHRISTOPHER. She always was a deep one.

MRS. HAWTHORN. That's how Bamber's lass got hold of young Greenwood.

CHRISTOPHER. But there was a— *He* couldn't help it so well.

MRS. HAWTHORN. Yes. (*She reflects.*) Ah, well. You never know what may happen.

Alan Jeffcote is engaged to Beatrice Farrar, daughter of Sir Timothy, an old *roué*. The marriage will mean much to old Nat Jeffcote, and he believes that it will make his son the richest man in Hindle some day. But late that night, when old Chris Hawthorn calls on him, he little suspects that his "lad" is involved in the disgrace of his old chum's daughter. Fully realizing his own importance in the community, and with a keen appreciation of his own generosity, he offers his aid in straightening out the affair.

JEFFCOTE. I'll help thee any road I can. But you mustn't take it too much to heart. It's not the first time a job like this has happened in Hindle, and it won't be the last!

CHRISTOPHER. That's true. But it's poor comfort when it's your own lass that's got into trouble.

JEFFCOTE. There's many a couple living happy to-day as first come together in that fashion.

CHRISTOPHER. Wedded, you mean?

JEFFCOTE. Ay! Wedded, of course. What else do you think I meant? Does the lad live in Hindle?

CHRISTOPHER. Ay! (*He does not know how to break it to Jeffcote.*)

JEFFCOTE. Whose shed does he work at?

CHRISTOPHER. Well, since you put it that way, he works at yours.

JEFFCOTE. At Daisy Bank? Do I know him?

CHRISTOPHER. Ay! You know him well, Jeffcote. Then by Gad! I'll have it out with him to-morrow. If he doesn't promise to wed thy Fanny I'll give him the sack.

CHRISTOPHER. (*Dazed.*) Give him the sack!

JEFFCOTE. And I'll go further. If he'll be a decent lad and make it right with her at once, I'll see that he's well looked after at the mill. We're old pals, Chris, and I can't do no fairer than that, can I?

CHRISTOPHER. No.

JEFFCOTE. Now, then, who's the chap?

CHRISTOPHER. Thou'll be a bit surprised-like, I reckon.

JEFFCOTE. Spit it out!

CHRISTOPHER. It's thy lad, Alan.

JEFFCOTE. (*Sharply.*) What? (*A slight pause.*) Say that again.

CHRISTOPHER. Thy lad, Alan.

JEFFCOTE. My lad.

CHRISTOPHER. Ay! (*After a short pause, Jeffcote springs up in a blazing rage.*)

JEFFCOTE. Damn you, Chris Hawthorn! Why the devil couldn't you tell me so before?

CHRISTOPHER. I were trying to tell thee, Nat—

JEFFCOTE. Trying to tell me, Hasn't thou got a tongue in thy head that thou mun sit there like a bundle of gray-cloth while I'm making a fool of myself this road?

The old Lancashire mill-owner, tho' perhaps pitiless in his exploitation of the workers in Daisy Bank Mill, has a Puritan point of view regarding sexual morality, so that when he discusses the matter later that night with the semi-intoxicated Alan, he makes the boy understand that he must wed Fanny.

ALAN. What do you want me to do?

JEFFCOTE. I know what thou's going to do. Thou's going to wed the lass.

ALAN. What do you say?

JEFFCOTE. Thou's heard me all right.

ALAN. Wed her? Fanny Hawthorn!

JEFFCOTE. Ay! Fanny Hawthorn.

ALAN. But I cannot.

JEFFCOTE. Why not?

ALAN. You know—Beatrice—I can't!

JEFFCOTE. Thou mun tell Beatrice it's off.

ALAN. How can I do that?

JEFFCOTE. That's thy lookout.

ALAN. (*Rising and holding on to the mantelpiece.*) Look here. I can't do it. It isn't fair to Beatrice.

JEFFCOTE. It's a pity thou didn't think of that before thou went to Llandudno!

ALAN. But what can I tell her?

JEFFCOTE. Thou mun tell her the truth if thou can't find owt better to say.

ALAN. The truth! (*Alan again collapses in the chair. A pause.*)

JEFFCOTE. What's done is done. We've got to stand by it.

ALAN. Father! I don't want to wed Fanny. I want to wed Beatrice.

JEFFCOTE. Dost thou love Beatrice?

ALAN. Yes.

JEFFCOTE. I'm glad of it. It's right that thou should suffer as well as her.

Upon hearing his father's decree, Alan breaks down. He reproaches his father, who retorts: "Thou'rt a man now, not a kid!" "It's me that's got to go through it. It doesn't hurt thee if I wed Fanny Hawthorn," replies Alan.

JEFFCOTE. So thou thinks it easy for me to see thee wed Fanny Hawthorn? Hearken! Dost know how I began life? Dost know that I started as tender in Wahnesley's shed when I were eight years of age, and that when the time comes I shall leave the biggest fortune

ever made in the cotton trade in Hindle? Dost know what my thought has been when laboring these thirty years to get all that brass together? Not what pleasure I could get out of spending, but what power and influence I were piling up the while. I was set on founding a great firm that would be famous not only all over Lancashire, but all over the world, like Horrockses or Calverts or Hornbys of Blackburn. Dost think as I weren't right glad when thou goes and gets engaged to Tim Farrar's lass? Tim Farrar as were mayor of Hindle and got knighted when the King come to open the new Town Hall. Tim Farrar that owns Lane End Shed, next biggest place to Daisy Bank in Hindle. Why, it were the dearest wish of my heart to see thee wed Tim Farrar's lass; and, happen, to see thee running both mills afore I died. And now what falls out? Lad as I'd looked to to keep on the tradition and build the business bigger still, goes and weds one of my own weavers! Dost think that's no disappointment to me? Hearken! I'd put down ten thousand quid if thou couldst honestly wed Beatrice Farrar. But thou can't honestly wed her, not if I put down a million. There's only one lass thou canst honestly wed now, and that's Fanny Hawthorn, and by God I'm going to see that thou does it!

The difficult position in which Alan Jeffcote finds himself leads to the expression of very definite views on sexual morality by his mother, his fiancée Beatrice Farrar, and her father, the free and easy Sir Timothy. The next act is devoted to a clever and graphic delineation of the various points of view. Mrs. Jeffcote proves herself, in spite of her charm and sweetness, a strong advocate of the double standard of morality, and counsels that Fanny be "paid off." Sir Timothy believes that the only immorality in such cases lies in "getting caught." Beatrice believes that Alan and Fanny are at all intents and purposes already married, and declares that she would never consent to marry him while "Fanny Hawthorn has a better right to you than I have."

The Hawthorns—Fanny and her father and mother—arrive at nine that evening in order to settle the whole matter with the Jeffcotes. They file in silently and awkwardly, Fanny wearing the shawl that Lancashire weavers wear over their heads instead of a hat. On her feet are the rough clogs of the millgirl. Fanny is sullen and impudent, refusing to divulge where Alan and she had spent the week-end. "If Mary hadn't been drowned, you'd never have found out about it," she says. "I'd never have opened my mouth, and Alan knows that." The whole matter and the proposed marriage are discussed by everyone except the girl herself. Mrs. Hawthorn insists upon a church wedding, "with the banns and everything." Alan wants to hear from Fanny. "Fanny'll do what's thought best for her," retorts Mrs. Hawthorn.

FANNY. I was just wondering where I come in.

MRS. HAWTHORN. Where you come in? You're a nice one to talk! You'd have been in a fine mess, happen, if you hadn't had us to look after you. You ought to be very thankful to us all, instead of sitting there hard like.

JEFFCOTE. You'd better leave it to us, lass. We'll settle this job for you.

FANNY. It's very good of you. You'll hire the parson and get the license and make all the arrangements on your own without consulting me, and I shall have nothing to do save turn up meek as a lamb at the church or registry office or whatever it is.

JEFFCOTE. That's about all you'll be required to do.

FANNY. You'll look rather foolish if that's just what I won't do.

MRS. HAWTHORN. Don't talk silly, Fanny.

FANNY. And what's more, I haven't the least intention of marrying him.

MRS. HAWTHORN. She's taken leave of her senses! (They are all surprised. Alan is puzzled. Mrs. Jeffcote visibly brightens.)

JEFFCOTE. Now, then, what the devil do you mean by that?

FANNY. I mean what I say, and I'll trouble you to talk to me without swearing at me. I'm not one of the family yet.

JEFFCOTE. Well, I'm hanged! (He is much more polite to Fanny after this, for she has impressed him. But now he rubs his head and looks round queerly at the others.)

The elder Jeffcotes and Hawthorns are amazed at Fanny's refusal. It is equally incomprehensible to Alan, who is suffering under the sacrifice he has made in order to "make an honest

Alan. I gave her up because my father made me.

FANNY. Made you? Good Lord, a chap of your age!

ALAN. My father's a man who will have his own way.

FANNY. You can tell him to go and hang himself. He hasn't got any hold over you.

ALAN. That's just what he has. He can keep me short of brass.

FANNY. Earn some brass.

ALAN. Ay! I can earn some brass, but it'll mean hard work and it'll take time. And, after all, I shan't earn anything like what I get now.

FANNY. Then all you want to wed me for is what you'll get with me? I'm to be given away with a pound of tea, as it were?

Alan tells Fanny that Beatrice Far-



STOCKING!

"I don't want to marry Alan. . . And what's more, I haven't the least intention of marrying him."

JEFFCOTE. What does she mean by that?

MRS. HAWTHORN. Nothing. She's only showing off like. Don't heed her.

MRS. JEFFCOTE. I beg your pardon. We will heed her, if you please. We'll see what it is she means by that.

JEFFCOTE. Hark you, lass. I'm having no hanky-panky work now. You'll have to do what you're bid, or maybe you'll find yourself in the cart.

CHRISTOPHER. Fanny, you'll not turn stupid now?

FANNY. It doesn't suit me to let you settle my affairs without so much as consulting me.

MRS. HAWTHORN. Consulting you! What is there to consult you about, I'd like to know? You want to marry Alan, I suppose, and all we're talking about is the best way to bring it about.

FANNY. That's just where you make the mistake. I don't want to marry Alan.

JEFFCOTE. Eh?

woman" out of Fanny. Fanny does not offer to explain until Alan asks that he be given fifteen minutes alone with the girl. The parents of both leave the room. Alan asks Fanny for an explanation of her refusal to marry him.

FANNY. You can't understand a girl not jumping at you when she gets the chance, can you?

ALAN. I can't understand you not taking me when you get the chance.

FANNY. How is it you aren't going to marry Beatrice Farrar?

ALAN. I can't marry both of you.

FANNY. Weren't you fond of her?

ALAN. Very.

FANNY. But you were fonder of me—eh?

ALAN. Well—

FANNY. Come, now, you must have been or you wouldn't have given her up for me.

Alan has given him up unselfishly and bravely. He believes that Fanny is refusing to wed him because she does not want to "spoil his life." "Thanks!" retorts Fanny. "Much obliged for the compliment."

FANNY. Don't you kid yourself, my lad! It isn't because I'm afraid of spoiling your life that I'm refusing you, but because I'm afraid of spoiling mine. That didn't occur to you?

ALAN. It didn't.

FANNY. You never thought that anybody else could be as selfish as yourself. ALAN. I may be very conceited, but I don't see how you can hurt yourself by wedding me. You'd come in for plenty of brass, anyhow.

FANNY. I don't know as money's much to go by when it comes to a job of this sort. It's more important to get the right chap.

ALAN. You like me well enough?

FANNY. Suppose it didn't last? Weddings brought about this road have a knack of turning out badly. Would you ever forget it was your father bade you marry me? No fear! You'd bear me a grudge all my life for that.

ALAN. Hang it! I'm not such a cad as you make out.

FANNY. You wouldn't be able to help it. It mostly happens that road. Look at old Mrs. Eastwood—hers was a case like ours. Old Joe Eastwood's father made them wed. And she's been separated from him these thirty years, living all alone in that big house at Valley Edge. Got any amount of brass, she has, but she's so lonesome-like she does her own housework for the sake of something to occupy her time. The tradesfolk catch her washing the front steps. You don't find me making a mess of my life like that.

ALAN. Look here, Fanny, I promise you I'll treat you fair all the time. You don't need to fear that folk'll look down on you. We shall have too much money for that.

FANNY. I can manage all right on twenty-five bob a week.

ALAN. Happen you can. It's not the brass altogether. You do like me, as well, don't you?

FANNY. Have you only just thought of that part of the bargain?

ALAN. Don't be silly. I thought of it long ago. You do like me? You wouldn't have gone to Llandudno with me if you hadn't liked me?

FANNY. Oh! yes, I liked you.

ALAN. And don't you like me now?

FANNY. You're a nice, clean, well-made lad. Oh, ay! I like you right enough.

ALAN. Then, Fanny, for God's sake, marry me, and let's get this job settled.

FANNY. Not me!

ALAN. But you must. Don't you see it's your duty to.

FANNY. Oh! come, now, you aren't going to start preaching to me?

ALAN. No, I don't mean duty in the way Beatrice did. I mean your duty to me. You've got me into a hole, and it's only fair you should get me out.

FANNY. I like your cheek!

ALAN. But just look here, I'm going to fall between two stools. It's all up with Beatrice, of course. And if you won't have me I shall have parted from her to no purpose; besides getting kicked

out of the house by my father, more than likely!

FANNY. Nay, nay! He'll not punish you for this. He doesn't know it's your fault I'm not willing to wed you.

ALAN. He may. It's not fair, but it would be father all over to do that.

FANNY. He'll be only too pleased to get shut of me without eating his own words. He'll forgive you on the spot, and you can make it up with Beatrice to-morrow.

ALAN. I can never make it up with Bee!

FANNY. Get away!

ALAN. You won't understand a girl like Bee. I couldn't think of even trying for months, and then it may be too late. I'm not the only pebble on the beach. And I'm a damaged one, at that!

FANNY. She's fond of you, you said?

ALAN. Yes, I think she's very fond of me.

FANNY. Then she'll make it up in a fortnight.

ALAN. (*Moodyly*) You said you were fond of me once, but it hasn't taken you long to alter.

FANNY. All women aren't huilt alike, Beatrice is religious. She'll be sorry for you. I was fond of you in a way.

ALAN. But you didn't ever really love me?

FANNY. Love you? Good heavens, of course not! Why on earth should I love you? You were just someone to have a bit of fun with. You were an amusement—a lark.

ALAN. (*Shocked*) Fanny! Is that all you cared for me?

FANNY. How much more did you care for me?

ALAN. But it's not the same. I'm a man.

FANNY. You're a man, and I was your little fancy. Well, I'm a woman, and you were my little fancy. You wouldn't present a woman enjoying herself as well as a man, if she takes it into her head?

ALAN. But do you mean to say that you didn't care any more for me than a fellow cares for any girl he happens to pick up?

FANNY. Yes. Are you shocked?

ALAN. It's a bit thick; it is really!

FANNY. You're a beauty to talk!

ALAN. It sounds so jolly immoral. I never thought of a girl looking on a chap just like that! I made sure you

wanted to marry me if you got the chance.

FANNY. No fear! You're not good enough for me. The chap Fanny Hawthorn weds has got to be made of different stuff from you, my lad. My husband, if ever I have one, will be a man, not a fellow who'll throw over his girl at his father's bidding! Strikes me the sons of these rich manufacturers are all much alike. They seem a bit weak in the upper story. It's their fathers' brass that's too much for them, happen! They don't know how to spend it properly. They're like chaps who can't carry their drink because they aren't used to it. The brass gets into their heads, like!

When the parents are called back into the room, they are shocked and surprised, and Mrs. Hawthorn is insanely angry. She announces that Fanny can go home and pack her things and be off. She wants no more of her. Christopher Hawthorn attempts to interfere, but he is silenced. Alan tells Fanny that he is not going to see her homeless. It is then that Fanny Hawthorn expresses her ultra-radical feminism and her simple theory of the economic independence of woman. "It's right good of you, Alan, but I shan't starve. I'm not without a trade at my finger tips, thou knows. I'm a Lancashire lass, and so long as there's weaving sheds in Lancashire I shall earn enough brass to keep me going. I wouldn't live at home again after this, not anyhow! I'm going to be on my own in future. (*To Christopher*) You've no call to be afraid. I'm not going to disgrace you. But so long as I've to live my own life I don't see why I shouldn't choose what it's to be."

Confident of her ability to get along on "twenty-five bob a week" and freedom, Fanny sets out to find a new home. She evidently feels that rags are royal raiment when a girl has economic independence. Alan rushes over to win back Beatrice, while the elder Jefferies, slightly nettled that one of the girls at Daisy Bank Mill has turned down their handsome "lad," nevertheless thankfully express satisfaction at the workings of Providence.

THE VITAL ART OF THE RUSSIAN DANCERS

THE ballet has been rejuvenated by the Russian dancers. The theater may be revitalized by the Russian ballet. Such is the claim of Humley Carter. His book, "The New Spirit in Drama and Art" (Mitchell Kemerley), brings forward this rather novel view. Americans may test the truth of his claim shortly when Anna Pavlova brings to us a ballet of the new type and introduces to the United States the startling futuristic stage settings of Michael Fokine, who designed the

highly artistic settings for "Boris Godunoff."

Mr. Carter believes that the Russian dancers represent a "new classicism" in the theater. The secret of their art, he explains, lies in a wonderful synthesis of dancing, decoration, and music. "The threefold motive runs like a golden cord throughout the production, informing it, building it up, fashioning, as it were, a golden bowl, out of which is poured the nectar of high artistic achievement. . . . The Russian ballet offers the spectacle of a world

wherein a theme is handled with simplicity, beauty and strength, by three sets of hands working as one, and directed by a master builder."

According to Mr. Carter, whose book is one of the first to present, in an adequate and amply illustrated form, the tendencies of the new art of the theater in Europe, the influence of Ibsen has been to "destroy the theater." Since Ibsen, it has been usurped by a race of realists. Instead of symbolists, we have scientists and sociologists in the theater. Let them return to the

laboratory, bids the champion of the new art. Turn the stage over to the Russian dancers and artists—to Bakst, Fokine, Nijinsky and Pavlova.

The Russian ballet, as interpreted by Huntley Carter, is really aiming in the same direction as that which Gordon Craig has in view. Simplicity, unity, continuity and rhythm are the principles that guide the leaders of the modern movement. Already the Moscow Art Theater has applied the principles with great success in dramatic productions such as Maeterlinck's "The Blue

London correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* informs us, tho as much, perhaps, by the "almost superhuman" genius of Pavlova as by the high artistry of Mr. Fokine. Comparing the production with that of "Boris Godunoff," the same writer notes:

"The outcome is decorative, of pictorial movement more than of emotional dance, and it seems still more so for the scenery and costumes that clothe it. . . . We see more Russian scenery of the sort that 'Boris Godunoff' at the Metropolitan

recognized the revitalizing influence of the Russian dancers. "As an actress," she exclaims in *McClure's*, "I salute the dancers with the reverence of a man for his ancestors. The dancer is certainly the parent of my own art, but he has other children. All arts of which the special attribute is music descend from the dancer." The great work of the Russian ballet, Ellen Terry continues, has been to do away with the degrading and vicious atmosphere that had surrounded the ballet of the old type. She explains:



FOKINE'S FUTURISTIC SETTINGS

The scenery for "Les Préludes" by Liszt, which Anna Pavlova will present to the American public this year, is said to be the last word in the scenic art. The aim of the scenic artist has been to suggest a mood which harmonizes with and raises to a new level the incomparable dancing of a Pavlova.

Bird." In Paris the new spirit has received support from such diverse sources as the philosophy of Bergson, the poets headed by Tristan Derème, the Syndicalists, the literary critics headed by Remy de Gourmont. At least this is the claim of Huntley Carter. The new artists of the theater "are working in complete harmony with a system that exhibits a mistrust of big organizations yet a great trust of corporate life."

The spirit of the new art of the ballet is presented in striking fashion in "Les Préludes," a ballet arranged for Pavlova by Michael Fokine, of the Imperial Opera in St. Petersburg. The music is that which Liszt wrote to interpret Lamartine's "Meditations." At first thought it would seem impossible to achieve a unity of impression from such diverse sources. This has been accomplished in skilful fashion, the

first disclosed a few months ago. The scenery was necessarily historical, while the setting of "The Préludes" is necessarily fantastic. The imaginary world of Liszt's music the Russian painter conceives as a world of green glade and brown cliff, dotted or garlanded with bright yellow flowers and interspersed with conventionalized and purely decorative trees that might come out of some glorified Noah's Ark. In the gray distance behind are the shapely outlined walls and towers of a fantastic castle. All this is painted in flat tints, with little or no stage perspective, as a purely decorative background that is sensitive to varying light and that deepens the sober-hued dresses outspread before it. As the imagination dwells upon it, the canvas seems to become a melancholy tapestry, before which pass melancholy trains in as grave miming."

No less distinguished an actress of the "old" theater than Ellen Terry has

"The presence of men in the ballet has an effect beyond the pleasure afforded by the virile agility of their steps. It does away with the necessity for those feminine travesties of men known in our pantomimes as 'principal boys,' who introduce an element into ballet which at its best makes a disturbing demand on our capacity for illusion, and at its worst is a little degrading. What has made the word 'ballet' a sort of synonym for vice if it is not the idea that it provides an opportunity for women to attract admirers—not of their dancing but of their physical charm? I think that a mixed ballet has the result of concentrating attention on the art of the dancer rather than on the seductiveness of the dancers. And the free and noble plastic of the male dancers in the Russian ballet has influenced the plastic of the women, making it far less sexual and far more beautiful. . . ."

"What always surprises us about the Russian ballet is its life. This vitality



GRACE AND VIRILITY

The introduction of the male into ballet dancing, claims Ellen Terry, has been a vitalizing and regenerating influence.

came sweeping on to the stage with Russian *maîtres de ballet* such as Fokine, who used tradition, used the technical perfection of classical dancing, but would not

be a salve to them; with Russian composers such as Borodini, Rimski-Korsakov, Glazounov, Lyadov, Arenski, Stravinskaya, and Cherepnin, the conductor of the ballet; with Russian artists such as Alexandre Denois and Léon Bakst; with Russian dancers such as Nijinski."

Writing in the now defunct *Rhythm* a short time ago, Anne Estelle Rice pointed out that the Russian dancers were the precursors of a new theater. Her ideas on the subject are very much akin to the fundamental ideas of Gordon Craig. "The theater," she claims, "is not a moral enterprise, nor a literary manifestation, nor an exposition of realism (as ordinarily understood)."

"The theater is a place of action. It is the union of the theatrical arts to create a work of art, the equilibrium of the artistic elements acting and reacting on each other to maintain in a production all the qualities indispensable to a perfect representation of a dominant idea. Collaboration and the maintenance of a few fundamental principles will make the art of the theater a comparatively simple affair, and help to

free it from the absurd confusion which has rendered it so complicated. . . . The relation of lines, shapes, masses, colors, and movement, the quality of line and color, create the life and make the stage a living force, instead of a maquette of stupidly painted scenery."

The genius of the Russians, Miss Rice goes on to point out, lies in their ability to appreciate keenly the value of line and movement and how to symbolize energy and force, the value of a dominant color and shape, and the value of daring juxtapositions to create life and movement in masses of color. She goes on:

"The general and dominant idea of the Russian Ballets is based upon *line*. They have given a practical and artistic realization of what can be done with a fusion of theatrical elements, most successfully where the scenic decorator, costumier, musician, 'maitre de ballet' and poet, by their harmonizing qualities, have created a scheme of one palette. The public, intoxicated with their splendor, little realizes the sensibility, logic, thoroughness and patience necessary to produce these marvelous representations. The Russian ballets are elemental to the last degree, full of the visions of Asia, a tropical heat, not of stillness, but of new life born every instant, where realism and fantasy combine and multiply into a fluidity of moving reds, blues, oranges, greens, purples, triangles, squares, circles, serpentine and zigzag shapes."

A GREEK PAGEANT IN TENNESSEE

THE most artistic and ambitious spectacle ever given in the South" is what a writer in *Collier's Weekly* calls the Greek pageant, "The Fire Regained," recently organized in Nashville, Tennessee. Four performances took place. Thousands of people were attracted. Literary and artistic societies vied with merchants' associations in supporting the venture. There was something like the spirit of Oberammergau in the seriousness and wholeheartedness with which the community carried through its chosen task.

Sidney M. Hirsch, author and director of the pageant, is only twenty-nine years old. He was born in Nashville, but has traveled far and has already made something of a reputation as poet, journalist, orientalist and linguist. His associate, Frederic Henkel, who wrote the music for the pageant, is a young Nashville organist. Mrs. Benton McMillin, wife of an ex-governor of Tennessee, took the part of Pallas Athene. Local boys and girls, young men and women, filled in the cast of 600. A chorus of 500, a flock of 500 doves, a drove of 300 sheep and a chariot race were among the features of the spectacle.

The spot chosen for the production of the drama was the Centennial Park, the site of Nashville's Centennial Exposition in 1897. There are natural lakes, miles of drives, and in the center a reproduction of the Parthenon. This is the only accurate reproduction of the Parthenon in the world. It is a model of architectural grace and heauty. Long, slightly sloping hillocks of grass fall from it on every side, and it was on one of these hillocks, immediately in front of the east entrance of the building, that the pageant took place. "With the perfectly reproduced white-columned building as a background," comments a writer in *Musical America*, "the site was as ideal for a Greek drama as could be found anywhere."

In writing the play, Mr. Hirsch endeavored to conform, as far as possible, to Greek stand-

ards. He says (in the *Nashville Democrat*):

"It is not widely known and understood that Greek drama was primarily and es-



DANCING BEFORE THE AMERICAN PARTHENON

The Nashville pageant, "The Fire Regained," was held in front of the only accurate reproduction of the Parthenon to be found in the entire world.

sentially religious in character, and in this direction differs more than any other from modern drama. The plays in Greece were produced under sacerdotal authority. In fact, all who were connected with the production were of a religious persuasion. The Greek word for 'actor' interpreted is moral teacher. Dramas themselves were sacred allegories, and had their source in religious myths.

"Our nearest modern approach to Grecian drama is that of the Passion Play at Oberammergau. But to the Greek the play meant far more than to a modern audience, for, firstly, if he was one of the multitude, mythological illusions and names of the gods were very familiar to him, and caused a ready association in his mind, for there were given during the year, and from his earliest childhood he was present at many religious festivities and feasts given in honor of these deities.

"Again, in the production of the drama the poet aimed at an artistry, technique and beauty of conception to appeal to the connoisseur and the artist, and lastly there was the allegory, the recondite, inner truth for the philosopher and scholar.

"There was no such thing as a run for a Grecian play. It was produced once and for all, at some festival in honor of some of the higher deities."

The title, "The Fire Regained," alludes to the fire that burned continually in the temple to Hestia, tended and guarded by thirty vestal virgins. The ancient belief was that if at any time this flame died out, its extinction was to be taken as an omen of wrath from the Olympian gods, and as betokening that one of the maidens had been untrue to her vows. On this motive the play turns.

The first scene shows a shepherd lying asleep under a tree. His flock of sheep are grazing nearby, tended by shepherd dogs. Suddenly a number of wood nymphs, dryads and other little maiden creatures of the woods appear, frolicking and dancing about. In the midst of their revel they are disturbed

by wood demons and satyrs, who pursue and attempt to capture them. The maidens retreat to the wood, and again the shepherd is left sleeping quietly.

Three muses are seen, sandal-shod and with flowing hair. They are Euterpe, Calliope and Polyhymnia, and they transmit to the shepherd the power of lyric, epic and religious poetry. For it seems that he has been chosen to perform an important mission.

Athene, the Goddess of Wisdom, next appears. All fall prostrate in reverence and awe. The goddess informs the youth that she has selected him as her messenger to race to Athens and save one of the thirty maidens who guards the sacred flame, who has been falsely accused of treason to her vows. The maiden is innocent, the goddess continues, and the accusation made against her is but the conniving of the underworld demons, and their machinations can only be defeated by the goodly youth defeating the runners of the underworld in a race to rescue the maiden.

At a glance from Athene the youth falls in a trance. The nine muses then wrap him in the white napery of the grave. Thirty-two somber men appear with torches, and after weird ceremony lower him into the sepulchre. As they would all depart, Athene, before the amazed eyes of the muses and somber-garbed men, resurrects the supposedly dead shepherd into life anew. She then gives the shepherd her shield and disappears.

Then Eros, the youthful God of Love, appears, leading Pegasus, a surpassingly beautiful white-winged stallion, seemingly aflame with light. The youth prays to the gods for help, mounts the horse and speeds off on his journey.

Arriving in Athens, he finds that the sacred flame on the altar before the Parthenon has gone out, and that one of the vestal virgins has been charged with unchastity in consequence. The High Priest has decreed that she be tried by ordeal.

Several tests have been applied, and these are exhibited in the drama. The first ordeal is that of dove flight, the maidens losing hundreds of white doves with white streamers attached, and the men loosing black doves freighted with mourning bands. The oracle is to be decided, guilty if the doves fly to the left and innocent if to the right. A second ordeal is that of a chariot race between a maiden driving white horses, and a black-



A SOUTHERNER WITH A GREEK SOUL

Mr. Sidney M. Hirsch wrote and directed the Greek pageant, "The Fire Regained," lately given before immense audiences in Nashville, Tennessee.

garbed male driving black horses. To the accompaniment of great moans and wailings from the maidens the black chariot wins, and the maiden is condemned to immediate horrible death.

The maiden is brought down to the altar and affixed to a post, with bulls facing her on either side. Then the high priest advances with the sacrificial knife to open the veins of the neck of the maiden, and cut the bonds of the bull. Just as he would strike, the god "Iermes, with great authoritative voice, stays all proceedings. He informs them that the affair is no longer in the hands of mortals, for the gods have despatched five runners to decide the fate of the maiden. Just at this moment hideous demons with wriggling snakes in place of hair come into view. When they near the maiden they begin fighting amongst themselves for possession, and all fall prostrate in death. Then, to the shouts of great joy on the part of the maidens, the goodly runner breaks into view.

The young poet takes a hammer and strikes a rock, and a spark is communicated to the altar, and again the flame is rekindled. To the shouts of great acclaim, he releases the maiden, who, on becoming unbound, is discovered as the Goddess Athene herself, helmeted and triumphant. The goddess mounts to the altar and stands unharmed amidst the flames. The entire body of priests and people then sing triumphant psalms of praise to supremest Jove.

The full text of the drama is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.



DRYADS IN NASHVILLE

The first scene of the Greek pageant recently produced in Tennessee was bacchic in spirit, and introduced dryads, satyrs and dancing maidens.

WORKING UP THE WAR SPIRIT ON THE FRENCH STAGE

Do the French want war so badly?" said one Paris correspondent of a London newspaper to another at the close of one of the plays that are lashing French jingo spirit to its limit.

"No, they don't really want war," was the reply. "What they want is the feeling of war."

War atmosphere is thick around Paris box offices, and has been so fattening to them that plays one would have thought diplomatic prudence would have kept away from the frontier, have been allowed production even at such sensitive points as Nancy and Luneville. It was not always thus; when within the year Lavedan's "Servir" was put into rehearsal at the Comédie Française the committee grew nervous at the last moment, and Lavedan, piqued, took his play to Sarah Bernhardt's stage, where, in spite of its unusual form, two acts, it was one of the breath-taking successes of the season. Considering what foreign relations have since had to stand, "Servir" seems mild, war-play tho it be; it is everywhere compared to Cornille. The house of Col. Eulin, its hero, is full of souvenirs of his bravery in the Franco-Prussian War; overlooking the Invalides, barrack-music sounds continually from passing troops. One of his sons has been killed in a skirmish in Morocco, which we are led to believe was provoked by the hereditary enemy; the second is on duty in Africa; the third is an artillery lieutenant in Orleans. Col. Eulin has been forced out of the army by intrigue: half-mad from enforced idleness, he dreams only "to serve" his country in any way. The mother, stifled by the air of the home, depends most upon her third son, an anti-militarist, who is said to have told his subordinates that in case of war every man should act according to his own conscience. He has discovered a high explosive, whose terrible power he has tested by blowing up a deserted island off the Breton coast with as much as a nutshell would hold. But he desires to destroy the formula, and entrusts to his mother the few remaining cartridges. These the father determines to secure for his country, steals them, and sends for the Secretary of War. The official makes a swift and portentous visit, carries off the formula, and gives the cartridges back to the old man, with a letter containing sealed orders. The old soldier prepares with soubred delight to die for his country, even upon an ignoble and degrading mission, but mother and son intercept him, and in a scene of great power and beauty, the fanatic states his case, the anti-militarist replies, and the two "unpack their hearts with words." At the height of their parox-

ysm of rage the news of the second son's death arrives, and the mother, who was ready to kill herself to stop her husband's attempt, calls now for revenge, the peace-loving son rushes off without farwell to volunteer for active service, and old Eulin, in a frenzy of devotion, departs to destroy himself with the enemies of his native land.

The play has made the infinitive famous. In three months Paris had not only "Servir," but "Vouloir," "Réussir," and more to come. Moreover, it started a wave of peculiar, frenetic patriotism, on which several plays that would not otherwise have seen the light have ridden to prosperity. The storm-center is naturally Alsace, anything about Alsace-Lorraine being popular in drama or literature just now. Says the *Revue Bleue*, if Alsace-Lorraine had not become, thanks to Maurice Barrès, nearer to the French than it was before 1871, a book like Hansi's "History of Alsace for my Nephews," in somewhat ponderous language and of apparently mere local interest, would have been hardly noticed, in spite of the illustrations by the author, a famous artist. But now it has had an extraordinary success. "As long as the Alsace-Lorraine wound remains open," says Wm. M. Fullerton in "Problems of Power," "Europe cannot expect France to accept the idea of disarmament or of arbitration on points of national honor." And the French dramatist is not going to let the wound show any signs of healing. Sarah Bernhardt's theater had a huge success with "Servir," Rejane's, with the actress in the leading rôle, surpassed it with "Alsace," by Leroux and Camille. Both are gestures of defiance across the border, but while the first was a noble whole-arm motion, the second is more like the gesture of a retreating small boy. The first act is thrilling, largely because it depends upon evoking memories. An Alsatian interior, furniture and costumes of the country, little flags of tricolor stuck up everywhere to welcome the home-coming, after many years, of the widow of an Alsatian gentleman, exiled with her for singing the Marseillaise during an evening's festivity—the action starts from the rise of the curtain. The widow finds that her son, whom she had left to grow up on his native soil, is betrothed to the daughter of a German resident, Marguerite Schwarz, from whom no prayers will turn him. A powerful scene closes the act: one by one peasants in the picturesque country dress enter to welcome the returning patriot; they beg her to sing "as on the great day." Standing at the piano, she strikes the keys softly, while under their breaths, as in prayer, the Alsations sing "Ye sons of France, awake to glory," so that the audience often sings along

with actual tears, in an excitement that the dramatic critics agree the authors have utilized rather than created.

But the second act is pure comedy, and a peculiarly teasing kind. Pierre is uneasy in his new Franco-Prussian home. He thinks, perhaps, that it is the thought of his bleeding country, but it is more the sight of his father-in-law drinking beer in the morning, telling a circumstantial story of how a carroussel once enabled him to drink more beer when he had reached his normal limitations; it is the presence of so much embroidered literature on the sofa-cushions and towels of his room, so that he reads some message every time he washes his face or takes a nap. The very room, which is furnished with sardonic attention to detail, makes him squirm, tho—or because—it is in the very latest Prussian taste. His sister-in-law prefers Frenchmen, for in a restaurant you can see them talking with women without looking at the plates, whereas the Germans are eating without talking, except to find fault. "If they were talking with their wives," says her father, "it was because they were not their wives." The most maddening feature of the Germans is that they are so good-natured; Jacques realizes that this is because, as Schwarz says, "I know they laugh at us, but so do I laugh myself; that does not stop me from being a Herr Professor of the greatest nation on earth, which has conquered the world." In short, there is not one large question raised in this, the best act, but what is more lifelike, a swarm of petty differences, which drive the two ever apart. The only real conflict of nation against nation is when Marguerite comes for her husband's approval, robed in a Potsdamer Strasse creation of pink and green, with a gold belt, and he asks her if she is really going out on the street in that. But in the third act war is declared; Jacques's mother calls him to France, his wife to join his regiment in Poland; a mob passes the window shouting "Down with the French," he cries "Vive la France," and is shot, dying in his mother's arms. At the final curtain at the first performance women were hysterical, and it always goes down on the greatest excitement. There are nine Germans in the play; not one is made anything but laughable, and one, at least, detestable. It must go well along the frontier.

A melodramatic play, "Coeur de Française," dealing with espionage, ran for several months in Paris, and was just to be given in various provincial towns, including Nancy, when the government, says the London Times, forbade it there and at Luneville. Guity's success in "Servir" led Coquelin the younger to revive "Les Oubliés."

Science and Discovery

THE WORLD'S SUPREME PHYSICIST FROM THE STAND-POINT OF OSTWALD'S THEORY OF GENIUS

IF WE endeavor to build up to its highest pinnacle Auguste Comte's pyramid of sciences, in which natural science follows upon mathematics and is succeeded by physiology and finally by sociology, we reach as the highest of imaginable sciences the science of Geniology, the science of genius, of the excelling man, affirms Professor Wilhelm Ostwald, famous for his researches in this field. That such a science has been possible is known—has been known for half a century, he insists. The investigations of Sir Francis Galton in England, of de Candolle in Geneva, and of some recent workers in Germany, have proved to demonstration that even this rare and shining phenomenon is subject to definite natural laws, discoverable by a careful scrutiny of available facts, laws the significance of which is very great, since the position of any nation among the nations of the world is determined by the qualities and the efficiency of its men of genius.

On surveying the life of Sir William Ramsay in the light of this the youngest of the sciences, one is struck by the extraordinary consistency to be found in it, a consistency by virtue of which the rapid succession of astonishing discoveries filling the latter portion of his life appears as the necessary consequence of a natural and regular process, and almost resembles the working of a machine. Professor Ostwald proceeds in the columns of *Nature*:

"Here we find nothing of the irregular curves with distinct maxima occurring in other types of genius, and usually in the most marked degree in youth, as in the case of Sir Humphry Davy, Sir William Ramsay's fellow-countryman, who resembles him in many respects. Ramsay recalls Davy by the brilliancy and the striking originality of his discoveries, which had no relation with any school or predecessor. In Davy's case these discoveries appear more as disconnected peaks suddenly arising from an average level. In Ramsay's case, on the other hand, we can observe how one discovery follows another, how comparatively modest and unobtrusive investigations, which have been accepted in their due place in the great register of the sciences, appear as the necessary foundations for truths

of such novelty that their possibility was not even conceived before they were scientifically communicated.

"This natural-law consistency is seen in the first instance in William Ramsay's descent. He has himself explained that his male ancestors for seven generations were dyers, thus handing down to him as a long inheritance a familiarity with chemical processes and a facility in chemical ways of thinking. On the mother's side, again, a series of physicians have provided the inherited capacity of the great scientific discoverer. But of all these men, none even remotely resembles Sir William in his eminence among his contemporaries, and, in this case, as in all similar cases, the question arises, how it is possible that such a genius arises from people of good average capacity.

"It has, indeed, been established by Galton that an efficiency exceeding the average, but not amounting to genius, is in some families inherited through a whole series of generations. But here we have to deal with one of those extraordinary cases where an average efficiency was well evidenced through a number of generations, but suddenly made way for an incomparably higher personality, in which indeed the characteristic qualities of previous generations can be recognized, but which far surpasses its progenitors in efficiency.

"If we bear in mind the well-known laws of heredity discovered by Mendel and de Vries, we know that every descendant is a mosaic of those qualities which have been transmitted to him partly by the father and partly by the mother. In the face of this fact the problem arises how such an unusual personality can be descended from parents of average ability, since it is just from these laws of heredity that we should conclude that another average equipment would result."

The answer which Professor Ostwald would venture as regards this problem is this: The portions of the inheritance constituting a new being probably only on rare occasions fit together or harmonize with each other. The adolescent man then applies the greatest portion of his energy in the task of organizing these accidental inheritances for the purpose of common work and harmonious cooperation, and this task uses up the greater part of the available energy, and withdraws it from productive work. It is only in rare cases that the inheritances are so

constituted that they fit each other from the beginning, so that the young man has not to expend any energy on the mutual harmonizing of his elements, but can immediately set about his creative work. Such a case seems to be that of Sir William Ramsay. On one occasion he described himself as a precocious, dreamy youth, of somewhat unconventional education. The precociousness is a practically universal phenomenon of incipient genius, and the dreamy quality indicates that original production of thought which lies at the basis of all creative activity.

His father, being a man of practical pursuits, who, however, in his free time zealously cultivated scientific works, such as quaternions and geology, introduced young William to the great passion of his life, chemistry, and, as is often the case, an accident was the immediate cause of the new departure. Young William had broken a leg at football, and to ease the tedium of convalescence, his father had given him Graham's "Chemistry" to study, and also brought him small quantities of many chemicals with which he could carry out the experiments described in the text-book. Sir William himself says that it was chiefly the question how fireworks could be prepared which induced him to study Graham's "Chemistry." But very soon the general scientific interest gained the upper hand, and this can very characteristically be gathered from the fact that he persuaded his people to take a practical part in the pursuits which interested him.

"The greatest influence was exerted upon him by William Thomson, whose curious and impressive method of teaching has been graphically and amusingly described by his great pupil. He gave him as a first problem a large heap of old copper wire in the laboratory, and instructed him to take out the kinks from it, and from the way in which the young student accomplished the task Thomson seems to have derived a favorable judgment as to his capacity for solving larger problems. We can imagine that if such an originally constituted spirit could be at all affected by teaching, he must have been profoundly affected by this teacher. For William Thomson belonged to the same type of 'romantic' or rapidly producing investigators as did Ramsay him-

self, and hence he made a particularly strong and permanent impression on that plastic developing genius. . . .

"Nor shall we err in supposing that the method of working a laboratory, as developed under the inspiring guidance of Liebig in Germany, and spread over the laboratories of the whole world as common property of chemical science, has exerted a very profound influence on Ramsay's talents and ideals as a teacher. In any case, we can state that he has approached the great example of Liebig as closely as any distinguished teacher of chemistry since that great time. Particularly in England his extraordinary facility of organizing work in a great laboratory, with a diversity of the most varied talents, must be regarded as very rare, considering that they spread over many different regions of science, and thus make results possible which turn out afterward to be of fundamental importance.

"It is very interesting to observe from Ramsay's own communications how he gradually found his way out of organic chemistry, at that time the object of chief interest, into that other region which has since found an independent place as physical, or rather general chemistry. It was first certain practical problems, such as the determination of vapor densities, which introduced him to the more physical problems of chemistry. Here we find the first marks of the growing genius, in the extraordinary independence in the choice of means of solving the problem. Thus he used the pitches of pipes of fixed dimensions for the deter-

mination of vapor densities, and thus utilized his own musical talents."

Thus, while other discoverers were satisfied with single new elements, Ramsay discovered a whole class of elementary substances. Then when in 1896 Becquerel demonstrated during his stay in Paris his newly discovered dark rays of uranium from which later the discovery of radium resulted, Ramsay showed the keenest interest, and undertook in his own laboratory an investigation of these phenomena.

This work led up to the greatest discovery made by our great investigator, the discovery of the real transmutation of one element into another. The gaseous emanation of radium, which at first had behaved as an entirely new body, showed after some time the lines of helium, and, finally, it was definitely proved that radium in its spontaneous decomposition produced helium in a perfectly regular way. If Ramsay had not come to know helium beforehand as his own child, so to speak, and if he had not, in the course of his work on rare gases, acquired the skill of working with almost immeasurably small quantities of such substances, he would probably not have succeeded in this capital discovery, which placed him among the very first chemical discoverers.

"Following upon this work, Sir William Ramsay originated a series of other

investigations, some of which are not yet finished, and cannot therefore be dealt with in this place, more especially as he is still at an age at which we may expect great and manifold achievements from him which preclude a final judgment upon his work.

"But it may be possible to describe the general type to which Sir William Ramsay belongs as a discoverer. It has already been said that he undoubtedly belongs to the 'romantic' type, working with an unusual speed of reaction, and marked by rapid and various productions. The marked peculiarity of this type of investigators, which enables them to train a great number of budding talents and to spur them to extraordinary efforts, has been brilliantly brought out. We may regard the physico-chemical school of Sir William Ramsay as the most important chemical school of his country for a large number of years. He has not been spared the fate of the 'romantic' school, inasmuch as he has on occasion made an error in his discoveries. When the unheard-of number of new elements derived from the air rattled down upon the astonished world of chemists, one of these elements, which had been given the name metargon, on account of its similarity with argon, turned out to be carbon monoxide, which had entered the gases by an impurity in the phosphorus. This error did not do much damage, especially since, as Sir William Ramsay remarks himself, there is always in such a case a large number of good friends who hasten to point out and correct such inaccuracy."

SECRET OF THE SATISFACTION WE DERIVE FROM CERTAIN STENCHES

MOST people imagine that smells can be classified as sweet or vile in an absolute sense. The smell of a flower is assumed to be sweet and the odor of putrefaction is deemed vile. The truth is, according to the *Paris Cosmos*, that habit, the association of ideas and individual temperament determine the reality of these impressions. There are in Paris municipal employees who so love the odor of the sewers in which they toil that they feel indisposed after their retirement upon a pension. They drop back into the old associations now and then for a whiff of the stench. This is not morbid. The smell of the rose sickens not a few persons. Nor are they to be deemed morbid. It is we, with our sensitiveness to perfumes, who are the morbid. We are over-perfumed by the barber, the hairdresser and even by the doctor.

Time was when men lived in magnificence amid the worst conceivable stench. They loved those stench just as to-day we all love particular odors of a disagreeable kind. The smell of a newly printed book delights the bibliophile altho it makes some people sick at the stomach. The odor of

the newly manufactured glove in large quantities is overpowering to certain sensibilities, yet it is not a stench. For a stench in the true meaning of the word we must consider the noses of our seventeenth and eighteenth-century ancestors. Marie Antoinette lived amid odors so vile that rustics fresh from the fields fainted from the first whiff, but the Queen did not mind them. One or two of her ladies were delighted with these consequences of bad plumbing, for that was the cause of the stench they loved. *The British Medical Journal* supplies details even more surprising:

"The French memoirs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are full of disgusting details of the insanitary state of Paris, including the Louvre itself. The palace of the French kings was open to the public more freely than the White House at Washington is to the citizens of the great Republic of the West. Taking into account the fact that the customs of the French people, as of most other nations in the good old days, were filthier in some respects than those of primitive man, the state of the dwelling of the sovereign may easily be imagined. . . . The mere reading about these things al-

most makes a modern reader sick. But probably among those to the manner born it caused no inconvenience, and the recollection of the stench of the Louvre and Versailles in later days was even associated in loyal breasts with tender feelings of regret for the past. The famous architect Viollet-le-Duc says that even in the unsavory details that have been referred to the old tradition was revived at the Restoration. He remembered the stench which pervaded the corridors of Saint Cloud in the days of Louis XVIII. One day when a mere boy he visited the palace at Versailles in the company of an elderly lady who had been an ornament of the court of Louis XV. In going about they found their way into a passage where their nostrils were assailed by the foulest odors. The old lady inhaled these with the deepest pleasure, exclaiming rapturously, 'Ah! that reminds me of the beautiful past.' It is well known that the olfactory nerve often retains impressions more vividly than any of the other senses; hence the smell of a flower will call up in an old man the memory of a scene of youthful love or awaken forgotten associations. It is natural enough, therefore, that a once familiar stench should bring back a vanished past. But an old court beauty finding food for a fine sentiment in a stink is what Carlyle would call a comico-pathetic figure."

SIR RAY LANKESTER ON THE PREVENTION OF DECAY CAUSED BY ADVANCING YEARS

EXCESSIVE indulgence in alcohol together with a widespread infectious disease are the chief causes in youth and middle life of that poisoning of the nobler tissues which results in the hardening of the arteries and the replacement of important "nobler" tissues by fibrous packing or connective tissues. Thus comes on that decay and enfeeblement which mark the arrival of the old-age period in man. These causes, however, declares Sir Ray Lankester in his recent paper on the subject, are under our control. A third cause, according to Metchnikoff, is the poisoning of the tissues by products manufactured through microbes in the large intestine and absorbed into the blood. The grounds for this conclusion and the ways in which this cause of senile decay may be avoided are considered at length by Sir Ray Lankester and set forth by him in the *London Telegraph*:

"An old and accepted saying is 'A man is as old as his arteries.' It points to the fact not only that the hardening of the walls of the arteries is itself destructive of health and dangerous to life, but that similar changes in other parts besides the walls of the arteries are going on at the same time. If we could prevent the poisoning of the body by the products of intestinal microbes, in addition to avoiding excess in the use of alcohol and infection by the *Treponema* microbe—two precautions which are assuredly within our power—we should in all probability be able to ensure for mankind a healthy and happy old age.

"The human intestine contains an enormous quantity of bacteria which, according to the researches of the eminent biologist, Strassburger, increase at the rate of 128 million millions a day. That gives some indication of the gigantic number present.* They are not all of one kind, but comprise an enormous variety, some of which are more abundant than others. One-third part of the human excreta consists of these bacteria! There are but few, relatively, in the active digesting portion of the alimentary canal. By far the greater number are lodged in the terminal or lower part of the intestine, which is called the 'large intestine' or 'colon,' and is in man without action as a digestive organ. This is a very wide but short portion of the intestine, as broad as three fingers, and only from five to six feet in length. It is disposed as an ascending, a transverse, and a descending portion, the last ending in the rectum and the vent. The food, before it reaches the 'large intestine,' has passed through the oesophagus ten inches long, the stomach—a pear-shaped sac holding five pints and about ten inches long—and the small intestine, which is from twenty-five to thirty feet long. This part of the in-

testine is called 'small' because it is a narrow tube little more than an inch broad, disposed or packed within the abdomen in undulating coils and convolutions. It joins the much wider but short 'large intestine' just within the right edge of the bony hip or pelvic basin. Here is situated, at the commencement of the large intestine, the curious little sac, 'the cæcum,' with its wormlike blind process—the 'vermiform appendix'—which so often becomes diseased and has to be removed by the surgeon. The whole of the digestive process of man takes place in the stomach and in the twenty-five feet of small intestine; none in the cæcum or in the large intestine. The cæcum, or blind sac, and the six feet of large intestine are quite useless. No digestion goes on in them; but the remains of the food passing into them putrefy under the action of the enormous population of bacteria."

The products of the putrefaction produced by some (though not all) of the kinds of bacteria usually present in man's large intestine are definite poisons. These poisons (phenol and indol) have been identified by physiological chemists and followed after their absorption into the blood. They are eventually passed out of the body by the kidneys. In healthy, vigorous people they are not produced in sufficient quantity to do much harm. But it is owing to their production that constipation has such injurious results, and in all persons of sedentary habits, or those in whom the intestine is weakened and does not rapidly empty itself, very serious disturbances—headache, lassitude, and even poisoning of the brain (mania)—are the consequence of their formation. There seems to be sufficient experimental ground for concluding that these poisons when absorbed act upon the 'nobler' tissues so as to enfeeble them and stimulate the eater-cells to activity and to the destruction of the former and the replacement of them by useless, inert, fibrous, connective tissues.

Here, then, we find present in man a wide, capacious tract of intestine which is not only of no use to him, but a seat of positive and serious danger.

"The large intestine is one of the many instances of 'disharmony' between the more recently acquired habits or mode of life of an organism and its ancient inherited structure, whether this be structure of other organs or of the brain and nervous system exhibited in instincts. It has long been recognized that in man there are many such delays (for so we may consider them) in the adjustment of this or that part of his mechanism to the new conditions to which, on the whole, he has become successfully adapted so as to flourish and spread over the

whole surface of the world. The useless 'wisdom teeth,' clearly on the way to disappear altogether, are an instance. . . .

"Can man then step in and himself 'artificially' bring about the disappearance of the 'disharmony' of his intestinal structure, so as to avoid poisoning himself by putrefactive bacteria? He has already in various ways undertaken a certain amount of such carving and remodelling of his own structure. The dwindled cæcum and its wormlike termination are naturally, but slowly, on their way to disappearance. In the horse and the rabbit they are of twenty times the size, relatively to the rest of the body, which they present in man. Surgeons now remove from man the dwindled piece which is the most dangerous on account of its liability to ulceration and abscess, namely, the wormlike appendix. Not only that, but (in it is true, a much smaller number of cases) the whole of the large intestine has in recent years been removed from patients because its diseased state had led to excessive absorption of putrefactive poison from its contents. A considerable number of persons are alive and well who have undergone this operation, and are all the better for having no large intestine!"

Though, as Metchnikoff says, we cannot expect, in spite of the progress of surgery, to see in our time the large intestine removed by operation as a usual thing, yet perhaps, in the distant future, such a proceeding will become the rule.

Failing this remedy, there remain to us two procedures in order to preserve humanity against the senile decay due to the poisons produced by certain putrefactions of the contents of the large intestine. The first is to control the intestinal flora—the flora of bacteria—so as to exclude from the large intestine the poison-producing kind, which gets "sown" or carried into it inevitably with the raw food we swallow; the second is to inject into the blood and tissues "serums" prepared, as we now can see our way to prepare them, so that they shall have the property either of strengthening and encouraging the resistance of the nobler tissue-cells, those of brain, glands, and muscles, or, on the other hand, have the property of holding in check the phagocytes and the fibre-forming tissues restraining the undesirable invasions and multiplication by them in highly developed organs.

The problem of controlling our intestinal "gardens," and cultivating there what bacteria we choose, and destroying or weeding out those we discover to be harmful, has advanced further towards solution than has the problem of preparing the serums suggested. A very simple fact in regard to the bacteria comes to our aid. It is this,

* SCIENCE FROM AN EAST CHAIR. By Sir Ray Lankester. Henry Holt and Company.

Some bacteria will grow only in an alkaline liquid, other kinds will only grow in an acid liquid. A slight predominance of alkaline or acid is sufficient. The bacterium which produces the "phenol-indol" poisons in the large intestine absolutely requires slightly alkaline surroundings. You have only to make the contents of the large intestine somewhat acid, and the poisonous "weed" is stopped, never again to flourish so long as the acid condition is maintained. It might be supposed that this end could be attained by the simple swallowing of acid fluids. But that is not so. It is not possible (without injury) to take sufficient quantities of acid to keep the large intestine contents acid, observes the brilliant Sir Ray Lankester:

"Fortunately, there is a microbe—the lactic bacillus—which can, and does, grow in the large intestine (when encouraged to do so), and produces from sugar a very efficient acid, called 'lactic acid.' All we have to do then is to swallow the lactic bacillus and also suitable sugar in such quantity that they shall pass through all the thirty feet of the alimentary canal, and arrive in the large intestine, there to grow and suppress, by the production of

acid, the acid-hating poisonous bacteria. Many races of men have for ages carried out this procedure, feeding largely on 'sour milk,' which is milk turned acid by the lactic bacillus, which lives and swarms in the soured liquid. It has been found that there is no difficulty in taking every day such a quantity of 'sour milk' and appropriate sugar as shall ensure the establishment of the acid-producing 'lactic' bacillus in the large intestine of man. A vast number of persons in Europe and America, especially those who were suffering from the more obvious effects of the absorption of poison from the large intestine—have of late years adopted this régime with complete success. It has been found, definitely and precisely by chemical analysis, that persons who were passing the phenol-indol poisons through the kidneys (having absorbed them from the large intestine) so soon as their large intestines become 'planted' with the lactic organism, cease to absorb those poisons and to evacuate them through the kidneys. The poisons are no longer produced. The problem of cultivating one's own bacterial garden in the large intestine seems certainly to have been solved, and a definite step taken towards freeing our tissues of the poisons due to alkaline putrefaction in the large intestine, which are one of the chief causes of 'senile decay.'"

As to the injection into the human body of serums designed to strengthen the higher or nobler elements of the organism and to weaken the aggressive capacity of the phagocyte or eater-cells, this method is suggested by Metchnikoff not as an actual but as a possible solution of the problem, worthy of consideration. Serums capable of poisoning particular kinds of cells have been prepared (by Dr. Bordet, of the Pasteur Institute) by taking samples of any one kind of cell—say, those of the liver or the kidney or the red blood corpuscles—from one species of animal (A) and injecting them alive and fresh into the blood of another species of animal (B). After several injections spread over some days, the blood serum of the animal operated on (B) becomes destructive or poisonous to the particular kind of cells taken from the animal (A) for injection when applied (by injection) to that kind of cells in a living animal of the first species (A). It has been found that such serums injected in large quantities into the animal species A destroy the kind of cells used in their preparation, but if injected in smaller quantities strengthen them.

WHY SO MANY CHILDREN ARE SUPERIOR TO THEIR DEGENERATE PARENTS

NOTHING in the brief history of that newest of the sciences, eugenics, has been so baffling as the existence of the intelligent children of feeble-minded parents. There are on record instances of boys and girls springing from a degenerate ancestry going back some generations. Yet those boys and girls are sometimes very creditable specimens of humanity. The facts in their cases are not less puzzling than the splendid children resulting from the union of alcoholic parents who were studied at length by Doctor Karl Pearson a few years ago.

Instances of this kind prompt Doctor Charles B. Davenport, of the Carnegie Institution, to propound a theory on the transmission of feeble-mindedness of a kind, notes London *Nature*, very different from that suggested by himself and Doctor Weeks two years or so ago. According to Professor Davenport's earlier view, feeble-mindedness and epilepsy are both due to the absence of a "gametic" or hereditary factor the presence of which is necessary for normal development. They are thus transmitted as a simple "recessive" or latent character which might appear in either or both of these forms.

Results quite incompatible with this view, according to London *Nature*,

however, are yielded by material just collected by Professor Davenport for the eugenic records office on Long Island, in New York. Another and more complex theory is suggested. Thus, when two feeble-minded parents whose defect is of the same type are mated, all their children will reproduce it. Where, on the other hand, the type of mental defect of one parent is different from that of another, none of their children need necessarily be feeble-minded at all.* In the language of the report issued by Doctor Florence H. Danielson and Doctor Charles B. Davenport, after their careful investigations:

"We may find one case of feeble-mindedness wherein the individual is cruel, and keen in the pursuit of mischief, but unable to learn, and another case in which he is kind and learns quite readily, but is shiftless and devoid of judgment and the ability to apply his knowledge. Such instances seem to indicate that these different traits which characterize the types of feeble-mindedness may furnish a truer basis for a theory of inheritance. One combination of certain traits presents one sort of feeble-mindedness, and another combination another sort. Working on this hypothesis, the possibility of obtaining from two parents

whose defects are due to different traits (or the lack of them) a child who may be superior to either parent as a member of society, is to be expected. For instance, if such traits follow the Mendelian principle, a man who is industrious but apathetic and unable to connect cause and effect (i. e., lacks good judgment) so that he cannot compete in business, married to a shiftless woman who is keen and shrewd, even to a vice, may have offspring in which the father's industry and the mother's mental ability are combined so that they may be superior to either parent. For if the feeble-mindedness of the father's type and that of the mother's type are gametically independent and each recessive to the normal condition, they may produce normal children. . . .

"The analysis of the data, then, gives statistical support to the conclusion abundantly justified from numerous other considerations, that feeble-mindedness is no elementary trait, but is a legal or sociological, rather than a biological term. Feeble-mindedness is due to the absence, now of one set of traits, now of quite a different set. Only when both parents lack one or more of the same traits do the children all lack the traits. So, if the traits lacking in both parents are socially important, the children all lack socially important traits, i. e., are feeble-minded. If, on the other hand, the two parents lack different socially significant traits, so that each parent brings into the combination the traits that the other lacks, all of the children may be without serious lack and all pass for 'normal.'"

* THE HILL FOLK. REPORT ON A RURAL COM-
MUNITY OF HEREDITARY DEFECTIVES. Eugenic
Records Office, Cold Spring Harbor, Long
Island, N. Y.

THE REAL MISSING LINK IN THE CHAIN OF EVOLUTION

TO the layman the most serious defect in the record of evolution is the absence of a connecting link between man and the ape. To the morphologist, dealing with the broader aspect of the problem, that of structure, it is the absence of a whole series of connecting links between the vertebrates and the invertebrates. To this effect contends Professor William Patten, holder of the chair of zoology at Dartmouth and head of the department of biology there. The evolution of the vertebrates, he says, has extended over many millions of years. During all that time no change in the general plan of their structure has taken place. The vertebrates form an essentially continuous, united group. The differences between the most widely separated members of the group, as, for example, a fish and a human being, are differences in degree and not in kind. They are differences in the details of structure, and in the relative size and location of organs and parts of organs or in the measure

of their functions. There is no difference whatever in their serial location, in their fundamental structure or in their mode of growth. Every important part of the digestive, excretory and reproductive systems and of the skull, nose, eye, ear, heart and brain of a fish is readily recognized by the trained anatomist in the corresponding organs of man. To quote from Dr. Patten's article in *The Popular Science Monthly*:

"The first vertebrates to make their appearance on the face of the earth were fishes. They are still wonderfully well preserved as fossils in the rocks of the Devonian period; and it is perfectly clear that, when alive, they were practically identical in structure with certain fishes now living. But we have no records of true fishes from an earlier period; from this point downwards into the abyss of time, without warning or apparent reason, the vertebrates drop from the records, although the records themselves remain, and they contain, both after that period and for an immeasurably long time previous to it, a full, even a detailed,

account of nearly every known group of invertebrates. Why do the vertebrates disappear at this point? Where did they come from? What kind of invertebrates were their ancestors? How did the anatomical structures peculiar to all vertebrates originate? Heretofore no one has been able to give even an approximately satisfactory answer to these questions. Here indeed is a great gap in the evolution of the animal kingdom. It is not merely one link that is missing; the whole middle section, perhaps two-thirds of the entire animal kingdom, is either absent, or, if present, it has not been recognized and properly located. As there is no apparent resemblance between the structural plan of any known invertebrate and that of a vertebrate, there is no way of uniting the higher animals with the lower; no way of deciding what was the great trunk line of evolution.

"This is a serious defect in the very foundations of the biological sciences. While it remains we are compelled to admit that, with all our boasted schemes of classification according to genetic relationships, the whole class of vertebrates hangs in mid-air over an unknown and apparently inaccessible abyss; that we are totally ignorant of the great creative period in the evolution of the highest

type of animals; that we know nothing of the way in which the fundamental structural features of man arose; that we have no basis for the interpretation of the early stages of his embryonic development; and no clue to the initial significance of a single one of his characteristic organs, such as the mouth, notochord, skeleton, lungs, jaws, appendages, heart, thymus, thyroids, pituitary body, pineal gland, sense organs and brain."

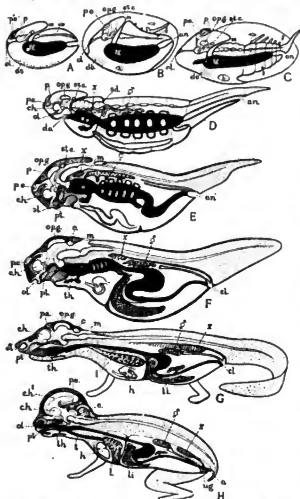
Some years ago, while working on the development of the eyes of arthropods, Professor Patten discovered that the forebrain of the embryo scorpion is gradually covered by an overgrowing fold of skin that converts the brain into a hollow vesicle.* During this process one or two pairs of eyes are transferred from the outer surface of the head to the blind end of the median tube that projects from the membranous roof of the brain. The details of the whole process by which the eyes were transferred from the outer surface of the head to the inside of the brain were unique in the invertebrates. They were also so similar to what takes place in the formation of the rudimentary pineal eye of vertebrates that everything clearly pointed to some intimate relation, with reference to their origin, between the two groups.

To test what at first sight appeared so improbable, a careful study of the anatomy and development of several types of arachnids—spiders—was made. Much to Professor Patten's astonishment, it was found that the brain of the arachnids resembles that of the vertebrates in its general shape, in its subdivision into several regions and in the character of their appropriate nerves and sense organs:

"The arachnids possessed skeletal structures comparable, respectively, with the dermal bones, cranium, gill-bars and notochord of vertebrates; and finally it was seen that the development of the embryo and the formation of the germ layers in the arachnids not only harmonized with but illuminated the corresponding conditions in the vertebrates.

"It was evident that in their fundamental structure the arachnids resembled the vertebrates more than did any other invertebrates; and they resembled them in so many different ways that it became more and more probable that all these resemblances could be mere coincidences, or could be reasonably accounted for as duplications of structure due to similar functions, or to environment, or to any conceivable cause other than community of origin. Nevertheless, it was hardly possible that the vertebrates came from modern air-breathing scorpions, or spiders, for the lowest vertebrates undoubtedly came from marine animals.

"But the modern land arachnids are descendants of a large group of very

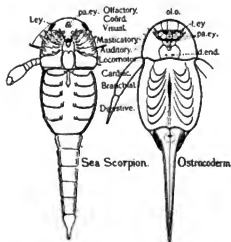


Courtesy P. Blakiston's Son & Co.

HOW WE SHAPED OURSELVES AS WE BECAME MAN

The letters in the diagram refer to the various portions of the evolving anatomy which have their equivalents in the structure of man. The names themselves are too technical to convey an idea to the average layman. The following capital letters signify: A, nauplius stage; B, ostracode; C, cladoceran; D, mero-stome; E, larval fish; G, amphibian; H, mammalian. The diagrams are taken from the work on the evolution of the vertebrates which has lately come from the pen of Professor Patten.

* THE EVOLUTION OF THE VERTEBRATES AND THEIR KIN, By William Patten, Ph.D. P. Blakiston's Son & Company.



From the Popular Science Monthly

OUR GENERAL ANCESTORS

We are derived possibly from the ostracoderm, as is pointed out by the distinguished Professor Patten in his study of the evolution of the vertebrates.

ancient marine arachnids, the trilobites and merostomata, or giant sea-scorpions, which flourished in the early Cambrian and Ordovician periods, long before any vertebrates were known to exist. They

were also found, altho in rapidly diminishing numbers, in the two following periods, and often in the very same deposits in which the first vertebrates are found. Moreover, during the Silurian and Devonian periods, and living in intimate association with the declining marine arachnids and the earliest vertebrates, there was known to exist a peculiar class of animals called the Ostracoderms. Very little was known about them."

Here, then, contrary to all our preconceived ideas, was a possible new solution of an old and very important problem—the most important one before the morphologist since Darwin's time. It was evident that this solution of it, if sustained, would lead to more radical changes in the classification of the animal kingdom than any that have been made since the time of Cuvier and Lamarck. Stated concisely, it is this: At some time towards the close of what is called in geology the Cambrian period the sea scorpions probably gave rise to the ostracoderms. The latter, during the Silurian period, gave rise to the fishes, or first true vertebrates.

This is an entirely new interpretation

in the field of evolution. Says Dr. Patten:

"In their fundamental structure, living arachnids resemble primitive vertebrates. The ancestral arachnids were marine forms, present in the oldest records we have; they flourished in the Cambrian, and were the highest type of animals in existence at that time. The ostracoderms flourished in the following, or Silurian, period and were the highest type of their time. They had some points in common with their predecessors, the marine arachnids, and also with the true fishes that appeared in the next, or Devonian, period, and which were likewise the highest type of their time. The inference is obvious, that the marine arachnids, the ostracoderms, and the fishes, represent three successive stages in the evolution of the animal kingdom, just as in the later periods the fishes, amphibia and mammals represent successive stages in the evolution of the vertebrates. If this inference is correct, then the whole creative period in the evolution of the vertebrate stock should become an open book, because the materials, both living and fossil, with which one can unravel the evolution of the arachnids, are apparently abundant and accessible."

THE DEPRAVITY OF FISHES

HATRED, savagery, selfishness, bullying and greed sway the world in which the fish exists, according to one of the most careful aquarium authorities in the country, William E. Meehan. This expert has studied the fish in captivity to much purpose and we find him in *The Independent* giving the creature a very bad character. Love is absent from the nature of the fish, he insists, "unless the brief courtship which forms the prelude to the act of spawning be called love." Except the transient savage defense of some nest-building fishes, and the few days of solicitude which a few others display, parental affection is unknown to the fish. A carnivorous fish will devour its own young with gusto as soon as they are turned loose to shift for themselves. And while these savage traits are so conspicuous in aquatic beings, it is astonishing how much more these creatures will submit to from each other than from human beings.

"Place a number of different kinds and sizes of turtles in a small space, and the forbearance which is exhibited might well be a lesson to man. Big and little will crawl about, heedless of each other's comfort, or security from harm. A small painted terrapin, for instance, will clamor solidly over the head of a vicious snapper, and the chances are that the latter will merely duck its head, or move to one side so that the claws of the former will not injure its eyes. There seems at such times a look of patient resignation or sullen submission, which

would immediately change to savage resentment and fierce attack if a man made a hundredth part of the commotion. These creatures appear to be able to distinguish between 'no offense meant' and intentional mauling. While they submit to the one they will fight over the other, if fight has not been previously thrashed out of them."

Carnivorous fishes seem to be natural bullies in the light of Mr. Meehan's observations. In a group occupying a restricted space there is nearly always one fish that will torment the others. Nor is it the largest necessarily. There were for months, he writes, two small-mouth bass and nine large-mouth bass confined in the same tank. The smallest of the entire party, a small-mouth bass of nine inches, hectored the others continually and succeeded in reserving an entire half of the tank for himself. The others were obliged to huddle themselves in a far corner of the remainder of the tank. The ten fish submitted to this treatment from the very beginning without the semblance of a fight. This particular bully never attempted to injure its victims. If one of them ventured beyond the prohibited line, the autocrat would swim slowly forward and with open mouth push the venturesome fish back to its quarters. When, after a lapse of some months, the bully died, one of the fish that had been its humble subjects took the leadership and ruled just as absolutely. But all such despots of the fishy world do not avoid violence as did this particular specimen:

"Some of them exercise their power with relentless cruelty, and go to the length of forbidding those under their control to feed, even when the tormenting fish have already gorged to the utmost of their stretched capacity. Neither do bullies learn by bitter experience to show forbearance. A certain seven-inch trout is an instance in point: This fish had made life miserable for an aquarium full of trout slightly smaller than itself. Finally the hectoring became so outrageous that the offender was removed, and placed in an aquarium containing a number of trout several inches larger than itself.

"The moment it was dropped into the tank its new companions made a rush at it, and huddling behind an out-flow pipe, it escaped only by a hair's breadth from furnishing a meal to one or another of the inhospitable occupants. In this place the young bully remained for three days, in a state of abject terror, constantly guarded by a relentless group, anxious for it to move but a quarter of an inch, so that they could gobble it up.

"At length, hoping that a lesson had been learned, the trout was returned to its first quarters. Unfortunately, its terrifying experience was soon forgotten. Less than an hour after its return, the trout was the same arrogant bully as before."

Fishes distinguish between those of their kind which have been wounded and those which are diseased. The wounded or crippled are joyfully assailed as a comfortable meal and devoured with "unpitiful, relentless, conscienceless pleasure," while the attitude of a fish towards a sick or dying comrade is that of flinty indifference. He

may lie in a little heap on the bottom or he may writhe in the struggle with death. To the other fish he is only an obstacle in the way of the nearest tid-bit or luncheon.

Pitched battles are not rare in the tanks. These battles are not won by the stronger or the larger fish necessarily. Often the smaller and apparently weaker fish is the victor, a point which may have its importance in estimating the Darwinian hypothesis of survival. On one occasion a loggerhead turtle weighing nearly three hundred pounds and another turtle of the same kind of less than fifty pounds were placed in a large tank containing half a dozen snapping turtles, each nearly fifty pounds in weight. The small loggerhead took a strong dislike to its big brother and attacked it viciously. A savage fight followed and at the end of a quarter of an hour the big loggerhead was floundering frantically about the tank, hotly pursued by the little assailant.

"In the meantime the big snappers were resting supinely on the bottom of the tank paying no attention to the fraternal strife among the loggerheads, merely ducking their heads when the two combatants tumbled and pounded over them. At length the small loggerhead, flushed with victory, swimming about with triumphant snorts, struck at the head of the largest snapper with its powerful beak. In an instant a terrific splashing in the water indicated another savage battle; but it was not of long duration. The snapper, the most ferocious among all turtles, went down to complete defeat. Not satisfied, the little loggerhead attacked the other snappers and whipped them one after the other and drove them to one corner of the tank. This done, the audacious victor returned to the large loggerhead and never rested until his huge foe, weakened by loss of blood, crawled into a shoal spot and died."

It is among the more famous game fishes that the lust for killing without apparent reason is most powerful, our observer says. Some fish, like the

striped bass, are exceedingly skilful in rounding up a school of fish and utterly exterminating it. When the last one is dead, the ruthless marauder, without having swallowed a tenth of its killing, departs, leaving the mangled bodies of its victims to rot or to be devoured by other fish.

What gives peculiar importance to this study of the depravity of the fish is the certainty of the immediacy of our descent from that creature. The vertebrates abruptly make their appearance as fully formed fishes. They were evidently more highly organized than any of the invertebrate types that had appeared up to that time. Man is from the standpoint of the evolution of the vertebrates and their kin a development of the fish. He has in a perfect form the structure of the fish, as embryology shows. Has he in his nature traces of the character of the fish? At any rate, there is something highly scientific in comparisons of certain human beings with the cod and the shark.

THE DOOM OF THE OLD BLACK AND WHITE MOVING PICTURES

THE art of producing so-called moving pictures depends upon the possibility of displaying in constant succession and projecting upon a screen a number of photographs of any desired scene, taken at such small intervals of time that the impression made upon the retina by any one picture of the series has no time to fade away or to become obliterated before the next succeeding image takes its place. The result of this rapid sequence of pictures, adds *Engineering*, from which we extract these details, is that the

changes in the relative positions of the details of the scene are blended together and are perceived in such a way as to give the appearance of actual motion. The spectator, owing to what is known as the "persistence of vision," sees the similitude of uninterrupted action, although the component parts are each separate and distinct images of what is taking place.

The cinematograph film is a narrow strip or ribbon of celluloid on which are printed the pictures. It is usual to obtain 16 such pictures in every second, and each foot in length of the

films thus represents the 16 separate photographs taken during one second of time, while a good film with 16,000 distinct pictures furnishes a record of an event extending over about 16 minutes. The film is punched along each margin with apertures in order that it may pass over a sprocket-wheel, by means of which it is made to travel forward. The projecting apparatus is a species of magic lantern, with a swiftly revolving pierced screen placed before the lamp. The movement of the film is effected by a simple arrangement of gearing, so contrived that the change from one photograph to the next occupies but one-fifth of the time that the picture remains stationary or exposed. At the change of pictures a solid portion of the screen cuts off the light for a moment, and at this instant the next photograph comes into position for projection. It is this brief period of inevitable obscuration that occasions the flicker to which objection is so often taken. Our technical contemporary says further:

"It has been necessary to give this brief sketch of the mechanism employed in order to explain more clearly certain recent improvements relating to the use of color in cinematography. In the early days of the art attempts were made to produce colored pictures by methods which depended on tinting the films by hand, or on the adoption of a process of stenciling. Very good results have been obtained by this latter means. Their system of coloring is as follows: Three positives are printed from each negative and the blue, yellow, and red portions are re-



Photo by Brown Brothers

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE TRAGIC FILM

Not a word is spoken for the mimic stage. All is said and done with a view to the inevitable apparatus. There are directions, calls and reproofs, but these will not go into the effect as the public receives it.

spectively punched out from each by girls; these pierced films are then used as stencils, the colors being printed through them by means of rollers. Except when the edition is a large one, say 200 copies of the film, stenciling is not resorted to. In none of these processes, however, are the pictures equal to those obtainable by color photography. The lack of correct imitation of nature is mainly owing to the fact that an object in such a picture shows as black or gray overlaid with tint and not as color more or less deep in tone.

"With the introduction of three-color photography it becomes possible to obtain results vastly superior to those above described, and a notable step in advance was achieved by the introduction of the 'Kinemacolor' process, which, however, is based, not on the ideal three-color system, but on one with two colors only. Many attempts have been made to apply triple projection methods to cinematography, but so far with indifferent success. It is important to remember that for this purpose it is not necessary to project simultaneously the colors that have to be combined, as in the usual methods of projection. The colors may be displayed successively, and in the observer's eye they will be properly combined by the effect already explained of persistence of vision.

"For the purpose of the cinematograph the three negatives are taken in turn on a single film, and a rotating shutter or screen is arranged behind the lens of the camera which carries the three filters; but if it is required to do away with the effect of flicker on the screen it is necessary that all three filters be exposed within the ordinary period allowed for a single cinematograph picture, which involves a period for the exposure of each filter of only about one-fiftieth of a second. Such a rate of work entails great wear and tear on the film and apparatus. It has also been proposed to project the three images simultaneously, by three separate lanterns, as in ordinary three-color work, but in this case difficulties occur in properly superimposing the pictures so as to ensure accurate registration."

It may be well to state here that according to our expert writer on the subject there are only two ways of reproducing natural colors in picture or lantern slides:—The "additive," which relies on the fact that red, green, and blue-violet light combine together to form white, so that (a) if there are three lanterns fitted with three screens so arranged that the images are superimposed on the sheet and three positives are placed in these lanterns, which have been taken through similar screens, all the colors will be properly reproduced; or (b) if a screen is ruled with squares, or in circles, or covered with starch grains, and these small areas are dyed one-third blue, one-third green, and one-third red, then again the appearance of white is obtained, if there are 10,000 or more such areas to the square inch, and a positive placed be-



Photo by Brown Brothers

THE MAKING OF A MOVING PICTURE

These girls are not acting nor posing for the dramatic effect of a play. They are busily cutting out the holes into which fit the "movies."

hind them shows the natural colors with fidelity.

The alternative process is styled the "subtractive," being that employed to produce three-color prints from blocks or other lantern slides. In this case white is white because there is no pigment, and the shades are obtained by the mixture of pigments. In the process most recently put forward for the improvement of the cinematograph film this latter system is for the first time suggested.

The places of the rival claimants in the field in the matter of colored cinematography may be roughly classified as follows, but it should be remembered that it was not until the discovery of the isocyanine dyes, by which means it became possible to make a photographic plate (film) sensitive to red light, that any real success could be attained.

"(1) Red, green, and violet primaries are successively projected on the screen, it being left to the eye to fuse the colors together and form white, the photograph being taken through a filter successively colored. The picture produced on the screen by this method flickers very perceptibly unless the apparatus is driven at an excessive speed.

"(2) Red, green, and violet primaries are synchronously projected to make a composite picture. It is very difficult by this means to ensure that the pictures shall be accurately superimposed. With respect to the Ulysse process, which is attracting some attention at the present time, it may be stated that the picture on the film is reduced to half the size of that in common use.

"(3) Two colors are used instead of three for the sake of simplicity, the projection being (a) successive, or (b) synchronous; the flickering in this case

is slight, but the resultant colors are not exactly true to nature, and cannot be made so.

"It will be evident from the above statement that hitherto nearly all inventors have busied themselves with adaptations of the additive system, and that to overcome the inherent difficulties entailed by the rapidity needed in working, the most successful system discards one of the colors. In the so-called Zoetrochrome process of T. Albert Mills all three colors are employed simultaneously. For this system it is claimed that no more light is needed than is used in the case of ordinary films. Moreover, no color screens are used, and the films can be shown on any machine without alteration. There is also great flexibility as to tints, since the colors may easily be arranged to suit the subject during the manufacture of the film. Another advantage possessed by the Mills system is that it can be run at the ordinary speed of 16 pictures to the second, as each picture on the film is complete in itself, and transmits the colored rays in due proportion to unite and form the tints seen in nature. The process, though still in the experimental stage, presents points of great interest for the future of color pictures."

There can be no question as to the importance in the future of the economical production of color pictures. Of all the systems to which reference has been made the only ones that have hitherto achieved commercial success are the Bicolor and the Kinemacolor processes. The large measure of perfection attained by both these systems and the excellence of the pictures produced in the case of such scenes of Oriental pageantry as the Delhi Durbar will induce the public to look forward with interest to the time when the three-color process can be adapted to cinematograph purposes.

Religion and Ethics

WHY PAIN AND EVIL ARE INDISPENSABLE

WE CHAFE everlastingly under the stings of pain and of evil, and we often declare that they ought not to be. We even try to conquer them by denying their existence. Yet a world without pain and evil, as Rabindranath Tagore, the Hindu seer and poet, reminds us, is inconceivable. "The question, Why is there evil in existence?" he says (in *The Hibbert Journal*), "is the same as, Why is there imperfection? or, in other words, Why is there creation at all? We must take it for granted that it could not be otherwise; that creation must be imperfect, must be gradual; and it is futile to ask the question why we are."

The really important question, according to Tagore, is, Is this imperfection the final truth? Is evil absolute and ultimate? The river has its boundaries, its banks; but is it all banks? or are the banks the final facts about the river? Do not these obstructions themselves give its water an onward motion? The towing-rope binds a boat; but is the bondage its meaning? Does it not at the same time draw it forward? The argument proceeds:

"The current of the world has its boundaries, otherwise it could have no existence; but its meaning is not in its boundaries, which are fixed, but in its movement, which is towards perfection. The wonder is not that there should be obstacles and sufferings in this world, but that there should be law and order, beauty and joy, goodness and love. The idea of God that man has in his being is the wonder of all wonders. He has felt in the depth of his life that what appears as imperfect is the manifestation of the perfect; just as a man who has the ear for music realizes the perfectness of a song while in fact he is only listening to a succession of notes. Man has found out the great paradox that what is limited is not imprisoned within its limits; it is ever moving, thus shedding its finitude every moment. In fact, imperfection is not a negation of perfectness; finitude is not contradictory to infinity. It is completeness manifested in parts, infinity revealed within bounds."

Pain, as Rabindranath Tagore defines it, is the feeling connected with our finiteness. It is not a fixture in our life. It is not an end in itself as joy is. "To meet it," we are told, "is

to know that it cannot be the principle of permanence in the creation. It is like what error is in our intellectual life." To go through the history of the development of science is, among other things, to go through the mistakes it has published at various times. Yet no one really believes that science's function is to disseminate mistakes. Its function is to ascertain truth.

As in intellectual error, so in evil in any other form, its essence is impermanence. It cannot fit in with the whole. Tagore says:

"Every moment it is being corrected by the totality of things and is changing its aspects. We exaggerate its importance by imagining it as at a standstill. Could we collect the statistics of the immense amount of death and putrefaction to be found every moment in this earth they would appal us. But evil is ever moving; so with all its incalculable immensity it does not effectually clog the current of our life, and, on the whole, the earth, water and air remain sweet and pure for living beings. All statistics consist of our deliberate attempts to represent statistically what is in motion; so by this process things assume a weight in our mind which they have not in reality. This is the reason why a man, who by his profession or for other reasons is specially concerned with any particular aspect of life, is apt to magnify its proportions, and by giving undue stress upon facts to lose hold upon truth. A detective may have the opportunities of studying crimes in details, but he loses his bearings as to their relative place in the whole society. When science collects facts to illustrate the struggle for existence that goes on in the kingdom of life, it raises a picture in our minds of 'Nature red in tooth and claw.' But in these mental pictures we give a fixity to the colors and forms which are really evanescent. It is like calculating the weight of the air on each square inch of our body to show that it is crushingly heavy for us. But with this weight there is the adjustment of weight, and we lightly bear our burden. With the struggle for existence in Nature there is the reciprocity, there is the love for children, for comrades; there is the sacrifice of self, which springs from love; and love is the positive element in life."

The Hindu sage and poet goes on to note that in the world of life the thought of death has the least hold upon our minds. This is not because death is the least apparent, but because

it is the negative aspect of life; just as, in spite of the fact that we shut our eyelids every second, it is the openings of the eyelids that count. Life refuses—and rightly—to take death seriously. It laughs and dances and plays, it builds and hoards and loves in its face. "Only when we detach an individual fact of death," remarks Rabindranath Tagore, "we see merely the blankness and are dismayed. We lose sight of the wholeness of life whose part is death. It is like looking at a piece of cloth through a microscope—it appears like a net; we wonder at the big holes and shiver in imagination. But the truth is, death is not an ultimate reality. It looks black as the sky looks blue, but it does not blacken existence, as the sky does not leave its stain upon wings of birds." The writer continues:

"When we watch a child trying to walk we see its countless failures; its successes are few. If we had to limit our observation within a narrow space of time the sight would be cruel. But we find that, in spite of its repeated unsuccesses, there is an impetus of joy in the child which sustains it in its seemingly impossible task. We see it does not set store by its falls so much as by its ability to keep its balance even for a moment."

"Like these accidents in a child's attempts to walk, we meet with sufferings in various forms in our life every day, showing our imperfection in knowledge, power and application of will. But if it only revealed our weakness to us, we should die of depression. When we take for observation a limited area of our activities, our individual failures and miseries loom large in our minds; but our life instinctively takes a wider view, it has an ideal of perfection which ever carries it beyond its present limitations. Within us, we have a hope which always walks in front of our present narrow experience; it is an undying faith in the infinite in us; it will never accept any of our disabilities as a permanent fact; it sets no limit to its scope; it dares to assert that man has his oneness with God; and its wildest dreams become true every day."

We see truth, then, when we set our minds towards the infinite, and recognize the ideal of truth not in the narrow present, nor in our immediate sensations, but in the consciousness of the whole which gives us a taste of what we should have in what we have. Evil

is temporary; it has to pass on and grow into good; it cannot stand at a fixed point and ever remain at war with all. We do not really believe in it, any more than we believe that violins have been made to create discords. If a person tries to learn to play a violin, discords are sure to come, yet we all recognize that a violin is meant to create harmonies. Potentiality of perfection outweighs actual contradictions. "Of course," observes Tagore, "there have been people who asserted existence to be an absolute evil, but man can never take them seriously. For our pessimism is a mere pose, either intellectual or sentimental; our life itself is optimistic, it wants to go on. Pessimism is a form of mental dipsomania, it disdains healthy nourishment, indulges in the strong drink of denunciation, creates an artificial

dejection to fall back upon a stronger draught to drink. If existence were an evil, we should wait for no philosopher to prove it. It is like incriminating a man of suicide while all the time he stands before you in the flesh. Existence itself is here to prove that it cannot be an evil." We read further:

"An imperfection which is not all imperfection, but which has perfection for its ideal, must go through a perpetual realization. Thus, it is the function of our intellect to realize the truth through untruths, and knowledge is nothing but continually burning up mistakes to set free the light of truth. Our will, our character has to attain perfection by continually overcoming evils, either inside or outside us, or both. Our physical life is burning bodily materials every moment to maintain the life fire, and our moral life has its fuel to burn. This life process is going on—we know it, we have felt it,

and we have a faith which no individual instances to the contrary can shake, that the direction of humanity is from evil to good."

To the man who lives for an idea, for his country, for the good of humanity, Tagore reminds us, life has an extensive meaning, and to that extent pain becomes less important to him. "To live the life of goodness is to live the life of all." Pleasure is for one's own self, but goodness is happiness for all humanity and for all time. So from the point of view of the good, pleasure and pain must appear in a different meaning; so much so, that pleasure may be shunned and pain may be courted in its place, that death may be made welcome as giving a higher value to life. So there is a standpoint, which is the highest standpoint of a man's life, and from that standpoint of the good, pleasure and pain lose their absolute value.

The most important lesson that man can have from his life, concludes Tagore, is not that there is pain in this world but that it depends upon him to turn it to good account, to transmute it into joy.

"That lesson has not been lost altogether to us, and there is no man living who would willingly be deprived of his right to suffer pain, for that is his right to be a man. One day the wife of a poor laborer came to me and complained bitterly that her eldest boy was going to be sent away to a rich relative's house for a part of the year. It was the kind intention of trying to relieve her of her trouble that gave her the shock, for a mother's trouble is a mother's own by her inalienable right of love, and she was not going to surrender it to any dictates of expediency. Man's freedom is never to be saved troubles, but it is freedom to take trouble for his own good, to make it an element of his joy. It can be made so only when we realize that our individual self is not the highest meaning of our being, that in us we have the world-man who is immortal, who is not afraid of death or sufferings, and who looks upon pain as only the other side of joy. He knows that it is the pain which is our true wealth as imperfect beings, and this has made us great and worthy to take our seat with the perfect. He knows that we are not beggars, we have to pay with the hard coins of pain for everything valuable in this life, for our power, our wisdom, our love; that in pain is symbolized the infinite possibility of perfection, the eternal unfolding of joy; and that the man who loses all pleasure in taking pain sinks down and down to the lowest depth of penury and degradation. It is only when we invoke the aid of pain for our self-gratification that she becomes evil and takes her vengeance for the insult done to her by hurling us to misery. For she is the vestal virgin consecrated to the service of the immortal perfection, and when she takes her true place before the altar of the infinite she casts off her dark veil and bares her face to the beholder as the revelation of supreme joy."



Courtesy of Basanta Kumar Roy. Photograph by Frank Wilder.

HE INDICTS PESSIMISM AS A FORM OF MENTAL DIPSOMANIA

Rabindranath Tagore, the distinguished Hindu poet and sage, declares that he cannot take pessimism seriously. "If existence were an evil," he says, "we should wait for no philosopher to prove it. It is like incriminating a man of suicide while all the time he stands before you in the flesh. Existence itself is here to prove that it cannot be an evil."

TURKEY TROT AND TANGO—A DISEASE OR A REMEDY?

DURING the Middle Ages a mania for dancing started in Aix-la-Chapelle and spread like wildfire over all of Europe. It was a purely nervous manifestation, we are told by sociologists. It lasted several years, and was an outlet for high nervous tension, brought about by social calamities, social distress and superstitious fear. To-day, the "turkey trot" and the "tango" have swept like a wave over Europe and America in much the same way, and those who are not indulging in the new dances are evidently very busy explaining, condemning or defending them. Some students of the problem believe that the new dances, which religiously inclined persons are apt to look upon as indecent, are in reality the unconscious expression of suppressed religious emotion. Francis Toye, writing in *The English Review*, rebuts a writer in the *London Times* who had called attention to the religious aspects of rag-time in dancing. Says Mr. Toye: "The writer of the article gives himself away, I think, in saying that the characteristics of rag-time are absolutely identical with those of the hymns formerly sung by the negroes in the 'white heat of religious fervor during some protracted church or camp meeting.' Exactly so. They show exactly the same kind of 'citality' associated with revivalism, and especially the type of revivalism peculiar to the negro! What need have we of further witnesses? For of all hysteria that particular semi-religious hysteria is nearer to madness than any other." Further to support his contention that the rag-time dances should not be encouraged because they are directly responsible for this semi-religious hysteria, Mr. Toye refers to Sir Thomas Clouston's "Neuroses of Development," in which the author states: "The social needs and restraints of modern civilized life unite with subtle hereditary nervous defects to make hysteria as common as it is." Mr. Toye goes on:

"But, quite apart from all this theorizing, I would ask any person accustomed to analyze his own and other people's emotions whether he thinks that the effects of rag-time are beneficial. I have, personally, taken the trouble to do so in the case of two or three of my more intelligent, tho' respectable friends who frequent the haunts where nothing but rag-time is played. All except one are emphatically of the opinion that, since the introduction of rag-time, people are much more given both to excitement and drink—and that not only when they are dancing. The one says that 'he doesn't know, but it's certainly more stimulating.' Naturally. Alas! there is more stimulating than good claret, and methylated spirit, so I am told, is far more exciting than whiskey. Nobody denies the rhythmical power of rag-time, and rhythm is always 'stimulat-

ing.' But in this case the stimulus is that of an irritant. These 'crotchety' accents, these deliberate interferences with the natural logic of rhythm, this lengthening of something here and shortening of something else there, must all have some influence on the brain. The behavior of the chorus during the rag-time songs of the Alhambra revue, for instance, is not without significance. Any unsophisticated visitor from Mars, who did not know of their excuse, would judge from their looks, their movements, and their strident but pathetic yells that they were raving lunatics only fit for the Martian equivalent of a strait-jacket."

Both the "tango" and the "turkey trot" are of the most humble origin, and those who insist upon the indecency of the new dances have not hesitated to point this out. "Sem," the clever cartoonist of the *Paris Petit Journal*, has given a rather shocking account of the origin of the "tango." He claims that it originated in the *barrio de las ranas* (the frog quarter) of Buenos Ayres. In this section, brothels, dance halls and drinking resorts are constructed of flattened oil cans and preserved meat tins. The quarter is devoted to the lowest forms of vice, and the "tango" is only the dance development of the cautious, tiger-like, pliant and treacherous steps of the disreputable frequenters of the *barrio*. Somewhat similar in origin and immoral in influence are the American "nigger" dances and "rags," according to George Kilbe Turner, in *McClure's*:

"In the last three or four years, since the arrival of the 'nigger' dances and the 'rags' and the 'turkey trots,' dancing has become a public obsession. Like the gambling game of craps,—which has supplanted or changed the habits of boyhood from the traditions of sport of northern Europe to the games of the negro,—this new dancing is a curious recrudescence, apparently originating from the same source as the gambling game. The 'nigger' dance seems to find its main origin in the crude and heathen sexual customs of middle Africa, afterward passing through the centers of prostitutes in large cities, where the contributions of city savages, from Paris to San Francisco, have been added to it.

"This 'nigger'-dancing craze, moving from the South and West to the East, has swept the city populations of America like an epidemic. In most of its many variations it is not taught by dancing academies with any concern for their reputations or their licenses. But its steps are passed from one person to another, from the youths to the children, until it has gone through the country with the thoroughness of a great popular song. In its simpler and grosser forms, it is the easiest kind of dancing ever introduced—being merely a modified form of walking. Thousands of people who never learned the older dances have picked this up, and the popularity of dancing has been widened tre-

mendously by the fact. Even little children dance the grotesque steps upon the sidewalk.

"The promoter of cheap dances has never before had such a public for his enterprizes, and never before has dancing been such a provocation to immorality. The recent trend has been entirely toward the ideals of the Idle Boy. Around him centers the organization for sex-hunting of the boys who are seeking the 'bad girls'; for strangers in the hall, he and his assistants are constant sources of information on the same subject. The natural instinct of the man to test and tempt the woman is solidified in the dance-hall into what is, for all practical purposes, a perfect system."

But the new dances have able champions, both in Europe and America. The *London Spectator* points out that "nearly all dances are capable of vulgarity or offence of some kind," and that none of the current dances are in themselves "necessarily vulgar." Few new dances, the *Spectator* points out, have ever become popular "without the Cassandra prophesying that the end of decency was at hand." The English prejudice against the "trot" and "tango," the *Spectator* concludes, is due to the national fear of making oneself conspicuous. Mary Master Needham, in *Collier's*, also has come to the defence of the "trot" in a humorous but effective fashion, putting her defence in the mouth of a family physician, with whom greater medical and hygienic experts may possibly agree. Says Miss Needham's doctor:

"It needs no defense. Turkey trotting is the most sensible indoor amusement we have had in my experience as a practitioner—and the jolliest. It's making fat people thin, old men young, and young people content with elderly partners.

"It is great exercise—in fact, about the best indoor exercise. Being a physician, I am keen for anything that makes people healthy and fit. Instead of prescribing a trotting horse, I order turkey trotting. It's better exercise, for it brings into play the same muscles as in horseback riding, and others besides, which means that it is the arch enemy of the torpid liver.

"Trotting is also a foe to fat. I have a patient, a woman of about forty-five, whose great trial it was that she was fat and growing fatter. It was a physical annoyance and a mental worry. She was cross and miserable. 'Exercise,' I said to her when she first came to me about it. She did. She went to a gymnasium that taught a one, two, three, bend, stretch, touch-the-floor system. It was tiring and harrowing—and fattening. She came to me again. Fashion had come to my assistance. 'Turkey trotting,' I advised. So she joined a class of women. They meet three times a week in the afternoon to trot under the direction of a dancing master who puts them through their paces. They make healthful play of it where, at the same hour, they used to make a business of bridge. I have been that woman's

physician for years and I never saw her so well or so young. Naturally I believe in turkey trotting. There is nothing so moral as good health."

"*Honi soit qui mal y danse*," adds Miss Needham, who further claims for the "turkey trot" the virtues of a true folk dance. She writes:

"The turkey trot is anything but finished. It is quite frank, quite ugly, and quite primitive. In time the homely turkey trot may develop into some pretty pheasant patter, but if in the transition

it loses its essential character it will cease to be a dance of the people and thus sacrifice much of its folk value. It is necessary for man to play as well as to think and to work. It is essential for him to recreate himself, actively, healthily, and merrily. And until some better form of play with as general an interest comes to take its place, what about the turkey trot? For it is conceded that whatever makes an appeal to such vast numbers cannot be wholly evil or wholly without reason. Like truth, morality has no absolute. What about our many thinly veiled

dramas and works of fiction? If we honestly compared their moral effect with that of the turkey trot, our conclusions might be more radically different than we think.

"We've railed about the commercialism of this rapidly developing country that has made no allowance for recreations other than vicarious ones. We've demanded some democratic folk activities. And now when we get a real folk dance, with the genuine folk label attached, when we come right smack up against it, we denounce it as shamefully sophisticated."

THE DESPERATE PLIGHT OF THE COUNTRY CHURCH

THE country church in America is facing a crisis. Such is the inevitable conclusion to be drawn from the report of an investigation, "The Country Church" (Macmillan), just issued by Charles O. Gill and Gifford Pinchot. The book presents the results of a careful study of church gains and losses, ranging over a period of twenty years, in two typical counties—Windsor, Vermont, and Tompkins, New York. It shows that "in these counties the country church has suffered a decline which proves beyond question that it is losing its hold on the community." The survey grew out of the work of the Country Life Commission appointed by President Roosevelt, and is published under the authority of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. It deals with the Protestant churches only. "This book," says Mr. Roosevelt, in *The Outlook*, "is based not on amateur conclusions but on professional experience, as well as upon careful and extensive figures." He adds: "Even men who are not professedly religious must, if they are frank, admit that no community permanently prospers, either morally or materially, unless the church is a real and vital element in its community life."

The first facts reported by the investigators are that church membership in Windsor County increased in the twenty years 4 per cent., and in Tompkins County 2 per cent. These figures on their face point to a hopeful conclusion concerning the churches which further study shows to be unwarranted. One of the important results of the investigation was to show the wholly misleading character of statistics of membership as a measure of vitality for the churches in Windsor and Tompkins counties. The truth of this statement appears the moment the church expenditures and their purchasing power are analyzed:

"When expressed in dollars, the expenditures of the churches in Windsor County increased 23 per cent., and in Tompkins County 7 per cent. in the twenty years. But when measured in purchasing power, or in their ability to

produce results, church expenditures in Windsor County declined 2 per cent., and in Tompkins County 9 per cent. in the twenty years. This decline is still more significant when it is contrasted with the rapidly increasing scale of expenditures in nearly all departments of human life, and with the further fact that in the two counties there is a general feeling of good will toward the churches, which results in money contributions for their support by those who are identified with them in no other way. In Windsor County, also, important contributions are made to the churches by summer residents and by non-residents."

The churches of both counties, it seems, are giving less and less pay to their ministers. Reckoned in dollars, there was an increase of 16 per cent. in Windsor County, while in Tompkins County the increase was less than 1 per cent. Reckoned in purchasing power, less real pay was given in each county at the end of the twenty-year period than at its beginning. The amount of real pay declined 7 per cent. in Windsor and nearly 16 per cent. in Tompkins County. In Windsor County 64 per cent. and in Tompkins County 72 per cent. of the ministers were receiving less real pay than were their predecessors. In Windsor County 34 out of 53 ministers, and in Tompkins County 21 out of 29 ministers received in purchasing power smaller salaries than those of twenty years before.

In both counties the educational equipment of the ministers was found inadequate to meet the needs of the present day. In Windsor County 75 per cent. and in Tompkins County 85 per cent. of the clergy have lacked a full course of seven years' preparation in college and theological seminary. In both counties the proportion of ministers who are foreign-born is so great as to raise the question whether enough American young men enter the rural ministry. In Windsor County 25 per cent., and in Tompkins County 33 per cent. are either foreign-born or sons of foreign-born, yet in both of these counties the Protestant population is of nearly pure American stock.

But it is attendance, rather than membership or expenditures, the in-

vestigators go on to say, which furnishes the best measure of the hold of a church upon its people. And here the record is most depressing.

"It is true that attendance at Sunday worship is not the main object of the Christian religion. Nevertheless, there is no other index of the place of the church in the life of the people so reliable as the attendance. Our investigation has abundantly confirmed the truth of this statement. Men and women go to church because it is their duty or because they want to. In either case, it is the hold of the church and what the church stands for which supplies the motive power.

"Church attendance in Windsor County fell off in twenty years nearly 31 per cent., and in Tompkins County 33 per cent. Making allowances for the decline in Protestant population, the loss in Windsor County was more than 20 per cent., and in Tompkins County more than 10 per cent. Furthermore, there is evidence that church attendance in Windsor County has been declining in relation to membership for fifty years. This is doubtless true in Tompkins County also, but we lack sufficient records to prove it except for the last twenty years. In the twenty-year period in Windsor County, out of 49 churches for which the facts were learned as to both attendance and membership, it was found that in no less than 37 the attendance had declined in proportion to membership, while in Tompkins County out of a total of 36 churches all but two were similarly affected, so that in the two counties together the attendance declined in proportion to membership in 71 churches out of 85."

The situation, we learn further, is more serious than even these facts would lead us to suppose. The investigation shows that the condition of the churches in the strictly rural districts is very much worse than in the large villages:

"In Tompkins County there is a gain in the churches of the large villages of 19 per cent. in membership, a gain of 8 per cent. in expenditures reckoned in purchasing power, and a loss of only 12 per cent. in attendance, while in the churches of the smaller communities there is a loss of 3 per cent. in membership, 20 per cent. in expenditures, and 40 per cent. in attendance. In the strictly rural districts

in Windsor County there is a loss in church attendance of no less than 53 per cent. In a very large part of the churches of both counties, the congregations have been decreasing so rapidly and are now so small as to make the conditions and prospects most disheartening to the churchgoing people.

"Statisticians do not commonly make distinctions between the two classes of communities here considered. Thus in the figures of the United States Census, towns of less than 2,500 inhabitants are grouped with the strictly rural districts. It is evident, therefore, that the country church problem and the country life problem for the area investigated is far more acute than statistical data would have led us to suppose.

"In both counties the church encounters little or no hostility, and in most communities enjoys the more or less passive good will of the people. Yet it has been losing in prestige and influence, while the persons identified with the church as a rule constitute a less influential part of the population than was the case twenty years ago.

"The great decline in church attendance in the open country is the most alarming fact developed by the investigation."

The remedies proposed to meet the present depressed vitality of the country church are direct and simple. The first is bound up in the general problem of the improvement of country life. During recent years, there has been a steady flow to the city from both of the counties investigated. The decline in church strength has been the reflection of a decline in economic strength. The investigators say:

"In Windsor and Tompkins counties, had farming and weak churches go together. In Tompkins County in particular a poor soil means likewise a poor church. The country churches must recognize it as an integral part of their work to promote better farming, better business, and better living on the farm. The country church can not prosper unless it is deeply, intelligently, and effectively interested in agricultural production, in securing for the farmer a fairer share of what he produces, in improving the social life and recreation of the community, and in the physical and intellectual, as well as the moral, development and health of the boys and girls, men and women, of its charge. To promote economic cooperation among farmers is an indispensable task of the country church."

New schools and a new spirit in the existing schools are needed to direct the attention and the interest of pupils toward country life instead of toward the cities. There is also need, in the opinion of the investigators, of the adoption of a new program of social service. They write under this head:

"The desire to render social service is the master Christian impulse of our time. The country church needs social service to vitalize it as much as social service in the country needs the help of the church. Altho less attention has been given to it, social service is as important for the



HE DECLARES THAT THE COUNTRY CHURCH IS LOSING ITS GRIP

Gifford Pinchot who, with the help of the Rev. C. O. Gill, has been investigating religious conditions in rural districts, reports a decline of from 20 to 30 per cent. in church membership.

health of the community in the country as in the city, while results in the country are far more easily accomplished. Nothing is more evident than the fact that the country church must be organized for other service in addition to the work it is doing now. Once the duty of social service is recognized by the country church and the responsibility for it frankly accepted, there will be no insuperable difficulties in the way."

The creation of a more effective country ministry is felt to be essential. Many a country minister has been so poorly educated that his ability is limited to the championing of his own denominational peculiarities of belief, while he lacks the power to set forth and discuss the fundamental truths which underlie the whole structure of the church. Most country ministers are in need of instruction to supplement their training in college and seminary. They lack knowledge of rural economies and rural sociology, and they are underpaid. "The country ministry will not be better," we are told, "until it is better paid."

Church cooperation is another remedy recommended. At the present time, country communities are almost

invariably "over-churched." Sectarian rivalries weaken and divide the churches. Lacking the spirit of co-operation, they hinder each other rather than help, and their standing in the community is lowered, while their power and desire for service is greatly reduced. In this connection the investigators declare:

"The long period of the death struggle of superfluous churches presents the serious problem of securing a sound community life in the face of dwindling religious institutions. Under such circumstances, consolidation or federation of the churches is the obvious remedy. To bring it about, however, is seldom easy. In nearly every church there are some members who oppose consolidation, and are usually able to prevent it. Their position is all the more harmful for the reason that for the most part in Windsor and Tompkins counties denominational divisions have ceased to be matters of principle or of theological difference, and have become matters of social grouping, based on custom or association, on petty jealousies, personal hostility, and the desire to retain minor church offices.

"There is but one solution for the problem of over-churching which seems to offer reasonable hope in the two counties

concerned. This lies along the line not of doctrinal union but of common effort in the cause of the common welfare. When people work together for a better community, they are the more likely to work together for a better church. Divisions in the churches may often be bridged over by setting the members of hostile groups working together for the common good."

The Pinchot-Gill study has aroused keen interest throughout the country. All agree in regarding it as significant and as depressing. The New York *Evening Post* comments:

"The chief significance of the volume is its presentation of facts in a field where opinion had varied according to temperament. That the facts as stated are correct, no one who knows the rural East can doubt. That they condemn the prevalent methods in 'Home Missions,' by which parsimonious subsidies are doled out to decadent congregations, which are allowed to continue the methods through which they are languishing, is equally clear. Messrs. Gill and Pinchot quote with approval the programme of the Inter-Church Federation of Vermont, which pledges the churches of the State to work for the uplift of the smaller towns and to subordinate their own promotion to that end. Just how these organizations can do this with their present leadership is not clear, but that the problem is one of prime importance to the religious and moral life of the nation is not open to question, and the facts which must lead to facing it with resolution are presented in this volume with a definiteness and completeness which no one has achieved hitherto."

Dr. Frederick Lynch, editor of *The Christian Work and Evangelist* (New York), wishes that the book might somehow reach the hands of every pastor of a rural church in the United States. "It would be a most serviceable deed," he says, "if some man of wealth would distribute it among the ministers." He goes on to supplement the remedies it offers with suggestions of his own. He urges the importance of "capturing the children" and of in-

stituting new and vital pastoral work. "The pulpit," he observes, "can play a considerable part in the efficiency of the country church. But it must be a near and an educative pulpit." Addressing the rural pastor directly, he says: "Tell your church in a two months' course all about what is being done in the nation for immigrants, in stopping child labor, the campaign against tuberculosis, against the saloon, against vice. Tell them the story of the modern peace movement, of the Lirith of the New China and Japan and the part the Gospel has played in it. Such topics as these treated from the point of view of the Gospel are wonderfully educative and stimulative." He continues:

"If the rural church is to keep its efficiency it must become the *social center* of the community much more than it has been. The hardest part of country life for many boys and girls is its *ennui*. The city boy has a Y. M. C. A. near him, with gymnasiums, swimming pools, libraries, games, lectures, concerts, bowling alleys, all going every day and night. In many towns no provision whatever is made for the life of the children in those hours when they are out of the home, or the school, or after working hours. Young people are social by nature, and there is no finer service the church can render them than in providing them social life under Christian influences and companionship. The rural church has got to do this very much more than it has. It must also make this same social center the educational center of the community. There must be more lectures, more classes, more debates, a general quickening of the community life. This is getting easier year by year with the coming of the trolley. A good way to begin often is with lectures bearing directly upon farming, the home, education, vocations. After these near topics the lectures can cover all forms of culture. But this new community life cannot be guided by one church. It must be a co-operative effort of all the churches."

America, the Roman Catholic weekly, feels that the causes of the decline in

the rural church are to be found in a spiritual disintegration for which the Protestant spirit as a whole is responsible. It says:

"Amid the present crumbling of creeds what hope is there that the minister is going to give more time to preparation for his work or that a discredited ministry will receive higher compensation from a rapidly disappearing flock? The need of religion is no longer felt. With so many demands on their purse is it likely that people will squander their money on superfluities or on the men who purvey them?"

"A working alliance of the churches for social service throughout the United States seems to be the last and perhaps forlorn hope of those religious leaders who, like Messrs. Gill and Pinchot, read the signs of the times. But will the new alignment of religious bodies that concerns itself primarily with the common welfare instead of seeking the common good through worship and religious instruction solve the religious problems of the times? Of course, if the worship is based on religious instruction that is false, there will be a decline of religion in the individual and consequently in the community at large. The history of the decadence of the Protestant churches in the country during the past fifty years emphasizes the importance of right thinking in the realm of faith for the individual. It will be seen that social service programs such as are supplied by Inter-church Federations, Forward Movements, Institutional Churches, Settlement Workers, Y. M. C. A.'s, and Christian Endeavorers will still further help to the depletion of the churches, tho they may increase the membership in social or nominally religious organizations, transforming the church edifices into meeting houses where men and women will be found aptly to study the needs of others and never give a thought to the serious needs of their own immortal souls.

"This little volume, with the tabulated statistics of two Protestant districts of the country and its sober and straightforward commentary on the facts, presents in miniature a picture of the tottering condition of the Protestant churches of the land. The picture must be a sad one indeed for reflecting Protestants."

THE GROWING CONTRADICTION OF MODERN THOUGHT

MEN of genius," Francis Grierson has said, "are the symbols and the finger-points which nature unfolds here and there as indications of the mathematical and psychic progression of the visible and invisible world in which we live." In the spirit of this remark, Edwin Björkman, the Swedish-American critic, considers, in his latest book, "Voices of To-morrow" (Mitchell Kennerley), a number of the outstanding literary and spiritual figures of our age. Strindberg, Björnsen, Mæterlinck, Bergson,

Selma Lagerlöf, Francis Grierson, Edith Wharton, George Gissing, Joseph Conrad and Robert Herrick are the ten types that he chooses to study. In such writers, if in any, may be found what is most characteristic of our time. And the one constantly recurring note that Mr. Björkman discovers in the ten figures named is—contradictoriness. "A tendency to fuse ideas and currents hitherto held irreconcilably opposed," is the way he puts it. In this tendency to recognize truth on both sides of a controversy, instead of on one side only, he notes

the principal mark of the period on which we have just entered.

Strindberg offers an excellent illustration of intellectual inconsistency. As Mr. Björkman sees him, he shared with Ibsen and Tolstoy the task of being the spiritual conscience of the entire period to which he belonged—"a period which we have outlived, but whose lessons we have still to master." Here was a man who managed to get on opposite sides of most important questions during his lifetime. He had always to doubt something and to believe in something else—and he doubted

and believed with equal fervor. The fiercest misogynist of his generation, he yet indited tender and poetic tributes to women. He was a freethinker and a mystic; an individualist and a Socialist. By turns he sought the truth that lies on the surface and that which is hidden rather than revealed by outward appearances; by turns he spurned the mass and the individual; by turns he sought the secret spring of existence in the adventitious movement of atoms and in the omniscient plans of a divine principle. Mr. Björkman tries to prove that "through all his seeming self-contradictions ran nevertheless a certain inward consistency, showing that while he might seek different goals at different times, the motives that kept him on the search were pretty nearly identical throughout." But most readers will find it difficult, if not impossible, to reconcile these self-contradictions.

Francis Grierson is another puzzling figure. "He writes," Mr. Björkman tells us, "not for pedants, but for brave and tolerant temperaments, ready to forgive verbal inconsistencies if only the spirit be consistent." "Purposely obscure he is not, but sometimes his thoughts are a little too far-reaching for the ordinary run of words, and therefrom results a certain vagueness calling for sympathetic cooperation on the part of the reader." He prides himself on being a mystic, yet he maintains strenuously that our mysticism must be checked by scientific interpretation. He has said that "the longer he lives, the less he esteems work that is purely intellectual." But he has also said that "the world is not governed by what bodies of people do or say, but by ideas."

Maeterlinck is similarly vague. A student of both Emerson and Nietzsche, he preaches, in one mood, quietism, and, in another, activity. His early plays are fatalistic and pessimistic; his later plays portray beings who grapple with destiny and conquer it. He shows himself to be something of an individualist and something of a collectivist. Speaking of universal suffrage, which he holds a necessary step on the road to higher cultural development, he writes that, "in those problems in which all life's enigmas converge, the crowd which is wrong is almost always justified as against the wise man who is right." Yet he is anything but blind to the part played by the individual as a hand reached out by the race for its own uplifting, and he does not hesitate to assert that, "when the sage's destiny blends with that of men of inferior wisdom, the sage raises them to his level, but himself rarely descends."

Bergson's many-sidedness is equally unsettling. We find him quoted as a spiritual authority by leaders of the Syndicalist labor movement in France and by the young Tory Democrats of



THE ANALYST OF OUR SPIRITUAL
CONFUSION

Edwin Björkman, the Swedish-American critic, finds the principal characteristic of modern thought in a tendency to reconcile ideas hitherto regarded as irreconcilable.

England, by the Modernist reformers within the Roman Catholic Church and by those audacious iconoclasts who, as Post-Impressionists, are startling the world with a new art form. The starting as a mathematician, he has mastered the most difficult art of translating abstract thoughts into terms of concrete life. His message is full of contradictions, and one of his fundamental positions is that life can never be explained in intellectual or logical terms. He points out that everywhere the tendency to individualize is opposed and completed by an antagonistic and complementary tendency to associate. He preaches a radical evolutionism which is at the same time romantic and religious. A divine principle, lying ahead and not behind us, an immortality not miraculously conferred but consciously attained, are two of the possibilities contained in Bergson's audacious conclusions.

The analysis of contradictory traits in modern thinkers might be prolonged indefinitely. It all illustrates, in Mr. Björkman's mind, the natural history of thought. He says:

"The process of gradual displacement and substitution which we call progress seems invariably to result from a conflict between opposed but complementary principles. Of such antagonisms life holds any number. But out of the mass a few emerge as more vital and deep-going than

the rest. In the spiritual life of man, as we find it embodied in his speculative and imaginative literatures, there are three predominant antagonisms of this kind. As the human mind swings toward one side or the other across these lines of everlasting cleavage, we obtain certain universal moods, or ways of looking at life, that we name respectively: (1) realism and idealism; (2) individualism and Socialism; (3) scepticism and mysticism."

Realism insists that, in the last resort, art must always fall back on concrete existence for its material. Idealism maintains that, after all, the highest purpose of art is to transcend life and even to escape from it. Individualism emphasises the necessity of the free development of the unit. Socialism prefers to accentuate the importance of solidarity and of organization. Scepticism clings to the relativity of being and aims to save man from spiritual stagnation by revealing to him the insufficiency of every truth already established. Mysticism, on the other hand, seeks the hidden verities that reason has never been able to fathom and that inspire the whole religious life of humanity.

The character of this threefold array of distinctions makes it clear, according to Mr. Björkman, that we are not dealing with certain falsehoods to be overcome and certain truths to be established in their place. He argues:

"Realism and idealism, for instance, are equally true, which simply means that they are equally needful to the orderly workings of human reason, and also to the effective comprehension of the problem of living. They may be said to represent two juxtaposed viewpoints from which life may be observed. And in order to grasp life in its fulness, in all its protean complexity, man must endeavor to do the impossible—he must try to behold life and all it contains from both those antipodal points at the same time. Progress, or the mind's continued swinging back and forth between these points, cannot, therefore, have for its purpose any complete elimination of the principles involved, but must rather be looked upon as aiming at the gradual merging of the essential elements in each pair of opposites into a synthetic whole. And it is only reasonable to conclude that the greatness of men and periods alike may be measured by the extent to which they succeed in such a synthetic embodiment of theretofore prevailing antagonisms."

"What we call genius implies most frequently, of course, a supremely satisfactory embodiment of the momentary swing of the racial mind toward one extreme or the other. Less frequently, but even more characteristically, it implies a foreshadowing of the impending reversal of the racial mind's momentary bias. But rarest and greatest that form of genius must be held which mirrors in its expressions both what is and what will come, so that it implies not a one-sided development, but an organic fusion of some dualism that cuts all the rest of life in twain."

WOMAN'S UNREST THROUGH CONSERVATIVE EYES

IN a new book entitled "The Unrest of Women" (Appleton) we may trace the impression left on a genial but somewhat conservative mind by the rising feminist movement. Mr. Edward Sandford Martin, the author of the book in question, sets out to discover why the minds of women to-day are so much disturbed; what social changes they seek; whether these changes would be beneficial; and whether the suffrage would help to bring them about. He has something to say about Inez Milholland, and he devotes whole chapters to "the disquiet of Miss Thomas," "the agitation of Mrs. Belmont" and "the admirable Miss Adams." He comes to the conclusion that "the disquiet of the women cannot be allayed by anything done for women. It is part of the general disturbance and can only be soothed by measures that will also pacify the rest of society."

Taking up, first of all, the invasion of industry by woman, Mr. Martin pronounces the tendency a new, and in many ways a bad, one. The home suffers. Woman suffers. And she does not really succeed in "making good." Mr. Martin points to thousands of women occupying subordinate positions in offices and stores. They do not stand on the same level with men, and they do not regard their employments as permanent. They are like soldiers learning the rudiments of war, but expecting later to earn their discharge and to proceed to the real business of life. And their real business, Mr. Martin insists, is motherhood. "It is in that," he maintains, "that woman is indispensable and unrivaled; and in that is the basis of her complete equality with man. In that she is the principal, not only in bearing children, but in rearing and training them as well. That is by so much the most important calling to which women must look forward that for the general run of women all the other employments are of negligible moment in comparison with it and have to be considered on a basis of their relation to it. To that calling the great mass of women in due time find their way."

Mr. Martin goes on to speak of a vision that haunts the radical and feminist mind. It is one of man and wife starting out with dinner-pails in the morning, either together or separately, and doing a wage-earning day's work, and coming home at night, and raising the necessary number of children, and being happy, prosperous and contented in that liberated and independent condition. "That vision," he says, "is nine-tenths delusion." It will work, he thinks, at an extreme pinch where the alternative is no bread, and it will work more or less in the case of child-

less people. But "for the general run of families and people the old apportionment is right; one to earn wages and one to keep the home." So grounded in nature, Mr. Martin maintains, is the instinct of wifehood and husbandhood that a working woman soon finds that she needs a wife. She needs, that is to say, some one to think for her, to sustain her, to amuse and soothe and rest her. And since she cannot take a wife she will be apt to treat herself to a husband to be a wife to her! The argument proceeds:

"A man may make of himself a fair substitute for a wife for a working-woman, but it takes a rarer talent still for him to make a competent mother for her children. That calls for instincts he does not have. It is astonishing how lacking many of the suffragist writers are in appreciation of what is done for a family by a competent mother. They might have been born from a penny-in-the-slot machine for all the conception they show of the job of mothering, and of the time, the thought, the strength, the leisure and the wit it takes to do it. You would think to read them that a mother's cares did not extend beyond infancy, and that a fairly active nurse girl, with the help of an apothecary's clerk, could easily relieve her of all of them. But some of the suffragist writers know better—Ellen Key, for one, who really has a serious-minded, grown-up-woman's knowledge about the woman's end of human life, and comes out of her remarkable divagations after free love and trial marriage, and Heaven knows what, into admirable discourse about the domestic side of life, and the enormous importance of giving married women a chance to keep their minds on it.

"Altogether too many of the active suffragists present as their credentials for the work of rearranging human life the glaring evidences of their failure to live it successfully as it is. Women who seem to have made a mess of all life's relations are not ashamed to offer themselves as pilots to their sex. It is nothing that they do not inspire much confidence in the minds of their more conservative and successful sisters. It is, everything if they make an enormous noise, and that they do, and it is a serious factor in disturbance."

When he comes to a consideration of woman's demand for suffrage, Mr. Martin expresses his conviction that most women prefer government by men to government by women. And that seems to him a sound preference. "For tho," he says, "it might seem natural that women should side with women against men, and men with men against women, that is not so natural as it seems and usually does not happen. It is woman, not man, that is indispensable to man, and he is notoriously prone to take the side of a woman against a man; and it is man, not woman, that is indispensable to

woman, and at a pinch she will usually cleave to her own as against her like." Mr. Martin continues:

"The suffrage has come in some countries and in some of our own States. Let it be tried in the experiment stations. We do not do well to be too much afraid of it. If it belongs to come we shall have it. If it belongs to stay it will stay. California is trying it. Let us see whether the woman voters will continue to like it and to use it, whether it helps matters, whether the feminine unrest is allayed or increased by it. Colorado has had it for nineteen years, and its value and the expediency of it seem to be as much discussed and disputed in that State as ever, and with just as much uncertainty of conclusion. It does not appear that the 'poverty, high prices, unemployment, child slavery, widespread misery and haggard want, prostitution, insanity, suicide and crime,' of which Eugene Debs has spoken, are so much scarcer in Colorado than in other States of like economic conditions as to furnish an example of the magical value of women's votes. Women's votes seem to be much like men's votes. When a row of pianos make a concert then the voters will make a millennium. At present it is not the pianos, but the players who play on them, who make the concert; and it is not the voters, but the poets, prophets and statesmen who inspire and enlist them, that secure millennial improvements in legislation and government."

The upshot of the whole argument is that men and women should work together to promote their common welfare. The desirable thing, Mr. Martin holds, is not that woman should break her way into man's kingdom and demand equal rights. "The better way," he says, "is to make the woman's own kingdom habitable again, and to get all the modern improvements into it, and win her back to live in it and rule it, or at least check her exodus."

"It isn't at all a case of women alone. It was not women's votes that turned the old Republican party out, or started the hammering of the trusts, the revision of the tariff and all the incidents of the new politics. It was a general revolt against a politico-industrial apparatus that seemed to have grown oppressive. There is a great problem to be solved in politics. The woman problem is a part, and especially a symptom, of it. But it has got to be worked out by the ablest political minds our country can produce, working continuously on it, and the ablest and least distracted minds for such matters are still the minds of the ablest men. . . .

"If the vote as a token of direct participation in politics is something of which woman has been unjustly deprived, then in the larger development and ampler liberty that are coming to her she will get it. But if it is something that belongs to the man's part in life, an overrated power, offset by powers inalienably conferred upon her, then the demand for votes for women is a mistake, and in the long run will not prevail."

Literature and Art

The Problem of "Indecent" Fiction, Again.

THE controversy regarding the objectionable and the unobjectionable in literature, which has been raging for some years in Europe and in this country, is given new life by protests against recently published novels and against stories appearing in American magazines. Officials of the National Christian League for the Promotion of Purity have appealed to the Postmaster General at Washington, urging him to establish a censorship over magazines to prevent the too free discussion of sex problems. They file complaints specifically against *The Forum* and the *Saturday Evening Post* on the ground that dramatic sketches and stories by such writers as Witter Bynner and Edna Ferber have been demoralizing. A contributor to the *Los Angeles Graphic* speaks of "the modern literary plague," and asks: "Do American men need the morals of the 'New Machiavelli'? Are American women growing more womanly from a perusal of Herrick's 'Togethers,' and novels of its class?" Mr. John D. Long, former Secretary of the Navy, declared in a recent address before the Boston Authors' Club:

"Many of the modern novels—and the tendency seems to grow—breathe the air of a hothouse of sexual passion. They are an unwholesome and insidious influence on young men and women, and a demoralizing source of contamination—the more dangerous because accepted as current modern literature. They infest the shelves of

the book stores. Publishers print them because they 'sell,' as of course they sell, just as vile photographs would sell if they were allowed on every shop counter. The popular novelists of to-day, too many of them, exercise their talents in a study and presentation of the erotic passion, and make it a theme for fine phrasing and seductive philosophy and winning attractiveness."

Even advertising men confess themselves in revolt against the "morbid sex story" in widely circulated magazines.

Literary Quarantine Advocated.

HOW we may secure literary quarantine is agitating many minds. The Purity League thinks that if publishers are properly warned by the Postmaster General and

assurance is given that all offenders will be held to the same strict accountability, the stream of current literature will be materially purified. The *New York Sun* says: "Punish the venders of impurity by not reading them. In addition, if necessary, lug them before the courts. The remedy for this spreading disease is in the hands of the public whom it infects." Advertising men are planning concerted action in behalf of "clean" magazines. Mr. George S. Fowler, addressing his colleagues through the columns of *Advertising and Selling* (New York), says:

"Gentlemen, it is up to us not to withdraw our advertising from these publications if they have a good reason to exist, but to demand that they better their editorial standard. Let me reiterate that this bettering of editorial standard is a business proposition for us who buy advertising space, and a business proposition for the publishers who sell it. If clean, manly and womanly stories build the circulation of a magazine, the things which clean men and women want will pay when advertised in its columns. Advertisers will continue and will increase the patronage for those magazines which keep the faith. Cleanliness, like charity, should begin at home, and the magazine which lacks clean-mindedness in its editorial matter is putting up the weakest sort of a front when it says to the advertiser: 'Your copy must be clean and it must not harm the copy of any other advertiser. We won't permit it—that shows you how strong and good we are.' Give us honesty in advertising and in editorial treatment. Then we will have successful publicity."



A MEMORIAL TO GEORGE BORROW

The quaint little house in Norwich, England, in which George Borrow lived with his father and mother was recently presented to the city by the Lord Mayor, and will soon be opened as a museum in memory of the author of "Lavengro" and the "Romany Rye."

What the Defenders of
the New Fiction Say.

IT is a great mistake, Andrew F. Hicks intimates in *Art* (Chicago), to suppose that all the sex stories published nowadays are bad, and that all are equally reprehensible. What we need, he feels, is a sense of values and the power to discriminate. As he puts it:

"Robert W. Chambers is a drawing-card that brings a magazine's circulation into the millions. A master of subtle style, a genius of hypocrisy and sham, he covers moral decay with a perfumed varnish that all the clergymen in the land cannot remove. But who objects to Robert Chambers on that score?"

"On the other hand, Theodore Dreiser writes a deeply moving, utterly sincere story of an unfortunate woman who went wrong. And because he tells the bitter truth about her, librarians refuse to keep the book on their shelves."

"Sudermann mixes up a mess of filth like the 'Song of Songs' or 'The Indian Lily,' seasons it with all the spices of his great ability . . . and thousands are sold to people who think they are reading the realities of life. But when Shaw tries to tell the world something it ought to know and does not know, tells it with absolute honesty, complete freedom from misleading innuendo, people cry, 'How disgusting!'—and 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' is ruled off the boards!"

"Anatol," written by a master of literary pretence and played by a clever actor, draws crowds of the God-fearing; while 'Maternity,' breathing vitality and sanity and reverence in every line, is hurried within the covers of a book. The one, which ought to be locked in a cupboard with 'Les Contes Drolatiques,' and the key lost, is exposed to anyone with the price of admission. The other, which ought to be seen and re-seen by everyone, whose production would be a public benefaction, would very probably land its producer in jail."

Mitchell Kennerley, editor and publisher of *The Forum*, says that he is going to continue to print articles on sex problems when he is convinced of an author's sincerity of purpose. "We have reached an age," he observes, "when we must face a great responsibility, and it is the duty of a magazine to discuss these problems in a free and frank manner." Edna Ferber, replying to her critics of the Purity League, declares:

"These good women are of the type which would drape a statue of Venus, or any other beautiful work, because of its nudity. I suppose if they had lived in Russia we would have no Tolstoy or Turgenieff, or if they had lived in England a few hundred years ago Chaucer and Shakespeare and other great writers would never have existed."

"Hagar Revelly"—A Sex
Scream.

IT is often, of course, a matter requiring the finest discrimination to determine whether a book is decent or indecent. Sometimes great masters,

such as Balzac and Maupassant, write stories of both kinds. An interesting problem is offered by such a book as Daniel Carson Goodman's "Hagar Revelly" (Mitchell Kennerley), which seems to be on the border line. It offers an elaborate study in seduction and liaison. It lays bare the life and motives of a shop-girl who just drifts from man to man. The story appeals to a writer in the Boston *Transcript* as a very significant piece of work. "What makes it so profoundly moving," he says, "is that there can be hardly one reader of the book who has not known or heard of, in actual life, some girl who has gone through the same experience for the most part as this innocent and beautiful girl Hagar. Thousands and thousands of young girls go forth every year into the world to earn their living, ignorant and pure. Their ignorance is the cause of what an uncharitable world calls their sins, and their purity is a lure for men to fill them with misery." But William Marion Reedy, of the St. Louis *Mirror*, is not ready to take the book quite so seriously. He remarks:

"As a sex novel, as an American sex novel, 'Hagar Revelly' is the latest, if not the whole, smear. Mr. Goodman is certainly a gynologist, even a gynecologist, even more than either; his touch is feminine in both coarseness and delicacy at times; that's what makes some parts of 'Hagar Revelly' quite brutal. The characteristic final, lasting impression one gets from the book is that the people who don't so much interest Mr. Goodman are the decent people. . . . 'Hagar Revelly' should put out of business Mr. Robert Herrick as the exponent of the arts and crafts of sex grafting. In its kind, as art, it is the best yet. Or, if you're an ultra-moralist, the worst."

George Borrow Redivivus.

A GENUINE revival of interest in the writings of George Borrow, the author of "Lavengro" and the "Romany Rye," may be looked for as the result of the efforts of his friends in England to create a permanent memorial in his honor. Early in July Borrow lovers from all over Great Britain and from points as remote as Australia and America journeyed to Norwich. The house in which Borrow lived with his father and mother—a quaint little structure in an old-world triangular court off Willow Lane, Norwich—was presented to the city by the Lord Mayor, to be preserved as a Borrow museum. A valuable collection of Borrow mementos already gathered and consisting of portraits, autograph letters, manuscripts and sketches, was shown to visitors. Among the distinguished men who came to pay tribute to Borrow were Augustine Birrell, Sir Sidney Lee, Sir W. Robertson Nicoll and Clement Shorter. Mrs. Knapp, the widow of Dr. Knapp, Borrow's

American biographer, was present. A band of genuine gypsies, procured by the Gypsy and Folk Lore Club of London, was there to sing in gypsy vernacular the wild songs which Borrow himself was so eager to understand and to publish. And on the Sunday following the celebration the Dean of Norwich preached to a great congregation in the historic cathedral of the city on "Borrow the Seer and Interpreter of Life."

The Quintessence of
Borrow.

WHAT is it that gives Borrow his hold on the future? "He is not what is called a classical writer," Mr. Birrell declared in his Norwich address; "he is vehement, whimsical, extravagant, careless, occasionally very foolish, all most unclassical things to be." But "he never played for safety in his life," and Mr. Birrell owned that he disliked more cordially than any other man the man who always plays for safety. "There was a good deal of humbug about 'Lavengro,'" Mr. Birrell added, "but once they invoked the spirit of George Borrow they became strangely indifferent to anything." This appeals to the London *Spectator* as on the whole a fair verdict. *The Spectator* says:

"To appropriate a phrase from the inexhaustible magazine of Stevenson, there is something in Borrow after all; not so much as most people suppose, but still a good deal. Borrow may have been timid, self-conscious, and affected in his style, but he really did love the open air, a good horse, a good fight with fists, a pretty woman, having one's talk out, ballads, antiquarianism and scholarship, and above all the Bible. As long as these things are beloved of Englishmen, Borrow is certain to keep his place in our hearts in spite of his swaggerings and his pasteboard gypsies—unnatural creatures, one-third pugilist and horse-coper, one-third stage bandit, and one-third local preacher or poacher, as might be required by the plot."

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* who attended the Norwich celebration feels that in Borrow, the apostle of the open air, is to be found the secret of his new clench upon the hearts of the English world. He writes:

"To live on the heath, to rejoice in the black night of stars, to taste the wind and breathe the fragrance of the open road, to be glad of all life and living things, both man and beast—this, above all things else, denotes the spirit of Borrow. In the mystery of the English twilight we walked with one who knew the man, out upon the dark rolling Heath of Moushold above Norwich. It was there in a sheltered hollow where the gypsies pitched their tents, and it was there beneath the stars where Lavengro and Jasper spoke together in the lines so often quoted."

ONE of the most remarkable collections of stories issued in many a day is Frank Harris's "Unpath'd Waters" (Mitchell Kennerley). Mr. Harris tells us that he kept them in hand more than the nine years Horace advised. Long ago, Bernard Shaw described Mr. Harris as "a lost English Maupassant." Other critics compare him with Anatole France. "His book," remarks a writer in *T. P.'s Weekly* (London), "is notable in many ways; but it is unique in the fact that there is not a single story founded on what has been called English sentiment." The same writer continues:

"Mr. Harris works on the hard prose of life—his tools turn out brilliant and scintillating facets, but the glitter is that of the steel of the sword—no rosy gleams—no bewildering maze of softness and color. The manner has its defects instead of its virtues—the appeal throughout the stories is to the head, never to the heart. Mr. Harris has been compared to Anatole France, and there is much truth in the comparison so far as complete mastery of irony is concerned. But you get tones of softness and pity in the France exposures; there is a something of laughing with as well as laughing at; his coldest mockery gets a glow from the beauty of the language setting. In the dissections of Mr. Harris there is no gentle guiding of the scalpel. Life is not a thing of beauty at its best; it is a thing of horror at its worst, and Mr. Harris is relentless in tearing off any illusions with regard to it. Perhaps, on the whole, when analyzing the grip he gets on his readers and the high place he has among the very few masters of the short story, it is this individual outlook, this absolute refusal of compromise with the popular and the conventional, which contains the secret."

Short Stories with a Philosophy Back of Them.

CREATIVE genius or spiritual principle balked by the world's hard insensibility seems to be the theme that appeals most vividly to Frank Harris. Again and again he

emphasizes this motive. In "The Irony of Chance" we get a glimpse of the man of science in conflict with a skeptical public, and when trying to meet it on its own ground getting worsted in the contest. "The Magic Glasses" is a capital story of an itinerant vendor of spectacles who discovers and tries to sell glasses which "reveal the naked truth and show things as they are and men and women as they are." Needless to say, his wares are not appreciated. Perhaps the most powerful story in the book is that entitled "The Miracle of the Stigmata." The tale is based on an

for a sign to the whole world, the Stigmata of Jesus the Crucified had been put upon him. Irony touched with infinite tenderness—the irony of humanity's failure to understand its greatest men—is the idea that this story illustrates.

Frank Harris's Tribute to David Graham Phillips.

IN a series of papers now appearing in the *London Academy*, Frank Harris is celebrating "American Novelists of To-day." The first writer that he selects for appraisal is David Graham Phillips, and to Phillips he pays a tribute that is whole-hearted. "It is hardly too much to say," he thinks, "that since Balzac no one has studied society with such a union of the creative power of temperament and the critical power of the intellect. 'White Magic,' 'The Adventures of Joshua Craig,' 'New Wives for Old,' 'The Second Generation,' 'The Hungry Heart,' 'The Husband's Story,' are all books of the first order, showing extraordinary powers in their author." Mr. Harris goes on to say:

"All sorts of criticisms of him have appeared in American magazines and papers, most of them concerned chiefly in pointing out his faults, or what the critics regard as faults. I take small interest in the mistakes of a master: I am more concerned with Mr. Phillips' merits than his shortcomings. He has written half a dozen books that deserve to live. . . .

"I have compared Phillips with Balzac, and, of course, the comparison is unfair, because Balzac is the greatest creator in prose who ever lived, as unapproachable in his way as Shakespeare. But I used the highest standard because there is no other that gives the impression of Mr. Phillips' gift of story-telling. . . .

"Being of the Anglo-Saxon race, it was to be expected that he would be more of a preacher than Balzac and less of an artist. . . . Nearly all his best works, in fact, are what is known as problem stories: they handle ethical problems of to-day, and they handle them with a very broad and clear intelligence."



Courtesy of Mitchell Kennerley

FRANK HARRIS AS HE APPEARS TO A POST IMPRESSIONIST

In this drawing by J. D. Fergusson we get a glimpse of the somber and sardonic Englishman whose new book of short stories, "Unpath'd Waters," is creating a sensation in the literary world.

assumption that Christ did not die on the cross, but lived to steal away to Caesarea. Here we see him, quiet, self-effacing, unknown to even the nearest, resuming his trade as carpenter. Paul comes to the town preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ, and him crucified. Jesus is the only member of the community who does not fall under his spell. He even expresses doubt as to whether the Savior died. He is ostracized by his neighbors, and is treated as an unbeliever. Then, when he dies, the marks of his crucifixion are seen upon his body, and Paul declares that a miracle has been wrought. Because of his unbelief and

THE CRUELITIES OF POST-IMPRESSIONISTIC CARICATURE

CARICATURE is now elevating itself, apparently, to a dignified and envied place among the arts. Litterateurs and critics of the rank of Georg Brandes, André Gide, and Remy de Gourmont stand as its sponsors and champions. One of the most distinguished poets in France, the

Gourmont. But André Gide, writing in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, admired on the contrary a "puissant idealization" in the drawings of Rouveyre. Atrocities, obscenities, horrors, are not necessarily the qualities of realism, declared André Gide. "Does anyone still need to learn that idealization in art does not necessarily express itself in the manner that the public ordinarily calls Beauty? The suppression of the neutral, the banal, the meaningless, to accentuate whatever the artist wishes—that is idealization. To live more intensely, some of M. Rouveyre's drawings are frightfully shocking. What of it! His enemy is not ugliness; it is mediocrity."

Louis de Fourcaud, writing in the *Gaulois*, explained that Rouveyre's talent lay in decomposing forms by following the rules of a mysterious geometry of the expression. The men and women of his drawings appear to

the poet, created one of those *causes célèbres* that Paris delights in. The lady threatened suit, protesting against the artist's "porcine manifestation" as a travesty or lampoon rather than a caricature. The New York *Evening Post*, commenting editorially on the case, remarked:

"A young woman of more than usual beauty and charm has been changed into an elderly fury reminiscent of nothing so much as one of the knitting women around the guillotine in 'A Tale of Two Cities.' . . . Mme. Mendès is not particularly well-known as a writer or in the arts. The public for whom she is caricatured can only be the comparatively small circle of her friends. That makes M. Rouveyre's transgression all the more cruel. To be held up to public ridicule without the compensating advantages of fame is unfair. What the distant public thinks usually does not matter; but it comes hard to have one's intimates whisper: 'How marvelously the artist has caught the soul of her; would you have ever thought she was really like this?'"

Brandes compares Rouveyre in such instances to a wild beast toying with its prey. The great Danish critic wrote:

"At times he gives the reins to his fancy; and then there are no limits to which he may go in his attempts, repeated twenty or thirty times, to seize the essential characteristics. He becomes cruel, he sneers with enraged fury, the fury of a wild animal that paws at his prey, tears it with his teeth, and then tears at it again. Look at the long series of sketches of Réjane, who can, nevertheless, still be very beautiful and who on the street as on the stage still possesses lure and grace. Rouveyre's analysis has slashed her to pieces; his spying looks



THIS IS GABRIELE

Rouveyre's idea of the famous Italian poet D'Annunzio who now writes plays in French with Russian scenery for Ida Rubinstein.



THE CHARMING RUBINSTEIN

The Russian dancer-actress as Rouveyre imagines or sees her. The public admires her posterlike slenderness. The artist sees her as a skinny female.

us, explains this critic, rather as they will be to-morrow than as they actually are to-day. "This artist, you would say, has the presentiment or the prescience of the future of his models. His irony is like a view into the depths. This art is calculated rather less to divert than to inspire strong and bitter reflections. In this respect he has a quality indefinably philosophical, pessimistic, bleak."

Georg Brandes, who described Rouveyre's art in the Copenhagen *Politiken* a year or two ago, was surprised to find the artist a happily married man instead of a sour and unappreciated misogynist. For Rouveyre is especially cruel to women. His caricature of Madame Jane Catulle Mendès, wife of



SARAH BERNHARDT

The eternally young actress as the misogynist Rouveyre depicts her.

late Jean Moréas, interpreted the new caricature in colorful prose. It has developed an esthetic and a purpose all its own. Naturally, it was not only to be expected but quite inevitable that caricature, like every other art, should undergo the influence—or catch the disease—of Post-Impressionism, of Cubism, and even that more acutely revolutionary manifestation which calls itself Post-Cubism.

One of the leading draughtsmen and caricaturists of the new school is the Frenchman André Rouveyre, whose acid pen and virulent exuberance have in certain cases made him the defendant in suits for damages. In 1907 he published a collection of contemporary portraits with the Baudelairean title of "*Caricatures diennes*." Several years later appeared a sensational collection of eighty studies of feminine nudes, entitled "*Le Gynécée*," with a preface by Remy de Gourmont. Jean Moréas called this collection the *danse macabre* of Love. "Here is a book of life, and not a book of dreams," wrote Remy de

have discovered her, tracked her down, surprised her; his pencil has written an ode of contemptuous irony to her shoulders, another to her fingers, a third to the figure of the actress. . . . Still the bitterness and misogyny in these sketches is nothing in comparison with the *Gynécée*. Never has the animal side of the woman in love been thus exposed to such searching light. There are hundreds of erotic positions, each more extravagant and bestial than the other. No joyous sensuality, still less obnoxious lasciviousness in this artist; but a passion to seize the unobserved truth, the striking attitude that is not noticed, in its thousand diverse changes; a coolness in the eye that astonishes and almost frightens, an eye that follows unceasingly every characteristic movement of woman, from prudery to savage madness, from coquetry in all its aspects to that delirium which is only manifest in cries and gestures."

Upon meeting the caricaturist, however, Brandes discovered that Rouveyre possessed nothing of the polemic temperament nor of the misogynist. He is, declares Brandes, an artist who produces naively, by reason of a naturally gifted originality, an originality that is formidable.

The latest collection of Rouveyre's caricatures has just been published by the *Mercur de France* in Paris under

the title of *Visages des Contemporains*. It is prefaced by Rouveyre's colleague of the *Mercur*, Remy de Gourmont, and contains eighty-six graphic pictorial analyses of European celebrities. M. de Gourmont, with his usual penetration, has given an interesting interpretation of the art of his associate. There is not the slightest element of photography in this art, he says. Nor, on the other hand, does it resemble in any way the type of caricature that aims only to make one laugh. "Rouveyre, on the contrary, wishes, with his constructed, analyzed, and finally re-composed studies, to make us reflect."

"We do not know how to see in these days; or we know how to see less and



MARY GARDEN

A strange vision of the famous opera singer in one of her much-discussed costumes.



A GREAT ARTISTE

Rouveyre's conception of that distinguished gommeux who calls herself Miss Gaby Deslys.

less, perhaps not at all. Photography has brusquely finished and put an end to the drawing professor's work, which it has made useless. It is great progress: there is nothing left now except to repeat the process. Here we are again with Diboutade, who invented drawing by following the contours of a shadow on the wall with a piece of charcoal. With that, the model, and 'the strong stroke' which baffled Pecuchet, one mounts easily to the ideal, the very summits of the ideal.

"But quite as well I like that art which has aims not quite so high, the art that limits itself to the personal and the characteristic. And these are, indeed, in the domain of portraiture to which he wishes to confine himself, the primary qualities of André Rouveyre. The face that is seen by him is seen by him alone. . . . Before drawing it, he wants to understand it. The lines, the shadows, the features, the cavities and even the colors, which he

portrays in his own way, speak to him in a language he understands. Everything is thinking in a head which is thinking. There is nothing in the faces of Rouveyre that is not symbolic of an interior state: either of their life or of their speech, which seems to come out of each wrinkle of the skin."

That is, continues Remy de Gourmont, true at least of some of Rouveyre's portraits. His psychological researches have at times caused him to overload his drawing with cruel commentaries, and to disregard verisimilitude and representation.

"This must be said, for it is true. Here and there Rouveyre has exhibited cruelty. Play has detracted him from reason sometimes, but always in the sense of a secret truth. He has gone beyond the present tendency not much more than Sem, but with more variety and acuity. He has struck and he has wounded too. Some heads, especially those of women, after one has recognized them (it is not so serious when you do not recognize them) give you something to cry over. That is not as it should be. They ought not to make us laugh either, but only to meditate."

The *New York Evening Post* believes that while most of our American caricaturists are kindly in spirit, there is a growth in the tendency toward



A PERFORMING APE?

By no means! This is the subtle delicate compliment Rouveyre pays to Mme. Simone, whose tour of this country was not successful.



GEORG BRANDES

A vision of the distinguished scholar and critic who is one of the champions of Rouveyre's art.



BERGSON

Here is a somewhat unsympathetic view of the famous philosopher of the Sorbonne.



"A PORCINE MANIFESTATION"

This sketch of Mme. Jane Catulle Mendès almost brought about a lawsuit. The lady is really quite charming, her friends claim.

savage animus among some of the most distinguished draughtsmen of our dailies, and in the tendency to comment satirically, as do the caricaturists of the Rouveyre type, upon the personality depicted. The *Evening Post* believes that the new caricature, with its crudities and cruelties, may come to America when called for by a keener civic consciousness.

"Very likely, work like Boardman Rob-

inson's and Cesare's, both in its technical excellence and its sharper animus, indicates a general approach towards European standards. Our good-natured cartoons on bosses and their legislative henchmen are the reflection of our criminal good nature to evils in public life. A sharper civic consciousness should make the cartoonist's pen dig in deeper. As the fight between new and old ideals grows

tenser, the pictures of Murphy and Penrose may grow actually repulsive. Nevertheless, it will be some time before party spirit reaches the point of intensity that animates a Forain when he depicts M. Jaurès, or a Munich anticlerical caricaturist when he draws a picture of a Catholic bishop."

THE TWO SUPREME NOTES IN ROBERT BRIDGES' GENIUS

IN somewhat derogatory comment on the appointment of Robert Bridges as the new Poet Laureate of England, the *New York Times* declares: "He has thus far delivered no message to his age, and it is doubtful if he has such a message to deliver." This statement is debatable, and would seem to be contradicted by a study of Mr. Bridges' achievement. No less a critic than Arthur Symons has found Bridges "alone in our time as a writer of purely lyric poetry, poetry which aims at being an 'embodied joy,' a calm rapture." Mr. Symons has written farther:

"This poet collectedly living apart, to whom the common rewards of life are not so much as a temptation, has meditated deeply on the conduct of life, in the freest, most universal sense; and he has attained a philosophy of austere, not unsmiling content, in which something of the cheerfulness of the Stoic mites with the more melancholy resignation of the Christian; and, limiting himself so resolutely to this sober outlook upon life, though with a sense of the whole wisdom of the ages:

Then oft I turn the page
In which our country's name,
Spoiling the Greek of fame,
Shall sound in every age:
Or some Terentian play
Renew, whose excellent
Adjusted folds betray
How once Menander went.

Limiting himself, as in his verse, to a moderation which is an infinite series of rejections, he becomes the wisest of living poets, as he is artistically the most faultless. He has left by the way all the fine and colored and fantastic and splendid things which others have done their utmost to attain, and he has put into his poetry the peace and not the energies of life, the wisdom and not the fever of love, the silences rather than the voices of nature."

In similar spirit, John Bailey, a writer in *The Quarterly Review*, who subjects Mr. Bridges' verse to close analysis, pronounces him "at once very traditional and very modern; very Christian in tone and sympathy, and unflinchingly sincere in accepting the discovered truths of science and philosophy." Bridges' best poems, Mr. Bailey avers, belong to a primitive order of things, before men were so greatly moved by trees and flowers, storms and sunsets, as to make them the primary subjects of works of art; when the activity of the critical intellect had hardly begun; when love and religion, the most ancient and universal, were also the only interests that distinguished man from the brutes, and almost the only subjects of his poetry and art. To these two fundamental themes Bridges returns again and again. In expressing them he finds his highest and his most authentic moods,

His attitude is that of a man who has thought as well as felt, who can no longer be the slave of mere passion or mere superstition and yet knows still that love and religion are the greatest things that have ever come into human life.

Love is everywhere in Bridges' poetry. It is one special kind of love that inspires him. He has no Swinburnian or other affectations of reviving the worship of Aphrodite Pandemos. His love is one that unites souls as well as bodies. Only once, Mr. Bailey opines, in all his poems does Bridges deal expressly with the old primitive Eros; and then it is to ask him:

Why hast thou nothing in thy face?

Surely thy body is thy mind,
For in thy face is nought to find,
Only thy soft unchristen'd smile,
That shadows neither love nor guile,
But shameless will and power immense,
In secret sensuous innocence.

For Mr. Bridges, a man of Northern race and Northern gravity of manners, with centuries of Teutonic blood and Christian morals in him, love has to be a great deal more than a naked instinct.

Since we loved,—(the earth that shook
As we kissed, fresh beauty took)—
Love hath been as poets paint,
Life as heaven is to a saint;

All my joys my hope excel,
All my work hath prosper'd well,
All my songs have happy been,
O my love, my life, my queen.

Here, indeed, Mr. Bailey comments, is no lack of passion; but it is a passion that has filled with fire the whole of life and not the senses only. There is another point to be noted. The best love poems of Robert Bridges are very modern; they give the impression of an actual experience which has been lived through; and it is a kind of experience which is far commoner in our own than in earlier generations, the experience of love as a source not only of rapture but also of a new wisdom and a new power of life which could not have been without it. In this connection Mr. Bailey writes:

"Highly civilized ages tend to lose much of the spontaneity and universality of primitive love: and yet, like art or religion, or any other high human achievement, love welcomes and requires the highest attainable standard of life in those who exhibit its workings. It may then have more obstacles to contend against, but when it gets its way perfectly with a man and a woman whose civilization is a reality and a whole, the result is a greater thing than it could be when it owed its origin only to accident and the senses, and ran its course without touching more than a fragment of the lives of the lovers. So Mr. Bridges is able to shake off all that traditional silliness and unreality which is an irritating presence in all but the very best of the Elizabethan and Jacobean love poetry, and makes much of it the most tedious reading in the world. When the mind and imagination are themselves playing a part in the business of love, they find their own natural utterance; and instead of forced extravagances of compliment and despair, which leave the reader weary and unconvinced, we get such stanzas as:

So sweet love seemed that April morn,
When first we kissed beside the thorn,
So strangely sweet, it was not strange
We thought that love could never change.

But I can tell—let truth be told—
That love will change in growing old;
The day by day is nought to see,
So delicate his motions be.

And in the end 'twill come to pass
Quite to forget what once he was,
Nor even in fancy to recall
The pleasure that was all in all.

His little spring, that sweet we found,
So deep in summer floods is drowned,
I wonder, bathed in joy complete,
How love so young could be so sweet."

In an equally exalted mood, Bridges handles the problems of religion, understanding by that term all the aspirations and activities inspired in man by the faith that there is in the world something higher and greater than himself, that he is in touch with eternal forces and eternal possibilities, and that these are specially related to the moral

and spiritual parts of his nature. "Wintry Delights," his most philosophical tho not his most poetic treatment of these problems, declares that man is eternal nature's superior and judge:

Turn our thought for a while to the symphonies of Beethoven,
Or the rever'd preludes of mighty Sebastian; is there
One work of Nature's contrivance beautiful as these?

Man "as an artist born" is "impell'd to derive a religion"; and by some cause which is "an unsolv'd mystery" to choose the most beautiful for his art, and the best that he can imagine for his faith and truth.

Truth to the soul is merely the best that mind can imagine.

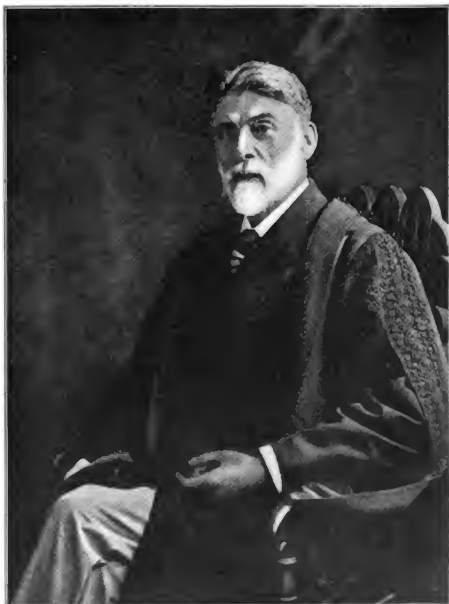
So man is "Nature's judge and tearful accuser"; tho Nature still has the ready

reply, "Fool, and who made thee?" a reply which seems to point back to the "unsolv'd mystery" or to some Power above both man and Nature who foresees and prepares the ultimate harmony between Nature's apparently indifferent force and man's artistic and moral conscience.

Mr. Bridges has edited a book of hymns for a country church, and one or two of his own hymns have been inserted in the "English Hymnal." Where, asks Mr. Bailey, can fitter words be found to put into the mouths of young men at a University church, or indeed anywhere else, than these:

O youth whose hope is high,
Who dost to Truth aspire,
Whether thou live or die,
O look not back nor tire.

Thou that art bold to fly
Through tempest, flood and fire,
Nor dost not shrink to try
Thy heart in torments dire:



THE NEW POET LAUREATE

Controversy rages about the name of Robert Bridges. Some have maintained that his talents are insignificant. On the other hand, such discerning judges of poetry as Arthur Symonds and Maurice Hewlett laud him to the skies.

If thou caust Death deify,
If thy Faith is entire,
Press onward, for thine eye
Shall see thy heart's desire.

Beauty and love are nigh,
And with their deathless quire
Soon shall thine eager cry
Be numbered and expire.

Another of Robert Bridges' finest utterances is this:

Gird on thy sword, O man, thy strength
endue,

In fair desire thine earth-born joy renew.
Live thou thy life beneath the making sun
Till Beauty, Truth, and Love in thee are
one,

Thro' thousand ages hath thy childhood
run:

On timeless ruin hath thy glory been:
From the forgotten night of love's for-
done

Thou risest in the dawn of hopes unseen.

Higher and higher shall thy thoughts as-
pire.

Unto the stars of heaven, and pass away,
And earth renew the buds of thy desire
In fleeting blooms of everlasting day.

Thy work with beauty crown, thy life
with love:

Thy mind with truth uplift to God above:
For whom all is, from whom was all be-
gun,

In whom all Beauty, Truth, and Love are
one.

What a virility of soul there is in such lines, Mr. Bailey exclaims, what a human manliness, simplicity, strength! This poem lacks the imaginative power of Crashaw's "Saint Theresa" or Francis Thompson's "Dead Cardinal"; but genius at its highest, Mr. Bailey reminds us, has always been a strange mixture of sanity and ecstasy, and "some of those who have had most of it would feel more kinship with the noble sanity of Bridges than with the ecstatic fires of Thompson or Crashaw." The distinction is an old one; the gift of Crashaw and Thompson is the rarer gift; they add to life's possibilities a new and strange element into which few will enter. Mr. Bridges, on the other hand, does a wider work with a plainer endowment, touching to new life and higher energy the most ancient and universal of the hopes and loves of man.

There, in Mr. Bailey's judgment, lies his special strength. Only those who have an actual or imaginative understanding of Christianity will ever appreciate such a poet as Francis Thompson. But there is no one who has not himself gone through some of the experiences which lie at the root of Robert Bridges' poems of nature, love and religion. The article concludes:

"He brings to each the questioning insight, the fearless sincerity, the untiring observation of our own day; but to each he also brings the sense of a great tradition of human thought and feeling, and

of himself as only one of a great company drawn from all ages and all peoples. So there are two sides to the impression he makes on his readers. On the one hand, every new reading of his poetry strengthens the impression of the poet as a strongly marked individuality, as a man who is definitely and all through his life increasingly himself and no one else. On the other, he reminds his readers of many of his predecessors, men, some of them, so unlike himself; of Herrick sometimes, of Shelley now and then, of Tennyson occasionally, oftener of Wordsworth, oftener still perhaps of Milton, and again of Keats. He often, too, recalls the Latin poets, especially Catullus, and the Greeks, especially the choruses of the tragedians. Yet the dominant note is a modern one, and it is a modern poet more than anyone else who is recalled by the last word of his shorter poems. It is with a brave stoicism, one of action and not merely of endurance, like that of Carducci's last poems, that he gathers his heart together to face the inevitable end.

Weep not to-day: why should this sadness
be?

Learn in present fears
To o'ermaster those tears
That unshowered conquer thee.

Think on thy past valor, thy future praise:

Up, sad heart, nor faint
In ungracious complaint,
Or a prayer for better days.

Daily thy life shortens, the grave's dark
peace

Draweth surely nigh,
When good-night is good-by;
For the sleeping shall not cease.

Fight, to be found fighting: nor far away

Deem, nor strange thy doom.
Like this sorrow 'twill come,
And the day will be to-day."

Mr. Bridges' collected works were issued in 1907. More recently, the "Poetical Works of Robert Bridges, excluding the Eight Dramas," have been published in one volume by the Oxford University Press in England, Australia and America. This edition contains, besides the five books of the "Shorter Poems," in which the lyrical genius of the poet most emphatically presents itself, "Prometheus the Fire-giver, a Mask in the Greek Manner"; "Demeter, Mask," "Eros and Psyche, a Narrative Poem in Twelve Measures: The Story Done Into English from the Latin of Apuleius," "The Growth of Love: A Sonnet Sequence," "New Poems," "Later Poems," and "Poems in Classical Prosody." "As a dramatic poet," remarks William Stanley Braithwaite in the *Boston Transcript*, "Mr. Bridges has not been especially notable. The verse has always been delightful, full of that instinctive quality of charm and spirit which he always imparts to rhythmic speech. He lacks what Arthur Symonds calls the emphasis of drama, that focussing of character and suspension of action for which poetry is only a sort of vehicle. There

are no 'baits for attention, no splendors or violences, not much passion, not much emotion; not a very vivid or active life. You are to resign yourself to a somewhat lulling spell; you must dream to the end, otherwise the entertainment is closed to you.' But in the 'Shorter Poems,' he reaches a lyrical perfection that only Campion and Shelley, and Tennyson at his best, have equalled."

The new Poet Laureate, we learn from an article by Joyce Kilmer in the *New York Times*, was born in 1844. He comes of a distinguished English family, being the son of John Bridges of St. Nicholas and Walmer in Kent, and a kinsman of the Rev. Thomas Edward Bridges, D.D., who was from 1823 to 1843 President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. At Eton, and later at Oxford, Mr. Bridges was noted for his scholarship, but he found time to distinguish himself in athletics. He was an enthusiastic cricketer and oarsman. In 1867 he was placed in the second class in the Final School of Literae Humaniores. After leaving the university he spent a number of years in foreign travel, familiarizing himself with life on the Continent and in the Far East.

On his return to London he became a student of medicine at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, receiving, in due course, the degree of M. B. at Oxford. He then began the practice of his profession, being regularly attached to the staff of St. Bartholomew's Hospital and of the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street. Retiring from practice in 1882, he married and left London for his beautiful rural estate at Yattendon in Berkshire. Since that time he has devoted himself exclusively to literature.

The first poem inspired by the new appointment is exceptionally felicitous. It is not by the Laureate, but to him. We quote from the *Westminster Gazette*:

TO THE POET LAUREATE.

By MAURICE HEWLETT.

Nor clamor nor the buzzing of the crowd,
Bridges, beset the lonely way you took:
The mountain path, the laurel-shelter'd
nook.

The upland peak earth-hidden in a cloud,
The sky places—here your spirit proud
Could meet its peers, the lowland rout
forsook;

Here were your palimpsest and singing-
book.

Here scope and silence, singing-robe and
shroud.

Let England learn of thee her ancient
way

Long time forgot: the glory of the swift
is swiftness, not acclaim, and to the
strong

The joy of battle battle's meed. Thy song
Will call no clearer, nor less surely lift
Our hearts to Beauty for thy crown of
bay.

RECENT POETRY

"THE MONSOON BREAKS."

By CALE YOUNG RICE.

I.

Panting, panting, panting!
O the terrible heat!
The fields crack
And the ryot's back
Bursts with the cruel heat.
The wells of the land are empty,
Six hundred feet, in vain,
The oxen lower the buckets o'er
And draw them up again.

Panting, panting, panting!
Parched are the earth and sky.
The elephant in the jungle
Sucks root and river dry.
The tiger, in whose throat
The desert seems to burn,
Paces the path,
The pool path—
But only to return.

O the terrible heat!
O the peacock's cry!
The whine of monkeys in the trees,
The children crawling on their knees.
O the terrible heat!
The gods will let us die:
Shiva and Parvati and all
To whom we beat the drum and call,
Vouch to us no reply.

II.

Panting, panting, panting!
The plague is drawing near.
Hot is the sun, hot is the night,
And in the heat is fear.
The plague, of famine mate,
Is fumbling at the latch.
Soon his step—
Death-step!—
Listening we shall catch.

O! . . . soon his step!
There's heard the funeral chant;
There's smelt the funeral pyre;
The ghat is red with fire.
O the terrible heat!
The gods are adamant.
Will the monsoon
Let us swoon
Unto the last heart-beat?

III.

Panting, panting, panting! . . .
Go up toward the sea
And look again, ye holy men,
To learn if clouds may be.
Go up into your temples
With sacrifice and song.
Call to the gods,
The cruel gods,
Who beat us down with rays like rods:
Say that we wait too long!

Say that the wells are dry,
Say that our flesh is sand,
Say that the mother's milk is pain,
The child beats at her breast in vain,
Say that we curse the land.
O the terrible heat!
Say that even the moon
In fiery flight
Scorches the night.
O bring us the monsoon!

IV.

Panting, panting, panting!
The nautch-girl cannot sing,
But drops her vina in the dust
And sinks, a shriveled thing.
The fakir has acquired
No merit for six days,
But at the tank,
The shrine's tank,
That never before of vileness stank,
Babbles of water sprays.

V.

O the terrible heat!
How long must we endure.
The holy men have come again,
The beating drums are fewer.
A cobra in their path
Licked out an angry tongue
Into the air—
O with despair
Is even the serpent stung!

VI.

Panting, panting, panting!
The night again, and day;
And day again, and night again,
Burning their endless way.
The furnace sun goes down.
The branding stars come out
And sear the eyes
Like fiery flies
Setting upon them—O ye skies—
A drop for us, we pray!

But one—upon the tongue!
To let us know you care.
But one—tho it be wrung
Of breath sent up in prayer.
O the terrible heat!
Again the beating drums.
What do I hear?
A cry? A cheer? . . .
The priests are chanting, nearer, near . . .
Is it the monsoon comes?

The priests are chanting! . . . O,
What word is on their lips!
"The monsoon breaks! the monsoon
breaks!"

A darkness sudden grips
My sight; is it the shroud
Of blindness, or—a cloud?
The monsoon breaks?
The rain awakes?
Out of the darkened sky it shakes?—
Louder they cry, and loud!

O loud! until at last
The people hear bedazed:
The sick who drank of burning air,
The weak, the well, the crazed!
The temple's sacred crows
Lows gently at the door;
The fakir makes his vow
And chants his Vedic lore;
But all lift up
Their lips' cup
And drink more of it, more!

And singing fills the air! . . .
And soon the Summer's song
Of greenness covers all the earth,
For long the rain is, long!
The rice is flooded far;
While Shiva, Indra, all
The gods, who are the world's laws,
Are lulled to sleep.
In temples deep,
By praises without pause.

PERHAPS some day," says Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer, writing in *The Outlook*, "the phonograph will bring to our school-children the interpretation of master readers, as it can now bring the work of world-famous singers and musicians. Instead of Caruso's solo from 'Pagliacci' we may yet see advertised Bliss Perry's reading of 'My Lost Duchess' or Stephen Phillips's reading of 'Kubla Khan.' Such records as these would be of vital assistance to men and women who know, love, and long to teach to others the liquid magic their own voices have not the power to evoke."

That is, a fruitful suggestion, and one the poetry societies of America and Great Britain and France might do well to experiment with. It opens up a vista of magnificent possibilities if only it is handled aright. If the right kind of readers are secured and the right kind of selections are made, there is no limit to the educational advantages that might be derived from such a procedure. If it did nothing more than displace the terrible methods now so much in vogue of trying to teach school-children the love of poetry by the horrifying process of tearing a poem apart and putting it together again in prose, it would be of great value. "Giving a child a poem for analysis," says Mr. Pulsifer, "is like giving a puppy a costly tapestry on which to exercise its restless jaws. It adds nothing to the child's comprehension of verse, nothing to the dog's understanding of the textile art, and it is disastrous to the beauty of both tapestry and poem."

By all means let the phonograph be drafted into the service of poetry. The first danger to be avoided in such an experiment is that of rushing off to the stage and getting dramatic readings of lyric poems. That would be well-nigh fatal. The reading of lyric poems is a distinct art in itself and one with which the dramatic schools and teachers of elocution, we surmise, have had very little to do. The real problem to be solved is to find such readers. They are not numerous, but they do exist. When it comes to selecting the poems for such an experiment let not our living poets be overlooked.

One of our living poets, who has just had a collection of his "works" placed on the market by Doubleday, Page & Company, is Cale Young Rice. Mr. Rice, tho one of the younger writers, has published four volumes of poems and six volumes of poetic dramas. Nearly all his work is of merit and much of it of very decided dramatic power. Here is a fine dramatic poem which we find in the *Book News Monthly*:

The selection of Robert Bridges for poet-laureate brings a distinct disappointment to the United States. We know less of him here than of any of the other poets who were prominently mentioned, and, sooth to say, we are not likely to become enthusiastic over his work when we know it. It is of fine texture, it reveals the man of culture and scholarship, but it partakes too much of the nature of metrical exercises ever to fire the heart or mind. Mr. Bridges is fond of elegies and memorial verse, and his poetic vision is for the most part turned to the past. But, for one thing, he is never likely to render either his office or himself ridiculous. He is a real poet, tho he will do nothing to add to the popular interest in poetry. Here is one of his best lyrics:

I WILL NOT LET THEE GO.

By ROBERT BRIDGES.

I will not let thee go,
Ends all our month-long love in this?
Can it be summed up so,
Quit in a single kiss?
I will not let thee go.

I will not let thee go,
If thy word's breath could scare thy deeds
As the south wind can blow
And toss the feathered seeds,
Then might I let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
Had not the great sun seen, I might;
Or were he reckoned slow
To bring the false to light,
Then might I let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
The stars that crowd the summer skies
Have watched us so below
With all their million eyes,
I dare not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
Have not my child the changeful moon,
Now rising late, and now
Because she set too soon?
And shall I let thee go?

I will not let thee go.
Have not the young flowers been content,
Plucked ere their buds could blow
To seal our sacrament?
I cannot let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
I hold thee by too many hands:
Thou sayest farewell, and lo!
I have thee by the hands,
And will not let thee go.

From out the West comes a new poet, who is heralded as the bard of the lumbermen. His songs, so say his publishers, George H. Doran Company, "have traveled by word of mouth from pioneer to pioneer," and one of them has been reprinted a hundred times. It is not improbable. Mr. Douglas Malloch—for that is his name—has a fresh note and a dauntless optimism. Much of his poetry in this first volume—"The

Woods"—is in dialect and, like most dialect verse, has something cheap about it. But Mr. Malloch is fully capable of producing poetic effects without misspelling words and fracturing the rules of grammar, as the following shows:

CONTRAST.

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH.

Nature loves neither silences nor noise,
She has her silence and she has her sound,
Yet all the melody that she employs
But serves to make her silence more profound.

The sweeping desert, yellow, bare and mute,
Seems deadlier for a wheeling vulture's scream.

The single quaver of a lonely lute
But makes the night seem nearer to a dream.

The sea is silent far from shores unseen,
Save where a ripple tumbles to abyss;
As whitened water makes the green more green,
The day is calmer for the bubble's hiss.

From such as these I learn the forest's charm—
"Tis not its silence, silent tho it be;
It is its sound unpoisoned with alarm,
Its whisper like the whisper of the sea.

Shouting nor silence, neither enters here—
Only the melody of far-off things.
A drifting cloud makes skies more fair appear,
The wood is stiller for the whirl of wings.

It is the fashion of most poets to laud their calling to the skies. Probably, if the truth were told, most of them, looking upon more robust careers, feel at times as George Sterling felt when he wrote the following poem (in *The Smart Set*):

THE MASTER MARINER.

By GEORGE STERLING.

My grandsire sailed three years from home,
And slew unmoved the sounding whale:
Here on a windless beach I roam
And watch far out the hardy sail.

The lions of the surf that ery
Upon this lion-colored shore
On reefs of midnight met his eye:
He knew their fangs as I their roar.

My grandsire sailed uncharted seas,
And toll of all their leagues he took:
I scan the shallow bays at ease,
And tell their eddies in a book.

The anchor chains his musie made
And wind in shrouds and running gear:
The thrush at dawn bequeils my glade,
And once, 'tis said, I woke to hear.

My grandsire in his ample fist
The long harpoon upheld to men:
Behold obedient to my wrist
A gray gull's feather for my pen!

Upon my grandsire's leathern cheek
Five zones their bitter bronze had set:
Some day their hazards I will seek,
I promise me at times. Not yet.

'I think my grandsire now would turn
A mild but speculative eye
On me, my pen and its concern,
Then gaze again to sea—and sigh.

To see ourselves as others see us would be bad enough; but to see ourselves as others will see us when we have grown old and infirm would be worse. Miss Teasdale has been indulging (in *The Forum*) in that sort of fancy:

THE OLD MAID.

By SARA TEASDALE.

I saw her in a Broadway car,
The woman I thought grow to be;
I felt my lover look at her
And then turn suddenly to me.

Her hair was dull and drew no light,
And yet its color was as mine;
Her eyes were strangely like my eyes,
Tho love had never made them shine.

Her body was a thing grown thin,
Hungry for love that never came;
Her soul was frozen in the dark,
Unwarmed forever by love's flame.

I felt my lover look at her
And then turn suddenly to me—
His eyes were magic to defy
The woman I shall never be.

Most of the volumes of verse published by Sherman, French & Company are not worth wasting any time upon. But "The Inner Garden," by Horace Holley, is a very pleasing exception. It has real poetry in it in considerable amount, as the following indicates:

A LANDSCAPE IN NEW ENGLAND.

By HORACE HOLLEY.

The sudden lights of sunset fall
I tire, and pausing turn to lean
Upon a weather-dampened wall
That bounds, like sleep, the dreamy scene.

Before me, worn, a pasture lies
And careless, truant breezes blow
Puffing, from gusty April skies
The feeble grasses as they go.

A swollen brook, half-underground,
Its hidden voice now clear, now still,
O'erflows the world with droning sound
Like elfin throats beneath the hill.

To hearded hills the pasture runs
And orchard-slopes of twisted trees,
That warmed in vain by modern suns,
Huddle in patient agonies.

I see a pillar, ashen-gray,
Fallen upon the hillside lone . . .
And yearn, as tho my father lay
Beneath that unremembered stone.

The mossy wall has chilled my hand.
A fresh wind drives the clouds to foam;
The day's dim embers light the land
And light a house no more a home.

The roof-tree sags, the gables flare,
A locked door trembles to the wind;
The broken windows darkly stare
Like empty sockets of the blind.

But more than blind, old house, alas,
No inward being warms your breast,
And never foot those chambers pass
Save Time's, the last, the saddest guest.

Ah, more than weak and blind and dark
Like hearts in failure and disgrace,
You, full of death and ruin, mark
A sadder grave, that hold a race.

Beneath the gradual stars I wait,
A watchman stationed in a dream.
My thoughts, like prophets moved by fate,
Lament destruction, then redeem.

"O God!" within my heart I cry;
"Man fails, the lands their harvest
cease—
No lonelier hill implores the sky.—
Yet here is beauty, here is peace."

Here, from our broken human mold
An austere spirit floats abroad
And deals with reverent faith this old
Forgotten breathing-place of God.

We do not know when we have seen
a nature poem that carried such passion
in its lines as is to be found in the
following poem by Miss Millay, *From
The Forum*:

GOD'S WORLD.

By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

O World, I cannot hold thee close
enough!
Thy winds, thy wide gray skies!
Thy mists that roll and rise!
Thy woods (this autumn day) that ache
and sag
And all but cry with color! That gaunt
crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black
bluff!
World, World, I cannot get thee close
enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,
But never knew I this;
Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart;—Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this
year;
My soul is all but out of me,—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

This comes from the *London Academy*:

THE SACRAMENT.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

When meeting eyes keep nothing back,
But let the guarded mystery go,
Two souls will keep one sunlit track
Till down the wind the planets blow.

We crossed, a frozen world apart,
As lonely wings about the pole:
I hardly thought she kept a heart;
I never dreamed she nursed a soul.

And then our eyes together drew
A wondering holy lighted space.
And—shy, strange things beneath the
blue—
The soul swam up to either face.

And now—a woven free I Am—
We work and dream, and love and pray,
And one glad soul to shrive or damn
Will smile at God on Judgment Day.

Mr. Bynner finds poems in peculiar
places and has his own original way of
luring them out into the open. Here is
one of his latest, in the *Yale Review*:

TRAIN-MATES.

By WITTER BYNNER.

Outside hove Shasta, snowy height on
height,
A glory; but a negligible sight.
For you had often seen a mountain-peak,
But not my paper. So we came to speak.
A smoke, a smile—a good way to com-
mence

The comfortable exchange of difference!—
You a young engineer, five feet eleven,
Forty-five chest, with football in your
heaven,

Liking a road-bed newly built and clean.
Your fingers hot to cut away the green
Of brush and flowers that bring beside a
track

The kind of beauty steel lines ought to
lack,—
And I a poet, wistful of my betters,
Reading George Meredith's high-hearted
Letters,

Joining betweenwhile in the mingled
speech

Of a drummer, circus-man, and parson,
each

Absorbing to himself—as I to me
And you to you—a glad identity!
After a while, when the others went
away,

A curious kinship made us want to stay,
Which I could tell you now; but at the
time

You thought of baseball teams and I of
rhyme,

Until we found that we were college men
And smoked more easily and smiled again;
And I from Cambridge cried, the poet
still:

"I know your fine Greek Theater on the
hill
At Berkeley." With your happy Grecian
head

Upraised, "I never saw the place," you
said.

"Once I was free of class, I always went
Out to the field."

Young engineer,

You meant as fair a tribute to the better
part

As ever I did. Beauty of the heart
is evident in temples. But it breathes
Alive where athletes quicken airy wreaths,
Which are the lovelier because they die.

You are a poet quite as much as I,
Tho differences appear in what we do,
And I an athlete quite as much as you,
Because you half-sunrized my quarter-
mile

And I your quatrain, we could greet and
smile.

Who knows but we shall look again and
find

The circus-man and drummer, not be-
hind,

But leading in our visible estate,
As discus-thrower and as laureate?

The little magazine *Poetry*, pub-
lished in Chicago, continues to give us
some of the very best poetry now be-
ing written in either England or Amer-
ica. The opening poem in the August
number, "A Woman at Dusk," by
Arthur Stringer, is particularly fine,
but too long to reprint here. Instead
we select the following dainty thing:

ELLIS PARK.

By HELEN HOYT.

Little park that I pass through,
I carry off a piece of you
Every morning hurrying down
To my work-day in the town;
Carry you for country there
To make the city ways more fair.

I take your trees,
And your breeze,
Your greenness,
Your cleanness,

Some of your shade, some of your sky,
Some of your calm as I go by;

Your flowers to trim
The pavements grim;

Your space for room in the jostled street
And grass for carpet to my feet.

Your fountains take and sweet bird calls
To sing me from my office walls,
All that I can see
I carry off with me.

But you never miss my theft,
So much treasure you have left.

As I find you, fresh at morning,
So I find you, home returning—
Nothing lacking from your grace
All your riches wait in place

For me to borrow
On the morrow.

Do you hear this praise of you,
Little park that I pass through?

The following poem by Mrs. Gar-
rison is taken from *Everybody's*:

YOUTH.

By THEODOSSIA GARRISON.

What do they know of youth who still
are young?

They but the singers of a golden song,
Who may not guess its worth or wonder
—flung

Like largesse to the throng.
We only—youth no longer, old so
long—

Before its harmonies stand unmarveling—
Oh, we who listen—never they who sing.

Not for itself is beauty, but for us
Who gaze upon it with all reverent
eyes;

And youth, which sheds its glory lumi-
nous,

Gives ever in this wise:
Itself the joy it may not realize.

Only we know, who linger overlong,
Youth that is made of beauty and of
song.

HELEN DUFFY OF TROY—A STORY

The real romance of America is now being enacted not on our vanishing frontiers but in the heart of our great cities, in the efforts of a motley population from the ends of the earth to readjust themselves to each other and to fit into American life. A group of new writers has been catching the spirit of this dramatic situation and reproducing it in song and story and drama. The story of Helen Duffy is told in *Collier's* by Edmond McKeena and is reprinted here by permission.

THE first thing that attracted my attention to old man Duffy was the fact that he had the kind of blue eyes that go with a broken nose, and yet his nose was perfectly straight.

He was standing near the corner of Allen Street, looking belligerently at a swarthy man who sold oranges and grapes and white onions from a push-cart.

"He's wan av them Greeks," he said to me after I had nodded pleasantly to him, for he appeared for all his wrathful looks to be very much alone. There is a nameless air of loneliness that one accumulates in a strange place, the recognition of which is the first psychological step in the education of a confidence man.

"You appear to dislike the Greeks," I said.

"Dislike them! I hate them; an' why shouldn't I, when wan av them stole me boy?"

"So they kidnaped the boy?"

"Worse than that, she married him, an' him a bricklayer an' as fine a workman as there is from here to Auburn, where I came from this mornin' to look for him. I larned him the trade meself, an' when he was through with his time notin' would do him but he would lave the old woman an' me an' come down here to this hell hole.

"An' he did, an' ye see what happened to him. A Greek stole him—married him, he calls it—an' him a bricklayer an' a fine workman an' all."

The old chap quivered and snorted and thumped his fist into his palm. He had red hairs on the backs of his fingers, and when he snarled at the fruit seller all the yellow teeth in his upper jaw were visible. He had worked himself into a grand frenzy.

"Thief!" he called. "Where is he?" and he coveted toward the man at the stand, his blue eyes aglaze and his still unbroken nose stuck high into the air.

"Be careful, my friend," I admonished. "You will find yourself in trouble presently and you are getting a little too old to fight."

Split-nose Regan, the kiddies' cop, was standing on the curb with his back to the street, beating time with his broad foot to the wheeze of a hurdy-gurdy and keeping one eye on the warlike invader of his beat and the other on the dancing figure of little Marie Mantrelli, for the safety of whose spindle legs his eagle face had lost what beauty it had possessed under the grinding wheels of an auto truck. I invited him to come over. That experienced pacifier deemed it too soon to interfere, for he only smiled and kept on beating time with his foot on the curb.

But the mature judgment of Split-nose was at fault.

In an instant the red-fisted warrior was upon the offending Greek. There was a swift scuffle and a great squawking and an enormous quantity of fruit rolling into the gutter. Split-nose unwound the old man from about the Greek's limbs and torso, and the vender got up from the pavement with both hands spread over his bleeding mouth. Split-nose marched the struggling warrior down the street. I went along, begging him to cease his futile struggles. Near the next corner we halted. Split-nose Regan had heard the call of blood.

"Is he a frind av yours?" he asked.

"No, he came to the city this morning to look for a lost son whom he says a Greek kidnaped, or, to be more precise, who has fallen in love with a Greek girl and married her."

"Married him—stole him—me only son an' a bricklayer."

"Look here, old man," said Split-nose, "I'm goin' to turn ye loose, an' I want ye to make yerself scarce aroun' here. The first thing ye know ye'll be in trouble. G'wan now, an' this frind will help ye to find yer son, an' if the same is anythin' like the father av him, I'd advise ye to look on the station-house blotter for his name."

"I could 'a' hate the life out av him," said old Duffy, "if that interferin' policeman had minded his own rightful business."

"Mr. Duffy," I said, "you shouldn't take the matter to heart. There are many very proud men in this great city who would feel prouder still to marry a Greek girl. Why, my dear sir, these very men and women are descended from that proud race whose fighting men combed their hair at Thermopylae."

"What, them people fight?"

"Yes, those very people. History records that a little band of these very people defeated a great army of Persians."

"Oh, Persians. Ay, to be sure, Persians. It's too bad that there wasn't a couple dozen white men among the Persians."

"Thermopylae was one of the most glorious battles in the world's history."

"They may have combed their hair at the place ye mention. Ye seem to know a lot about them, however a decent man like yerself came to larn it all; but I'll bet the pipe out av me teeth it's very few av them have combed their long hair since. I would like to comb one or two more av them this mornin' meself."

He paused and looked about him cautiously, as if not sure of his company, while he rubbed and straightened out his red-haired fingers.

"It's an awful place, this," he continued, "an' anyhow I'm glad to find a man who can talk me own language. I spoke to wan or two av them this mornin' before ye came up an' all I could get out av them was a kind av a grunt."

"This place," I explained, "is the melting pot of races. Here the blood of all the peoples of the earth mingles to produce the sovereign American, the composite citizen who is one day going to break down the barriers of race and creed and give democracy a new name and the world a newer, better religion."

"The meltin' pot, is it, ye call it? An' a fine name it is, to be sure. A good many av them looks as if they needed a meltin', an' I wouldn't mind them much if wan av them wasn't mixed up with me own family now. As it is, I would like to mingle freely with the blood av a few more av them, an' I would do it if the policemen would mind their own rightful business. Didn't they take me boy? wan av them did—stole him—married him, he calls it. 'I'm married, father,' he writes me—'married with a Greek girl.' Think av that, will ye, comin' home in a letter to a decent, peaceful man? A long-fingered, slant-eyed, orange-sellin', melodious-playin' Greek, an' him a bricklayer!"

"Oh," I said rather testily, "Greeks have laid bricks. Not only have they laid bricks, but they have built the most beautiful buildings in the world. They have quarried marbles and carved statues that remain the wonder of the ages. Our greatest artists cannot approach them for beauty—for perfection of form and classic grace. Greeks were the world's master workmen."

The old man smiled in a strange, reminiscent, indulgent way.

"It's all right, young fellow. Go right on with yer fine story. Sure I don't mind a bit what ye say. Yer talk is harmless enough, God help ye. If ye are not deceivin' yerself ye are not deceivin' me. Ye have a grand poet's mind and a lot av fine words. I have heard Father Kelly tell about the poets, but I never saw one meself before this day. Ye see, I have never traveled much, there bein' plenty av work for a good man around me own place. Don't mind me interruptin' ye. God help us all, it's a strange world we're in. Go on, I'm listenin', heart-broken as I am."

"There is no reason for your being heart-broken. You don't understand the quality of these people. If there were a little more understanding between race and race, a closer unity, a kindlier spirit, a little more love, this world would not be the sad, mad place it is. Universal peace and brotherhood would descend upon it."

"It is askin' me to be a brother to wan

av them ye are, ye hard-hearted black-guard? I felt the quality av wan av them, an' me an old man. An' I'm tellin' ye it wasn't much. It is not bad enough for wan av them to steal me only son after me havin' lived decent an' lived to meself all me life. Now if ye can help me to find him, then help me. If ye can't, don't be standin' there tryin' to break a poor old man's heart. Go away with yer fool talk an' lave me alone in me sorrow. It's up on a wagon the likes av ye should be makin' soft talk with the evangelists. If ye can help me, I say help me. If ye can't, I say lave me alone. If it's black hell itself I came into this mornin', sure I'd rather be alone in it than to be listenin' to the mockery av yer words."

"Come with me then and we'll try to find your son. He is probably working now, but we may find his wife and learn where he lives."

"Wife? Theif's what I call the likes av her. Wait till I find her!"

Together we went to the Greek colony, which I knew very well. I had many acquaintances there, among them bootblacks, fruit vendors, and merchants of a more substantial sort, waiters, musicians, and artists. My mind had been fed in my formative years on the classic literature of the Greeks, and sometimes even the bootblacks filled me with awe.

The old man looked shamefaced as we went from door to door and from fruit stand to fruit stand asking for tidings of young Mrs. Michael Duffy. He growled nearly all the time in a deep undertone like distant thunder that presages a coming storm. Twice he said he would not go a step farther and twice I outmaneuvered him when he was on the point of attacking a curb merchant. He leaned against a lamp-post and rubbed the sweatband of his hat with a large red handkerchief.

"Now aren't they a healthy-lookin' crew?" he asked, "for wan av them to be disgracin' the grand old name of Duffy, with their men loungin' round here, or sellin' bits av things to children for a penny when they ought to be doin' an honest day's work like any other decent man. An' their women, Lord help us, slant-eyed hussies, cacklin' like a flock av hens. I am glad Mary herself is not here to see the disgrace the boy has brought down on the two av us. It's best that she should never know about it. Oh, my! Oh, my! a man never knows what bad luck there is in store for them when he brings them into the world."

We found it more difficult to find Mrs. Duffy than I supposed, so we gave up the canvass of the neighborhood and went to the office of a real estate agent, named Demetrius Memostyle, who was said to have a monopoly of the renting business among the Greeks. When we reached Mr. Memostyle's office he was out. We decided to wait for him. The old man settled himself cautiously in a swivel chair, on the arms of which he kept a grip so tight that his knuckles showed as white

mounds in the red expanse of his gnarled hands.

"The Greek women, about whom you talked so disparagingly," I said, as I offered him a cigar, which he started to smoke in an uncomfortable, all-in way, "were at one time, if they are not at present, the most beautiful women in the world."

"There ye go," he snorted. "Beauty, beauty, beauty forever on yer foolish young lips. Will beauty boil a pot, I'm askin'? Will beauty pay the rent? I suppose the beauty, like their fightin' power, is a thing that men read out av books thousands av years ago. An' anyhow it's little the likes av them that lives in these places knows about beauty. Lord, man, wouldn't beauty have the fine chance to live an' grow on the street like that out there among dead horses an' cats an' rotten fruits an' narrow-faced, treacherous, schemin' fellows like I've been seein' all mornin'? Sure if a woman puts her foot out av the door she gets a mixture av a thousand dirt on her, not to mention what may be inside the house."

"Helen of Greece," I argued, not to be overcome by his perversity, "was the most beautiful woman that ever lived. The Greek nation became divided over her and the factions fought long and bloody wars for her. Men have been glad to give up their lives just for a sight of her."

"Yes, yes, I have heard about her. An' I'm thinkin' if there had been a whole nation full av the likes av her as there is in a country I could mention, instead av only wan av her in a couple av thousand years, divil the man who would have lifted his head to see her if she had gone litin' around in her bare feet, an' a white posy in her red hair, an' it hangin' down about her every day in her life."

Mr. Memostyle came in with a bunch of keys in his hand. He was humming a tune. He had had business with lovers that morning. He looked at us sharply and then hid his black eyes and exposed his white teeth. That was the way he smiled. With him were a young man and a woman, or rather a boy and girl. The man, for he had just assumed the burden of matrimony, and had been flat hunting, was dressed in shiny black clothes that had the look of having been riveted to him. He wore an orange tie and purple socks. He tried to appear dignified and succeeded in looking stiff. The woman wasn't dressed, in the ordinary meaning of that extraordinary word. She was rigged, decked, and adorned. She was a "flesh-scape" done by the head artist of the High School of Realism. Her clothing was scenery. She blushed like a Cubist impression of a dawn in the Ionian Isles. She couldn't get her mouth shut. It stayed open by a sort of natural laxation. I felt that she was an unusually bad example of the beauty that was Greece. The old man stared at the couple and muttered—perhaps a prayer. I explained to Mr. Memostyle our reason for calling on him.

"Oh, yes, gentlemen." His voice was a mixture of a threat and a wheedle, a sort of cross between the voice of a campaigning preacher and a poor doctor's sick-room voice. He snatched a card from behind a desk and ran his long tapering forefinger down a row of figures on the margin:

"Twenty a month—third story, second door to left, No. 68 Summer Street, brick-lay, red-haired, all month advance, fine business."

As we came out of the office the old man stared at the girl in open derision. "Beauty," he snarled as we reached the sidewalk. "Mister Poet, is that wan av your Greek beauties?" I didn't take up the challenge, for his blue eyes had become many shades darker and his lips curled over his yellow teeth, showing the worn pipe on the right side where he held his pipe. I felt relieved that he didn't want to play with the boy husband all over the new olecloth on Mr. Memostyle's office floor. I intended to direct him to the house and by some cowardly trick leave him there. Together we climbed the stairs, desperately. When we reached the third landing I considered the base stratagem of pointing to the door and running away.

As we approached the door we were arrested by the sound of singing. It was a blithe carol that bubbled over from a joyous heart. As we listened the sound of it inundated the hallway and washed in little waves around my heart. It was music set to love, and I could have wished to have had it last longer, but it stopped, and then I tapped the door lightly.

"We are at the wrong house," said the old man in an eager whisper; "tis an Irish girl was singin' in there. I mind wan spring day long ago—"

The door was opened two inches and a black eye searched out.

"Is Mr. Michael Duffy at home?" I asked.

"Meegal iss not. He is work while it ees day. Why do you come?"

"This old gentleman is Mr. Duffy's father—is your husband's father."

"I am, indeed, girl. Michael is me only boy an' ye went an' took—"

At the sound of the old man's voice the door was thrown open and we saw a tall girl with blue-black hair. Her beauty was of a conquering kind. She had the eyes of a goddess out on a holiday who had consented for the time to be lenient with mortals. Hers was that humanity of form that put the passion into poetry and laid the foundation of madhouses and monasteries, and is still the one true explanation of impressionism and many other forms of necessary lying.

"You are Meegal's father?" she asked.

"I am that, girl," he faltered.

With a calm movement that makes directness a weak, wobbly wordling, she took the old man's face between her palms and drew his face toward her. She looked

(Concluded on page 218.)

Finance and Industry

Speeding Up Labor
by "Movies."

A MANUFACTURING company in Rhode Island recently called into service the moving picture camera to speed up labor in its factory. The foreman of the future will no doubt have to modify his vocabulary, if he is to keep abreast of the times. "Get a movie on you" will take the place of "Get a move on you." Before calling the moving picture operator, a business expert made an organization chart showing the exact locations of the various departments of the factory, and of every machine on the floor. A "route engineer" examined minutely every product of the factory, from raw material to finished machine, and made a survey of the administrative offices. The next step, as explained by P. Harvey Middleton in the *Technical World*, was to build a model of the plant. Tapes of different color revealed how the parts of the machine manufactured by the concern passed from department to department.

"Waste motions, caused through the inconvenient situation of the various departments through which a given piece of machinery must pass, were thus clearly outlined. Then began the work of shortening the sprints, or, in other words, arranging the departments in the natural order of the material's progress.

"Finally the moving picture machine was called into play. It made its debut in the assembling of a braiding machine. The various parts of this machine came from the different departments of the factory, and the assembler was confronted with the complicated task of putting them together. The method previously in vogue was for the assembler to take the base of the machine, hunt around for the first support, put it in position, then hunt around for the second piece, put that in place, and so on until the completed machine stood ready for the testers. Apparently the assembler was an efficient workman, and did not waste a minute of his time."

The Movie Man Will
Get You If You
Don't Look Out.

FOR a day or two the experts closely watched the operation. Then they set up the moving picture camera and photographed the entire process. They developed the film and studied it with minute care.

"As a result, they invented a frame standing at a convenient height from the

floor. This frame they provided with books placed at regular intervals, and numbered. Then they numbered the various parts of the machine to correspond.

"A boy was employed to receive all the parts as they came from the factory and place them on his frame in a certain order which made each piece to be used next the most convenient one for the assembler to reach. By using a stand of convenient height, the assembler was saved the exertion of reaching too high or stooping too low. In a few days the assembler was building that machine in less than a quarter of the time he had formerly consumed on exactly the same job, and he was enthusiastic about the new system, for it enabled him to materially increase his earning power.

"Then the moving picture machine was used to make a record of the process of handling incoming coal and outgoing ashes, and a saving in the route traveled of seventy-five per cent. was made possible with a resulting heavy saving in the labor. Another device invented after a study of the films recording an intricate operation, reduced the time consumed from thirty-seven and one-half minutes to eight and one-half minutes, and this without in any way 'speeding up' the workman."

Transferring Brains
by Machine.

THIS system, explains the manager of the concern in question, does not "drive" the operator. "The old-fashioned foreman grew angry if he saw an operative stop for an instant. But under the new system, if an operative is doing nothing, nobody pays any attention to it, because it is known that there must be constant resting spells. In one form of work, loading pig iron, a business expert's investigation convinced him that the worker was most efficient if he rested 57 per cent. of the time! To make the study of the motions involved more exact, a clock is placed beside the operative which appears on the picture and furnishes an exact record of both time and motion. A new workman in the Providence plant is taken into the factory's "movie" show and receives his first instruction on the moving picture screen of how a skilled workman performs his labor. When the "green" hand has been at work a few days, he is invited to a second demonstration in which he sees himself at work. His faults are shown by comparison with the record of a skilled workman. This micro-motion study, the manager goes on to say, furnishes a "means for the

transference of skill from the man to the machine." But it does more than that, Mr. Middleton goes on to tell us:

"It also furnishes a means for the transference of skill from the man who has it to the man who has never had it. We have used micro-motion study for determining the correct times of the best motions in many different kinds of work, and have found that it is the least expensive as well as the only accurate method of recording indisputable motion and time study data. It can be applied to operations that are done so rapidly that the eye cannot follow the motions. It has stood every test and exactly fills the bill. The apparatus can be set in position in less than an hour in any part of the shop, and the records taken. After that the records can be studied at leisure any number of times. Some day I believe we will have a library full of records of the correct times and motions, which will be classified and arranged in such a manner that they can be used as the basis of all time study."

The Moving Picture as
an Industrial Educator.

THE use of motion pictures has developed wonderfully in the past decade. The teachings of biology, botany, and other sciences have been interpreted through the film. The latest use of moving pictures, according to Frederick W. Keough, writing in *American Industries*, is to promote public interest in vital phases of industrial conservation, such as accident and fire prevention. The National Association of Manufacturers deserves credit for its enterprise in cooperating with the Edison Company in producing a series of educational films throughout the country. The first of these, produced in the spring of 1912, was entitled "The Workman's Lesson," and was designed to encourage the "safety habit" among those who deal with dangerous machinery. The film had a wide circulation, having been given in fully 7,500 motion picture theaters all over the country. On December 12th last it was the feature of an accident prevention meeting held at Philadelphia under the auspices of the Metal Manufacturers Association of Philadelphia. Equally well received was the film entitled "The Crime of Carelessness," relating to fire prevention—a film also produced by the National Association of Manufacturers acting in close cooperation with the Edison Company.

(Continued on page 28.)



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(Continued from page 206.)

The "Crime of Carelessness" as Shown by the Movies.

THE writer in *American Industries* elaborately describes a number of lessons entrusted to the film. The story of "The Crime of Carelessness" is as follows:

"Mr. Waters, the owner of a large woolen mill, is careless about having the fire exits kept clear. The factory inspector listens to Mr. Waters' promise to right matters and does not report upon the case. 'Tom' Watts, an employee in the mill, breaks the rule which prohibits smoking. Thus the three are to blame.

"'Tom' Watts and Hilda Fox, another employee of the mill are lovers. With the wedding only one day off, 'Tom' carelessly throws the lighted match, with which he had lit his cigaret, into a pile of rubbish in the basement of the mill.

"The fire started gains headway so rapidly that 'Tom' is barely able to make his escape up the now blazing stairway. Meanwhile the smoke has penetrated to all parts of the mill, the hundreds of employees are panic-stricken and rush wildly for the fire exits, only to find them locked or cluttered with heavy boxes and bales which make them impractical for use. 'Tom' comes upon a crowd of them at one of these doors, and, hastily grabbing a fire axe, cuts a way for them through a wooden partition.

"Upon escaping to the street he finds that Hilda is still in the mill, which is now blazing from every window.

"In a series of thrilling episodes, 'Tom' finds the unconscious Hilda and carries her to the street where he acknowledges his blame in setting the mill afire. The employees nearly mob him and he is driven out of the town. His name is heralded among other mill owners and he is unable to secure work. This, added to the fact that Hilda was badly crippled in the fire, drives him to contemplating suicide, from which he is prevented by the timely arrival of Hilda with a letter from Waters in which he acknowledges his own blame as well as 'Tom's' and invites 'Tom' to his new factory, both having learned a much-needed lesson."

A Glimpse into Harriman's Stocking.

PROBABLY no other individual in the history of the world ever accumulated a fortune of \$70,000,000 in the short time in which the late Edward H. Harriman accumulated it. He was by nature as well as by training a bold and resourceful speculator. Yet, remarks William T. Connors, in *The Magazine of Wall Street*, it is certainly very interesting to analyze the distribution of his fortune at the date of his death when his holdings had grown to such overwhelming proportions that they were necessarily spread over a wide range of investments. He who reads may run or invest as he pleases, for in spite of his shrewdness the great financier was by

no means infallible, and many of his investments have not justified his expectations. Harriman's holdings were appraised in the year of his death, but the figures have only recently been made public. Since 1909 the trend of market prices has been downward, and the Harriman estate has shrunk from seventy to fifty-eight million dollars. If he had lived, he would probably have disposed of a considerable portion of his holdings at relatively high prices and would have increased his fortune by other operations. What must surprise the average man and serve as an example to be followed in his investments is the conservative character of the holdings of this king of stock-market plungers. No less than one-fourth of his fortune was invested in bonds.

"A little over another quarter of the total was found to be in railroad stocks, nearly all high-grade; in exact figures, \$22,870,630. Then we find \$5,710,600 in the best bank stocks; \$2,538,114 in real estate, of which about 90 per cent. in value was in New York City, and \$3,789,000 in cash balances with banks and trust companies, in promissory notes and in accounts receivable.

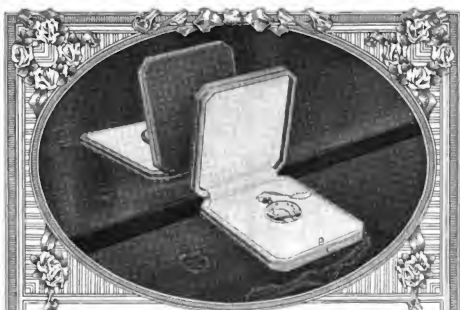
"Almost exactly 75 per cent. of the total, then, was invested in bonds, high-grade stocks, real estate and cash.

Harriman's Investments in Railroad Stocks.

RAILROADS were Harriman's specialty. It seems only natural that he should have invested more money in railroad stocks than in bonds. He was a master in manipulating the stock market. Such abstract questions as gold depreciation and its influence on bond prices would have interested him but little. This is a list of his investments in railroad stock in amounts of over \$100,000.

Baltimore & Ohio pf.....	\$279,000
Brooklyn Rap. Transit.....	236,343
Chicago & Alton pf. lien.....	227,200
St. Paul pf.....	1,753,750
Delaware & Hudson.....	1,134,000
Erie.....	1,593,825
Interboro-Metropolitan com.....	118,992
N. Y. Central.....	143,550
Reading com.....	633,000
St. Joseph & Gr. Isl. 1st pf.....	164,250
Southern Pac. com.....	124,000
Union Pac. pf.....	5,371,650
Union Pacific com.....	10,725,000
Miscellaneous.....	366,070
Total.....	\$22,870,630

Here Union Pacific is naturally to the fore. Undoubtedly, Mr. Connors observes, most of this was bought at very low prices, as Harriman began accumulating the stock when it sold at twenty dollars a share. His holdings in Southern Pacific were sur-



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prizingly small. All his big plans for Southern Pacific would, of course, have inured to the benefit of the Union, which held a majority of the Southern stock. It is not believed that he foresaw the compulsory separation of the two companies which is now vexing his successors.

Harriman's Financial Mistakes.

THE third group of Harriman's holdings embraces bank stocks and industrial and miscellaneous investments. The latter include over six million dollars of Chicago Subway stock which has since depreciated to one-sixth of its original value, and large investments in Wells, Fargo and United States Express. His big ownership in express stocks would probably have been reduced later, if he had lived to see the advance of the parcels post. For the comfort of some of us who have a nice collection of handsomely engraved certificates which are now only useful as wall paper, Mr. Connors mentions the fact that the complete list of Harriman's holdings contains thirty-four items which had "no value" at the time of appraisal. Some of those were of trifling amount, and evidently bought for personal reasons. The total par value of these worthless stocks was, however, small in comparison with Harriman's fortune. The only item of important relative size was the Sinnemahoning Iron & Coal, and of course we have no idea what that cost him.

Scientific Distribution of Harriman's Investments.

HARRIMAN, as Mr. Connors remarks, was daring, but only in those things that he knew most about. His operations were far removed from those of the floor trader or the speculator who bases his commitments on the technical state of the market. Like Marshall Field, who in other respects was his antipode, Harriman distributed his investments among bonds, railroad stocks, and industrial and miscellaneous stocks according to certain definite principles. Harriman had a slightly larger per cent. of industrial stocks (if we include public utilities and express stocks, and omit from Marshall Field's industrials his holdings of stock in Marshall Field & Co. Reduced to percentages, Harriman's method appears as follows:

Bonds (mostly railroad).....	10%
Railroad notes.....	15%
Dividend-paying railroad stocks.....	30%
Bank and Trust Co. stocks.....	8%
Express stocks.....	12%
Public Utility stocks.....	4%
Non-dividend railroad stocks.....	2%
Industrial and miscellaneous stocks.....	10%
Real estate.....	4%
Cash, notes and accounts.....	5%

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The King of the Ten-Cent Bazaar.

THE world's greatest office structure, the Woolworth Building, is reared on a foundation of kettles and pans, dust brooms, sheet music, knives, paper weights, pens and pencils, and other minor articles of merchandize. For out of this material Frank W. Woolworth, the King of Ten-Cent Bazaar, has builded his fortune. He has gathered the nickels and dimes of the country together and created with them a corporation representing a capital of fifty million dollars. Back of this, as Mr. Leo L. Redding remarks in the *World's Work*, lie two principles of merchandizing—the selection of a proper place to sell and the transaction of business on cash alone. Here is Mr. Woolworth's own story of the initial stages of his career:

"I took my first job and began work as a dry-goods clerk at Watertown, where I remained for six years in a store owned by W. H. Moore and P. R. Smith. It was there that the 'five and ten-cent' idea came to me, and tho I left Watertown without capital I feel that the foundation for my fortune was laid in that little town. I persuaded my employers to create a five-cent cash counter with me in charge of it.

"As I watched the public flocking about that counter I became more and more convinced that there was a demand for a store that would cater to the small purchasers, and I made up my mind to give my theory a trial. So, in February, 1879, with a capital of a few hundred dollars, I started my first five-cent store in the Arcade Building in Bleecker Street, Utica. This store, of course, was more or less an experiment, and, no doubt, I made many mistakes, but all the time I was gaining experience and learning something. One of the first things I learned was that I could not expect people to come to me. I had to take my store to the people. I had not done that. So after three months I was glad to sell out, particularly as the sale gave me a profit of \$150."

Never-Lose-Woolworth.

THE second venture in which Mr. Woolworth engaged, a store in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was a pronounced success. He sold one hundred and twenty-eight dollars' worth of goods the first day. He was less successful in Harrisburg. A similar store in Scranton was successful, but another store in Philadelphia lost \$350 in sixty days. "That wasn't much," Mr. Woolworth exclaims, "but it was enough for me. I do not believe in maintaining losing establishments, just as soon as a store demonstrates that it is not a success I close it." After that Mr. Woolworth's stores were almost universally successful. He was careful in his selection of localities, and refused to enter business transactions



The Merger of East and West

*"But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!"*

—KIPLING.

In the "Ballad of East and West," Kipling tells the story of an Indian border bandit pursued to his hiding place in the hills by an English colonel's son.

These men were of different races and represented widely different ideas of life. But, as they came face to face, each found in the other elements of character which made them friends.

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except on a cash basis. He began to take in partners, and branched out, not rapidly, but slowly and surely. For he had learned his lesson from the conservative Dutchmen who inhabit Lancaster.

"After I had paid what I owed to my old employers, Mr. Moore and Mr. Smith, I refused to run into debt. If I had wished it, I might have had twenty-five stores working for me, where in 1886 I had only five. I built on a solid foundation. Perhaps I would have made money more rapidly if I had borrowed the capital with which to equip my stores, but I believe that if I had done that I would have made a failure of my enterprise.

"In July, 1886, I went to New York to open an office—a sort of purchasing agency. I first took desk room at No. 104 Chambers Street, for which I paid \$25 a month. I did without a stenographer or assistant. I did all the work myself; bought the supplies and arranged for the shipping of all the goods for my stores in Lancaster, Reading, Harrisburg, Scranton, and Newark. While doing this I was learning, learning all the time, and pretty soon I began to see that I was devoting the time of a high-priced man to details that should have been entrusted to clerks. I was the high-priced man.

"No one ever had more to learn than I, and as I look back on my business experience it seems to me that sometimes I was mighty slow in learning my lessons."

Mr. Woolworth Shocks an
Expert Accountant.

EVEN in those days, Mr. Woolworth was doing an immense amount of business. No one but himself and his partners had an idea of the volume of his business, because no longer ago than 1911, and even after several New York bankers were trying to bring about a consolidation of all the five and ten-cent stores, nothing was known of his methods. "At that time," he remarks, "I was much amused by some auditors who had been engaged to investigate the affairs of the Woolworth stores. They asked to see my office force. I pointed out a book-keeper and his assistant and a few stenographers." The auditors were shocked.

"What?" said one of these auditors. "You don't mean to say that you do a business that runs into millions with a force like that?"

"Yes, sir," said I. "That is my business force."

"Show us your bills receivable," said one of the auditors.

"I have none," was my reply. They were amazed.

"Bills payable?"

"None," I said. "I have no bills payable or receivable."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the man who was asking the questions. "What kind of a business is this? Let us see your January receipts."

"It took three men to carry in a case full of the returns. The auditors fairly gasped.

"'You did all of that in January!' they exclaimed.

"'Why, that is not all,' I said. 'We will have the other boxes brought in a few minutes.'

"'Never mind!' was the reply, and they all fled, shaking their heads. The last I heard was one of them saying as he went out, 'There must be something wrong with a business of that size that doesn't owe anything.'

"'However, the report of those auditors made the capitalists all the more willing to do business with us.'

The Tallest Building that
Scraps the Skies of
New York.

SOME years ago, in Europe, Mr. Woolworth found that everywhere the men with whom he came in contact asked him about the Singer building and its famous tower. "That gave me an idea. I decided to erect a building that would advertise the Woolworth five and ten-cent stores all over the world. I kept thinking about it, and finally, when the opportunity seemed to be right, I went ahead with my plans." The story of his acquisition of the site where the building raises its head into the clouds is in itself an industrial romance.

"Mr. Cass Gilbert was employed to prepare the architectural drawings. While these deals were being made the Metropolitan Tower had been run into the air, overtopping the Singer Building. Mr. Woolworth, determined to have the advertising value that would come with the highest structure in Manhattan, hired an engineer to measure the Metropolitan Tower. He reported that it was exactly 707 feet 3 inches high. Mr. Woolworth instructed his architect to prepare plans for a tower that would overtop the Metropolitan.

"The United States Steel Corporation wanted the advertising that would result from the Woolworth Building. It bid to furnish the completed steel structure at a price that was astonishingly low. The entire transaction was carried through on a mere letter of a few words written by Judge Gary, chairman of the board of directors of that corporation."

The acquisition of another plot necessitated a change in the entire construction, and made it possible to make the tower even higher than was originally planned. "How high can you make it?"—"It is for you to make the limit."—"Then," remarked Woolworth, "make it fifty feet higher than the Metropolitan Tower." The Woolworth Building stands to-day fifty feet higher than any other building in New York and, for that matter, in the world. "Thus," concludes Mr. Redding, "another of Mr. Woolworth's dreams has come true."



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The Old Way
Wearing and Wasteful

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Penalties of National Inefficiency.

NERO is said to have played
the fiddle while Rome
burned; but he certainly
couldn't have played it more
industriously than our office

holders play politics while prosperity
is vanishing in smoke. So runs the
indictment found by Frank Koester, in
his recent book, "The Price of Ineffi-
ciency" (Sturgis and Walton Com-
pany), against the government and the
nation. The great burden of ineffi-
ciency, he asserts, with its terrible cost,
is a burden that is carried on the
shoulders of each and every one of
us. "Whatever your income may be,
much or little, increasing or decreas-
ing, you are paying your full share in
one form or another of the waste,
which amounts to ten billion dollars
annually; a waste that means that forty
cents of every dollar you earn goes
for nothing. You are paying this
price, the price of inefficiency, in a
thousand different ways for not taking
the interest that you should in business
and governmental affairs and in your
own private concerns." In collecting the
data for his book, Mr. Koester found
ever-increasing evidences of our na-
tional shortcomings.

"It was as if an underground city of
decay had been entered, avenue after ave-
nue of inquiry presented itself and at
every turn new and greater vistas of
crumbling walls and tottering pillars ap-
peared. Overhead the world takes its
way, with here and there a sinking of the
street or an upheaval of the surface. Be-
neath, the foundations are undermined by
neglect, carelessness, graft, self-satisfac-
tion, disrespect of authority, lack of dis-
cipline, faulty education, lawlessness, sus-
picion, waste, squandering of resources,
extravagance, crooked dealing, monopoly,
indolence, superficiality and politics; a
stupendous labyrinth of destructive forces,
which mean national disaster if funda-
mental and comprehensive measures for
correction are not undertaken at once."

Swamping the Country with a Deluge of Laws.

THE government, which includes
our multiple state governments
and our courts, is as open to
criticism, in Mr. Koester's opinion, as
the most outrageous of trusts. The
ensemble government of the United
States in its mountebank struggle with
conditions passed no less than 44,000
new laws in 1910. Since that time the
legislative flood has not been receding.
There are, in the words of ex-Gov-
ernor Herrick of Ohio, laws to regu-
late everybody and everything except
the public expenditures of the law-
makers themselves and of the various
departments of our government. The
great majority of men sitting in our

legislative bodies, continues the Gov-
ernor whose remarks Mr. Koester
quotes with approval, are lawyers
whose natural tendency is to cure
every ill by a statute.

"The oversight of business enterprises
by the government has placed on the gov-
ernment payrolls a vast number of of-
ficials; it has necessitated the establish-
ment of new departments, the keeping of
a mass of records and the compilation of
a great quantity of statistics. All this has
been done with no serious attempt to re-
form the antiquated expensive methods
prevailing in all departments of the gov-
ernment.

"The people have been so intent on
placing the corporations under govern-
mental control that they have overlooked
the additional burden they are putting on
their own shoulders by placing this work
in the hands of officials who, handicapped
by bad methods, are rendered powerless
to do little more than swell the payrolls."

The great majority of the 44,000
laws, which, presumably, have been
trebled since the ex-Governor's re-
markable statement, will undoubtedly
be dead letters in a short time, if they
ever have any effect. As dead letters,
Mr. Koester points out, they only
serve to clog the administration of jus-
tice and encourage disrespect for the
law.

The Debit Side of Uncle Sam's Ledger.

THE debit side of our national
ledger displays innumerable items
of preventable waste. The total
reaches an appalling figure concerning
not only every citizen of this country
but the world at large, for the pros-
perity of all civilized nations is vitally
connected. We waste \$50,000,000 in
forest fires, and in some years the loss
amounts to \$200,000,000 in money.
We waste a billion cubic feet of
natural gas daily, the most perfect of
fuels. We waste \$22,000,000 a year
in the manufacture of coke in lost
gases; \$40,000 tons of ammonium sul-
phate of similar value and nearly 400,-
000,000 gallons of tar worth \$9,000,000
—a total with other wasted by-prod-
ucts of \$55,000,000. We waste a vast
sum yearly in not utilizing our de-
posits of peat as fuel. The value of
available peat beds is estimated at
thirty-nine thousand millions of dol-
lars. We waste 30,000,000 horse-
power every year by failure to utilize
our water-power, amounting to \$600,-
000,000, far in excess of the value of
all coal used annually. We waste
\$238,000,000 in losses through floods
and freshets. But the indictment does
not end here.

"We waste \$500,000,000 a year in soil
erosion. Through the neglect of farmers
to properly work their land and to pre-
vent the formation of gullies, the fertility

of the soil is washed into the lowlands and seas.

"We waste vast land resources by failure to drain swamps and overflowed areas. These lands could be reclaimed at small expense, increasing the value of the land threefold, and supplying homes for 10,000,000 people.

"We waste \$650,000,000 a year through losses to growing crops, fruit trees, grain in storage, etc., by noxious insects, whose multiplication is largely due to careless methods of agriculture.

"We waste \$267,000,000 a year through the attacks of flies, ticks, and other insects on animal life. A greater loss is caused by the enormous sacrifice of human life due to mosquitoes, flies, fleas, and other germ-carrying insects.

"We waste \$100,000,000 annually in losses to live stock and crops by wolves, rats, mice, and other predatory mammals.

"We waste \$93,000,000 a year in losses of live stock due to disease, of which \$40,000,000 is chargeable to Texas fever, while tuberculosis, scabbies and cholera are next in importance, all of which are largely preventable if not eradicated.

"We waste \$772,000,000 annually in losses of income, due to industrial diseases; that is, diseases which attack workers on account of the nature of their employment and the unsanitary conditions in which the work is carried on.

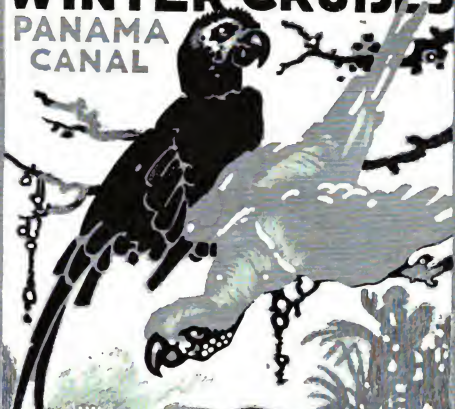
"We waste \$1,500,000,000 a year through loss of life and illness to industrial and other workers, through preventable disease, accidents and carelessness. The truth of this is corroborated by the fact that the expectation of life in Germany is ten years longer than in America."

This waste, aggregating ten thousand million dollars a year, constitutes a per capita loss of not less than \$100. For the 33,000,000 wage-earners of the country it amounts to not less than \$300 a year or a minimum of \$5.75 per week. The average wage being less than ten dollars a week, we need not be surprised at the staggering rise in the cost of living.

The Road to Redemption.

GERMANY and Japan, the most efficient among the nations, point the road to our industrial redemption. Japan, the author tells us, has learned her lesson in Germany. To-day Argentina and China are carrying out similar policies, and even England is waking up. There is also discernible in America a slow but considerable movement to profit by the experience and the example of Europe. We are pausing like a spendthrift who by accident first runs his fingers to the bottom of a supposedly bottomless pocket. Like a youth a few months out of college, we see that the world is not our walnut after all, to be cracked at our sweet will. We are passing into a new era of more or less gravity and certainly less enthusiasm.

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America is face to face with the serious business of being a sorely tried nation among sorely tried nations, with every problem to meet and solve that other nations face, and no longer the most favored of lands.

Training, the author goes on to say, must be compulsory up to the age of eighteen, and the learning of some trade or profession obligatory. A system must be devised for securing for each profession a ratio proportionate to its demands, and a method for eliminating misfits. The country is crowded to-day with incompetent lawyers, bad doctors, poor teachers and underpaid clerks who might have been successful mechanics and competent carpenters.

Uprooting the Canker of Inefficiency.

OUR capitalists at present forget that the people, if thwarted by trickery, may turn and with a single act of confiscation level on one fatal day the exploitation of generations and centuries. The government as it now exists is a house divided against itself. The lawmakers and those who execute the law are serving some the public and some capital, and the government thus commands no respect and accomplishes nothing. In desperation it tears at the structure of business and creates distrust and alarm; but, Mr. Koester continues, its efforts are not regarded as made in good faith.

"At the root of the matter is the canker of inefficiency. Everywhere, in every department of public life, with only sporadic exceptions, the wrong thing is done and ineptness and incompetency flourish in the graveyard of prosperity. There is not an industry, not a factory, store or shop, that does not halt at the prospect of uncertainty and agitation. The nation is cursed by politics and burdened by the great twin evils of business in politics and politics in business. . . . Instead of officials who, when assailed in office, tender their resignation and thus throw into confusion their detractors when their motives are questioned, we have a stripe of officeholders who cling to office to the last extremity and destroy respect for themselves and for the office they hold."

The directors of the great oil trust, Mr. Koester goes on to say, meet daily. No question in its policy or business can arise in any part of the world which cannot be settled in twenty-four hours by the highest authority. Yet in our government "there is absolutely no legal question of vital importance that can be settled by the government in less than three or four years." Why should a corporation have a better system than the government? Why should it be efficient and the government inefficient?

Pitfalls of Fire Insurance.

DOES insurance always insure? Sometimes, it seems, it doesn't. You may have a fire insurance policy, but, asks William B. Ellison in *Pearson's*, are you insured? Most fire insurance policies do not insure the holder. Most fire insurance policies are, in Mr. Ellison's opinion, merely "traps set for premiums." Startling as are these statements, the man who makes them was formerly Corporation Counsel of the City of New York. He has had much experience with fire insurance policies—before and after fires, and was only recently appointed by Governor Sulzer to suggest a new form of policy for New York State which would really insure the holder against fire. An insurance policy, as interpreted by Mr. Ellison, is a "steel-trap covered with verbiage." Says he:

"For argument's sake, we might even admit that a fire insurance policy was not meant to be a trap. Doubtless it was not intended as a snare. But it is set just the same, and has caught many a policy holder. Thousands and thousands of men have slept with a sense of security thinking they had fire insurance policies in their safes, and have waked up after a fire to learn that they had been cherishing steel traps.

"Under the verbiage I have counted sixteen sharp teeth. Some of them are much longer and sharper than others, but any one of them is sufficient to make a fire insurance policy so much waste paper. They are hidden in the fine print that no one bothers to read. You do not read this fine print because you are not suspecting the presence of an enemy in the underbrush. You regard it as 'legal form' and let it go at that."

Niggers in the Wood Pile of Fire Insurance Policies

A WHOLE regiment of niggers seems to be hidden in the wood pile of fire insurance. One of these is the requirement that "proof of loss" be presented within sixty days. In the case of big fires there is not much chance of a slip-up, but in the average small fire, the one where the policyholder needs the money most of all, it is the easiest thing in the world to fail to present the required proof. In one case Mr. Ellison tells of, it happened like this:

"A man owned a small shop on which he was carrying \$500 insurance. It was completely destroyed by fire, and, in a few hours, he was visited by the company's adjuster; he was an agreeable, sympathetic man who made copious notes of all the shop-owner told him. What he gave the adjuster was a fairly complete inventory of the place. The adjuster thanked him, assured him that the company would undoubtedly pay in full and went his way. The shopkeeper did not know much of the ways of the world and

waited patiently for his money. It did not come, but he had given the adjuster such convincing proof of his loss that he saw no cause for worry. Finally, after two months had passed, he sought out the insurance agent who had procured him the policy, and found that he had lost all claim on the company because he had not himself, formally, presented 'proof of loss' to the company. Mind you, the company really knew all about it. The adjuster's report was complete and convincing, but the shopkeeper had not followed the dim and narrow path laid out for him and, snap, he was fast in the trap."

Policies should be changed to read that "proof of loss" must be submitted within sixty days, when so required by the insurance company. If, declares Mr. Ellison, the insurance company wants the information, it can easily make a demand.

More Niggers and
More Teeth.

THE niggers in the wood pile of fire insurance policies evidently have very sharp teeth. Mr. Ellison takes up, one by one, the sixteen "teeth" concealed in the fine print of the average policy. There is the "mortgage tooth" and the "lease tooth," and the tooth that forbids the policyholder to take out more insurance, and the tooth that forbids repairing for more than fifteen days at a time. "Kick the verbiage off the whole trap," he demands, "and leave it bare. Warn the policyholder in large type in a few paragraphs what he must avoid. The policy would be just as strong in court. It would protect the insurance company no less. And it would give the policyholder a fair show." He has not a "square deal" at present.

"All the legislatures have really done is to remove most of the traps. When they first took action there was certainly need of it. Some of the policies in the old days were grotesque in their unfairness. It was all the shrewdest policy holder could do to get out of the jungle with his insurance money in his hand. Now there are only a limited number of traps—but more by far than you are probably aware of—and it is about time the legislatures took this work in hand again and removed the remaining snarls."

"Far from having been drawn by legislators, the standard forms of policies in use were carefully worded by the insurance companies themselves. The New York Standard form, adopted in 1886, and copied in half a dozen other states, was substantially written by a director of the New York Fire Insurance Exchange."

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From the Policies.

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reason, he thinks, why policies should not be written in plain English. "Sweep away all the snaring clauses. Let the teeth show sharp and dangerous. Then when you receive your policy, you will see the teeth." Meanwhile, Mr. Ellison enumerates them for the benefit of his readers. Unless expressly stipulated, the following acts or omissions render a policy void:

"1. If you have concealed, misrepresented, or merely forgotten, to mention any material fact or circumstance regarding the property insured;

"2. If you do not state your interest in the property truthfully and fully;

"3. If you are guilty of any fraud or false swearing (not necessarily deliberate) in any matter relating to the insurance;

"4. If you insure a manufacturing establishment, and operate any part of it at night later than ten o'clock, or cease to operate it for more than ten consecutive days;

"5. If you procure any other insurance;

"6. If the hazard is increased by any means within your knowledge or control (a broad provision);

"7. If you employ mechanics in altering or repairing the premises for more than fifteen days at a time;

"8. If your interest in the property is anything less than unconditional and sole ownership;

"9. If you encumber personal property with a chattel mortgage (which includes bills of sale providing for deferred payments);

"10. If you insure a building on property not owned by you;

"11. If foreclosure proceedings are started against your property, or a mortgage or trust deed results in a sale;

"12. If any change, other than death, takes place in the interest, title or possession of the property insured (except change of occupants without increase of hazard);

"13. If you assign the policy before a loss;

"14. If you generate illuminating gas or vapor in the building (or adjacent thereto);

"15. If you have gasoline, gun-powder or any explosives except kerosene;

"16. If the building remain unoccupied ten days."

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HELEN DUFFY OF TROY—A STORY

(Continued from page 205.)

straight into his fighting blue eyes. Then she kissed him, one kiss on each eye, and one between the eyes over the high, unbroken nose, circled her arm around his neck, and gathered his old head to her breast. She stroked his cheek with her fingers and kissed him again. He didn't protest. He was only a man after all.

"Come een, faithre," and with one arm still around him she led him into the room.

The interior was plainly, even poorly, furnished with stiff, glittering chairs and a table, like the show window in a furnishing establishment where "Your Credit is Good." Over the mantel there was a framed photograph of a tall, Irish-looking man in a soldierly, significant attitude, and on the opposite wall, in a huge gilded frame, hung an East Side artist's idea of what Robert Emmet looked like. Emmet wore a coat of blue and gold like a Russian general. His arms were widely extended and he was lecturing a judge, who appeared uncomfortable in a fur cape.

The girl had seated the old man and was leaning on the table on her elbows, looking into his face and smiling. She seemed not to notice me. As I had done what I had conceived to be my duty in the matter, I said:

"Mr. Duffy, now that you have found your son's wife and know where he lives, I think I shall be going, as I have some business to attend to."

He got up, staggering, and came to the door with me.

"Wait for me at the corner," he said, with his mouth at my ear and his red-haired fingers trembling on my cheek. "I'll not stay longer than fifteen minutes. I'll come back in the evenin' when Mike is home."

I promised to wait for him, and had been waiting for twenty minutes when I saw him coming along the street. About halfway between where I stood and the door, a curly-haired, listless, dreamy fellow stood contemplating a blossomy barrow, drawn up along the curb. I hastened in his direction, yet fearful that the old man might have to pass the night in a police cell.

Old Duffy stopped and looked at him. He smiled and nodded. His old fierceness was gone. When he came up to me he said: "Now there's what I call a fine-lookin' lad." He took me by the arm, and as we walked down the street his step seemed more sprightly. The rest had done him good. He was silent for a few moments. Then he began:

"I have been a trifle harsh to ye this mornin', but I feel in me heart that ye'll forgive me. Sure, it's a kind, sweet tongue ye have an' fine, grand words, an' a good face an' a brave, kindly manner. Tell me, now, is it the truth ye were speakin' about all them grand buildin's?"

"Of course it's the truth. No finer ever were erected."

"Well, God help us all. It's a queer world we're livin' in. Well do I mind young Dan Hogan, him that death come

to through the readin' av books an' the studin' an' the larnin'. I mind him tellin' that the Greeks an' the Irish were all the wan race away back before the long-haired wans fought the great fight at—how do you say it?—Thermopylae. An' they were the most beautiful people, too, young Dan said. I'm sure he must 'a' been right about it."

"They surely were beautiful women in Greece in those days, and I have no doubt that the women of Greece are just as beautiful now."

"Yes, yes, to be sure, so I have heard tell. Young Hogan made great talk about Queen Helen an' her like an' her bare feet an' her shinin' brow an' the grand soft airs av her. Well, an' if work's a fine thing to be doin' in the daytime, sure a beautiful woman is a fine thing to be comin' home to when the light is over an' the dark is comin' down on these dirty streets."

We were back again at the corner of Allen Street.

Split-nose Regan, the kiddies' cop, was standing on the curb with his back to the street, beating time with his broad foot to the wheeze of a hurdy-gurdy and keeping one eye on the warlike invader of his beat and the other on the dancing figure of little Maria Mantrelli, for the safety of whose spindle legs his eagle face had lost what beauty it had possessed under the wheels of an auto truck. I invited him to come over, but he only smiled and kept on beating time on the curb with his broad foot. The old man cavorted over to the stand and looked at the fruit seller. He held his hands in front of him and rubbed his red-haired fingers together. All the yellow teeth in his upper jaw were visible. Split-nose Regan gripped his club. He could see the house sergeant enter his name at the desk. But the mature judgment of Split-nose was at fault. Before his disgusted sight the old, soft-mannered man bought three oranges.

"Here, me fine cop," he said to Split-nose, "won't ye ate wan av these with me? Ye done me a kindly turn this mornin', an' I'm not the man to forget ye. Now that Greek is what I call a fine-lookin' lad. Did ye ever hear what a fine, grand fightin' race the Greeks are?"

Split-nose Regan heard the call of the blood. The hurdy-gurdy tune went false. He pitched the orange on the pavement and flattened it with his broad foot. "G'wan, or I'll run ye in, ye shameless old fool."

"Man, have ye never heard av the great fight av Thermopylae or av the fine shinin' beauty av Helen av Troy?"

The heavy hand of Split-nose closed on Duffy's shoulder, and with a shove he sent the old man reeling down the street.

"G'wan, ye old lunatic, or I'll put ye to sleep on a plank."

Split-nose Regan scratched his divided proboscis, chased little Maria Mantrelli into the house, and drove the hurdy-gurdy man more than half a block.

CURRENT OPINION



EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: LEONARD D. ABBOTT,
ALEXANDER HARVEY, GEORGE S. VIERECK



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A Review of the World

THE LONG STRUGGLE WITH THE TARIFF COMES TO AN END

WHEN the tariff bill passed the United States Senate last month, four notable things were revealed. One was that the Senate is no longer the obstacle to change that it has had the reputation of being from the beginning of our national history. A second thing was that the protective tariff has lost its sacrosanct character and that a panic no longer ensues the moment that hostile hands are laid upon it. The third thing revealed was that the Democratic party has achieved a capacity for constructive work that it has not shown before for at least one generation. And the fourth thing revealed was the ascendancy of the President in the legislative halls of the nation such as we must go a long distance back to find paralleled.

The Old Senate of Our
Fathers Has Passed
Away.

WHEN the last preceding revision of the tariff by the Democrats took place, in Cleveland's administration, it was the Senate that resisted all the important changes made in the House and resisted so stubbornly that the President, charging it with "perfidy and dishonor," refused to sign the bill that emerged, and the country promptly repudiated it. Last month the Senate took up the House revision and actually added to the radical character of the changes made. The House reduced the rate from an average of 54 per

cent. in the existing schedule, to an average of 30 per cent. The Senate reduced it still further to 26 per cent. The House had incorporated an income tax ranging up to four per cent. on incomes exceeding \$100,000. The Senate raised the tax to five per cent. on incomes exceeding \$100,000, six per cent. on those exceeding \$250,000, and seven per cent. on those exceeding half a million. All this, in the words of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, "marks an epoch in the tariff history of Congress," for it indicates that "the Senate has forsaken its former attitude." This change the *N. Y. Tribune* attributes to the new constitutional amendment providing for direct election of Senators by popular vote. The Senate no longer dares to challenge the voice of the people as shown in the election of a President and of the lower House. "There is no longer," remarks the *N. Y. Tribune*, "an overshadowing Senate"; it will not soon again "be in a position to override the House and ignore the President."

The "Coercive" Influence
of President Wilson.

ONE passionate voice was raised in vain in the Senate, while the tariff bill was pending, against the ascendancy of the President over Congress. "The influence," said Senator Cummins, "that has been exerted by the President upon members of Congress, an influence so persistent and determined that it has become coercive, is known to every intelligent

citizen of the United States." The Senator protested against this "coercive" influence. He appealed to the "spirit of free institutions" and the "fundamental principles of representative government." But he appealed in vain. The Senate refused to throw off its chains. "It ought to humiliate us somewhat," said the Senator, "when we look around and find that the people generally not only understand the surrender of our rights and privileges but observe it with a certain degree of satisfaction." Mark Sullivan, in his comment in *Collier's*, speaks of the Senate as "now eating out of his—the President's—hand." President Cleveland once spoke of having a Congress on his hands; but this Congress, the *N. Y. Times* observes, has a President on its back, driving it pitilessly. "Instead of President Wilson waiting to see what Congress is going to do, he has Congress guessing what he is going to do. The talking is done at the Capitol end of the avenue. The work is done at the White House end while the talk runs along." The establishment of this leadership in a few months' time, the *N. Y. World* remarks, "is something that no Democratic President since Jackson has been able to do, and Mr. Wilson has done it without threats or intimidation or bluster and without bribes of patronage." "For the first time in my political experience," says Job Hedges, Republican candidate last year for Governor of New York, "the Democratic Party is now running along affirmative lines," and the President is "not only its virtual head but its master."

Drawing Conclusions from
Last Month's Election in
Maine.

EXPLANATIONS are made by Progressive leaders, such as Hotchkiss of New York and Congressman Victor Murdock, to the effect that the Progressives are interested in national issues rather than in local elections and the patronage that is involved in them; but the *Detroit Free Press* thinks that all signs "point plainly to the vanishing of the new party." The weakness of the party, as this paper sees it, lies in the fact that, in spite of more than four million votes last fall, it did not win a single state government, electing just one governor but not a single legislature, and sending but ten men to Congress. Mr. Munsey's *N. Y. Press* draws a moral from the Maine election to the effect that if the Republicans and Progressives only get together again they can beat the Democrats as of old. The *N. Y. Tribune* says the time is ripe for a liberalization of the Republican Party, since "the voting in Maine indicates that the disgruntled will come back if the door is opened and kept open." But the *Springfield Republican* notes that if the Progressives retain the same ratio of their vote in the Congressional elections next year as they retained in the Maine election last month, the Democrats are sure to retain control of Congress. The vote in Maine was, it says, "certainly no rebuke to the Wilson administration." That is the view taken by the *N. Y. Times*, the *N. Y. World*, the *Louisville Evening Post*, and many other papers. The *Boston Herald* seems rather lonesome in its position that a "decided reaction" was shown against the administration.



DISSOLVING THE PARTNERSHIP

—Macaulay in *N. Y. World*

THE STRUGGLE IN NEW YORK TO END THE REIGN OF TAMMANY

NOBODY outside of New York, it has often been said, can understand New York politics. This year politics in both the City and the State of New York is a little more incomprehensible than usual. The fiercest fights we have here are not those between opposing political parties but between factions of the same party, and the next fiercest fights are between different cliques of the same faction. The contest at Albany over Governor Sulzer's impeachment is a case in point. Mr. Sulzer has nearly always, in a long career, been a fairly obedient Tammany man. His nomination for governor last year was a clear indication that Tammany Hall had succeeded in obtaining control of the state Democracy and dared for the first time in many years to choose one of her own adherents for head of the ticket. Now before a year

is up we find Tammany Hall fighting like sin to impeach and eject Mr. Sulzer and to put in his place an up-state man whose allegiance, so far as he owes allegiance to any one, is to Mr. Hearst, whom Tammany hates with its whole soul.

The Tide of Sympathy for
Sulzer Overwhelms New
York Editors.

AS THE struggle over Sulzer's impeachment has progressed, another singular thing has been witnessed. Sulzer, in spite of the damning evidence against him, and in spite of the appeals of his friends, Mr. Roosevelt among them, has refused to make any explanation or furnish any reply whatever except a weak general denial. Not a paper in New York City has, under the circumstances, had the hardihood to stand up for him and against his impeachment, though nearly every one of these

papers is anti-Tammany. But outside New York, the Democratic as well as the Republican organs show a very pronounced disposition to sympathize with his cause and to denounce his assailants. And, what is equally interesting, the papers in New York City have been deluged with letters from their own readers defending Sulzer and criticizing the position of the editors. That these editors have been taken by surprise is evident. *The World* speaks of "a flood of letters from its readers" disagreeing vehemently with its attitude, and sees in this fact "an amazing reaction into leniency for Sulzer." It adds: "Because Sulzer's corruption has been exposed by crooks instead of by virtuous men, Sulzer becomes a hero; because Sulzer has been impeached at the dictation of the Assembly's Boss instead of at the dictates of the Assembly's conscience, Sulzer becomes a martyr." *The Tribune* notes that it also is in receipt of "a number of letters from its readers" finding fault with its attitude toward Governor Sulzer. The *Even-*



NOT TIGER CURS, BUT THEY OUGHT TO BE

Judge Edward E. McCall, the Tammany candidate for mayor of New York, was brimming over with good nature as he watched the Fusion candidates inaugurate their campaign by availing each other. "Who is it I am running against?" he asked the reporters smilingly.

ing Sun speaks of the same experience. What is more, assemblymen who voted for the impeachment are being punished for their act. In Nassau County, in Herkimer County, in Onondaga, Niagara, Ontario, and elsewhere, Republican as well as Democratic assemblymen have been refused renomination for that reason alone.

Democratic Hatred of Tammany Hall.

ONE might almost think that Sulzer is a political idol like Abraham Lincoln or Henry Clay, from the storm of protests that come from the press of the country against his untimely ending. The Louisville Courier Journal, for instance, sees in his impeachment one more proof that the people of New York State "are incapable of self-government." It weeps over his persecution as follows:

"Poor William Sulzer! What siren voice of vanity, what optimistic simplicity, could have lured him to battle on the off side of

a stream having no bridges, his line of retreat leading through the enemy's country right into the deadly ambushes and yawning rifle-pits of Wall Street? One can well believe he did not wrongfully use a dollar; that the case against him is 'a frame-up'; even that, like the dog in the fable, he was merely caught in bad company."

The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot thinks "the whole proceeding smacks of persecution of a retaliatory nature and is therefore to be viewed with extreme suspicion." The Baltimore Sun declares that the people of the country, viewing the impeachment, "see in it what it is—the organized effort of an unscrupulous political machine, which has always stood, and still stands, for all that is worst in politics and business, to maintain its supremacy and to keep the people out of their rights." The Atlantic Journal sings in the same key: "It is distinctly to the credit of the public mind that it has gone to the heart of this situation, realizing that, tho Sulzer be guilty, the really dangerous criminal is not he, but his hypocritical acuser. Tammany may destroy the Governor, but at the same time it has loosed an avalanche for its own destruction." All these papers quoted above are Democratic papers, and they are speaking of the regular Democratic organization of New York City, and of the action taken with practical unanimity by the Democratic legislators of New York State. We could go on quoting similar utterances indefinitely. If Tammany has any friends in the national Democratic party they are singularly quiet these days. Not since Tweed's day has the country shown such hostility.



SO THIS IS TAMMANY!

—Macaulay in N. Y. World

Playing for Big Stakes in the New York City Election.

NO ONE in New York City seems to hope, as the impeachment trial begins at Albany, that Sulzer can be saved from political ruin. The only thing hoped for is that the incident may be made to help break the power of Tammany in the State and City. New York City elects this fall an entire municipal administration—mayor, members of the Board of Estimate, presidents of the boroughs, and members of the Board of Aldermen. The new subway agreements call for the expenditure of about \$250,000,000, in addition to the regular city budget of about \$200,000,000. The regular Democratic organization—which is controlled by Tammany—has nominated for mayor Judge Edward E. McCall, a typical Tammany Hall man of the more reputable sort. It means to take no chances this year such as it has taken with Sulzer and with Gaynor and McClellan, and if it is victorious, Greater New York will have an out-and-out Tammany government for the next four years.

Who Blew the Fuse Out of Fusion?

ON THE Fusion side, the campaign, prior to Mayor Gaynor's death, was a perfect maze. The committee of 107, composed of Republicans, independent Democrats, Progressives and Independence Leaguers, had had a desperate all-night struggle to select a mayoralty candidate. Whitman, who had sent Becker to Sing Sing, embodied in himself the police issue. McAneny, who had put through the subway plan, embodied the subway issue. Both were turned down in favor of Mitchel, whose nomination was supposed to ensure the support of Hearst and the Independence League. Now Mitchel had strenuously opposed the subway plan, standing out for municipal operation and ownership. With his nomination, therefore, the subway issue was thrown overboard. Whitman, renominated for district attorney, was promptly added to its ticket by Tammany, and accepted the nomination. The police issue was thus eliminated, or at least obscured. Hearst, instead of supporting the Fusion ticket with Mitchel at the head, as had been expected, promptly repudiated McAneny and Prendergast, candidates for president of the board of aldermen and controller, and the Independence League followed his lead. Then a coalition of some eighty quickly-formed organizations was effected and by them Gaynor was renominated, and a strong tide began to set in in his favor among Republicans. Gaynor began his campaign with a strong attack upon Tammany, and by appropriating in spectacular fashion the subway issue.

Mitchel began his campaign with a strong attack upon Gaynor as "a Tammany decoy." The strongest of the Fusion newspapers began their campaign with repeated attacks upon Mitchel as a semi-Socialist. Hearst began his campaign, as already stated, with an attack upon the Fusion candidates other than Mitchel. In this general mêlée it became difficult to say just who blew the fuse out of Fusion, but it was very evident that it had been blown out.

The Sudden Death of Mayor Gaynor.

THE sudden death of Mayor Gaynor, at sea, on a vacation trip to England, hushed the clamor for a few days, while all New York proceeded to pay tribute to his strong character. "Stripped of the petty things which go with every strong individuality," said the *N. Y. Herald*, "he stands out, now that death has taken him, as a gigantic man whose successes were mental, whose failings were temperamental." The *Evening Mail* regards him as having been the greatest mayor the city has ever known. "The city government as it stands," says the *Mail*, "reformed and almost completely purged of the poison of partisan politics—a work apparently beyond the skill and strength of any other man—is a monument to the memory of this noble and faithful public servant." This laudatory tone became at once common, even those papers that had been most severe in criticism in the last year or two growing eulogistic as they looked over the man's whole career.

Mayor Gaynor Another Victim of the Spoils System.

THE son of an Irish farmer, William J. Gaynor had studied for the Roman Catholic priesthood, entering the Christian Brothers College in St. Louis as a novice employee, taking the name of Brother Hadrian Mary. He left the order before taking vows, and his career after that until he appeared in Brooklyn in 1873 as a young student of law is vague. He proved to be a vigorous and courageous reformer from the first. He fought the unlicensed saloons of Flatbush, almost single-handed, and was made a police commissioner. He fought "Boss" McLaughlin over a lot of corrupt contracts for water supply in Brooklyn, brought a successful suit as a taxpayer to make the elevated roads pay taxes, and made himself generally useful as a citizen. Being made a Supreme Court judge, he sent the notorious "Boss" McKane to Sing Sing for ballot frauds. At least twice he refused a nomination as mayor, and once a nomination for governor. He was prominently named for vice-presidential candidate on the Democratic ticket in 1908 and for presidential candidate in 1912. He was the only man on the regular Democratic ticket to be elected in the municipal campaign in 1909, and his refusal as mayor to yield to the spoils system brought about the attempt at his assassination in August, 1910, by a paranoiac who had been discharged from the city's service. The bullet, which lodged in the muscles of his neck, was never extracted, and "he was never," remarks one of his



HIS LAST APPEARANCE TO NEW YORKERS

Mayor Gaynor's last act before sailing last month on his long, long voyage was to accept a renomination and to brandish triumphantly the emblem of his cause—a shovel.

biographers, "the same man afterward." The recurrent pain from his wound and the violent spasms of coughing doubtless helped to weaken his heart and to bring about his end, which came from heart-failure. "His death," remarks the *N. Y. Evening Post*, "was in all human probability a consequence of that shot; and that shot would, in all human probability, never have been fired but for the Mayor's firm and defiant refusal to run his office on the spoils principle."

Fusion Movements in Many Cities.

WHETHER or not the death of Mayor Gaynor has helped or hurt the Fusion cause is doubtful. His candidacy meant, of course, a wide split in the Fusion ranks so far as the mayoralty was concerned. But control of the Board of Estimate is of even more importance in New York than the mayoralty, and his candidacy might have helped elect a Fusion board. As matters stand now, the whole ticket is likely to win or lose together. Tammany is likely to get nothing or everything for the next four years. A complete defeat might destroy its power for a long time to come, and a complete victory might make it stronger than it has ever been.



POOR LITTLE MOUSE

—Johnson in Saturday Evening Post

But more than that is at stake. In a measure, the cause of non-partisan government in American cities is at stake. Fusion, as seen in New York City, is far from being an ideal form of non-partisanship; but it is a stagger in that direction. It has been fairly effective, and it has stimulated similar movements in many other cities. Philadelphia was released from the grasp of a partisan machine two years ago by a similar movement, and there is strong hope that that success may be repeated this year. In Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Columbus, and many other cities similar efforts to divorce municipal elections from state and national elections

have made encouraging headway. But we are still far, so the N. Y. *Journal of Commerce* thinks, from an absolutely non-partisan administration of municipal affairs such as has been attained in the great cities of Europe. "The question arises," it says, "whether we go the right way to work, whether it would not be better to have an entirely independent organization devoted to that object, permanently maintained, than to go through the experiment every four years of trying to bring together and fuse or blend elements drawn from two or three parties of varying political strength against a united organization of predominant strength in one of these parties."

newspaper correspondents and alienists galore.

Why the Canadians Made a Hero of Thaw.

IN THE court-room in Canada, after a victory by Thaw's lawyers on some legal point, we read that "men and women almost trampled upon each other in a mad rush to shake his hand." When he went to the court-room he rode in an open carriage, acclaimed by the populace, lifting his hat and bowing right and left like an emperor. One account ran:

"The populace is gone mad over its mad hero. Lawyers opposed to him are threatened with death. Waitresses in the village hotel, touched with the general idiosyncrasy, refuse to serve them, while even a silly charge of playing penny ante is entertained by the local Dogberry against the man who would rob Canada of the 'human meal ticket.' And every little while the crowd gathers and threatens to rush the jail in the rescue of the maniac, who bows to it and addresses it through his cell window, turning from his paranoiac task of writing 'editorials' to influence public opinion in his behalf."

Just what the reason was for all this adulation has been a subject for much speculation. The *Pittsburgh Dispatch* and many other American papers see in it an evidence of national jealousy. Says the *Dispatch*: "The one absorbing and dominating idea of the Canadian mob was to show its dislike for Americans." The N. Y. *Tribune* sees in it simply a new exhibition of the "border rancor which exists along most national boundary lines." The *Seattle Post Intelligencer* thinks there is no international ill-feeling about it, but that Thaw represents a sporting proposition and "a people not at all concerned in a case at law are generally found in favor of the fugitive." The *Florida Times-Union* has still another theory. "It is generally believed," it says, "that Thaw has been held in the asylum not because he is insane but to punish him by confinement because the jury failed to punish him for murder."

THE THAW TRAGEDY TURNS INTO A MELODRAMA

THE escape of Thaw from the asylum in which he was confined had all the features of great melodrama. His rush in a high-power automobile out of the State, his success in reaching Canada, his arrest and the legal battle that followed, his triumphal journeys between the jail and the court-room day by day, the wild cheers of the populace, the sudden deportation back across the border, and the new legal battle that ensued—all this threw in the shade for a time last month the discussion of the tariff and the currency, our ticklish relations with Mexico and the war in the Balkans. There is no use lamenting the popular interest such an incident excites. You can't make over human nature, and to the end of existence any supreme struggle for life or liberty on the part of a human being, however worthless, will appeal to something primitive deep down in our hearts. Sophocles or Euripides would have made a great tragedy out of Thaw's career and the pitiful struggle he has had to escape his Nemesis.

The Notorious Career of Thaw.

TWO trials for murder, the expenditure of a sum of money estimated as close to a million dollars, and the battle of lawyer with lawyer and alienist with alienist resulted in Thaw's acquittal because insane, and his confinement in Matteawan. One of Thaw's attorneys was disbarred for sharp practice in his behalf, another was accused of bribery and discredited in court, a third has been sent to the penitentiary. As soon as Thaw entered the asylum, the corrupting power of his money continued its work. The superintendent and a number of his subordinates were dismissed as a result. Thaw's escape was the result of a conspiracy that is yet to be run down and which is likely to

result in more than one sentence to prison. When he reached Canada, five eminent lawyers were engaged to defend him from deportation. The attorney-general of New York, a Supreme Court Justice at Poughkeepsie, ex-District Attorney Jerome, and the Governor of New York were all engaged in the effort to recover him. In Canada, three courts, beside the Minister of Justice and the Minister of the Interior, were soon involved in the legal coils. A writ of habeas corpus was secured from the highest court of the province, the purpose of which was to attack the constitutionality of the immigration law and carry the case to the King's Privy Council in London. By a sudden bold stroke on the part of the Minister of Justice, acting apparently in defiance of the court, Thaw was shunted back across the borders, and a new legal battle was begun in New Hampshire. We read of twenty special deputies sworn in by the sheriff to prevent his release by a mob; of twelve special deputies sworn in by the Chief of Police to guard him against being kidnapped by Jerome; of three private detectives engaged to keep him posted on the movements of his prosecutors. And beside these, lawyers,

HOW AMERICAN INFLUENCES ARE TRANSFORMING THE WORLD

NEVER has there been a time in our history as a nation when we seemed to touch the activities of the world at so many points. If the old-time spread-eagle orator were to come back and try to do justice to the situation, he would probably strain himself into an apoplectic fit. Last month the peace palace at The Hague was dedicated by the representatives of all nations. Not only is the palace the gift of an American millionaire, but

the court of arbitration to which it is dedicated has been vitalized by American Presidents and the cause for which it stands is looking to us for world leadership. This month the last of the barriers between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans at Panama is to be removed and, while the Canal will not be ready for service for some time to come, there will be clear water from sea to sea and what James Bryce has called "the most gigantic effort yet made by man on this planet to improve



THE YODELERS

—Powers in N. Y. American

on nature," will be complete in all its main physical features.

The American Emigrant
as a Force in European
Life.

THESE two events make a strong appeal to the imagination, but there are other events of only less significance. Last month, the appointment of a new governor-general for the Philippines directed attention anew to the remarkable work being wrought by America in that Asiatic group of islands, not so much in a political way as in the way of hygiene, education, and physical development. America is, in fact, going far these days to make good the boasts of past generations of Fourth-of-July orators. From Hungary and Austria, says the N. Y. *Evening Post*, commenting on the influence of American immigrants who have recently gone back to those countries, "come strange stories of Parliamentary candidates appealing to whole returned constituencies, not in German or Czech, but English." Ferrero, the Italian historian, has told of the transformation going on in Italy by reason of the return of American emigrants, bringing back with them new enterprize, new standards of living and new ideals of government. Owen Johnson, the novelist, who returned last month from Italy, tells of a visit this summer to Puccini, the great Italian composer; "Very few of us here in America," says Mr. Johnson, "realize that from 500,000 to 600,000 Italians return to their own country each year from this country. Puccini showed me in the little place where he lives, Torre del Lago, two classes of dwellings. One consisted of hovels.

The other was composed of forty or fifty neat stone houses, beautifully kept up, and prosperous looking. He pointed to these last. 'That is what

you do for us,' he said. 'American money has built every one of those houses.' In southern Italy this improvement is even more noticeable.

THE FUTURE OF THE PHILIPPINES AND OUR PART IN IT

IN THE appointment of Francis Burton Harrison governor-general of the Philippines, the question of our Philippine policy, which has already formed the "dominant issue" in one presidential campaign, comes again conspicuously to the front. With this appointment comes the announcement of a "new" policy, which is described in the none too definite phrase of "bending every energy to prepare for independence." The Jones bill, providing for complete independence at the end of eight years, is again before Congress. It passed the Democratic house at the session last year, and its defenders claim that it is therefore the approved Democratic policy; but the President has not committed himself to it as yet, and, it is surmised, will not do so until the governor-general, who is—as Taft was when he was appointed to the same position—a positive anti-imperialist, has made his recommendations. In the meantime, the rumors of an impending change of policy have excited various feelings in the Philippines. Of the seven millions of "Christian" Filipinos, only 235,000 were able to qualify for voting last year, or about three per cent. of the population of the islands. The hope of immediate independence seems to give to this three per cent. unbounded joy. But the Moros are described as "panic-stricken" by the prospect, and the Manila *Cablenews American* asserts that the mere discussion of independence now going on in America has been distorted in the islands to mean "the consignment of the Mohammedans to the mercies of the Christian population."

Slavery Under the
American Flag.

INTO the rather tame discussion concerning our Philippine policy, Dean Worcester, secretary of the interior for the islands, threw last month a resounding bomb. Slavery, he says, still exists on the islands; exists in Manila itself; exists in the households even of members of the assembly. It not only exists, but in territory adjacent to that inhabited by Negritos, Taghanas, Eoungots and Ifugaos it is "a common thing to obtain children by capture or purchase and to hold them as slaves, selling them to others whenever it proves financially advantageous to do so." The present Filipino laws, as interpreted by the courts, are inadequate for the suppression of slavery,

and the assembly has blocked attempts to strengthen the law. Dean Worcester does not hesitate to tell why. The strengthening of the law would not only penalize slavery but peonage as well, and "peonage is so widespread that it must be called general." He knows of cases on the farms of at least three members of the assembly. He is positive he could obtain conclusive evidence in ten thousand cases. The N. Y. *Tribune* is prompt to take up this report. "Do the Filipinos want independence," it asks, "in order that they may practise human slavery?" The *Pittsburg Dispatch* is equally startled. The disclosures, it thinks, "must cause a halt in the agitation for granting immediate independence." The *Providence Journal* also takes up the cry. "In the face of accusations such as these," it says, "it is worse than puerile to be discussing the necessity for 'an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose to recognize the independence of the Philippine Islands.'"

The New Governor-General
of the Philippines.

BUT without questioning Professor Worcester's statements about slavery in the Philippines, the *Springfield Republican* smells a political trick in the present agitation. Why, it asks, has nothing been done about Philippine slavery in the twelve years of Republican administration? The government's attention was called to the matter in 1903. Worcester himself made reports on slavery and peonage in 1910. "The facts show overwhelmingly," the same paper says, "that the outgoing government of the Philippine Islands waited at least twelve years, or until its own doom was sounded by the American elections, before proposing any local anti-slavery legislation whatever." One of the grim sarcasms of fate seems to lie latent in the situation. Harrison, who goes to the Philippines as governor-general in the midst of this outcry over slavery, is a son of Burton Harrison, who was Jefferson Davis's private secretary during the Civil War. It is quite possible that the principal task the new governor-general will face at first is the extirpation of slavery and peonage! His appointment is severely criticized in certain quarters. The *Hearst* papers especially speak of him with contempt as "the merest messenger-boy of money" and "a hand-picked product of the Tammany machine." The *Philadelphia Telegraph* speaks of

his "total unfitness" for the post and of his "well-dressed mediocrity." But the Springfield *Republican*, while admitting that he "wholly lacks administrative experience," yet believes that he "promises to measure up fairly well to the responsibilities of the post," and the N. Y. *World*, while it thinks his appointment marks a long step from that of William H. Taft, still remarks that "it is not open to serious criticism in most respects."

Baseball as a Civilizing
Influence in the Philip-
pines.

WHAT American occupation has already done for the Philippines is a theme for renewed admiration just now. Dean Worcester, who has just resigned his office in the Islands, tells of the reduction in deaths from smallpox from more than 40,000 a year to a few hundreds a year. Asiatic cholera has been eliminated, the number of lepers reduced from about 30,000 to 3,000, bubonic and pneumonic plagues have been stamped out and amoebic dysentery, beriberi and malaria reduced to insignificant proportions. Some of the savage tribes who were dwelling in tree-tops when we went there are now building houses and roads and tilling farms. But the leading place, among all the civilizing elements we have introduced in the Islands, is given by Frederick Chamberlain not to sanitation, not to education, not to industrial training, but to the introduction of athletics and especially of baseball. Mr. Chamberlain, in his recent book on "The Philippine Problem" (Little, Brown & Co.), says: "The first game of baseball that the Islanders ever saw was between teams of our soldiers in 1898. In the few years since that time the sport has become engrafted into the Filipino taste as firmly as in that of the American schoolboy." What is the result? This, according to the same writer: "The increased self-respect and manliness shown by all who engage in these contests is very notable; and the hollow, narrow, thin, flat chest that was the mark of the more civilized Filipino boys is being replaced by the broader torso of the athlete." In 1911, the contest for championship of the Islands was fought out between 482 baseball clubs in more than 1,200 games! Other observers tell the same story. Albert Stevens Crockett, writing in the N. Y. *Times*, says: "Actual measurements show that the young Filipinos are becoming more healthy and robust, and increasing in stature over their fathers. The game takes most of the youths away from cockfighting and gambling, to which their fathers and uncles are still devoted, and it is contributing much to make the coming generation of Filipinos a sane and healthy people."



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IS FATE HAVING A JOKE AT HIS
EXPENSE?

Francis Burton Harrison, who goes to the Philippines as the new governor-general, just as an agitation arises over the continuance of slavery there, is a son of Jefferson Davis's private secretary. His first great task is likely to be to stamp out slavery and peonage.

Immediate Filipino Inde-
pendence Would Mean
Barbarism.

DESPITE hygienic improvements, despite the crowded schools, despite the rapidly increasing commerce of the Islands, the Philippines are as yet far from a condition to stand alone before the world as an independent nation. This is the purport of what is said by nearly every one who has studied the Islands at close range and reported his observations to the American public. Bernard Moses, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* several months ago, says that the Filipinos, without knowledge of some one European language, are certain, if left to themselves, to go the way of all other Malays, who have never, in any of their branches, risen above a low stage of semi-civilization without foreign aid. "There is now," he concludes, "no secure standing room for an independent semi-civilized people; there is no place for the Filipino people except as attached to a strong civilized race." No state can be neutralized unless it has an ordered and approved government, capable of giving protection and security to the life and property of aliens. For the United States to undertake to give the Philippines independence and then to guarantee security to aliens would be "a political absurdity" which will not be attempted "while the American citizens retain their sanity." Mr. Bishop goes on to say that "independence within the next forty years, if it were possi-

ble, would mean a return of the people to their native dialects, and the abolition of the existing system of instruction. After this, the forces of ancient tradition would have an opportunity to reassert themselves without effective opposition." The result would be either that all foreign capital would be withdrawn and progress would cease or the foreign capitalists would control the government. "To abandon the Philippines would be to acquire the discredit of having destroyed the forces that have given the Islanders an impulse toward civilization, and then left them either to become subject to a less liberal power or to drift backward toward barbarism."

The Dependence of
the Filipino Upon
Foreigners.

MUCH the same conclusion is reached by a writer in *World's Work*—Carl Crow. He quotes a distinguished Filipino citizen who has held high offices as follows:

"We are still a dependent people. Spain brought us our religion, to which we have added nothing, nor have Filipinos attained high place in the church. We have been devout Christians for almost three centuries, but have sent no missionaries to our heathen neighbors. Instead, we are a part of the great mission field. We have contributed nothing to education and no graduates are able to hold better than intermediate positions in the educational system America has introduced here. We have invented nothing, nor have we improved any of the foreign inventions we use. We build no ships. There is no Filipino merchant and no Filipino bank. The world has yet to know the Filipino painter, sculptor, or musician. We have produced one painter, Juan Luna, and a few distinguished lawyers, but we have no railroad builders, no engineers, no architects. Foreigners have done everything to develop art and literature here, and to give us a standard of ideals, and they must continue to do so, for some time at least, if we are to continue to make progress in civilization."

America's Work in the
Philippines Without
Parallel in History.

IN THE foreign trade of the Islands, says Mr. Crow, no Filipino is a force of any importance whatever. His dependence is even greater yet in the domestic retail trade, 90 per cent. of which is in the hands of the Chinese. The only government that the Filipinos could establish at the present time would be an oligarchy ruled by the educated, who constitute not more than five per cent. It could not possibly be a democracy. What America is accomplishing, we are told, is "without parallel in the world's history," and it is being done entirely at Filipino expense. "Americans have never paid for the construction of a Filipino school-house, hospital

or road, nor have they ever contributed a cent toward the salaries of the many American teachers or other employees of the Islands." Not in the present generation but in the generation that is now growing into manhood Mr. Crow finds hope for the future of the Filipinos. We found them a nation of invalids. "Round shoulders, anemic bodies, and a shuffling gait are still characteristic of the Filipinos; but in the baseball-playing youngsters who are growing up to be the future rulers of the country lie the foundations of a sturdy, manly, industrious race." These youngsters are the ones who are learning the English language and "for the first time in its history there is now in the country a class of young Filipinos able to do useful things with their hands and proud of it." All this advance and all the promise of the future, as Mr. Crow sees it, would be lost by giving the Islands independence.



1513—ACHIEVEMENT—1913

—Carter in N. Y. Evening Sun

GETTING READY TO CELEBRATE THE COMPLETION OF THE PANAMA CANAL

THE year 1914 may well be memorable in the annals of American history as canal year. The Panama Canal is not to be the only canal of note. The canal through Cape Cod will be completed and thrown open to the navigation of ocean steamers that year. The Erie Canal, reconstructed at a cost of two-thirds that of the Panama Canal, will probably be ready to float barges of a thousand tons capacity. The ship canal that will enable ocean-going vessels to dock at Houston, Texas, will probably be finished also. And there is a good chance of the completion of the intercoastal canal in southern Louisiana, which is expected to be of great benefit to New Orleans. "All these new canals and the Panama Canal," says Holland, in the *Wall Street Journal*, "are unquestionably to exert a great influence on American commerce"; but the Panama Canal is expected to exert a wide influence on world commerce as well, and day after day come reports of the final touches to this or that part of the work. The last remaining barrier at the Pacific end of the Canal was blown up with twenty tons of dynamite on the last day of August, and the waters rushed in until they reached the Miraflores locks. The last dirt to be removed from Culebra Cut by means of steam shovels and trains was taken out September 10, and the ties of the railroad track were piled high in great bonfires. This month the waters of the Chagres river will be turned into the

Cut and the ribbon of water will be continuous from ocean to ocean. Already the *Nina*, the *Pinta* and the *Santa Maria*, replicas of the three caravels of Columbus, are on their way from Chicago to sail through the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, then down the coast, through the Canal and up to San Francisco to the Panama Exposition.

The Wonders to Be of the Panama Exposition.

AS THE busy wheels of toil begin to cease their hum at Panama, other wheels begin to hum at San Francisco. The Panama-Pacific Exposition is to be the first affair of the kind to commemorate a contemporaneous event. California and especially San Francisco are to pay the bills and control the work, but an act of Congress has given to the Exposition national recognition, and men skilled in exposition work are being summoned from all parts of the country to make the fair a success. A glorious site has been chosen on the northern point of the peninsula occupied by San Francisco, where a sea-wall a mile long has been built and 625 acres of flats and cove have been filled in. On one side the waters of the Pacific, on the opposite side the waters of the bay, lap the shore, and on the north end lies the Golden Gate. Here in the course of the next year and a half will rise the colonnades and courts, the towers and domes, of another great fairy city. Here will be reproduced, in miniature,

the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, the Panama Canal, the Montreal Winter Carnival and innumerable other scenic wonders. But the crowning feature, says Peter Clark Macfarlane, in *Collier's*, will be a system of lighting by means of refraction from jewels:

"Every tower, every sculptured figure, every roof and dome and spire, is to be bedecked with diamonds, huge crystals from one to three inches in diameter, of different colors—yellow, blue, etc.—and cut to present many prismatic angles. To the number of 275,000, these will be suspended so that they will tremble constantly in the always stirring breezes, while from barges anchored in the Gate, and from commanding points on adjacent buildings, powerful searchlights, singly and in batteries, will play their sunlike beams upon these tens of thousands of shivering jewels, making of each flickering, prismatic facet a flashing spectrum, and the whole of them, coruscating at once under the whirling beams, will form such an artificial aurora that spectators may turn twice to the heavens to make sure some astronomical Hagenbeck has not snared the Milky Way and chained it there upon the exposition grounds."

European Nations Send Their Regrets.

THE refusal of Great Britain, Germany, Russia, and half a dozen lesser nations to participate officially in the Panama-Pacific Exposition has aroused considerable resentment and much indignant speculation as to the reasons therefor. The discussion has brought to light the fact that an international convention on the subject of world's fairs was held by European nations at Berlin in 1912. One of the articles of agreement adopted was to the effect that none of the contracting nations would thereafter participate officially in a universal exposition "except in the case where this exposition follows the preceding exposition by a period of at least three years." The Ghent Exposition held this year is one of the "universal" type, and the three-year period will not, therefore, have expired until after the Panama fair is over. This agreement, however, applies only to expositions the invitations for which shall have been issued later than November 1, 1912, and there is a marked disposition in the American press to attribute the refusals to diplomatic difficulties. Owing to our dispute with Russia over her treatment of American Jews, there exists to-day no commercial treaty between the two nations. To that fact is assigned Russia's refusal. The irritation of German manufacturers over provisions in our

tariff laws is frankly given by a number of German papers as the reason for that nation's attitude. In the case of Great Britain, the discrimination in land tolls in favor of American ships is held by many American papers as the real reason for her refusal. Switzerland has another reason. Turkey still another. And so it goes.

Are World's Fairs Being Overdone?

BUT none of these things seems to daunt San Francisco. The *Chronicle* of that city calls attention to the fact that all great expositions have had to overcome just such initial refusals, and it professes to believe that the Panama-Pacific Exposition is actually "deriving a genuine benefit" from the publicity given to it by the discussion that has ensued. The *N. Y. Times* does not consider that official participation is essential to the success of the Exposition. The prospect, it says, despite these refusals, is that the Exposition will be "one of the largest and most memorable of world's fairs and that all the civilized nations of the earth will be fitly represented." But the *N. Y. World* deduces the conclusion that the holding of world's fairs is being overdone, especially in America, where we have had, since 1901, the Pan-American, the St. Louis, the Jamestown, the Alaska-Yukon and the Lewis and Clark expositions. Says *The World* concerning this matter:

"It is estimated that the Panama-Pacific Fair will represent a total expenditure of \$50,000,000, including appropriations by the nation, the state and counties of California, the city of San Francisco, various states and foreign nations and individual exhibitors. In the last fifty years, it is safe to say, the United States government has contributed over \$30,000,000 in aid of expositions, domestic and foreign. For all the while this country has been organizing local and national celebrations in the guise of industrial shows, from the Mediterranean to the North Sea, Europe has shown the same zeal."



"LA REVANCHE" AGAINST "DEUTSCHLAND UEBER ALLES"

French in the garb of their reservist corps defying the Germans at the frontier between the republic and the empire in that mood of militarism which has swept over both lands in the recent past.

GERMANY'S PERSISTENT EFFORTS TO SECURE THE MASTERY OF THE AIR

GERMANY remains unshaken in her resolve to rule the air, despite the tragedy off the coast of Heligoland. How the great Zeppelin could have become so complete a wreck unless the machine guns failed to serve as ballast is more than the *Militär-Wocheblatt* can understand. This organ of the general staff in Berlin has announced more than once that the problem of "stability" is a solved one. The policy of secrecy adopted by the Berlin officials makes it impossible to European newspapers to comment very intelligently upon the disaster. A most important maneuver with a platform on the very body of the balloon—reached through a species of chimney from the car attached underneath—was to have been attempted on the fatal trip. That much has been picked up by the *Paris Matin*. Germany has spent about ten million dol-

lars on aviation this year, it is said by the military experts. She has over three hundred aeroplanes in addition to the fleet of huge and powerful dirigibles. Her flying corps are organized, fully manned and thoroly equipped. Permanent stations exist for all classes of aerial craft. She will not, as the *Paris Figaro* remarks, look upon the aerial tragedy as anything more than a very regrettable accident. "Navigation of the air," observes the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, "is a necessity. Life is not a necessity. Hence, we must build more Zeppelins."

Was the Wrecked Airship Making for England?

BRITISH jingoes were flurried by reports that the wrecked Zeppelin was making one more in the series of stealthy visits to England, reports of which excited London last February. The rumors, circulated first in the *Paris Lanterne*, are not taken seriously in the *London Times*. The capabilities of Germany's existing airship fleet are exaggerated, according to the Berlin correspondent of the paper last named. A secret cruise from any of the places where the German airships are stationed to the English coast and back again to Germany would be well-nigh out of the question. There are but three Zeppelin airships which could make the trip from Berlin and from Baden-Baden and back, and none of them could perform it between sunset and sunrise. Even if such an adventure from Heligoland were practicable, it would involve risks too great for the possible advantages. Yet there is not the smallest doubt in the mind of the military expert of the *London Standard* that England is the object of a syste-



THE FLYING MAN WHO CAN FLY UPSIDE DOWN

M. Pegoud astounded the world last month by deliberately turning somersaults in the air in his monoplane, flying upside down for a considerable distance, then righting himself. Whenever France does a new stunt with aeroplanes, Germany builds a new Zeppelin.

matic aerial reconnaissance through the instrumentality of Zeppelins.

Great Britain and Germany in an Airship Competition.

WHAT effect the Zeppelin tragedy will have upon the competition between Germany and Great Britain for the command of the air is not yet apparent. Great Britain, laments the *London Standard*, has been "deplorably late" in starting. Through the evolution of the hydroplane, the King's navy has secured an aerostatic auxiliary to the fleet which is distinctly superior to anything of the kind in German waters. "The time has come," insists the conservative daily, "for this country to apply itself to a most serious and determined effort to retain the command of the air, which in any future war is likely to be little less important than the command of the sea." In antithesis to which the observations of the liberal *Westminster Gazette* (London) are no less emphatic:

"We shall be on the way to take a sensible view of this question if we remember that the object of war is not to destroy but to effect a political purpose. Now, from this point of view, the airship is quite an inferior weapon. It can to a limited extent destroy, tho its capacity in that respect is probably much exaggerated, and it is no doubt a useful auxiliary to organized forces for scouting purposes. But apart from that, its main purpose is to create panic, and, if we may judge from some of our correspondents, it is already succeeding in that respect far beyond its deserts. But for the main purpose of war, the political purpose of forcing an enemy to make peace on your terms, it is, or ought to be, comparatively harmless. It cannot be an instrument of invasion, for it can only take a few men, and would land them in isolated groups without transport or equipment at uncertain spots. It cannot take a city or subdue a fortress, and the only

damage it can do is that of a spasmodic bombardment not very different in effect from that of high-angle fire, and, owing to its spasmodic nature, less effective. If airships were to be the instruments of future warfare, they would reduce all nations to an equality and the art of war

to sporadic, isolated acts of destruction in which Holland and Belgium would have as good a chance as France or Germany. We may do well to build airships for their proper purpose as scouts in land warfare or auxiliaries to our battleships in time of war."

THE ODOR OF KEROSENE IN THE MEXICAN UPHEAVAL

ONLY in the light of the fierce feud between the Pearson oil interests and the Standard Oil interests will it be possible, certain Berlin dailies suspect, to interpret the events of the month in Mexico. The inner history of that distracted land, according to the Berlin *Vorwärts*, a Socialist daily in touch with sources of diplomatic information now and then, has been made in Downing street. British interest in the vicissitudes of General Huerta, so far as that interest is official, is closely related to the supply of oil for battleships. British diplomacy is protecting the Pearson interests, which are British. The Pearsons have a contract with the King's navy. If there were no great oil fields in Mexico and if oil and the battleship were not so intimately related, the crisis might be less acute. The German dailies are not alone in hinting at these things. They have been mooted in the lobbies of the House of Commons. There have been questions by members on the subject. Curious revelations might be made, according to the *Paris Journal*, which has been interviewing Felix Diaz. It is all a fresh instance of the workings of dollar diplomacy, according to the *London News*, a paper which inclines now more than ever to deplore the mysterious swiftness of the British government in recognizing Huerta. There are hints of "an oil press" in Europe behind the efforts to induce our own government to act with energy.

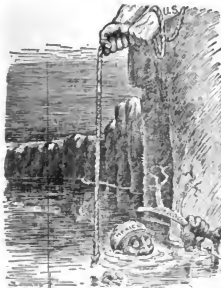
its foundations the great dynasty of Diaz and made the rabble and riff-raff of the streets the ruling power in Mexico." The two great corporations struggling for supremacy in the Mexican field had at last come to blows. The Pearsons had the ear of Limantour. When the Standard people were shut out, they financed Madero. He had no sooner come into power than the Pearsons picked up Huerta. He and the Diaz element are so many masks for the anti-American oil interests. Thus is the secret history of Mexico for the past few years as written in South America.

British Diplomacy Eager for Our Intervention in Mexico.

AS THE day fixed for the presidential election in Mexico casts its shadow before, the British foreign office urges the Mexican crisis more and more upon the attention of our Department of State. The English were never so eager for American intervention. The informal conversations accompanying the exchange of the official notes between the two capitals bring this truth out clearly, according to the *Paris Figaro*. The insistence of the exponent of British foreign office opinion, the *London Post*, is pointed. "The weakness of President Wilson's policy," it affirms, "is that even if it had been accepted, it would not necessarily have led to the resto-

General Huerta and the British Oil Interests.

HUERTA has impressed upon the European mind, apparently, that he is friendlier to a policy of free access to oil than was Madero. The latter is accused of having been the champion of American oil interests, of American railroads. The South American mind has become impressed with this view of the Mexican crisis, as the comments of the *Prensa* (Buenos Ayres) and the *Jornal do Comercio* (Rio Janeiro) indicate. The topic is handled frankly in *The West Coast Leader* (Lima), an Anglo-American organ published in Peru, which is in touch with vested interests throughout the Latin republics. "Oil was the brief formula whispered by men in the cafés of Mexico City and in the American towns along the Rio Grande as the cause of the explosion which shook to



AT HAND IF WANTED.
—Bowers in Newark Evening News



MISMATED
—Baird in N. Y. American



WOODROW ON TOAST

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON, U.S.A.: "If you don't take care, I shall have to treat you the same way as Europe treats the Turk."

MEXICO: "And how's that?"

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON: "Well, I shall have to—to go on wagging my finger at you."
—London Punch.

ration of peace. Even after an election the disappointed candidates would probably have started revolutions, as they did when Señor Madero became President. What Mexico needs is another ruler with the combined skill and firmness of Diaz." The despatch of Mr. Lind to the Mexican capital as adviser to the embassy has brought about neither the resignation of Huerta nor a cessation of hostilities nor even an agreement that Huerta shall not try to succeed himself in the presidential dignity. The "failure" of Mr. Wilson's attempt to "solve the Mexican problem" has placed him, thus concludes the London organ of the vested interests, in "a very difficult situation."

The Diplomatic Mystery of Mexico.

LIBERAL organs in England, particularly those speaking for the more radical wing of the party, criticize the policy of urging the United States government to intervene in Mex-

ico. They are mystified at the promptness with which Great Britain recognized Huerta in view of the fact that Washington gives him no recognition whatever. British diplomacy would seem to have been the victim of a misunderstanding. "The explanation put forward by our own foreign office," to quote the *Manchester Guardian*, "is that the British Minister was misled by Mr. Wilson, the American ambassador, who has since been disowned, into thinking that the United States government would recognize General Huerta." Great Britain "recognized" because she thought the United States would. "The other powers apparently did the same thing for the same reason. They have all, apparently, gone contrary to the policy of the United States government because they were anxious to do the same thing as she."

The episode is inexplicable to the *Paris Matin*, which hints at some secret complication of which the world knows nothing.

Does Europe Want Us to Intervene in Mexico?

WHATEVER may have been the sentiment in Europe favoring American intervention when Mexico was in the crucial phase of her revolution, the past few weeks have brought about a modification of the foreign attitude. The *Manchester Guardian* has been consistent all along. "For the United States to intervene actively, everyone sees, would be both a mistake and a crime." This is not quite the attitude of the *London Times*. President Wilson and his advisers, it says, are clearly entitled to take a line of their own.

"American action in Mexico necessarily means more, and carries with it greater implications and liabilities than the action of any other Power. The United States is Mexico's nearest neighbor; large numbers of Americans reside in the Southern State and have acquired a heavy stake in its prosperity and tranquillity; and, should any external pressure become necessary to rescue the country from anarchy, it can only be applied by the American Government. Foreign critics who declaim against the seeming ineffectiveness of the American attitude in the present juncture may be invited to remember that a false step might commit the United States to a more arduous struggle than any it has faced since the Civil War, and to subsequent responsibilities the end of which no man could foresee. No sensible American and no friend of America would wish to have President Wilson neglect a single precaution that might obviate so grave a development; and the United States Government may fairly ask the rest of the world to exercise a little more patience until the unusual procedure it has adopted to meet an unusual emergency is proved either to have succeeded or to have failed."

The Mexican Press in High Dodgeon.

HUERTA, through his inspired press, has been expressing the conviction that the United States government has gone over to the revolution headed by Carranza. The next step in Washington will be a recognition of the rebel leader as a belligerent. He will be afforded ample facilities for securing arms and ammunition. This prospect infuriates the *Pais*, a stout champion of the provisional president. "The United States," it adds, "threatens the government of General Huerta, exercising an improper pressure." The notion that a recognition of Carranza's belligerency would entitle him to receive arms from our side of the line inspires in the *Pais*, too, this apostrophe:

"And you democrats, so puritanical and so particular, so ready to take the alarm, who do not kill an insect because it is forbidden by the statutes of societies for

the prevention of cruelty to animals, and who drink water instead of champagne at diplomatic banquets in order not to contravene the mandates of severe and rigid temperance—you, we repeat, who are moved by the sight of a drop of blood caused by a pin prick, would appear monstrously hypocritical in the eyes of humanity, if you were to put in practice the barbarous theory we have combated."

Mexican Suspicions of
American Good Faith.

BEHIND all the diplomatic crises of the past month the *Independiente* (Mexico City) sees the eagerness of American capitalists to monopolize the great market south of the Rio Grande. The *Imparcial*, another organ inspired by General Huerta, announces the continued success of his diplomacy in the negotiations with Washington. In a word, the provisional president has what is called "a good press." That well-informed American daily in the capital, *The Mexican Herald*, reports that during the month just ended the federal commanders have made progress in repressing the activities of the rebels. They have been reduced to a state indistinguishable from brigandage. Their supplies are at their very lowest ebb. The contributions from sympathizers in the United States have sunk to an insignificant total. A territory as great as that of Mexico, we read in the same paper, can not be protected absolutely from brigandage, even by an army of eighty thousand men. American impressions to the contrary need correction, as do the erroneous notions based upon casual acts of lawlessness by bandits who dignify their vocation with the name of patriotism. And the *Pais* dismisses the same theme with some words of practical advice:

"Are we to put up with the disgraceful prospect of enduring the tyranny of the numerous bands which are out destroying property? Are we to resign ourselves to the humiliation of seeing thirty bandits led by a woman possessing themselves of an important estate with numerous inmates, rich, well supplied with weapons and resources of every kind? We have said it before but it must be repeated: brigandage will not be exterminated unless the owners of estates defend themselves against small bands. Upon them devolves this useful and patriotic task. They should realize, in the present extremity, that the government can not establish garrisons on all the estates of the republic at the expense of the cities, of the railroads and of its own stability. It is simply ridiculous that thirty brigands, led by a woman, should be able to seize an important estate. The fact, which is of daily occurrence, is eloquent and its frequent repetition is shameful. You, ranch-owners, it is necessary for you to make up your minds not to look to the government for assistance but to defend yourselves vigorously."

SOUNDING THE SLOGAN OF PEACE ANEW AT THE HAGUE

EMPEROR WILLIAM is understood in Paris to be making no concealment of his chagrin at a piece of impertinence—the phrase is from the *Kreuz-Zeitung*—in which the twentieth universal peace congress at The Hague indulged at his expense. A delegate from London made much of the Krupp scandals in one of the most notable speeches. Armament contractors in other lands were not spared. But a French delegate supported the gentleman from London in urging an international agitation against the methods adopted by gun firms in extending their business. Thus, protests the inspired German organ just named, does the history of the peace movement repeat itself. The powers can not assemble to discuss disarmament at The Hague without giving the proceedings an anti-German twist. The mischief is wrought by Great Britain. That line of reasoning impresses the *Berlin Post*, which echoes it in other terms. Indeed, those German newspapers which, like the last named, echo bureaucratic opinion, are shocked at the capture of the movement by the enemies of the fatherland. A few Berlin dailies are

sarcastic at the expense of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, accusing him of something very like disrespect to the head of the House of Hohenzollern. These sentiments had evaporated, apparently, when the day dawned for the actual opening of the palace of peace itself by Queen Wilhelmina. The immense Dutch garden by the old road to Scheveningen, in which the great structure stands, was packed with Germans, as well as French, British and Dutch.

A Proposed International
Police Navy.

WHAT especially exasperates official Berlin is the quest of peace by The Hague with "a big stick." The conference, which closed just before the palace was opened, heard much from the vigorous and able young Dutchman, Professor van Vollenhoven of Leyden, described in the *Berlin Post* as "the loudest friend peace has ever had." His pet project is the constitution of an international "police" squadron under a board of admirals chosen by various sovereigns. Characterized by the *Manchester Guardian* as "fantastically ingenious," the plan impresses Berlin



HOW THE LATIN TEMPERAMENT EXPRESSES ITSELF IN MEXICO

Here, embracing in accordance with the tradition of their race, we see President Huerta with his arms around Pascual Orozco, the arch rebel, subdued to the occasion.



WHAT THEY DID AT THE HAGUE WITH ANDREW CARNEGIE'S MONEY

The amount was a million and half of dollars, the materials come from every country on the globe and the net result is a palace in which peace, according to the Berlin *Kladderdatsch*, may lose her terrors.

dailies as a trap for their own country. Even David Starr Jordan, the most conspicuous delegate from the United States, and M. Gaston Moch, of France, spoke against an endorsement of the scheme as premature. It received no support from Baroness Bertha von Suttner, the woman delegate whose name is best known to the world at large. In the end the resolution was tabled.

The Great Peace Congress that Is to Come.

RUMORS that the big event in the pacification line—the third Hague conference in 1915—may not take place at all are pronounced preposterous. There will, it is conceded, be a difficulty over the program. The Wilhelmstrasse does not intend to be drawn into any submission of German world policy to a conference of the powers upon the specious pretext of a Hague conference. Their intimation is roundly delivered in the *Hamburger Nachrichten* and other champions of German might on land and sea. At this very moment the chancelleries are in correspondence, according to the *Paris Temps*, regarding the introduction of certain resolutions and the tabling of others. Anything like an awkward incident is to be avoided by a careful scrutiny of the program beforehand. Disarmament must be tabled to please Germany. Oriental grievances must be tabled to please the United States, which will not even discuss the Asiatic immigration question. There is danger, according to the *Débats*, that the proceedings will be confined to the passage of meaningless formulas and harmless themes like opium.

How the Peace Conference Criticizes the Powers.

ONE source of peril to the pacifist idea grows out of the action of the peace congress at The Hague in discussing the war in the Balkans. This is the impression of a writer in the *Figaro*, who thinks the animadversions indiscreet. Certain resolutions condemned the great powers, which, "having obtained economic advantages for themselves out of the Turkish Empire," were unable to agree to measures for the protection of the subject populations, and whose attitude towards the belligerents had been "inconsistent and changeable." The belligerent states themselves were reproached for "the brutality of the campaigns." It was urged that the population of Adrianople and of Thrace be consulted regarding their future government. The lending of money to belligerents was denounced. The passage of such resolutions seems to the

Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung* evidence of something more or less like megalomania. The peace conference, it infers, feels called upon to give laws to all Europe. The despatch of a commission of inquiry to the near East is also pronounced somewhat bold in the circumstances.

A British Vindication of the Peace Conference at The Hague.

RESTRICTED as is the scope of the recent peace conference at The Hague—of even the great official gathering of 1915—the result has been the acceptance by the states represented of "salutary regulations." In reminding us of this much, the London *Telegraph* notes how "within the lifetime of some still with us," towns have been given up to sack, prisoners have been murdered en masse, "things have been done of which no modern army dreams." If in the Balkans such things have been done this very year, it must be answered that the fact has placed the states concerned in a class apart from the rest of European Christendom. "The peace conference, again, has been the author, through its recommendations, of arbitration treaties to the number of fifty or more." It was in accordance with its suggested scheme that the inquiry was held which averted war between Russia and Great Britain over the affair of the Dogger Bank. "If we turn to The Hague Tribunal, we find that it has accomplished a mass of work which entirely justifies all reasonable hopes formed in regard to it." It has decided many critical international disputes. Its awards have been faithfully carried out. "Diplomats, for instance, remember, if others do not, that it settled our difficulty with France over the Muscat shows—a dispute involving the honor of a flag, the composing of which probably saved the infant *en-ente cordiale* from being strangled in its cradle."

TURKEY HURLS DEFIANCE AT THE CONCERT OF EUROPE

THE Grand Vizier knows well what tremendous risks the Turks run in tearing up that treaty of London which they signed a few weeks ago under the auspices of Europe, and reoccupying Adrianople. This information is given by the well-informed London *News*, which contemplates the evacuation of the ancient city and the elaborate recall of the Sultan's forces as parts of a cleverly conceived pantomime. Turkey seems to be evacuating nothing, altho she realizes that "in the course of things" she will have to "get

out." It may be by the intervention of the powers, concedes the pessimistic British organ of liberalism. It may be by the act of a single one among them. The Grand Vizier none the less spends the money he has borrowed in this "futile escapade," on the chance of persuading some one power to default from united action. The Young Turks profess to have heard of an acute difference of opinion between St. Petersburg and Vienna. Never again will Turkey leave Adrianople, according to the inspired *Ikdam* (Constantinople), which gives details of a new army

from Asia ready to fight for Islam. The British foreign office, through Sir Edward Grey, has just announced the expulsion of the Turks as a thing of the near future, "whether by financial distress or by intervention on the part of one or more of the powers." Turkey can get no money in Paris, observes the *Temps*. She lingers in Thrace because there is no one quite ready to expel her. The latest Balkan peace has come to nothing yet.

Why the Turks Ache for
a Holy Balkan War.

HAD the Bulgars gone to work with the deliberate purpose of arousing the dying embers of Moslem fanaticism, their deeds in the Balkans lately, declares the *Paris Temps*, deserve praise. As a result, Europe may find it difficult to pacify the craze in Constantinople for a holy war. The Bulgarians forced conversion to Christianity by wholesale as they marched from one Mohammedan village to another. The Mussulmans were arranged in groups, each receiving a baptismal name from the saints' calendar. Then an ecclesiastical dignitary, approaching a group, took each member in turn and while, with one hand, he sprinkled the forehead with holy water, with the other he forced the "convert" to hite a sausage. The holy water symbolized baptism. The sausage attested a renunciation of the Mohammedan faith, since the Koran forbids the eating of pork. Male converts were forced to throw away the fez. The females had to walk the streets with the face uncovered. When news of these proceedings got to Constantinople, the *Ikdam* appealed to the faithful in every part of the world of Islam to rally to the cause of the one true God. If the *Paris papers* do not exaggerate the situation, the French in Africa and even the British in Egypt will have difficulty in appeasing the wrath of their subject populations.

Atrocities by the Bulgars
Continue Unchecked.

WHOLESALE massacre of prisoners of war, the looting of refugee camps, gross violations of the terms of surrender, and cruelty to women and children—these details fill the reports of the past month with reference to the Bulgarian campaign in the Balkans. They are credited by leading newspapers abroad, including the *Paris Débats* and the *London Telegraph*. The fifteen thousand prisoners and the five thousand civilians whom the Bulgars herded on the island of Seraglio had nothing to eat but the barks of trees and the soles of their shoes. This story is now a familiar one. It seems, however, that when these unfortunates were perishing by hundreds, the Bulgars would not permit their relief by outside agencies,

Adrianople, during its occupation by Ferdinand's troops, became a shambles. Not only Turkish, Greek and Jewish inhabitants charged this, but the consuls in the hapless city confirm every tale of outrage in the reports of the European newspapers. What the women of Adrianople endured passes all imagination, according to the official reports in the files of the British foreign office. Greek and Jewish women were violated by the Bulgars without a word of reprimand from the commanders of the troops. Even Armenian girls, notwithstanding the attachment of their countrymen to the Bulgar cause, were mutilated.

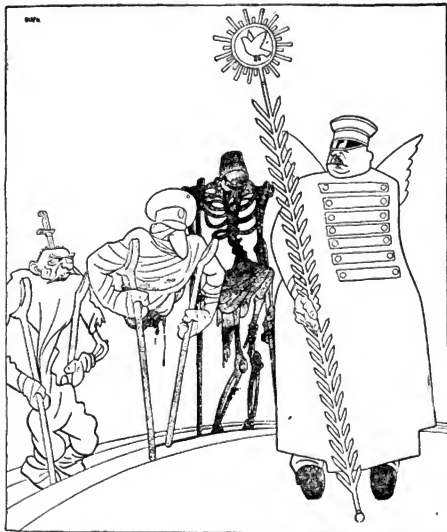
Unprintable Character of
Bulgar Atrocities.

OWING to the terrible nature of the detail supplied by the consular reports of Bulgar campaigns in Thrace, it is impossible, says Mr. E. Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, one of the most distinguished of war correspondents, in the *London Telegraph*, to print instances of a certain class of authenticated outrage of which women and girls were victims. The remarkable feature of the reports is the extent to which officers of high rank in

the Bulgarian army are involved. "It is sufficient to say that the enormities practised by the Bulgarian soldiers equal, where they do not surpass, anything that has been written in the history of atrocities of this nature. When a local magistrate called the attention of the Bulgarian commander to some of these acts, he replied sarcastically that 'one should not deprive a poor soldier of his amusements.'" General Velteff, against whom these accusations are made, is famed as the only commander in the theater of war who permits wholesale drownings. His prisoners in some instances are tied together and hurled into a river, while troops, lined up on the bank, fire at all who swim. One episode of the kind is vouched for by the consular investigator in Adrianople.

Adrianople Between the
Bulgar and the Turks.

ADRIANOPLE, becoming articulate through its Jews, its Greeks and its Armenians, has addressed a strong plea to the powers to be continued under Turkish rule. The rule of the Sultan is anything but pleasant, according to the *Yeni Edirne*, an organ of official opinion in the ravaged re-



AT THE HAGUE

"Will the Balkan gentlemen kindly get new suits before they enter the palace of peace?"

—Musich Simphonizma

gion, but violations of women and the bleeding of children to death on the bayonets of soldiers are not its normal accompaniments. "They are familiar sights under Bulgar rule." The members of the deputation from Adrianople to London, sent to urge the British to keep the Bulgar out of the land, say on behalf of Jew, Greek and Armenian that the city has been under Ottoman rule for six centuries, that the relationship had been humane and that Bulgar rule will render the town a shambles. However, the British foreign office has been committed to a policy of expulsion for the Turk so far as Adrianople is concerned. There are, concedes the London *Times*, rumors of a new "formula," giving the coveted city to Turkey. The strength of the ties which exist between the rest of the Empire and Adrianople is to the British paper undeniable. "Enver Bey and his soldiers have reoccupied 'the second city of the Empire' and probably the diplomatists in Berlin who are of opinion that they can not be dislodged except by force are not far wrong in their surmise." But what power is sufficiently interested in Adrianople to apply that force? The London daily is like the newspapers of Europe generally in being unable to answer.

The Thracian Crisis and the Useless War.

IS IT not time that the European press stopped delivering solemn lectures to Turkey? By way of reply to this query, the London *Standard*, which propounds it, observes that "the four Christian states of the Balkans entered into a compact for the spoliation of Turkey and in pursuance of that aim forced on a war for which there was no justification." Striking down a demoralized foe, they seized all the territory on which they could lay their hands. Now consider the progress of events to the existing deadlock:

"If they stopped short of Constantinople it was not the protests of the Chancelleries which deterred them but the ravages of the Chatalja lines and the straits of cholera. All that diplomacy could do was to invite them to come to London and enshrine their depredations in a treaty to which Turkey was forced to assent. None of the parties concerned signed the treaty willingly. Turkey yielded Adrianople under threats and menaces; Servia, Greece, and Montenegro abandoned their Adriatic and Albanian pretensions under the strongest moral pressure. Almost before the instrument was completed it was torn to shreds. Greece, Servia, and Montenegro made a league to plunder Bulgaria; Rumania announced that she intended to have a large slice of that country, and sent in her army to take it; Bulgaria, without waiting for further negotiations, made a sudden attack upon her two confederates."

THE CHINESE CYCLONE BEGINNING TO DRAW IN THE GREAT POWERS

NO ONE in close touch with affairs at Peking can make anything of Yuan Shi Kai's announced plan to restore the Manchu dynasty to the throne of China. The great Cantanese has been accused in the *Noroye Vremya* of St. Petersburg of ambitions of an imperial kind with reference to his own family. He would not be at all likely, avers the *Paris Temps*, to talk definitely on the subject to anyone for publication. Nevertheless, the story goes that he confided his doubts of the stability of the republic to a member of the diplomatic corps and invited "pressure" from that body in the interests of the Manchus. This is scarcely less fantastic to the European newspapers than the story that he has a gang of hired murderers in his pay or the tale that he still suffers from the effects of the arsenic administered in his food by certain statesmen from the south. Only the most violent efforts saved his life, we read in the *Paris Debata*. The first attempt upon Yuan's life in this way was made as long ago as last May. The most recent is said to have occurred a month ago. "The alliance of such murderers and desperate elements with the genuine republicans," says the London *Telegraph*, "completely alienated Yuan Shi Kai." He acquired a faith in monarchical institutions which may explain his recent attitude in reference to the dynasty.

Japan, Great Britain and the Chinese Rebels.

BERLIN has officially endorsed the action of the German commander who interfered with the course of the rebellion at Nanking. The rebels have all along shown hostility to Germany and to German interests, avers the German *Deutsche Tageszeitung*. German vessels in Chinese waters, it adds, are concerned exclusively with German interests, "which are very considerable, especially on the Yang-tse, where they preponderate." The Berlin organ sees furthermore in the hostility of the rebels the hand of Japan, but still more clearly British machinations. Britain, it says, supports Yuan Shi Kai, but in the Yang-tse valley she is anxious to cast as much odium as possible on Germany, even though Germany pursues the same policy of supporting the President. Britain, in influencing the rebels against Germany, has evidently gained her sinister ends, coruades the organ of the Jingoists. To the *Vossische Zeitung* the episode at Nanking means simply that some Germans were imperilled in the course of the rebel activities in the harbor and "the German

fleet is prepared to do its duty in all parts of the world."

The Japanese Land Troops in China's Rebel City.

THE siege of Nanking was pursued with such desperate courage all last month by both besiegers and besieged that the place was captured, lost, recaptured and lost again. The readiness of a German force to interfere upon various pretexts aroused such resentment at Tokyo that a Japanese warship hurried to the spot. The course of the great powers since the rise of the Chinese rebellion has convinced Premier Yamamoto, says the London *Telegraph*, that Japan must forestall them. "Certain powers have begun to take action in the matter of concessions and advantages. Japan will take countervailing steps to safeguard her interests and to avoid any pledging to foreign creditors of areas which are considered as falling under the shadow of her flag." The naval commanders in far eastern waters have all along taken advantage of the rebellion to land troops, to intimidate local officials, to take possession of ports and to establish a basis for future indemnities. Japan decided not to remain a passive spectator. The rejoicing of the *Nichi Nichi* was interrupted by the assassination of a Tokyo diplomatist, killed by a patriot because Japanese had been slaughtered in Nanking.

Has the Chinese Rebellion Really Failed?

FOR some reason, Yuan Shi Kai has failed to display his characteristic energy in quelling the southern rebellion. He flies flags at Peking for victories, but his campaign has hung fire amazingly, declares the well-informed correspondent of the London *Telegraph*. "The uncertainty regarding the side on which the various provincial armies are fighting is typical of the whole situation, whilst the methodical circulation of false news increases the general confusion." None the less, all the reports reaching this British observer strengthen the conviction that, no matter whether the rebel armies disappear to-morrow, China will never tolerate the continuance of the present government at Peking. The official complacency of the month means that Yuan Shi Kai thinks he has one more lease of official life. His attitude is one of indifference to larger issues and to the principles involved. The approval of the foreign legations counts for everything. The new face put upon Chinese affairs by the military intervention of Japan at Nanking is the important development of the month.

Chances of the Chinese Republic.

YUAN SHI KAI continues to live at Peking like a medieval despot, locked, bolted and barred against intruders, with the fear of assassination always in his thoughts. Such is the information transmitted from the capital of the Chinese Republic by that careful observer, G. Lowes Dickinson, to the *London Nation*. At any moment, we read further in the piquant communication of this high authority, Yuan Shi Kai may effect a coup d'état and send the national assembly about its business. But whether he will do this and if so what the great Cantonese will do after—what his policy may be, in short, for the immediate or the far future is, as Lord Dundreary used to say, something no fellow can find out. Perhaps, conjectures the shrewd British observer, Yuan Shi Kai does not himself know what he will do. However, the Chinese revolution has settled one point. It has got rid of the Manchus, as our observer inclines to think, disagreeing with other careful commentators who have studied the crisis at close range. China is to-day nominally a republic. Yuan Shi Kai rejoices in the title of provisional president. The national assembly wrestles with the task of providing a permanent constitution. Yuan, it seems, is as firm as ever in the resolution to retain power. It will be a real executive power, not a shadow, like that of the constitutional king of England. The Kue-ming-tang, or southern party in

the assembly, wants a president with no power, ruling through a ministry that wields all power.

Yuan Shi Kai as the
Cromwell of China.

WHATEVER the National Assembly may decide in the way of the executive power, Yuan means to realize his autocratic dream. There is no doubt of that in the mind of the British observer whose subtle and well-informed analysis we accept. One possibility of the immediate future, we read, is a military dictatorship; inaugurated, perhaps, by a second civil war. "Even the foundation of a Yuan dynasty is conceivable; tho it seems hardly likely such a dynasty could have a long duration without conceding some form of representative institutions in a country where all intelligent people are becoming more and more permeated with the western doctrine of self-government. On the other hand, a republican constitution may be drafted, such as Yuan would accept, and he may be elected the first President under it. To carry this policy out successfully, not merely to construct a constitution but to make it work, will, of course, be a very difficult task." It has been difficult in western countries no less than in eastern. It took France nearly a century before she finally settled down to the republican form of government; and, of course, during all that time critics were saying that the French are fundamentally incapable of self-government.

has been represented at a series of international exhibitions within the last few years; and very accurate calculations can be made both as to what the country would have to pay for the privilege of sending samples of its manufactures and products to San Francisco and as to the probable increase of British trade with California which might result from such a display. The whole question has been studied, and quite properly, from a business and commercial point of view. So far from seizing an opportunity to give expression to a national feeling of resentment at President Woodrow Wilson's foreign policy, inasmuch as it affects British interests in the Panama Canal, the Government and the people of this country fully share the most sanguine hopes that are entertained in the United States for the success of that magnificent undertaking. We shall be no less pleased if the exhibition at San Francisco, mainly organized to commemorate the opening of a new ocean highway, is worthy of the occasion. But we must be permitted to decide for ourselves whether and how far we can afford to share in the triumph of what, after all, is a gigantic national advertisement."

The House of Commons
Takes an Interest in
the Panama Exposition.

IN his reply to a question in the House of Commons last month, Sir Edward Grey, who conducts Britain's foreign relations so self-effectingly, strove to make it clear that the only reason the King's government has for declining participation in the 1915 Panama Exposition is purely commercial and financial. There are, he insists, no diplomatic reasons behind the decision. According to the conditions laid down by the exhibition authorities, foreign countries taking part in it must place their exhibits in a series of international pavilions. That would involve Great Britain in an expenditure of well over a million dollars. That, however, observes the *London Chronicle* in one of the leaders it devotes to the theme, is "very obviously" too great a sum for Britain to spend on an exhibition. The ministerial paper proceeds:

"The Foreign Office, however, gives its decisions with regard to exhibitions on political grounds, and seeing that the Americans are inclined to discuss the matter from that standpoint, the reasons under that head why the British Government should officially recognize the exhibition receive an added strength. Influential national representative committees have been organized in the United States, Canada, and England to make arrangements for celebrating the centenary of peace between the English-speaking peoples. Members of each Government have associated themselves with the movement, and the memorials to be erected will have a national character. The San Francisco Exhibition, happening in the same year as the centenary of the Ghent Treaty, could also play some part in the celebrations."

GREAT BRITAIN'S LITTLE QUARREL WITH THE PANAMA CANAL EXPOSITION

A CALMER view of the factors involved will convince American journals, the *London Standard* hopes, that in denouncing the British government for refusing to participate in the Panama exposition they go too far and too hastily. It is too true, laments our *London* contemporary, that there will be no official representation of British commerce at the international celebration to be held in San Francisco during 1915. No imposing royal commission will be appointed to supervise the arrangements for a "British annex." No grant from imperial funds will assist British exhibitors. The decision of the King's government was only recently made known to Ambassador Page in London. Unhappily, as the British daily aforesaid observes, "some if not all of the leading American journals have invented an entirely imaginary motive" as the real cause of Great Britain's refusal. It is not only suggested but asserted as a fact that his Majesty's government, provoked at American unwillingness to refer the Panama

tolls question to arbitration, means to do its best to make the San Francisco affair a failure.

Defeat of a Gigantic
National Advertisement.

THE *London Standard* protests vehemently. It would scarcely be wider of the mark to say that Great Britain having been worsted at polo and lawn tennis can think of no other means of satisfying her wounded vanity. There are, of course, absolutely no grounds for supposing that the authorities concerned were influenced by the attitude of the United States Government towards the canal question.

"All that has happened is that, in view of the expense and of the probability that no adequate advantage would be gained, responsible Ministers and heads of public departments do not deem it right that the State should organize a British exhibit at the Californian world's fair.

"The facts and arguments on which this decision is based have still to be made public, but it is not difficult to surmise their general bearing. Great Britain

TRIUMPH OF REACTION AT THE COURT OF THE CZAR NICHOLAS II.

NICHOLAS II. returned from his long pilgrimage to the shrines of the Romanoff dynasty with a mind made up to a "holy policy," to an insistence upon the idea that Russia is a religious idea as well as an empire. This is the lesson of the Balkan wars. Finland will now be exterminated for good as a separate nation. The Jews will be disciplined. Such is the gist of newspaper comment abroad. Even the projected marriage between the Prince of Wales and the daughter of the Czar may be abandoned owing to the apostasy that would be required of the Grand Duchess. These developments are a source of profound satisfaction to that robust organ of Muscovite reaction, the *Zemstchina*, which infers that Russia is at last returning to her senses. "The Jews continue to kill our little children," it adds, "bleeding them for hours." The Czar himself is said to be wedded to the theory that ritual murder continues in the vicinity of Kieff, "innocent Christian blood being required by the Hassid sect for their rite at the Jewish Easter." The Black Hundred are alleged in some European newspapers to be at this moment engaged in an anti-Semitic campaign which suggests the Middle Ages and has inspired constant dread of further pogroms in the Russian provinces. Old prints depicting the ritual murders of babes are distributed broadcast. The fourth Duma has had an elaborate discussion on the subject, the patriotic element there being bent upon a further drastic measure against the Jews.

Finland Gets a Dose of Autocracy.

FINLAND is to be the first victim of the emphasis just laid by the Czar on the policy of "a holy Russia." St. Petersburg has, in fact, witnessed what the Manchester *Guardian* considers the most extraordinary trial that ever took place—the trial and condemnation of a Supreme Court of Justice by a lower court in a foreign country. The accused consisted of no less than twenty-four members of the Supreme Court of Viborg. The tribunal before which they were arraigned was the district court of St. Petersburg. The Finns were charged with violating a certain equity law, enacted recently by the Duma for Finland. This law is not regarded as binding by the Finns, because it was passed in violation of their constitution and of the pledge to respect Finnish autonomy given by Nicholas II. on his accession. The prisoners were given a prison term of sixteen months and forfeited their offices. The refusal of the condemned to recognize the tribunal that sentenced them has set an

example which the Finns now follow. Their land seems even in the censored despatches to be a scene of wild disorder and revolt.

Russia and France Said to be at Odds.

IN HIS efforts to make holier the land over which he rules, the Czar has incidentally strengthened the hands of the clerical element in France. This idea, finding expression in the Paris *Humanité*, is based upon recent interchanges of courtesy between the Vatican and the Romanoff dynasty. The Pope is said to have forwarded a gracious message to the Czar. Nicholas II. replied affably. The efforts of the French Premier to arrive at an understanding with Pius X. for the protection of Roman Catholics in the Orient is said to have been instigated by the foreign office in St. Petersburg. In a word, as the French Socialist organ hints, holy Russia is clericalizing the secular republic. "Poincaré is so anxious, as President, to placate Russia that he would, at a word, send an envoy to the Pope and receive a Nuncio in Paris." A section of the continental European press, which has long been throwing doubt on the smooth working of the Franco-Russian alliance, made much of these reports. Russia's interests were even said to be clashing with those of France in the far East.

Russia Objects to the Tone of the French Press.

WHAT annoys the Russian bureaucracy, where France is concerned, is the publication in certain Paris papers of details respecting the policy of "holy Russia." There exists a species of Junta in the French capital which makes a practice of purveying Muscovite horrors to the Paris dailies. One morning it will be a fresh massacre in the Caucasus. Again it may be the special legislation against Jews. Sometimes the population of Finland will appear in the wildest insurrection. Everything is set forth maliciously and without verification, according to the *Golos* (Moscow), an Octobrist organ. There is a large clerical element behind the fomentation of this discord, however, according to the *Débats* (Paris). The object is to give the French mind the impression that an anticlerical republic is endangering the Dual Alliance—that alliance being the cornerstone of French policy abroad. That certain differences have cropped up between France and Russia of late is affirmed in the London *Telegraph* to be indisputable. An uneasy suspicion that all

is not harmony prompts some Paris dailies to suggest that Germany is playing the part of a provocative agent again. There have been polemics between the dailies under official inspiration. More and more does the restlessness of the press, as the London *News* remarks, lead to comment that is not "good" for the dual alliance.

Nicholas II. Causes a Crisis with Great Britain.

THAT accentuation of the Czar's reactionary temper which attracts French attention is having an unpleasant effect likewise in England. The radical press, with the London *Chronicle* at its head, tends to discover Russian horrors. The Manchester *Guardian* is chronically chagrined by the extinction of liberty in Finland. The London *News* notes with surprise the progress of despotism in Warsaw. That brings on a sort of crisis in the Triple Entente which the London *Telegraph* deprecates. Nicholas II. is forced by circumstances to incarnate a policy of holy Russia. Any weakness there would at least risk his prestige as the guardian of the Slav tradition. It might risk his throne. The Slav world is experiencing a revival of piety more intense than any spiritual throes since the accession of Michael Fedorovitch. Neither the French nor the English understand the situation. "A spirited stand against Russia's aims and actions," notes Doctor E. J. Dillon in the London daily, "would involve the abrogation of our agreement with that Empire and much else that one would rather not contemplate." Yet in taking for his watchword the phrase of "holy Russia," Nicholas II. strains both the Dual Alliance and the Triple Entente to the utmost. His is a policy of patriotism from a dynastic standpoint which the London *Times* makes clear:

"In good and in evil the Romanoffs have been thoro Russians. Those who were not did not rule Russia long. The great Empress, not of their blood, whom they brought to the Throne by marriage, like her predecessor, the widow of Peter the Great, was, if possible, more Russian than themselves. Peter, in his ruthlessness, in his duplicity, in his cynical contempt for all but material ends, in his steady tenacity of purpose and his unerring perception of what was practicable and what was not, faithfully represented features in the Russian character of his time. There are deeds in his career at which Suetonius would have shuddered. Yet his letters to the woman he loved are almost idyllic in their playful tenderness. The Russian capacity for combining a soft and sentimental idealism with the hardest and most astute prosecution of dynastic and national aims is conspicuous in other members of his House."

Persons in the Foreground

JOSEPHUS DANIELS, THE MAN WHO EDITS OUR NAVY DEPARTMENT

THE Wilson Cabinet probably contains more newspaper men than were ever before assembled in a presidential Cabinet. Bryan used to be a reporter on the Omaha *World-Herald*, and is now editor and proprietor of *The Commoner*. Lane used to be a newspaper correspondent and became editor of the Tacoma *News*. Josephus Daniels is the editor and proprietor of the Raleigh *News and Observer* and of two weeklies—the *Farmer and Mechanic* and the *Weekly News and Observer*. But whereas newspaper work has been an incident in the careers of Bryan and Lane, it has been the life-work of Daniels. Even as secretary of the navy the editorial habit is strong upon him, and he proceeded at once to edit the nautical terms of the department. Encountering the words port and starboard early in his secretarial career, he demanded sternly to know what they meant. Being informed that they meant left and right, out came his blue pencil. "Let us hereafter say what we mean," was his firm command, and with the full approval of Admiral Dewey and the General Board, port and starboard can, so far as our navy is concerned, now go into the dictionaries as obsolete words. That is what comes of having an editorial instinct. Lincoln and Wilson, says Mr. Daniels facetiously, have been the only Presidents who knew exactly where to go when they chose a secretary of the navy. "Other Presidents have supposed that the training for this high office was to be found in law or in business or in seafaring. These two Presidents understood the real needs of the navy. They believed in the principle in 'Pinafore':

"Stick to your desk and never go to sea
And you all may be rulers of the Queen's
navy."

They tell a story about Mr. Daniels's second day in office that shows how the plain people have come into their own not only in naval language but in naval customs. On this second day, the new Secretary found himself so busy editing the navy department that he had no time to go out for luncheon. So he sent out for something to eat. What

he should have sent for, of course, was "plum duff" or, "hard tack," or something of that sort. What he did send for was a ham sandwich. Just as he began to eat it, one of the admirals was announced as making a ceremonious call upon his official superior. "Show him in," said the Secretary promptly. "The admiral entered to pay his call of ceremony, in full uniform, including seven pounds of gold things, handsomer than a circus horse. He couldn't have been more flabbergasted if Jules Verne's original submarine had torpedoed him, and Josephus couldn't possibly have been less so. He walked over, offered the sandwichless hand, exchanged the compliments of the occasion like a perfectly sane American citizen, and bowed the admiral out."

This incident is probably exaggerated, but it illustrates the general idea the Washington correspondents have formed of Mr. Daniels's simplicity of manner. But he is far from being unsophisticated. He has fought many a hard political battle down in his native state of North Carolina, and has battled his way up to the leadership of the Democratic party in one of the few Southern states where that party has any competition on Election Day. He has been for years on the National Democratic Committee, and in two presidential campaigns he has had charge of the publicity department of the national campaign, the department which is assailed by all sorts of tricksters with gold-bricks to sell. He has had his eyeteeth cut long since both in local and national politics and can size up a bunco-steerer as quickly as anyone.

Like almost every real fighter, says a writer in the *Saturday Evening Post*, Josephus does not look like a fighter at all:

"He has a mild and kindly eye, a pleasant smile and an air of non-combaticness which make him seem one of the least aggressive of men. His voice is soft and low, tho he talks rapidly; and his general appearance is that of a philosopher rather than a fighter. He talks like a Southerner, moves about in a quiet fashion, and has no other interests than politics, his paper and his family. He isn't concerned particularly about money, pays little attention

to his dress, and has worn white socks since he was a boy. In the summer he puts on a crash suit that immediately wrinkles like the neck of a turtle—and wears that suit constantly. He looks like an accordion after the first few days. His face is serious, thoughtful and smooth-shaven, with deep lines at the corners of the mouth. His manner is pleasantly polite, and his whole aspect is that of a most kindly and considerate man. So he is too—but not when he is crusading. Then he cuts loose and makes pointed remarks."

He has done a good deal of crusading down in North Carolina, following the lines laid down by William J. Bryan, who has been his close friend for many years. He has crusaded against the corporations, against the railroads, against the bosses, and against the liquor traffic. For criticizing a federal judge in connection with his appointment of a receiver for a railroad, Daniels was adjudged guilty of contempt of court and heavily fined. He refused to pay the fine and was placed in the custody of a federal marshal. But local sentiment was so aroused that the marshal, instead of placing his prisoner in jail, took him to a room in the hotel, where he continued to write fiery editorials of defiance, until a higher court a few days later released him. It transpired afterwards that a movement for his rescue by force had been organized to act in case Daniels was transferred from the hotel to the jail. The event made him a hero of the day and greatly increased his political power.

Daniels looks like an old-fashioned daguerreotype, according to one observer. "His collars turn over at a low altitude, and he wears a black bow-tie of a ministerial cut. His hair is black, tho beginning to turn gray, and he keeps his glasses on a black tape. This contrast of black and linen-color is one calculated to take the eye of an artist; but to that is added a clean-shaven, serious, kindly face, deeply lined at the ends of the mouth. And the whole reminds one irresistibly of those fine, severe old forebears, whose portraits are in the little frames in mother's bureau drawer and fasten with little hooks and eyes on the side." He doesn't smoke or swear or drink anything stronger than grape-juice.



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ONCE AN OCCUPANT OF "CELL 365"—NOW SECRETARY OF OUR NAVY

"Cell 365" was really a hotel room in which Josephus Daniels was once detained for four days by a federal marshal for alleged contempt of court. He is a type of the new Southern man who is now cutting such a large figure in the official life of Washington.

When he is at his home town of Raleigh he never carries any money to speak of with him, and as everybody knows him he buys on charge accounts or pays with checks. He is not wealthy, but he has a fairly lucrative

newspaper and is able to satisfy the not expensive tastes of himself and his family. The first attempt he made in a journalistic way was when a mere boy in the town of Wilson, N. C., where he started the *Wilson Advance*,

becoming thus a sort of Wilson advance-guard long before Colonel Harvey thought of becoming one. After a short time of service in Washington as appointment clerk under Hoke Smith, in Cleveland's second administration, he resigned and went back to Raleigh to buy out the *Raleigh Chronicle*. Afterward he bought the *News and Observer* and combined the two papers into one, which has double the circulation and more than double the power of any other paper in the state. He had before this studied law and been admitted to the bar; but he never practised law. He is a member of the North Carolina Peace Society and believes the day is coming "when moral power alone will settle all disputes among the nations." But that does not interfere with his views as to an "adequate" navy, large enough to be "the strong right arm of the Republic," always ready for war if it comes. And it was only a few days ago that Admiral Dewey declared that our navy was never better prepared for war than it is to-day.

Of Mrs. Daniels it is said that few women better equipped than she for high social duties have ever gone to Washington. She is a native of Raleigh and comes of old American stock, being one of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Ensign Bagley, the first American officer to lose his life in the Spanish-American war, was her brother. She has presented four fine sons to her husband and one daughter. All the sons are living, but the daughter died several years ago.

HOWARD ELLIOTT AND THE HERCULEAN TASK HE HAS UNDERTAKEN

FOLLOWING his usual habit, Mr. Howard Elliott, on the morning of September 1, lifted his 230 pounds of bone, muscle and sinew out of bed at six-thirty A. M., in his apartments at the Belmont, yawned, stretched himself and proceeded to the bath-room.

This was a rather momentous day for Mr. Elliott, the day fixed for him to assume the duties of president of one of the largest railroad systems in America—the New Haven system. He was rather cheery about it that morning, as, after emerging from the bath-room, he proceeded to don his quiet, pepper-colored suit, to button on his turn-down collar and adjust his plain blue bow-tie. Despite the fact that he was to face, that morning, what the *Providence Journal* called "the most tangled transportation situation in the country," he smiled to himself, whistled a little, and was fairly well pleased with life. For if the new job presented a very tangled situation, it

also presented a shining opportunity. What was it the *Boston Transcript* had remarked? "There has rarely been in the history of our transportation industry a more splendid opportunity for constructive service and the rewards and satisfaction that it will bring." That was it, and Mr. Elliott appreciated the fact more keenly than the *Transcript* writer could appreciate it. He felt that this new field of achievement was particularly appropriate for him. Here in New York City, where one of his offices would be, he had been born not quite fifty-three years ago. In Boston another of his offices would be within a few minutes' ride of the college—the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University—where he had received his degree as Civil Engineer. He had relatives all through New England, where this railroad ran. Had not one of his ancestors, John Eliot, as apostle to the Indians, wrought his name into the history of New England?

Such may well have been Mr. Elliott's reflections that morning of September first. If such they were, they must have been driven rudely from his mind when, at 7.30, he sat down to his breakfast and the telephone bell rang. It brought tragic tidings. There had been another disastrous wreck on the New Haven line. Another over-worked engineer had driven his ponderous engine past the inadequate danger signals, full chisel into the flimsy rear cars of the Bar Harbor Express, smashing them into kindling wood, killing at least a score outright, and maiming another score. The smile disappeared from Mr. Elliott's face. He whistled no more that day. Nor the next. Nor the next after that. By the time he reached the general offices of the road at the Grand Central that first morning, frantic mothers and fathers were already gathering at the gates to meet what was left of the Bar Harbor Express, and piteous scenes were about to be enacted. When, four

days later, a New York Times reporter saw Mr. Elliott, he looked "hollow-eyed and worn," and the strong shoulders were already sagging a little beneath the onerous burden so tragically laid upon them.

But there was resolution in the firm jaw as he announced his determination to make the New Haven road "the best and safest railroad in the United States," and there was a flash in his eyes as he began to outline the plans already being carried out. Contracts had been made for more than ten million dollars worth of steel cars. A new signal system was being installed. Instead of having one man as president and operating head of the whole system, there were hereafter to be, as soon as the by-laws could be changed, a president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, another president of the Boston and Maine, another president of the network of trolley lines, a fourth president of the steamship lines, all subject to himself as chairman of the executive board of the whole system, but each man responsible for the efficiency of his system and the discipline of the men operating it.

To the whole industrial system of New England the operations of this man Elliott are now of vital consequence. The New Haven line is the backbone of that industrial system. There is no longer any attempt to deny that the line has failed rather ignominiously to keep up with the progress in railroading as shown in other parts of the country. There are those who say that this lack of efficiency and enterprise has become symptomatic of New England industry in general. Sheltered behind the high wall of what was once a protective tariff and what has become in many respects a prohibitive tariff, her mills and factories have been handed down from father to son and from son to grandson, and have lost to some extent the courage and energy and initiative of a generation ago. The tariff commission has told, in its report, of woollen mills with out-of-date machinery and out-of-date methods. That a similar condition prevails in the New England cotton mills has been vigorously charged. Whether justified or not, the feeling is gaining ground in the country at large that New England industry in general is in somewhat the same plight that her great railway system is in, and needs the same sort of a shaking up that the railroad needs; and that the work which Howard Elliott has cut out before him is much the same which many a captain of industry in the six states which form the historic northeast corner of our nation has cut out before him. As a rule, the kind of transportation system any section of country has is a pretty fair index of the nature of the whole industrial system of that

section. Run-down railways indicate run-down mills and factories and farms. If New England is to be judged in this way, then she is sadly in need of a general industrial toning up, and the rejuvenation of the New Haven railway system should be the signal for a general rejuvenation. The Providence Journal may well say, therefore, that "so far as New England is concerned, the most interesting personality within its borders at the present moment is that of Howard Elliott."

Whether Mr. Elliott is the man to lead this movement with success remains, of course, to be seen. He has training and he has a successful career behind him. He has been a railway man all his life. With the exception of a short time spent in civil engineering for a manufacturer in Maryland, his entire energy has been devoted to

railroading. He began while still a student at Harvard, going out on his summer vacation to act as a rodman on the Burlington road. After graduation he took a position as clerk in the same road, and, being a glutton for work, so it is said, he climbed up the ladder rapidly. "Whatever little success I have had," he says, "has been due to the fact that I have restricted myself to one thing—transportation." What is more, he has pretty nearly restricted himself to one line of transportation—the Burlington system. It was not until 1903 that he left that system, having been successively auditor's clerk, assistant auditor, assistant treasurer, general freight agent, general passenger agent, general manager, and second vice-president. When he left, he took the position of president of the Northern Pacific, succeeding Mellen then as he succeeds him now.



"THE MOST INTERESTING PERSONALITY IN NEW ENGLAND TO-DAY"

That is what the Providence Journal says of Howard Elliott, the new head of the New Haven railway system. It says that because the success or failure of Mr. Elliott means more to New England than that of any other man in her borders. His task is to restore efficiency, safety and public confidence to a great system that seems to have lost all three of these things.

But he appears to be a newer type of railway president than Mellen is. The new light that has been dawning upon railway officials—and officials of other corporations as well—in regard to their relations to the public, has apparently found readier access to Elliott's mind than to Mellen's. He is suave and candid where Mellen is arrogant and secretive. "The head of a quasi-public corporation is a sort of quasi-public servant," says Elliott, "and the people through whom and with whom he is to work are entitled to know about the man and his ideas." He is reputed to be a "good mixer," and as president of the Northern Pacific he made a good deal out of personal contact not only with his own employees but with the merchants and farmers and manufacturers who were his customers, taking a leaf out of the

notebook of James J. Hill in this regard. He is said to be also a fairly good speaker of the conversational rather than oratorical kind. Aside from his railroad work, however, he has not spread out much. He is an overseer of Harvard, a member of the National Archeological Society and a liberal patron of music; but all these are relations into which he has been more or less dragged rather than relations which he has sought. He is also reported to be an "ardent devotee" of sailing, tennis and motoring; but as he seldom takes a vacation, these pleasures have to be snatched in the brief intervals that his many duties leave him. It is safe to say that those intervals will be none the less brief in the immediate future than they have been in the past.

Every responsible railroad man has

a difficult post to fill in these days of federal and state regulation. He has to take account of many factors that enter into the control of his business. If he wishes to raise rates he must receive the permission of the interstate commerce commission and, perhaps, several state commissions. If he wishes to lower wages or to make greater demands for service, he must negotiate with labor-union officials. If he wishes to issue new bonds he must reckon with the powerful bankers who, by their system of interlocking directorates, control his board of directors and his own official life. No railway president has in these days a sinecure. But of all the railway officials in America, it is doubtful if there is one that has a heavier task on his hands than that of the quiet Howard Elliott.

THE BRILLIANT JEW WHO MAY BE THE NEXT LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND

WHEN Lord Robert Cecil arose in the House of Commons and accused Sir Rufus Isaacs of being a gambler, it seemed as if the promotion of the Attorney-General in the Asquith ministry to the post of Lord Chief Justice of England had been made forever impossible. One of the greatest scandals in public life had been precipitated by what to the *London Mail* was the "fatal decision" of Sir Rufus to take ten thousand American Marconi shares from his brother, Harry Isaacs. The shares were purchased upon a "tip" from yet another brother, Godfrey Isaacs. As Attorney-General, Sir Rufus would be brought into official relations with the Marconi enterprises.

The whole Commons seemed dissolved in emotion as Sir Rufus Isaacs, his voice trembling, confessed that he had done wrong. It was, he pleaded, an error of judgment, only. Now, as the *London Telegraph*, an opposition organ, says, only a character for probity so unassailable as that of Sir Rufus could have emerged without a stain from such an ordeal. His explanation was accepted at its face value because his temperament is precisely one to involve itself in such a humiliation. It was not that Sir Rufus lacks delicacy, but that he lacks cunning. Thus the *London News*. His appointment as Lord Chief Justice has already, we read, been decided upon. No British statesman ever missed ruin by so narrow a margin.

The son of a Jew who made a large fortune in London trade, Rufus Daniel Isaacs, through his promotion to cabinet rank a few years since, was admitted to that "secret junta" compris-

ing the real British government. He was then attorney-general, to be sure, but he was the first holder of that great office to attain cabinet rank. Ten years have not passed since his first election to the Commons. His career has been such a steady defiance of precedent, as the *London Mail* remarks, that only an exceptional personality could achieve it. The basis of his success is "charm" in the English sense. Sir Rufus Isaacs is witty, but he never gives offense with a witicism. He is elegant in appearance and in dress without suggesting the fop. He spends his great wealth freely without a hint of ostentation. He avows the most democratic principles without seeming insincere. And now he has capped the climax of paradox by speculating in stocks without seeming to gamble. His brothers testified before a committee that Rufus has always been deemed the baby of the family, "the little pet."

With a flower in his buttonhole and a handkerchief protruding from a coat pocket, Sir Rufus Isaacs always makes a great flourish of notes when he rises to speak in the Commons. He never makes use of these notes. He is too witty to stick to the heads of his discourse, explains the *London News*. He suggests to our contemporary the flawless manner of the great French actor who interprets the heaviest part in a play by Paul Hervieu. His elocution is inoffensively theatrical just as his gestures are inoffensively graceful. That is why so few listen to what he says. He is too distracting as a spectacle. The polished shoes, the well-fitting clothes, the meticulous smoothness of the hair, the paleness of the refined face, the placing of a hand

to the forehead—these make one think of the theater. The histrionic deportment of Sir Rufus never offends. It is natural to the man. He plays the part of Attorney-General as Beerbohm Tree might do Richelieu. There is emotional quality in the voice, gravity in the visage, a sigh to give emphasis and now and then a radiant smile.

Hard work and a sweet temper have made Sir Rufus Isaacs a success in life, according to T. P. O'Connor in *The Pall Mall*. The father of Rufus had destined him for the fruit business. The boy thought of settling in the United States. He set out for New York one morning, but was stopped at Liverpool by the serious illness of his mother. Then his father sent him to the continent of Europe to buy goods. By the time he was ready to set out for America once more he had a wife and a child. Mrs. Isaacs thought her husband should become a barrister—a preposterous notion, he thought. Rufus Isaacs told his wife that he was destitute of those qualities which alone bring success at the London bar. They compromised. He would practice for three years, and if failure resulted, take up the export business in New York.

The prodigious success of the experiment is attributed by the critics of the Attorney-General's career less to his knowledge of the law than to his irresistible appearance. For proof we are referred to the heterogeneous character of his practice. Ladies who wanted a divorce knew that he would win any jury's sympathy with his wonderful voice. The human element in a case was always on his side. He imparted a kind of romance to the most prosaic plea in the very commercial

class of cases over which he nearly wept, that is, in court. He has defended great criminals as if they were the dead bodies of Caesar and he a Mark Antony. All this, we are assured by the *London Mail*, was art. T. P. insists that it was hard work. Rufus Isaacs arose in his barrister days with the dawn. He drank a cup of tea at five every morning. He studied his cases as if they were the face of a beloved. The habits formed then stick. He is fifty-three, but he breakfasts at seven on tea and toast with fruit and is in his library at eight. He invariably verifies a citation for himself, not relying upon a secretary. He writes out his letters in long hand, not dictating to a stenographer. He memorizes figures, never referring to a memorandum in public.

Application to work, knowledge of the law, and diligence in his business do not explain the career of Sir Rufus to T. P., however. The secret of the man's success is found in the exquisite sweetness of his temper. "This radiates from him in a court of law, where nobody has ever yet seen him excited or irritable or other than suave, agreeable and long-suffering. But the witness who tries to palm off a shady



THE BRITISH ATTORNEY-GENERAL WHO
CONFESED HIS SIN

This is Sir Rufus Isaacs. He speculated in shares. They went up. His official position involved him in wireless telegraphy. The shares he speculated in were Marconis.

story has always been in terror of this easy and indulgent temper. The question in cross-examination comes to him pleasantly and politely." He is gently led on until the crisis when the story crumbles or dissolves, no one quite knows why. The artistic self-restraint of Sir Rufus in such moments is a masterpiece of conduct.

No member of the British ministry enjoys such favor at court as Sir Rufus Isaacs. With Queen Mary he is a prime favorite because he vindicated the honor of the crown in the case brought by the King against Mylius. Sir Rufus conducted the prosecution to a successful issue while keeping George V. out of the witness box. It is noticed that he dines more frequently at Windsor and at Buckingham Palace than ever.

Sir Rufus Daniel Isaacs would be the most athletic Lord Chief Justice in English history. Outdoor sports are said in the *London Throne* to be his passion. His devotion to rowing, to horseback riding, to tennis, to golf and even to cycling explains, it seems, the lithe ease with which he moves, the state of preservation which gives him at fifty-three the look of a man barely forty.

VENUSTIANO CARRANZA: LEADER OF THE MOST RESPECTABLE REVOLUTION IN MEXICO

ALTHOUGH the reported capture of the leader of the one revolution in Mexico which boasts itself "constitutional" turns out untrue, the position of Don Venustiano Carranza was at last accounts precarious. The military magnates in the capital have vowed to make an end of him, the *Paris Matin* understands, because he glorifies the murdered Madero. Carranza is politically, we read, the heir of Madero. He is no dreamer, indeed, no romanticist. The foundation of his character is a shrewdness that never leads him astray. He has a fund of humor so subtle, a tact so exquisitely adapted to the types of human nature he manages and a patience so Oriental that to our French contemporary he is quite like an Arab eadi of the desert or the chief of a tribe of Bedouins.

The personal aspect of Don Venustiano Carranza, as he paces quietly among his followers stroking his venerable beard, suggests neither Mexico nor revolution. He is, in truth, an antithesis to the military type, being neither a good shoot with the rifle nor an expert in guerrilla warfare. He incarnates the benign and judicial. "He has the serene dark eye of Moses, the noble port of a pontiff. His gesture is that of the bishop who blesses

faithful and heretic alike." Among the peons who form his retinue—for Don Venustiano travels like a feudal prince with his court at his heels—the leader of the revolution has the prestige of a saint besides receiving the deference of a father. The source of his authority puzzles the European onlooker who describes the man in the *Paris Débats*. Carranza sits among his ragged followers like one of them, suffering contradiction with patience, taking advice humbly but carrying his point invariably. He is the most generous man among these rebels. He is the ablest. He is the bravest. So much they all know. He has carried on a great rebellion by the simple process of becoming the most trusted man in its ranks. For that reason alone Zapata pledged Carranza his support.

The swarthy complexion of the rebel leader betrays, it seems, his Latin and Aztec origin. Between fifty and sixty, muscular, with high cheek bones and a broad nose, the deliberate mode of his speech is Teutonic rather than Spanish. He springs, nevertheless, from the race of the conquistadores and, if the family tree be acceptable on this point, his ancestors include a follower of Cortez when that soldier was fighting Montezuma. The Aztec bride of the Spanish adventurer belonged to the royal house. The maj-

esty of his deportment on the bench—for Don Venustiano is a judge—and the grace of figure he retains to this very day are attributable to his ancestry. To the royalty of his nature must be ascribed likewise the comparative poverty of the Don. His distributions of food and occasionally of money among his followers eat up his income and even his capital. He owns land almost by the mile and his herds are enormous, but he possesses no such wealth as Diaz boasts or the Maderos. When all the mortgages are paid and all the notes mature, Don Venustiano might retire with enough to live on in dignified ease. Bradstreet's would rate him then at perhaps a hundred thousand dollars or two. This fact, for a man who has been so many years in public life in Mexico, who has been governor of a state, mayor of a city, judge of a high court, attests a perfect honesty. Indeed, says the French paper, the probity of Venustiano Carranza is worthy of a Brutus or a Washington.

Carranza is a power, according to the *Débats*, because he knows and loves his people. He is of them. Europe has not corrupted him. His life has been lived with the men among whom he was born. He speaks no tongue but theirs. He is very literally flesh of their flesh. From his earliest youth he

has herded cattle, cut down trees, prospected for minerals, eaten the native food. His domestic life is patriarchal in a Biblical sense. His household comprises a thousand people at least, over whom his sway is gentle altho absolute. He measures his wealth in terms of kine and horses. The clothes he wears have been spun beneath his own roof. He is most at home some forty miles from the nearest railroad. Yet his interests have been intellectual. He has set up schools on his great estate. He is a patron of young Mexican poets. He has encouraged the establishment of newspapers. He has always professed a liberalism that was sincere. Old Porfirio Diaz called him dangerous. Madero made him governor of a big northern state.

Knowing his people so intimately, Carranza never issues an order without finding local opinion behind it. He has tried his own followers for insubordination or for crime. The punishment decreed has been invariably inflicted, even to the extreme of death. He is too shrewd to give orders that will not be executed, too well versed in the code of native ethics to affront it with what must seem tyranny. He does not, however, "orate" in the grand Madero manner, nor has he any set of such sublime principles as made that hapless dreamer strive for the amelioration of everything Mexican. His watchword is government by law and as a lawyer Carranza seems to rank high. He prosecuted his studies in the capital as a youth and practised his profession with success in his native state. His one resemblance to Huerta consists in a weakness of the eyes so great as to compel the use of great horned glasses. The failure of his sight, in fact, forced Carranza to abandon his dream of a career at the bar and to take up the life of a ranchman.

Physically, Venustiano Carranza is something of a giant. Standing well over six feet in his stockings, he can race on horseback over a field in pursuit of the wildest steer and "rope" it with ease. The defect of his vision makes marksmanship impossible to him, but he is a very adroit fencer with the native sword. He has none of the smartness in dress which is so characteristic of the great landowners of Mexico. His worn old brim hangs loosely over his brow. Clean linen has long been beyond any resources the revolutionary movement can command. The Don goes about without either collar or cuffs. His trowsers need pressing sadly. His manner evinces none of the aloofness, the conventionalized courtesy of the de la Barras or of the hacienda owners. To them, indeed, Carranza is "middle class," an upstart from the soil at whose pretensions to royal descent they sneer and whose



QUIET, ELDERLY GENTLEMAN OF REVOLUTIONARY TASTES SEEKING SITUATION AS MEXICAN PRESIDENT

Venustiano Carranza is a lawyer who hates the sight of blood, a patriarchal person of comparative poverty, who has never learned English and never shot a fellow creature for political reasons.

political liberalism they flout. They deride him as "no soldier" and as a person who has never moved in the best society. Madero, as one grandee told the *Débats* correspondent, was at least a gentleman, but Carranza is "low."

Brigandage, rapine and mob law are so abhorrent to one of Carranza's legal training that he has set himself the task of administering his revolution as if it were an established government. He succeeds in this, according to the French daily, because of his own instinct for order. Precise, methodical, punctual himself, he sets an example of discipline which his followers profit by prodigiously. He rises at daybreak. Lists of every follower are gone over by the chief personally. The roll is called at sundown. Each man must give an account of himself. When funds run low, the men of wealth in the northern territory are politely invited to afford themselves the luxury of parting with cattle, horses, guns or money. The levy is thoroughly systematic and a receipt exempts the contributor from any further assessment during a whole year. The sense of justice is so strong in Carranza that he keeps his pledge on this point far better than Madero

could when he fought against Diaz. Those of Carranza's followers who do any levying on their own account are shot.

The anomaly of Carranza's position to the European dailies who study his character is the fact that a man of his administrative genius, his capacity to rule the worst elements and his high integrity should be of no use to the established rulers in the capital. He has all the qualities, we read, of a competent minister of the interior—familiarity with the native customs, sympathy with the peons and the confidence of the middle class which emerged during the long rule of Diaz. Carranza has the civilian point of view and the attitude to public affairs of the small property owner. He is eminently respectable in his private life, eschewing the bull-fight, addicting himself to none of the vice of the military magnate. He has diverted the attention of the youth of Mexico from the camp to the triumphs of civil life. He strove to found an institution for the education of Mexicans as civil engineers, but the revolutions of recent years rendered the undertaking impossible. His pedagogical hobby is the teaching of the art of reading and the science of numbers to the peon.

Music and Drama

"THE TEMPERAMENTAL JOURNEY"—LEO DITRICHSTEIN'S WHIMSICAL PLAY

HOW much the French authors of this play, delightfully rendered into English by Leo Ditrichstein as a vehicle for his acting, owe to Arnold Bennett's novel "Buried Alive" is difficult to tell. André Rivore and Yves Mirande succeeded in producing "The Temperamental Journey" in Paris fifteen months before Mr. Bennett produced his own dramatization of his novel in London. In this country, too, with the aid of David Belasco, they got their play across the footlights before Winthrop Ames was able to stage the rival production. The fundamental idea in both plays is similar, but each is worked out in a manner entirely its own. In each play an artist supposedly dies and lives on unknown to see the world pay to him dead the homage that it denied to him living. Whatever may be the merits of the case, the newspapers hail "The Temperamental Journey" as still another great success added to Belasco's long list of achievements. The play hardly compares in literary quality and psychological insight with "The Con-

cert," which Mr. Ditrichstein also adapted for himself from another tongue, but it is, in the words of *The Tribune* (New York), "a thoroughly amusing comedy, well constructed, soundly and cleverly written."

The story is that of a young painter, Jacques Dupont, living near Tamburri's Inn, Connecticut, whose vision is too large to command a market. An art dealer, M. Dorval, who knows the quality of his work full well, purchases his canvases at starvation prices, biding his time. The artist has married a model, Delphine, who is a nagging, discontented wife to him and, incidentally, deceives him with another knight of the brush, Vernon Neil who, artistically as well as morally, has fewer scruples than Dupont. In vain Billy Shepherd, a young composer and Dupont's only friend, reasons with him to impress him with the necessity of compromising with the taste of the public. "Art," replies the painter, "is to me as the elevation of the host." In striking contrast to Delphine is Maria, who understands Dupont and secretly loves him. When

she sees his despair owing to various rebuffs, she remembers her own little savings and concocts a story of a stranger passing in an automobile who has purchased one of his pictures. Dupont at once orders wine and promises to pay his bill to Tamburri. Joyously he calls Billy while she goes to fetch the money.

DUPONT. Billy, the most wonderful thing has happened. I sold a picture. Imagine, a stranger walked in here today. His eye caught sight of it. He fancied it, gave Maria the money and went off in his machine.

BILLY. How much?

DUPONT. Two hundred and eighty dollars.

BILLY. What a funny figure!

DUPONT. (Thinks for a second.) I too thought it rather odd.

BILLY. Which one did he buy?

DUPONT. The one that hung in the dining room.

BILLY. What kind of a joke are you and Maria trying to play on me?

DUPONT. No joke that at all.

BILLY. You mean that sunset?

DUPONT. Yes.

BILLY. That hangs in Maria's room.

DUPONT. Impossible! What are you talking about?



JACQUES DUPONT BEFORE HE UNDERTAKES HIS TEMPERAMENTAL JOURNEY

Maria, the young lady whose hands Mr. Ditrichstein as the hero of his play is so ardently pressing, is not his wife. The latter, Delphine, is meanwhile eying him from the table where she is seated with his rival Vernon Neil. Billy, Dupont's only friend, philosophically surveys the scene.

BILLY. I tell you I saw it this afternoon. Fanny went to Maria's room to primp. It's hanging over her bed. I'll show it to you. *(Beckons to him to come over to the window.)* See it there.

DUPONT. *(Almost voiceless.)* Yes, I see it.

MARIA. *(Enters with money, cheerily.)* Here you are, Mr. Dupont. *(Billy goes out. She sees the two men at the window. Dupont turns at sound of her voice. As she sees the utter misery depicted in his face, her heart sinks.)* Let me explain, Mr. Dupont—

DUPONT. No explanation is needed, Miss Maria.

MARIA. Oh, please, please!

BILLY. *(Sees what he has done.)* I am sorry, Miss Maria. *(Exits into house.)*

TAMBUURI. *(Entering.)* Here is da wine, and here is da bill. *(Busies himself pouring the wine.)*

DUPONT. Mr. Tamburri, we'll have to let the bill go until—

TAMBUURI. *(Stops pouring, puts down bottle.)* But you got to—

DUPONT. I know, I know, Mr. Tamburri, circumstances over which I have no control force me to use the money I spoke of to settle a debt of honor.

TAMBUURI. A debt of honor! Oh, dat is good! Your food and lodging is dat not a debt of honor?

DUPONT. It is, but if you will have a little patience—

TAMBUURI. Ah lah, patience! Your wife have no patience. She kick all da time. If you canna pay me you get out. *(Gesture.)*

MARIA. I always thought we were friends.

DUPONT. *(Forces a smile.)* We are.

MARIA. Won't you let your friend—*(Holds out money.)*

DUPONT. *(Stops her with a gesture.)* I'll take your good will for the deed. If that picture in there pleases you, do me the honor of accepting it as a souvenir and this one too—*(Gives her the canvas on stage.)*

MARIA. I will, if you—

DUPONT. There is no if about it.

MARIA. You are angry with me.

DUPONT. No, I am not angry. I assure you I am not.

MARIA. Prove it.

DUPONT. Here is my hand. Thank you and bless you for all your kindness.

MARIA. By to-morrow, you'll be all over this.

DUPONT. *(Staring in front of him; repeats mechanically.)* Yes, by to-morrow, I'll be all over this.

MARIA. Then good night!

DUPONT. Good-bye.

MARIA. *(Goes off.)*

DUPONT. *(Stands still for a moment, then slowly starts for exit, toward water.)*

The next act takes place two weeks later at Dupont's studio in New York. Billy is in deep mourning. Vainly his wife, Fanny, attempts to restore his spirits. Maria appears, shaken with grief. Delphine sheds crocodile's tears. The suicide of the artist, it seems, has made him famous overnight. His pictures have at once found a market. Dorval and Prof. Babcock Roland, his teacher, appear as mourners. For a moment Billy finds himself alone on

the stage, when his attention is aroused by some one's taking a shower-bath in the adjoining bathroom. And then, suddenly, he is confronted by Dupont. At first Billy takes the apparition for a ghost, but it does not take Dupont long to convince his friend that he is still with him in the flesh. Once in the water, it occurs, Dupont suddenly remembered that he could swim. He was fished up by a yacht, and carried to Halifax. "Why didn't you wire?" asks the indignant friend. "How stupid of me! I never thought of that!" "You'll never change!" sighs Billy.

DUPONT. What's the use of arguing what I could or might have done. I am here and that's all there is to it.

BILLY. And you think that settles it?

DUPONT. What the devil do you want me to do. Kiss you, or go on my knees and beg your pardon?

BILLY. No, but I want you to put your clothes on this instant and go to the first newspaper office and tell them you are not dead.

DUPONT. A lot they care whether I am dead or alive.

BILLY. Don't they?

DUPONT. Why should they?

BILLY. Confound you, because we are going to cremate you at two this afternoon! *(Dupont sipping his coffee, smiles at Billy over his cup.)* You think I am fooling. *(Shows him a paper.)* Listen to this! *(Gets paper. Reads.)* "Dupont—Stephen Charles. Died August 14th, 1910. Friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral services at his late residence, the Sherwood Building, Tuesday, August 26, at 11 o'clock."

DUPONT. *(Shrugs his shoulders.)* Well, they'll have to call it off.

BILLY. *(Unplussed.)* You still think this is a joke?

DUPONT. Joke or no joke, they can't burn me alive!

BILLY. We are not going to; we recovered your body.

DUPONT. *(Becoming serious.)* What does all this mean? You have recovered my body?

BILLY. Yes, a fishing-smack picked it up.

DUPONT. How is that possible?

BILLY. It's a fact, and what's more, you have been completely identified.

DUPONT. By whom?

BILLY. Delphine.

When Delphine returns to the room with Neil, Dupont, fearful of harming his wife by the sudden shock, hides himself upstairs. Looking down over the balustrade into the studio below, he sees enough to convince him that Delphine is unfaithful to him. "How long has this been going on?" he asks. "All summer," Billy replies. "Why didn't you tell me?" "You wouldn't have believed me." "I don't know, I can't make up my mind. I didn't expect this," exclaims the distraught painter. Dorval and Roland, with funeral mien, walk into the room. In spite of his mournful countenance, Dorval has come for reasons distinctly commercial.

DELPHINE. *(Deep mourning, veil, etc.)* Oh, Mr. Dorval, I don't know how to thank you—you have been perfectly wonderful in this hour of distress.

DORVAL. It was my duty to look after the widow of my poor great friend.

DELPHINE. *(Sees Roland.)* Oh, and you, Mr. Roland, you have come too! If Steve, who is above, could see you he would rest content. *(Points upward. Dupont, on gallery, laughs.)*

ROLAND. *(Adjusts tie.)* I shall deliver funeral oration at the bier of my great deceased pupil.

DORVAL. *(To Delphine.)* I have done my best to save you from a horde of petty annoyances. Now a word regarding Dupont's pictures in your possession. I will send for them to-morrow and I will sell them for you, so you'll not have that to bother you. *(Neil coughs to attract Delphine's attention. Dorval looks at him and, annoyed, continues.)* You know your interests will be well taken care of.

DELPHINE. *(Has caught Neil's eye, takes her cue from him.)* You are very kind, Mr. Dorval, but I would like to keep them a little longer, they are all I have left of him. You understand, don't you?

DORVAL. Listen, Mrs. Dupont! *(Neil coughs again.)* That's a most annoying cough you have. Take a few of these lozenges, Mrs. Dupont.

DELPHINE. Please, don't say another word. I am too terribly distressed to give my attention to matters of business. *(Over to Roland.)* So, you are going to say a few words about poor Steve?

ROLAND. I consider it a privilege. I will say that the place he occupied among us is vacant. No one will be able to fill it. I will say—*(Consults paper in his hand.)* *(He can't find the place.)* I will say some nice thing about—that he was my favorite pupil. *(Vernon hears.)*

DELPHINE. I thought Vernon—

ROLAND. *(Flies chair.)* Oh, yes, Vernon too. Happily he is left to us. *(They go on talking quietly.)*

NEIL. You had better talk the matter over with me, Mr. Dorval. Mrs. Dupont has asked me to discuss the business end of the sale.

DORVAL. Very good, my dear Neil—you are an honest man, I am an honest man—we won't have any trouble.

NEIL. I am sure of that.

DORVAL. Now, these are the facts:—I have advanced Mrs. Dupont a considerable amount of money—you understand. I did not do this because I am infatuated with her beautiful eyes. I admire her. I loved Dupont, but, after all, I am a business man.

NEIL. Quite so. We'll leave all sentiment out of our discussion and treat this purely as a business proposition.

DORVAL. Now you are talking.

NEIL. If this affair concerned me—me only—we would quickly come to terms.

DORVAL. *(Pats him on the shoulder.)* I know you are always amenable.

NEIL. Thank you. But in this instance I am called upon to safeguard the interests of a third party, the widow of my best friend, who has a small fortune at stake.

DORVAL. Fortune?! Oh, come on!

NEIL. Oh, yes, his pictures have increased tremendously in value on account of the stir his sudden and untimely death created.

DORVAL. Bosh, stuff and nonsense!

DELPHINE. Ver-non is quite right. His canvases ought to bring well into four figures.

DORVAL. Four figures? Do you want to buy mine? I have quite a number.

NEIL. Why, yes, we'll take them off your hands.

DORVAL. (Evasively.) I admit that people suddenly discovered that he had considerable talent, but—

DELPHINE. My dear Mr. Dorval, one of the most noted art critics in an article in one of to-day's papers pronounced him the greatest landscape painter of all times.

DORVAL. I know.

NEIL. You read it?

DORVAL. I inspired it. Don't ask how much it cost me.

NEIL and DELPHINE. (Together.) You?!

DORVAL. My dear Mrs. Dupont, give the dead man his due. He was a fine artist, his suicide attracted a great deal of attention. This would have been a nine days' wonder and after that nobody would have thought any more about him, had it not been for me.

DELPHINE. I don't understand.

DORVAL. I employed a press agent and in that way kept the matter alive.

DELPHINE. I appreciate all you have done, but—

FANNY. I beg your pardon, they are waiting downstairs.

DELPHINE. One moment, my dear—

(To NEIL.) What was I going to say?

NEIL. We appreciate all you have done, but now that it is done, we want to take advantage of the opportunity and get all the money we can.

DORVAL. Of course we want to. (Points to himself.)

NEIL. I mean we—er—that is—the widow.

DELPHINE. You are not going to try to get the best of the poor widow?

DORVAL. Not at all, dear lady. Live and let live, that is my motto. (Dupont throws up his hands.) But if you stick to your exaggerated notions—

FANNY. (From window.) The clergyman is getting out of his carriage.

DORVAL. One moment, dear lady—(Fanny and Billy throw up their hands in disgust.) This sale needs handling, expert handling.

DELPHINE. Now let us come to the point, what share?

FANNY. Mrs. Dupont, they are waiting.

DELPHINE. (Irritably.) One moment, my dear! Er—tell them I fainted.

DORVAL. I ask nothing but what you call fair.

BILLY. I think it is positively indecent



"REST IN PEACE—UNTIL I COME"

Jacques Dupont, watching his own funeral, reads the touching inscription on the wreath procured by his wife.

to haggle over the belongings of poor Steve before he is in his grave—it is an outrage!

DELPHINE. I'm coming. You needn't bark at me so.

BILLY. I am disgusted.

DELPHINE. (To Neil.) Is my hat on straight? (Neil nods.) Open the door! (Turning to Dorval.) We'll see you tomorrow. (Throws her veil over her face and begins to moan as she passes out—all but Billy follow her.)

The last act plays three years later at Billy Shepherd's residence in New York. Dupont, disguised as a collector, is negotiating a sale of thirty of his paintings with the aid of Billy. Maria appears with her two pictures which, however, she is unwilling to sell. Delphine, who has married Neil, brings six new canvases. Dorval comes to inspect the collection. There is some discussion as to the genuineness of the pictures brought by Delphine. All appeal to Dorval as an expert. While he is examining the collection, Dupont, who has held himself in the background but who has witnessed all that happens, can no longer control his anger.

DUPONT. Where is Maria?

BILLY. In there. (Points.)

DUPONT. I am going in, too!

BILLY. For heaven's sake, control yourself—(Between them they bring him back.)

DUPONT. I owe it to my memory.

FANNY. I beg of you.

DUPONT. Do they think because I'm dead I have no rights?

FANNY. Let Billy go in.

DUPONT. No, no, I must face them myself.

FANNY. Mr. Dupont!

DUPONT. I must tell these ghosts what I think of them. (Turns again.)

BILLY. (Turning him back. Fanny grabs him.) Have you taken leave of your senses?

DUPONT. They won't even let me rest in my grave.

BILLY. Do you want to ruin your sale?

DUPONT. What has that got to do with the sale?

BILLY. The thirty canvases of the dead Dupont will bring anywhere from 150,000 to 200,000 dollars—show yourself and you cut that sum in half.

FANNY. Billy is right.

BILLY. They are coming. (To Dupont.) Go back to your cage.

DUPONT. I'll be damned if I do.

BILLY. (Pushing

him towards the door.) Hear what Dorval has to say before committing yourself. I'm no fortune teller. (Pushes Dupont into room.)

DUPONT. I'm sick of all this humbug! (Dorval enters, followed by Maria who carries her two pictures, and Neil, who carries his.)

FANNY. (Who can't contain herself.) Well, Mr. Dorval?

DORVAL. (Who has methodically folded his specs, pockets them.) Well—

BILLY. What is your opinion?

DORVAL. My opinion is—that the thirty pictures composing the Lenoir collection are very fine canvases.

(BILLY, MARIA, FANNY relieved, a broad

"Ah" of delight escapes them.)

NEIL. (Depressed.) Ah!

DORVAL. These canvases are executed with a boldness and artistic freedom which the late Mr. Dupont might have achieved had he lived—

ALL. Ah!

DORVAL. —but they have no market value.

ALL. What?

BILLY. I don't follow you!

FANNY. What are your conclusions based on?

DORVAL. My dear lady, dead men paint no pictures. The late Mr. Dupont died August 14th, 1910—

OMNES. Yes—

DORVAL. (Slowly, deliberately.) The thirty pictures in there are stamped by the canvas maker 1911-1912—(Pause.) As to the pictures belonging to Mrs. Neil they must be Dupont's because his widow says so and because the stamps on the canvases bear her out, although they are poor examples of the deceased artist's skill. (To Maria.) For the two pictures in your possession, Madame, I offer you 10,000 dollars.

MARIA. No!

DORVAL. 12,000?

MARIA. No! no!

DORVAL. 15,000?

MARIA. No! No! No! No!

DUPONT. (*Unable to contain himself, rushes into the room.*) And those are the two pictures you wouldn't give me twenty-five dollars for at a time when I didn't know where to put my head!

NEIL. (*Horried.*) The Lord have mercy on us!

DORVAL. (*Aghast.*) Good God!

NEIL. (*Rousing himself from his stupor.*) You are not dead?

DUPONT. Do I look like a corpse?

DORVAL. If he is in a fine state of preservation. (*Rises, crosses.*) Well, how long are you going to be with us this time?

DUPONT. Just long enough to wind up my affairs here.

DORVAL. I hope to see you again before you go again.

DUPONT. I'll see you at your store of business to-morrow.

DORVAL. Ladies, gentlemen! (*Exits.*)

NEIL. Will you explain?

DUPONT. You ask me to explain—you—Vernon Neil?

NEIL. Well, it seems to me—

DUPONT. Very well, I will explain. That you have deceived me during my lifetime, that you have married my wife after my death, that I forgive you. You are punished for it. But that you have helped yourself to my brushes and stuck my name to those things—(*Indicating paintings*) that I am going to call you to account for!

NEIL. Listen!

DUPONT. You stole my wife's affection and now you want to rob me of the glory posterity has bestowed upon me! Dead or alive, I find you in my way!!

NEIL. I swear to you—

DUPONT. Don't add perjury to all your other indecencies!

NEIL. Whoever told you—

DUPONT. Nobody told me! I heard with my own ears and I saw with my own eyes. (*Pointing to pictures.*) This farce is at an end!

NEIL. Which one? The farce you played upon the world for three years? He careful! You may be called to account for that!

DUPONT. By whom?

NEIL. By the world.

DUPONT. What do I care for the world? What has it ever done for me? Oh, yes, it gave me a decent funeral. True—that's more than most of us get.

NEIL. Wait!

DUPONT. For what?

NEIL. For the verdict.

DUPONT. I'll do so with a clear conscience. What crime have I committed? I had a moment of despondency, because the world wanted none of me. Dejected, depressed I was, I voted my life a failure and disappeared. I thought better of it, and came back. What had happened meanwhile? My wife, instigated by you, had gone to New London to identify the corpse of a poor devil for mine. Charmed by your blandishments she could not get rid of me quickly enough. I saw how matters stood and decided to remain what you all desired me to be—dead.

NEIL. That's a fine bluff!

DUPONT. Bluff?

NEIL. Yes, bluff. Your unknown talents were in need of a stunt to get you into the limelight. My compliments—it was a stroke of genius!

DUPONT. Who got the benefit of the stunt? You!! I went away as poor as a church-mouse—

NEIL. (*To Dupont.*) You had the best of it at that—

DUPONT. That admission from you after three years of connubial bliss?

Vernon Neil, that almost makes up for all the hardships I had to go through.

NEIL. Whatever I have done, I have paid for it. From the day I became the husband of your widow, I completely lost my identity. I am nothing. Those who come to my house, come to see the widow Dupont, or to find out if by chance I have another Dupont for sale. My son's name is Dupont, and so it goes. Dupont here, Dupont there. I am sick of it! (*Dupont laughs.*)

DELPHINE. (*Who has come in the scene earlier.*) Ingrate! (*Turning toward Dupont, she opens her arms.*) Steve!!

DUPONT. (*Steps back.*) Please, Madame, consider the feelings of your husband.

DELPHINE. Steve dear, I have been true to your memory.

DUPONT. I know how true you have been—Mrs. Neil.

NEIL. (*Curtly.*) What's to be done?

DUPONT. (*Shakes his head in answer.*) I understand that you have a son?

NEIL and DELPHINE nod guiltily, their eyes seek the ground.) You named him after me. (*They nod.*) Very well!

(*Neither of them give any sign of consent.* To Delphine.) I'll settle the proceeds of the sale if you consent to give me my freedom. You, Vernon Neil, put your name to those masterpieces over there. That's all they are worth. The rest I leave to your conscience. (*He joins Maria.*)

Maria puts her hands into his. "The world wanted none of me," exclaims Dupont, "now I want none of the world. There is a little place beyond the sea, just big enough for two. It will be ready and waiting for you when I am free."

OPERA AS AN EXPRESSION OF OUR BARBARIC EXTRAVAGANCE

ASUM of six hundred million dollars is spent annually by the people of the United States for music. This is the estimate recently made by John C. Freund, editor of *Musical America*. Another writer points out that the money expended on music is three times as much as we spend on our army and navy, three times as much as our postal service costs, three times as much as the value of the woolen industry, of all agricultural instruments, or of the potato crop! Even the swollen liquor bill seems thin by comparison. If this estimate indicates that music is essential to the happiness of the American public, it indicates as well, Elliott Flower points out in the Chicago *Record-Herald*, an appalling waste and an extravagance expressive of a lack of education and misdirected appreciation upon the part of the public. Mr. Flower quotes an investigator who has compared the situation in Europe and America:

"People abroad are getting far more, musically, than we are, at a wonderfully lower cost. As an illustration: The artists who are brought to America to entertain us receive but a fraction of the amount at home that is paid them here. The highest salaried player in the opera orchestra of Vienna receives but \$720 per year. The highest amount received by any member of the Royal Orchestra of Berlin is \$1,250 per year. Chorus singers in Paris average but \$300 per year. The maximum salary paid the prima donna or the tenor is \$1,500 or \$1,600 a month. When they come here they receive as high as \$3,000 a performance.

"Who pays singers like Caruso, Melba, Tetrazzini \$3,000 for one single evening's work? Surely not their managers, who also make a big profit on these singers. No, you and I pay this sum at \$2, \$3, \$5 or more per head. There are 133 American artists who get \$250 to \$2,000 for an evening's performance in this country."

No less than three new organizations have been formed for the presentation of opera in this country and Canada during the coming season.

The redoubtable Oscar Hammerstein has announced the opening of a new opera house in New York during November. Mr. Hammerstein—not a disinterested commentator—is firmly convinced that opera cannot be presented cheaply, and has characterized the efforts of the City Club to give opera in English at the Century Opera House—formerly the New Theater—at two-dollar prices as an "insult to the musical standard of our population." However, says the New York *Sun*, in an editorial, the popularization of opera at the Century will eliminate the old, familiar charge "that opera here is merely an aristocratic diversion forbidden by its high cost and social circumstances to the mass of the people." The *Sun* further elucidates the situation:

"The capitals of the Continent have their opera houses of secondary social and artistic importance, but of great advantage to the people to whom access to the foremost operatic theaters is practically impossible on account of the expense. Vienna,

Paris, Berlin and Milan have their various operatic theaters which appeal to a public just as appreciative as that which flocks to the Imperial Opera House, the Opéra or the Opéra Comique, the Royal Opera House or the Teatro della Scala. Hitherto New York has, with the exception of a few seasons, been altogether dependent on the Metropolitan Opera House. Because that institution happened to be supplied with the finest artists in the world and is the center of social and musical interest of this country it has always been easy to say that there was in reality no opera house in this city intended for the enjoyment of those music lovers who, apart from the appeal of fashion and the names of great singers, could indulge their taste for opera only at moderate prices."

Another investigator of musical conditions in America claims that opera is suffering from "primadonnitis," a disease resulting from the overbearing tyranny of prima donna singers, both male and female. Opera scores and librettos are butchered and murdered to suit the whims of these singers, and the music lover becomes acutely aware of the symptoms of the disease by the exorbitant prices he must pay to hear the over-advertized "prima donna."

"Primadonnitis" will be eliminated from the popular opera at the Century



A CHAMPION OF AMERICAN SINGERS

Lois Ewell, a prima donna of the new Century Opera, believes that opera is sung better in this country than anywhere else.

and from the new National Opera Company of Canada, which will appear in a number of American cities as well as in Montreal. According to the plans of Max Rabinoff, managing director of the new company, a high artistic level is to be sought in the production of opera rather than the exploitation of individual singers at the expense of artistic unity.

That such a change in the presentation of modern opera is due is the claim of Hiram K. Moderwell in the *Harvard Musical Review*. Mr. Moderwell describes opera as "a doubtful, extravagant and caste-making art." He indicts it in the following fashion:

"Opera has found its means of making its occasional excellences seem much more excellent, and its poverty seem riches. Put a man in a dark room and ask him to focus his eyes for a long period of time on a light spot and you produce in him a species of hypnosis, an extreme passivity, amenability to all suggestions, even the most foolish, and increased nervous sensitiveness.

"Then add to this state—which is that produced in the opera house—the power of sound, the power of mere musical sound, and he becomes emotional and childlike, an animal quite different from normal man, with a different psychology and a different set of moral standards.

"For, let a modern orchestra play a pure triad—only one—with its vibrating yellow violin tones, the shimmering white of its wood, the blazing red which its brass can make visible, the narcotic quivering of the harp, and the barbarous rumble of the tympani—one chord only, and people are in a state where they cannot discern between their right hand and their left, where a papier-mâché dragon is terrifying, and prostitution beautiful. It is a neuropathic state.

"We are thus not often in a state to

realize the actual poverty of the message which opera brings. But does it need a detailed analysis? Surely we have all, while sitting through an opera, waked up suddenly to realize that the singing was bad; that the story was absurd; that acting didn't exist; that the music was incomprehensible; that the costumes were in wretched taste. Surely, we have once or twice sighed at the flashy vulgarity of our opera house itself, and felt a sinking of the heart at the unvarying splendor of the gowns on the first floor."

From the standpoint of the economist and the sociologist as well, Mr. Moderwell believes that the prestige enjoyed by the opera in America should be abolished. He says: "While opera is by no means accessible to all, it is in a very real sense supported by some of the bread line. The seamstress working for months at \$4 a week on the costumes for a single scene, all the hacks of musicians who do the great necessary mechanical work, the stage hands working feverishly between the acts, and the thousands of poor (and often worthless) music students struggling on somebody's sacrifice to reach the alluring top—all these are organic and ignoble parts of the blazing institution of opera."



WITH THE CANADIAN COMPANY

Madame Gerville-Reache, one of the world's greatest contraltos, is to be a member of the National Opera Company of Canada, which will extend the field of opera in the United States and Canada.



OF THE NEW SCHOOL

Kathleen Howard, an American contralto who has been eminently successful in Europe, is now a member of the Century Opera, where the "star" system has been abolished and excellence of the ensemble is the aim of the directors.

THE RISING TIDE OF REALISM IN THE AMERICAN DRAMA

THESE are cycles in the development of the drama just as there are cycles in the development of individual playwrights. The youthful romantic period is usually followed by a realistic reaction. Realism again, as in Germany and France, leads eventually to mysticism. The American drama has evidently entered upon its most realistic period. Our playwrights attempt to reveal life as it is, but, instead of seeing it steadily and whole, they concentrate their attention upon its most unpleasant aspects. The reports of vice commissions have colored our fiction for the last few years. Is it surprising, then, to see them appear in the drama? "The Lure," "The Fight," "The Traffic," "Any Night," "Tiger," glow with the radiance of the Red-Light Districts. Our authors, by a sudden swing of the pendulum of convention, outdare continental playwrights in realistic portraiture.

The process of the theater from the pseudo-realism of such a play as "Jim the Penman" down to the exaggerated realism of modern pieces like "The Lure," remarks Frederic Hatton in the Chicago *Evening Post*, is a fascinating study for one interested in the modern evolution of the playhouse. We once thought that plays of "The Lion and the Mouse" stripe represented a return to realism, when in fact they were just as theatrical and machine-made as any of the old Sardou and Scribe school which, the writer goes on to say, represented for a time dramatic pioneering as compared with the old classic régime of the French. We have reached a day, however, when there is very little left which may not be put on the stage. One may go to any length if, by a speech, a forced climax or a wrenched ending, the play can be bent to the high cause of reform. The result, Mr. Haddon thinks, is some very good purpose and an equal amount of bad art.

"If our pious but thrifty young playwrights would write with the mental sensibility of a Theodore Dreiser, for instance, we would not object to the contemporary widening of the proscenium opening to hold the whole world and all its good and all its bad, but chiefly its bad. But whipping life into line behind an arbitrary idea is not writing with the intellectual frankness of a Dreiser. It is faking, cheating and misrepresenting, just as wrong in an artistic way as the evils which the young crusaders so thrifflily attack in the theater."

In at least five recent plays the crucial scene is laid in a bawdy house. In "Any Night" a father, lured drunk into a house of assignation, finds his own

daughter in the arms of a lover. In "The Lure," a lover surprises his innamorata in a house of ill fame in the characteristic costume of the profession. In "The Traffic," produced in San Francisco, a girl rescues her sister from a brothel. In "Tiger," a product of the Harvard school of drama, shortly to be produced, a father bent on adventure, meets his own daughter imprisoned by the Scarlet Militia. Bayard Veiller, author of "Within the Law," in his thrilling play, "The Fight," goes a step still further toward the unpleasant. The details of the brothel, as Reinold Wolf remarks in the New York *Telegraph*, are spread out in disgusting, nauseating manner, and the climax is not reached until the loathsome crime of incest is almost accomplished. "The Lure" has a serious purpose. Men of the stamp of District Attorney Whitman point to the play as a lesson. The portrait of the cadet is perfect of its kind. The playwright brings out the full horror of the situation. There is no gloating over the prurient, and no one can accuse the author, Mr. Scarborough, of painting an attractive picture of the brothel or its inmates, in the following scene between the cadet, the Madame and her secret partner, the politician:

KATE. Another one of the girls committed suicide an hour ago.

CAPTAIN. Another? Two in a month, eh?

KATE. Yes.

CAPTAIN. Humph—we'd better take an undertaker in partnership with us.

KATE. And a Coroner. (He looks at her quickly.)

CAPTAIN. Why?

KATE. To keep him from asking too many questions.

CAPTAIN. What?

KATE. Or giving out too much information. (He becomes grave.)

CAPTAIN. Any funny business about this—suicide?

KATE. No—not the way you mean.

CAPTAIN. How did she do it?

KATE. Opened a gas-jet.

CAPTAIN. Which one was she?

KATE. You never saw her—young girl Paul got the other day. Fine family and all that. Had to marry her to get her. When he got her here and told her in plain English what she was up against—oh, she fainted.

CAPTAIN. I guess so.

KATE. When she came to, she fought like a little devil to get out.

CAPTAIN. Paul beat her up?

KATE. Oh, we was easy with her as possible, took her clothes away and locked her upstairs.

CAPTAIN. Feed her?

KATE. No, but she didn't actually suffer. Only for three days.

CAPTAIN. That's good.

KATE. I went up there about one o'clock and tried to make her see the only way she could do was to submit, but she just sulked, wouldn't talk at all. Paul went up there an hour ago and found her lying on the floor dead—with the gas-jet wide open.

CAPTAIN. Hump! That's bad. Them things is always disagreeable. (She interrupts him significantly.)

KATE. Wait. (Going up to table, picks up newspaper and reads.) This evening's paper: Banker's daughter missing—special from Springfield—the police of all cities have been notified to search for Charlotte Baker—daughter of Robert Baker, cashier of the Mutual Bank, who disappeared from her home five days ago. (Captain groans.)

CAPTAIN. Kate! (Snatches paper from her hand. She nods.)

KATE. Yes, it's Charlotte Baker.

CAPTAIN. Good God! The Captain of this precinct has had three telegrams to-day from the Chief of Police of her town. They are burning the wires up hunting for her. Big rewards! Every detective agency will be on the case. The Federal officers will get on it, too.

KATE. Well.

CAPTAIN. Who knows about it?

KATE. Only Paul, me and Carrie.

CAPTAIN. None of the other girls?

KATE. Of course not.

CAPTAIN. Good.

KATE. It would ruin business to-night if they knew.

CAPTAIN. You haven't notified the Coroner?

KATE. I left that for you to do. (He crushes paper and throws it up.)

CAPTAIN. Where is Paul?

KATE. Playing the piano out front.

CAPTAIN. Get him in here. (Carrie enters the door bearing tray with absinthe.)

CARRIE. Here's your absinthe, Miss Kate. Anything else?

KATE. No. Oh, Paul! (The sound of lively ragtime is heard through the open door.)

PAUL. (Off stage.) Yes.

KATE. Come here. (Kate stands at door waiting, holding it partially ajar, as the Cadet, called "Paul," enters. He is a young man about 25; he is indolently smoking a cigarette, and has thoroughly at home and bored manner. He is fashionably tho a trifle flashily dressed. He is well kept and manicured. He greets Captain familiarly.)

PAUL. Hello, Jim.

CAPTAIN. (Gazes at Paul and replies with sarcasm.) You take things pretty easy.

PAUL. Why not?

CAPTAIN. For a fellow that's skating on such thin ice.

PAUL. Oh, you mean about the kid upstairs?

CAPTAIN. That's what I mean.

PAUL. Tough luck, ain't it? But I didn't believe she'd kill herself.

CAPTAIN. Did she?

PAUL. You think I did it?

CAPTAIN. I'm trying to find out.

PAUL. I guess *not*. She'd have been worth a hundred a week to me, easy.

CAPTAIN. Did you beat her up?
PAUL. Just enough to make her quit fighting.

CAPTAIN. How did you get her?
PAUL. Oh, scouting around Springfield, saw her and she made a hit with me. Found out who she was.

CAPTAIN. Banker's daughter, eh?
PAUL. That didn't make any difference to me.

CAPTAIN. (Looks him in the eye.) You may wish it had.

PAUL. Found out the church she went to and got a regular introduction by her Sunday-school teacher at a church sociable. You know them affairs they have at small town churches where everybody gets an even break. Told her my father was a banker too.

CAPTAIN. How did you get her here?

PAUL. She fell for me—fell in love with me, like they all do.

CAPTAIN. God!

PAUL. Said she was lonesome—couldn't live without me—and agreed to elope.

CAPTAIN. Did her father see you?

PAUL. Once. Made a hit with the old gent, too.

CAPTAIN. Can he put it on you?

PAUL. Say, don't you think I have sense enough to blind my own trail?

CAPTAIN. You married her?

PAUL. Yes. (Laughs.) I married her—on a last year's revenue license. Big Jacobs performed the ceremony and a couple of Chicago dips were the witnesses. Say, you make me tired. If they put it on me, I let you put a bil on me and go back to kindergarten.

CAPTAIN. If they do put it on you, you won't like the kindergarten you'd go to.

PAUL. But I'll have a big politician along to keep me from getting lonesome.

CAPTAIN. None of that.

KATE. Paul!

PAUL. It goes.

KATE. Stop that sort of talk. (Paul shrugs his shoulders indifferently, picks up another cigaret from table and lights it.)

The New York critics, on the whole,

have indorsed the Scarborough play. But the Veiller play, which, as Alan Dale remarks, reaches the limit of audacity, was too much for them. A revulsion of feeling set in which probably will lead to the suppression of the play and of other plays of its ilk. *The Herald, The Times, The World*, not usually squeamish, call upon the police to interfere with the plays in question, especially as three more plays of a similar trend are waiting for an opening in New York. We are now, remarks the *Evening Post*, witnessing a competitive struggle in the theater, tending toward the survival of the nastiest.

"None of the factors that serve to excuse, partially or totally, the introduction into art of what is ugly or revolting enter into the present case. Not all of us admit that high purpose or sincerity is sufficient excuse for any treatment of any theme that the artist may feel impelled to undertake; but a great many do hold that opinion. Not all of us admit that the claims of art, for its own sake, absolve its practitioners from the established restraints of decency and the recognized laws of beauty; yet there are a great many people who do say so. But what question is there, in the present invasion of the stage by the cesspool exploiters, of either high purpose and sincerity or high art? Brieux and Shaw, and Gorky before them, have the standing of belligerents against society. They have made it their mission to instruct or shock into self-examination the supporters of a social order whose basic ideas they detest or pity. Whatever may be said about the sincerity of one who seems the least sincere of these leaders of revolt—Bernard Shaw—the fact remains that well through middle age he did not commit violence upon the public for profit. For this reason there is a vast difference between the significance of a production like 'Mrs. Warren's Profession,' and the foul material that is being shovelled on the stage to-day by the native dramatists. The thing is so obviously

done for profit, and so obviously done in disregard both of the truth of life and the truth of art. What we have is neither satire as with Shaw, nor exhortation as with Brieux, nor wild wrath as with Gorky, nor the profound sense of the pity and terror of life as with Flaubert. It is just a trafficking in filth."

Don Marquis, in *The Evening Sun*, rushes to the defence of the indicted playwrights. "The Lure" and "The Fight," he remarks, are being attacked on the ground that they are calculated to debase public morals. Musical comedies, vaudeville acts, adaptations of suggestive European farces, remain unmolested. They take certain transgressions as a text for laughter, not as a theme for serious thought. The real crime, then, it seems, is to deal seriously with serious affairs. In cheerful contrast with realism of this stripe is the realism of "Potash and Perlmutter," based on Montague Glass's character sketches of East Side Jewish merchants. Surely Abe Potash and Mawruss Perlmutter are as true to life as the white slavers, but they are true to an entirely different side of life. Abe and Mawruss, as a writer in *The Sun* remarks, are always hoping for the best—and looking for the worst:

"They get both, for, in spite of the mercantile shrewdness with which the author has invested them, they have the simple faith in the goodness of their fellow men, the spirit of self-sacrifice that is typical of their race. They risk their cash and their credit, and finally face ruin, in their efforts to save from a Russian prison one of their employees to whom, in the first act, Perlmutter handed a \$10 bill to pay for the dinner with which Morris hoped the man might win the services of a much-wanted 'lady designer.' But almost the last speech in the play is Morris's request for the return of this money. Morris will risk everything for a principle—but he doesn't forget a debt."

EVOLVING A NEW SCENIC ART

IN SHAKESPEARE'S day stage decoration was left to the imagination of the audience, fired by the verbal felicity of the poet. A hint here and there was sufficient.

A hobby horse indicating a regiment of riders or a placard bearing the inscription "Palace of the King" were the sole contributions of the scenic artist. Modern audiences insist on productions on the most lavish scale. We ask that life be imitated and even surpassed on the stage. We have evolved two new styles of scenic art. One, that of Reinhardt, avails itself of fantastic perspectives. It is characterized by what may be called an elaborate simplicity. Reinhardt insinuates. He suggests.

His appeal is based on the precise application of psychological formulae. He speaks to the mind. Belasco, on the other hand, speaks to the senses. He creates atmosphere by an infinite attention to precious detail. He himself describes his secret as the poetic adaptation of nature. Advanced scenic artists in Europe, such as Leon Bakst, attempt to combine both methods.

Tho, as Mr. Belasco remarks in *The Theater*, the canvas of the scenic artist is limited, it is no more so than the painter's canvas. Beyond the margin of a miniature the whole can be seen, if the miniature be faithful. It is easier, he goes on to say, to produce an effect in a circus or on a huge stage;

but even on a small stage the producer may avail himself of the language of nature, of sun and star, of sky and sea,—light. His own light-effects, he insists, are not merely matters of mechanical invention.

"I have often sat in an orchestra seat at rehearsal and painted a moonlight scene from my recollections of an actual one. I have directed the distribution of light and color on the canvas as a painter manipulates his colors, shading here, brightening there, till the effect was complete. It was all done at one sitting for the first time, but I could never repaint that picture. Once I had worked out the lighting of a scene, sticking at it sometimes till I was almost blind, there are

no changes afterward. Mechanism completes it, but the inspiration of a few hours makes it."

While Mr. Belasco always summons the drama to his aid, the stagecraft genius of the New York Hippodrome, Mr. Arthur Voegtlin, receives but slender assistance from the story told upon the gigantic stage where he evolves his miracles. The Shuberts announce that they have spent no less than \$200,000 upon the latest hippodrama, "America." The plot, as one critic remarks, is so slight that one does not have to trouble to follow it, but can devote all the time to admiration of the wonderful scenic effects. The production runs like clockwork. Scene succeeds scene with such rapidity that one has no time to get tired of one before another takes its place. Another remarkable thing, as a writer in the *Journal of Commerce* points out, is the way changes of scene are made, one melting into the other almost before the audience realizes that the first is over. From the standpoints of mechanics and scenic beauty, he goes on to say, "America" has never been outdone:

"The production this year, instead of taking the spectator all over the world, is devoted to this country, all the marvels of which are shown in miniature on the immense stage. Of course there is a story as an excuse for this journeying. An international spy steals some fortification plans from an officer in the United States army and is chased by the officer all over the United States. That's all, but it is enough for an excuse.

"The spectacle opens with a prolog, 'The Landing of Columbus,' and then the scene changes to the Grand Central Station. All the scenes familiar to frequenters of this terminal are shown. Then comes the old farm. Here bucolic characters are mingled with real cows, pigs, horses and chickens. At the farm the chase begins and leads first to the levee at New Orleans, with an old-fashioned sidewheel steamer at the dock and the levee crowded with darkies and cotton bales, forming a setting for songs, dances and cakewalks.

A scene on the East Side is followed by a brilliant pageant at Panama. The scene next shifts to the National Yellowstone Park; then quickly to Florida. The thriller of the evening takes place in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Here the great Hippodrome tank is open for the first time. In the distance is seen an automobile, with four occupants, slowly climbing the trail. It disappears behind a crag and then suddenly shoots into sight at the top of a steep grade. The chauffeur seems to lose control of the machine and the automobile plunges into the tank, turning upside down and spilling out its passengers.

No less elaborate and, perhaps, no

less costly was the recent production of d'Annunzio's "La Pisanella," sub-named "The Perfumed Death," in Paris. The color schemes of this exotic play were worked out by Leon Bakst and Wsewolode Meyerhold of the Imperial Theater of St. Petersburg. Each scene, remarks a writer in the New York *Sun*, presents a veritable feast of glowing colors so skillfully blended that the extraordinary crudity of some greens and blues is unnoticed. Nothing is apparent except a rich glow which is full of fascination. The color scheme of the last act is thus described:

"A brocaded curtain of gleaming, mysterious blue is slowly drawn aside, the salon of a great queen is revealed. Through the open windows there are visions of flowers and foliage—dull purple, faint rose and green. The floor is covered with a rich carpet, which reveals tones of grays and faint greens; the throne of the queen is faintly purple, the costumes of her attendants are white and orange and peach pink. In the background there is a mysterious glow of dull blue—the blue of a summer sky at twilight.

"Into this glowing frame Ida Rubinstein, 'La Pisanella,' bounds, with the sinuous movements of a great dancer. And Rubinstein is strangely attired—long Turkish trousers, richly embroidered in gold and composed of vermilion red satin; a tight tunic of Parma violet stuff glittering with gold threads, and on entering a long court train of black velvet lined with white satin and weighed down with gold and silver embroideries. Just at the end she casts aside her train and she dances the dance of death, which d'Annunzio has called 'La Mort Parfumée.' She is smothered in blood-red robes by slaves, who wear weird robes of clinging silks in an extraordinary shade of Indian lake. A marvelous, unforgettable coup d'œil! And one which is possessed of importance, for the color schemes of Leon Bakst will be the color schemes of all the world to-morrow. It is the beginning of a new era in the worlds of dress and of the theater."

The theme of d'Annunzio's play is the reappearance of Venus in her native island, Cyprus, in Christian times. Her spirit, R. L. Roeder explains in the *Boston Transcript*, passes over the island like the sirrco, and, as she appears now in one form and now in another, a beggar, a fleeting queen, a saint, a courtesan, she drives men mad.

"In d'Annunzio's hands the symbol is quite magical. To the chivalrous she is his chivalry; to the saint she is his sanctity; to the libertine she is his lust; to every man she is herself. In herself she is nothing. 'La Pisanella' is that in nature which evokes; she is d'Annunzio's reading of the Eternal Feminine. The form into which he casts this idea is a legend.

"In the thirteenth century in Cyprus a king with a tender name falls lovesick,

but of no woman. He languishes with the love of love, a mood as charming and absurd as the hero—a wan Byzantine child, whimpering, ecstatic, effeminate, in the throes of first manhood. Adolescence and its melancholy are strong upon him; he muses; he has a mind to marry poverty, humility, beggary—so perversely does Venus haunt him. Then she first takes form for him as a Greek slave whom the pirates sell in Famagusta, a slender mummy-like figure, whose divine indifference exalts and maddens the crowd, drives one man from his reason, pushes another to his death, stirs the stomach of the king's uncle, and touches the king to worship. He hides her in a convent and her presence intoxicates the nuns. We see them running giddily about the courtyard in the moonlight, shaking off their sandals, climbing to her window to spy out her devotions and confessing all their peccadilloes to the saint. Then with his courtesans the king's uncle sweeps upon her to carry her off and the women recognize in her La Pisanella, a poor scapegrace of Pisa; but to avenge a sullied ideal the king kills his uncle.

"In the midst of this the moonlight seems to turn her to stone and to spread out the struggles at her feet as her pedestal, and the dying recognize in her the statue of Venus."

In the last act, where the heroine, like the guests of Heliogabalus, is smothered under roses, d'Annunzio might have enlisted the services of still another art which, Sadakichi Hartmann tells us in *The Forum*, is slowly evolving,—the art of perfume. Mr. Hartmann has experimented in this direction, so far with limited success. He realizes that until our noses are cultivated and the distributing apparatus for perfumes perfected, the art of perfume will only be the handmaiden of the articulate arts. If, in the last act of "L'Africaine," when Selica is dying from the poisonous exhalation of a huge manchiell tree, the aroma of some heavy Oriental perfume could become perceptible in the audience, it would no doubt, Mr. Hartmann goes on to say, produce a new agreeable sensation in harmony with the action and setting of the play.

"In a similar way, the beautiful night scene in the 'Masters of Nuremberg,' when Hans Sachs sings 'Wie hold duftet heut' der Flieder,' might be greatly enhanced if suddenly the perfume of Lilac could be wafted into the audience. And if in a play like 'Madame Du Barry,' at the moment when the unhappy mistress of Louis XV., on the way to the guillotine, meets the lover of her youth and utters words to the effect that 'everything might have been different if she had kept her appointment on a certain morning years ago to gather violets in the woods with him,' suddenly the odor of Violet, like a vague reminiscence, became perceptible in the audience, it would undoubtedly produce to the fullest extent that sensuous and emotional thrill—pleasing to the highest and lowest intelligences alike—which we know as an æsthetic pleasure."

Science and Discovery

THE QUEST OF THE ANCESTOR OF RADIUM IN THE LIGHT OF ITS PRACTICAL IMPORTANCE

EVERYONE has heard of that transmutation of elements which imparts to the new physics something of the romantic interest of the alchemy of the Middle Ages. News that one element has been modified into another by laboratory work under the supervision of the world's leading physicists in France and England comes every now and then to bewilder the lay mind. Few there are to appreciate the fact, notes a writer in *Cosmos* (Paris), that these researches have the slightest practical importance. As a matter of fact, we read, issues so vast hang upon the outcome of these experiments that we are not at all likely to overestimate their effects. They imply nothing less than a social revolution, a complete making over of the world we know. The difference between our era with its wireless telegraphy and its gasoline motors and its dirigible airships and the era of Napoleon, when men traveled as they did in Caesar's time, could not be greater than that between the present and an age which had penetrated the mystery of what physicists call generally "the emanations." Behind the alpha rays, the beta rays and the gamma rays lurks a secret not simply of the transmutation of elements but of the destiny of man on the globe.

Pursuing a similar chain of reflection, we find the careful student of astrophysics, Dr. S. A. Mitchell, of Yerkes Observatory, outlining, in *Popular Astronomy* (Northfield, Minn.), the nature of the forces involved in the laboratory investigations into the nature of radioactivity—for the problem is one of radioactivity pure and simple. If Mars needs to be warmed up in order that the Martian canals may consist of water, it is necessary only to imagine that through the process of evolution Mars has become rich in radioactive matter. The temperature of Mars would, in consequence, instead of being far below zero Fahrenheit, as certain physical theories indicate, be really above it. There is involved here a radical reconstruction of all our ideas of life on the planet. The force implicated, could we penetrate its secret, would no less radically revolutionize our ideas of how life

could be lived on earth. The coal mines and similar sources of energy would be relegated to oblivion:

"Certain atoms at least are transformed into other atoms, each radium atom being changed into one atom of helium and one of radium emanation. These atoms are continually changing, no less than thirty-four thousand million atoms of helium being produced each second of time from each gram of radium. As the atoms disintegrate, enormous stores of energy are let loose, and this energy manifests itself as light and heat. The heating effect of this energy has been measured and has been found to be 118 gram calories per hour per gram of radium. A specimen of a grain of radium bromide would evolve about four calories per hour. In four years about 140,000 calories would have been evolved. An equal weight of coal would during complete combustion give out about 500 calories. Hence, the radium in four years would give 280 times as much heat as if it had been coal and had been completely burned, and yet the radium in this time would diminish so very little in weight that it would be absolutely impossible to detect this diminution by the most sensitive balance known to modern science. The energy of radium comes from the disintegration of its atoms. A quantity of radium would take 1760 years to disintegrate, so that in the complete life of one grain of radium about 100,000,000 calories are set free. This is 200,000 times more energy than if it were pure coal and entirely burned!"

Now the ancestor of radium seems to be uranium. It has the long life of five thousand million years. The calculations and the methods by which the suspicion is arrived at are too technical for the lay mind. Their results, however, are of less immediate importance than the principles involved, for as yet physics has only its suspicions. Some years have passed since the illustrious Rutherford showed that the radiation from uranium is complex. It consists of the alpha rays, now so familiar, which are absorbed by a sheet of paper; of the beta rays, which can pass through a thin layer of aluminium; and of the gamma rays, which can pass through quite a thickness of iron and lead.

The alpha rays are, then, the least penetrating. Yet, contrary to what has hitherto been suspected, they seem

now much the most important of the three types of radiation. They are deflected by a powerful magnetic field, much less than are the beta rays and in the opposite direction, showing that the alpha rays consist of a stream of positively charged particles. Alpha rays, therefore, will affect a gold leaf electroscope and this old instrument affords one of the most sensitive methods of measuring the amount of radiation.

"The alpha particle of radium possesses a quarter of a million times more energy, mass for mass, than a swiftly moving meteor. In this enormous energy of the alpha rays lies the secret of the surprises of radium. From whence comes this enormous store of energy?"

"In addition to its power of sending out radiations, radium possesses another important property, shared in by the radioactive substances actinium and thorium, namely that of continuously emitting a radioactive 'emanation' or gas. This property is rendered very striking if a specimen of radium bromide is dissolved in water and the liquid evaporated down to dryness again to get the solid substance. This simple process has caused the radium to lose the greater part of its radiation. Strangely enough the radium slowly regains its activity, and if left entirely to itself, at the end of a month it is as radioactive as ever. Rutherford has shown that the solution in water causes the radium to give off a gas called 'radium emanation.' This emanation has all the properties of a true gas, which can be liquefied at a temperature of -150° C., but it is 100,000 times more radioactive weight for weight than radium. It does not combine with any known substance, and is not acted upon by any chemical reagent. It is not a radium compound, but it is a new element with an atomic weight which appears to be 222. It takes its place along with the rare gases of the air, argon, helium, neon, etc., and it gives a characteristic bright-line spectrum which shows neither the radium nor helium lines. It seems, therefore, that the element radium has been transformed into another element, radium emanation. If after a month the radium is again dissolved in water and evaporated to dryness as before, the radium loses its activity, and a fresh crop of emanation is produced. This same process may be repeated as often as possible with the result always the same, and we are perforce compelled to assume that the radium is continually manufacturing emanation, con-

tinually changing itself into a new element. This is really only the first of a series of changes, for Radium Emanation changes into Radium A, and this in turn to Radium B, and so on. This change is an atomic change going on within the atom. But how does this change progress?

"When the radium has given off the emanation, it still gives out alpha particles, but only about one-fourth as copiously as before the radium was put in water. The alpha particles are produced by the same change as makes the emanation, and the radium atom is therefore divided into emanation and alpha particle."

Rutherford's observations indicate that the mass of the alpha particle is twice that of the hydrogen atom. If, however, the charge carried by the alpha particle is twice that of the hydrogen atom, then the mass of the alpha particle is four times that of the hydrogen atom and must, therefore, be an atom of helium. Hence each atom of radium apparently breaks up into one atom of helium and one of radium emanation. All that was necessary to prove that helium was given off from radium was to show it experimentally. This has been accomplished. Moreover, the physicist who works with Madame Curie, Professor Debierne, has found in the Sorbonne laboratory, by using the spectroscope, that helium is produced from the radioactive substance actinium. Soddy has produced helium from uranium. Helium, therefore, has been found experimentally to be produced by the radioactive substances radium, thorium, uranium and actinium. These substances are alike in that each emits alpha particles. Hence alpha particles are atoms of helium.

"Rutherford and Roys, however, have given a still more conclusive proof that the alpha particle is an atom of helium. These alpha particles are capable of penetrating a certain small but definite thickness of glass. Glass may be blown very thin but yet retain its ability to remain air-tight. Radium emanation was stored in such a thin-walled vessel and this enclosed in a second vessel. Alpha particles given off from the radium emanation thus could penetrate through the very thin glass walls, but were stopped in the outer vessel and were there collected. At first the gas in the outer vessel was found to contain no helium, but after some days helium lines appeared, proving beyond a question of doubt that radium gives off helium.

"It is even possible to measure the rate of growth of the helium, which measures show that in a year 168 cubic millimeters of helium are spontaneously manufactured by each gram of radium. Rutherford and Geiger in this connection achieved one of the greatest triumphs for experimental science in being able to count the number of helium molecules or atoms that are ejected per second from one gram of radium. Indeed two different methods were devised which led to the same results. Both methods depend on the fact that each atom of helium as it



ULTIMATE RADIUM

The myriad stars in the Milky Way derive a new importance from the theory that there may be radium in the sun. It is possible that the above effect of the star clouds on a photograph plate is due to emanations from alpha rays or beta rays or gamma rays.

is ejected gives a small flash like a meteor. By an electrical method, these flashes were counted by Rutherford and Geiger and it was found by them that thirty-four thousand million atoms of helium are ejected every second from each gram of radium. This number is in exact agreement with that obtained by noting with a microscope the number of scintillations on a given area in a given time by the spinthariscopes, which was invented by Sir William Crookes. Thus at the same time there was measured the amount of helium produced from radium, and likewise was given the number of molecules present in matter, information which was needed to complete many theories in physics.

"Radium thus produces helium and radium emanation. But the division of atoms does not end here. Radium emanation produces helium and Radium A. In turn are produced Radium B, Radium C, Radium D, Radium E, and Radium F, which seems identical with Polonium dis-

covered by Mme. Curie. Finally, Radium G is produced. It seems very probable (though the proofs are not conclusive) that this is an atom of lead. The products emanation, Radium A, B, etc., have each different periods of existence. Radium emanation is half transformed in 3.9 days, Radium A in the short space of time of three minutes. Even radium itself is transitory, but its period of existence is much greater and amounts to as much as 1760 years. Consequently, it must itself be produced by some other element."

The quest of that other element brings prominently forward this riddle: Is radium in the sun? From theoretical considerations, Professor Mitchell says in the *Popular Astronomy* article we quote so freely, that there must be radium in the sun. To prove that is not so easy. With the spectra at hand science can prove only coincidences. One of the problems of the total eclipse coming in August of next year will be that of securing the spectrum of the sun's chromosphere on a large scale. Of course, if there be no radium in the sun, many of the assumptions upon which physicists and astrophysicists have worked in theorizing about the transmutation of elements must be given up. It is of the utmost importance to the completeness of our knowledge of radium that its spectral lines be found in other bodies than the earth. Is it in the nearest fixed star, our own sun? All our ideas of evolution make us believe that since radium is in the earth it must also be present in the sun and in some, at least, of the stars. Yet if there be no radium in the sun, it follows that matter is not the same throughout the universe and that the new physics will be brought face to face with the first great crisis in its brief existence. If there be no radium in the sun, how can we trace its ancestor? The difficulty of finding an answer on earth is indicated by what the distinguished Frederick Soddy says in London *Nature* regarding the origin of actinium:

"The period of average life of actinium must be at least fifteen million years, the quantity in minerals must be at least 170 grams per ton of uranium, and the alpha activity of pure actinium in equilibrium could not be greater than 1650 times that of uranium. But a specimen of actinium, prepared and presented to me by Dr. Giesel, must have, judging from a cursory examination, a far greater activity than this, and Mme. Curie speaks of some actinium preparations as of the order of 100,000 times as active as uranium. All the researches go to show that its actual quantity in minerals is very small, and, if there were anything like 500 times as much actinium as radium in minerals, one would have expected it long ago to have been isolated and its spectrum and chemical reactions characterized. So that the experiments appear to disprove the possibility that actinium can be formed directly from radium."

WHY THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES WEAKENS THE WILL.

WHEN the American Academy of Political and Social Science was formed, President James and Professor S. N. Patten of the University of Pennsylvania had a discussion as to the title of the organization. James contended that the title should contain an "and." Patten was equally firm in the opinion that the "and" should be omitted. James argued that without the "and" the scope of the society would not be regarded as comprehensive. Patten asserted that with it the title would lack a definiteness in aim. It was a long time before Professor Patten realized what was the real difference between President James and himself. He now sets it forth in *The Popular Science Monthly*:

"I found that I myself was constantly tending to put 'ands' in sentences and to pile adjectives on top of one another. When I made a short, crisp sentence I came back to it thinking that I had left something out. This feeling was often so strong that I could not get away from the sentence until I had added something, or balanced it, as a rhetorician would say. I finally hit on the cause of my feeling, or at least an explanation that seemed satisfactory. The place where this tendency was strong was where the word had some closely related synonym, which, stored in my subconscious memory, strove to express itself and troubled me until I dragged it forth and made it a companion of the word I had used. If I had no double associations of words I wrote easily, but the flow of thought was checked at points where double associations existed. There I either expressed my thought twice or underwent a mental conflict until I drove the related word out of consciousness."

One group of our "societary" associations is with Greece and another is with Rome. Political science brings up the one group of associations, social science the other. If a writer has but one set of associations, a single word will fully express his meaning. If, on the other hand, he knows two languages and has a double set of words, each must find expression to relieve the subconscious memory. A style of this nature is called "literary." With the single set of expressions, the writer seems abrupt. A fluent writer says in each sentence or at least in each paragraph: "My thought is so in Greek, it is so in Latin and finally so and so in English." The good writer in this sense uses all the synonyms in his own or in the reader's mind before he passes on to the next topic. He brings up the whole range of his reader's sensory associations instead of calling for will-power to suppress them. Concise,

straightforward construction calls for will-power to follow it. Every idea is then expressed once and only once. Those who are dominated by sensory associations can not readily follow such a writer. Like birds, they fly several times around a spot before alighting. This means that an ornate style is a defect and not a mark of genius.

The study of languages weakens the will, says Professor Patten. The study of languages prevents the growth of motor coordinations:

"The sensory development of a child is prenatal: the motor development is postnatal. The delay of motor development is due to the fact that bones are needed to serve as fulcrums on which the muscles act. These bones can not harden until after birth. The head is formed before birth; the bones solidify after birth. It is, of course, the difficulty of child-bearing that causes the delay of motor development. The sensory stage precedes the motor stage of growth by several years, and from this fact important consequences follow. At birth the sensory powers are fairly complete. The stomach is ready for food, and the circulatory system is active. The early impressions of the child come from these sources alone; it lacks the motor coordinations which make adjustment to the environment effective. . . . Only after bones grow can it make the motor coordinations on which adjustment depends.

"Very different effects follow strong, vivid impressions to which the motor powers are not ready to respond. These strong stimuli passing over into action prematurely tax the motor organs and disarrange them. Such effects are per-

manent, and *motor strains* are brought on that render future development abnormal. When a child walks too soon, the strains are readily seen, and it is generally recognized that the ill effects endure. If this is true of a child a year old, would not strong mental excitement in a child four weeks old produce even greater disorders, disturb motor development, and, reacting on the mental life, make it abnormal? Mental disorders are usually interpreted as wrong association of ideas bound together by strong sensory connections. The derangement is thought to be confined to the sensory system. The disorders are, however, not sensory, but motor. The premature activity of motor powers caused by sensory excitement produces strains that persist. The abnormal parts when excited arouse trains of thought that are disjunctive. A strong person can repress them; he can even exclude them from consciousness; but when he sleeps or is weakened in any way, they intrude into his consciousness."

Children, then, should not be taught two languages. Moreover, they should be corrected when they use many adjectives or words of more than two syllables. Only short, concise expressions can come quickly enough to aid a child in his decisions. Any delay in the formation of trains of thought retards action and prevents the growth of will-power. Only the child who thinks more quickly than he acts can develop adjustive reactions and thus escape the dominance of sex and senses.

Motor thought, explains Professor Patten, begins not in established mental associations but in bodily movements, aroused by external contacts. If movement precedes thought, action is adjustive. When thought determines movement, abnormal mental states or other limitations cause thought to flow on without any adjustive tests of its truth. Normally, each thought should start a train of muscular activity leading to adjustment. Thought should be transformed into movement and movement into thought. The morbid intensity of particular centers prevents this by forming a series of related ideas instead of transforming thought into movement. Visual or word repetitions are thus the marks of morbidness due to motor strains. This dance of sensory ideas with no accompanying activity is, however, regarded not as a defect but as an excellence. Such abnormalities are regarded as native powers when they should be recognized as acquired disadjustments. Few readers will be willing to admit this. To do so would call into question conventional standards and strike at cherished literary and artistic concepts.

Professor Patten offers additional illustrations from the field of art where,



A PRAGMATIST OF PEDAGOGY

Professor S. N. Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania, sees reason to fear that what goes by the name of good taste ought often to be called an intellectual deficiency.

he tells us, sex and sensory dominance has a crushing power:

"Time and space can not be directly pictured in art; nor can rest and motion be portrayed. These relations are brought into consciousness only through associations with surfaces and lines. Pictures are either color masses or perspectives taking the thought beyond the visualized surfaces to the real world back of them. Most pictures combine these two factors, surfaces and lines. The differences among pictures is in the proportion and relation of these factors. If the color masses are in the foreground, and the lines creating the perspective in the background, the picture indicates a sensory dominance on the part of its maker. If the lines are in the foreground, and the surfaces are thrown into the distance by the perspective, the picture creates a motor impression and is admired by those with a motor dominance.

"Colored surfaces stop the movement of the eyes and give relief to those with weak muscular adjustments. Lines keep up the muscular tension and give pleasure to those who because of strong eye muscles really enjoy eye tension. The movement and strain force the thought from the line into the indefinite background. We think of what we do not see instead of the surfaces in sight. This gives the basis of clear thought and of idealism.

"The love of color masses may therefore be considered like ornate word expressions, an indication of physical defect. Such people have weak eyes and a shortage, not a surplus, of character. Movement aids motor dominance. An arrest of movement divides up the attention and gives to the disjunctive elements of personality a chance for expression. The repressed elements in a motor personality are sex and fear. Surfaces are pleasurable that excite sex feelings or repress sensations of fear. The

dominant surface associations are therefore related to either sex or safety. Rich, deep colors have a sex association, while regularity of outline gives a sense of security. Design might be defined as the art of making timid people feel safe. This end is accomplished by the endless repetition of some elementary figure. If on approaching a building the observer sees a mass of accurate details, he assumes that the floors have been carefully constructed and that the elevator has been recently inspected.

"Domes always give the same sense of relief.

"A building with no visible roof gives to timid people a feeling of instability. Regular fences likewise arouse a feeling of safety. Banks seem to remove the fear of their depositors by supplying a multitude of bars and posts, ostensibly to protect the deposits; but any observant person realizes that the real protection lies in the vaults and not in these shams."

PAUL EHRLICH'S JUSTIFICATION OF THE CAPTURE OF MEDICINE BY THE NEW CHEMISTRY

MORE immediately practical than any other scientific development of our time is the subjection of the science of medicine to the principles of chemistry. This is technically described as chemiotherapeutics. The importance of regarding medicine as a branch of chemistry and not as an independent science is manifest when we remember the therapeutic mysteries for a solution of which mankind is now desperately groping. One of these is the problem of cancer. Another has to do with tuberculosis. A third relates to the sclerosis which is such a scourge to the middle-aged. Finally we have the problems growing out of diabetic conditions and the function of the kidneys.



THE WORLD'S GREATEST THERAPIST

Paul Ehrlich, the discoverer of the chemistry of cure, vindicates chemiotherapy from the attacks of those who do not believe in laboratory methods in medicine.

Evidence is not wanting that an element among the scientists of medicine look with misgivings upon the invasion of their province by specialists from other and, it may be, remote fields. After all, it is urged, medicine is one of the sciences, just as biology is. It should cherish a certain independence lest the faddist find it too much at the mercy of mere theory. This line of reasoning found little favor, however, so far as the new chemistry is concerned, in the presentation of the subject the other day before the International Congress of Medicine in London by Doctor Paul Ehrlich. This most renowned of living specialists in the field of medicine championed chemiotherapy as the newest branch of the science of synthetic chemistry. It aims, as *The British Medical Journal* observes, at the cure of disease by rationalized chemical principles founded on the results of exact chemical research. In the past, new remedies for disease have been found—or have been stumbled upon—by empirical methods alone. New medicinal herbs have been brought to light by the traveler or botanist, new chemical compounds have been introduced by the synthetical chemist. Both herbs and drugs have been given to the patients afflicted with various diseases. If the result was happy, it was hailed as a new triumph of the therapeutic art.

That was the old method.

The time has come when the newer method of drugging diseases must be taken into account, observes our British medical contemporary. It is the method advocated by the chemists who have captured medicine, the chemiotherapists, of whom Paul Ehrlich is the head. Their problem is to find the

chemical that will kill the parasite causing a disease without killing the patient. Such is the method which gave to the world the greatest therapeutic discovery since vaccination—salvarsan. Nevertheless, the great value of the discovery as well as of the principle itself has been minimized and even denied upon the basis of clinical experience. Now Paul Ehrlich answers his critics in an utterance the translation of which he has authorized and approved:

"The step from the laboratory to practice—to the bedside—is an extraordinarily difficult and dangerous one, a step which can be taken only with the greatest care. Its difficulty and danger are in the main based upon two factors:

"1. On the fact that in the case of men there exist so-called idiosyncrasies, forms of supersensitiveness which do not occur in the case of animals. So, for instance, it is known that with a large number of thoroughly healthy persons the consumption of harmless articles of food, such as strawberries, crabs, etc., brings about unpleasant skin eruptions, and almost half the known remedies can incite such phenomena of supersensibility. It will not be a cause of surprise, therefore, that such phenomena may occur in a particularly serious form with the employment of therapeutic agencies which contain such powerfully acting radicals as arsenic and mercury. . . .

"2. It has been shown that certain illnesses of a constitutional nature can cause a supersensibility. Thus, for instance, tuberculosis of the suprarenal glands, the so-called Addison's disease, is an illness which, according to the observations of Wechselsemann and myself, brings about a severe supersensitiveness of the patients to arsenic compounds. The same applies to the status lymphaticus, which, as has already long been

known, must be regarded as a type of the constitutional lack of resistance and supersensitiveness.

"Furthermore, the seat and location of the disease may also bring about supersensibility, a supersensibility which is excited by the so-called 'local reaction.' We are indebted to the master mind of Robert Koch for the first knowledge of this peculiar phenomenon — the well-known focal tuberculin reaction. Exactly similar reactions may, however, occur when the parasites are rapidly dissolved in a focus filled with parasites. Then under the influence of the liberated toxin an irritation of the tissues sets in which is connected with hyperaemia and swelling, and which is known in the case of the 'luetic' illnesses as 'Jarisch-Herxheimer's reaction.'"

The problem resolves itself thus into what Ehrlich calls "therapeutic tactics." If the tactics be defective, the battle will not be won. Hence the disappointing results of chemotherapy in the hands of those with inadequate experience and equipment. It will often happen that a disease may be stamped out by one or two injections. The parasites in the body of the host will be killed. The swift effect is due partly to prompt action and partly to the freedom of complications of the kind already noted. What are the ultimate causes, however, of so favorable a result?

"Typical anti-bodies can be shown to be produced fairly rapidly by the destruction of parasites, and especially of protozoa. Hence, it is quite evident that this adjuvant action of the organism ought to be eminently efficacious. For if the medicine has destroyed not the whole of the parasites, but only 95 per cent., the remaining 5 per cent. may succumb to the influence of the antibodies which are rapidly formed. If this is the case, the *Therapia sterilisans magna* [great sterilizing remedy] is attained. Unfortunately, it has been shown that this salutary process may frequently be minimized by the biological properties of the parasites. For it may happen that a number of the parasites which survive the first injection escape destruction by the serum either wholly or in part, and subsequently change into new varieties which have become serum-proof, and are now known as a 'relapsing crop.'"

In the case of parasites which can form relapsing crops, great difficulties occur in the treatment. The auxiliary forces of the body fail to act. It becomes necessary to destroy the whole of the parasites all at once by means of drugs. Owing to its great power of adaptation, a single germ, surviving, may cause the infection to break out afresh.

Why is it that some of the germs escape infection in this way? Ehrlich replies:

"If an exactly definable quantity of an antiseptic is added to a liquid containing bacteria, a complete disinfection takes place; not a single germ escapes the des-

tructive influence. But such ideal conditions do not obtain in living organisms. Even in disinfecting a room we sometimes find that in certain places, in the so-called 'dead corners' formed by gas or water pipes, and so on, the disinfecting gas does not act sufficiently. In like manner the parasites which have settled in such 'dead corners' of the organism are not reached by the drug.

"Practical tests, however, have quickly taught us where such 'dead corners' are to be found in the organism. The principal one is the hollow situated between the spinal cord and the dura, which is filled with a liquid as clear as water and almost entirely free from cells and albumin, the cerebro-spinal fluid. This condition of the cerebro-spinal fluid can only be accounted for by the fact that the cells by which it is secreted are in a high degree impervious to most of the constituents of the organism, albumin, for example, and that they only permit a limited quantity of substances with small molecules to pass through. The drugs with more complex molecules are thus kept back, as albumin is, and cannot get into the cerebro-spinal fluid. Should, therefore, parasites be lodged here, it is impossible for the drug to attack them. This localization of the parasites is of very special importance in connection with the parasymphilitic diseases, tabes and paralysis."

Summing up, Ehrlich insists that the chemical principle of attacking disease has triumphed, whatever its critics may infer from their own personal experience. He ventures to predict that the next five years will revolutionize the therapeutic practice of mankind because we shall have advances of the highest importance in the field of chemotherapy. One point he concedes. Considering the enormous number of chemical combinations which must be taken into consideration in the struggle with disease, it will always be a caprice of fortune or of intuition that decides which investigator gets into his hands the substances which turn out to be the best for fighting a particular dis-

ease, or who it may be that happens upon the basic foundations or substances as weapons in the fight. The chances of finding the true chemical agent will be increased with the increase in the number of investigators. Whereupon the London *Lancet* comments:

"The basis of the new medicine has been the recognition, or at least the partial recognition, alike of the way in which the infective diseases work us harm and of the way in which the unaided body strives to combat the attack. The connection of many infectious maladies with the presence of germs was obvious, but frank allowance had to be made for the fact that not in all such diseases had we succeeded in seeing the actual micro-organism which was at the root of the trouble, while the natural history of the different occurrences had huge gaps. We knew, for example, that in many of these diseases one attack conferred an almost perfect immunity against subsequent attacks, but we knew nothing as to the way in which this immunity was won, and we knew that in nearly every case the use of drugs was able to do little or nothing to cut short the natural course of these often common maladies. . . . Gradually we have come to learn something of the complex method by which the animal body defends itself against the assaults of micro-organisms; and our knowledge, incomplete tho it may be, has enabled us to devise methods of aiding the efforts of the body to get rid of the invading germs. Gradually we have learned, and for this knowledge we are in great part indebted to Professor Ehrlich, that both the tissues of the body and the bodies of bacteria and other disease-causing organisms are vulnerable because they possess particular points of attack. . . . The new science of treatment has done much, and yet those who know most of the matter cannot but feel that we are as yet only at the beginning of the subject. If we have learned so much in the few years in which the matter has been studied, what is the prospect of the future? An almost boundless field of possibilities is opening before us."



THE FIELD OF BATTLE OF CHEMOTHERAPY

In the laboratory of inorganic chemistry of the Sorbonne in Paris are tested many of the chemical formulas which provide cures for disease. In some instances hundreds of combinations must be "tried out" before hitting upon the one chemical compound which would serve the purpose of a dosage capable of curing.

THE GREATEST DISCOVERY IN WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY SINCE THAT OF THE HERTZIAN WAVES

THE Goldschmidt system of wireless telegraphy, of which so much has been heard in the past month, differs widely from any of the other well-known systems, according to the account of it provided by *London Engineering*. It has been clearly foreseen for the last ten years, we read, that the ideal method of producing electric waves would be in some form of high-frequency machine producing the necessary amount of oscillating energy without necessitating the employment of an arc or a spark. The main differences in the apparatus at present in use center in what is called the high-frequency generator. The existing systems of wireless telegraphy may be divided into two classes, according to the type of high-frequency generator used. In the first class, the production of high-frequency currents depends on spark discharges giving groups of oscillations and therefore intermittent trains of ether waves. In the second class, the generator produces oscillations which for practical purposes may be treated as continuous and therefore as giving continuous ether waves. To the first class belong the Marconi and Telefunken systems and to the second class the Poulson, the Galletti and the Goldschmidt systems. The application of a new principle in the last-named system causes it just now to be hailed by some experts in the scientific press as the embodiment of the greatest discovery in wireless telegraphy since the revelation of the Hertzian waves amazed mankind.

Altho, to quote the expert, Doctor J. A. Fleming, F.R.S., in *London Nature*, nearly all the radio-telegraphy in the world is now conducted by means of intermittent condenser oscillations, great efforts are being made to perfect suitable high-frequency, high-power alternators producing persistent or uninterrupted oscillations. The advent of a commercial machine of this kind will make it a formidable rival to the existing system. With reference to long-distance wireless telegraphy and telephony, he adds, the practical solution seems to reside in the perfection of some simple, easily managed form of high-frequency alternator.

With the invention of the Goldschmidt alternator, according to the *London periodical*, there came into existence a practical machine which gives a considerable output of high-frequency energy. To quote the language of another expert's account in the *London Outlook*:

"The Goldschmidt high-frequency alternator exactly fulfils the requirements of long-distance communication in that it produces electric oscillations directly in

the machine, in amounts limited only by the size of the machine, and with a regularity and certainty that can only be obtained by mechanical as opposed to physical means. The aerial is connected directly to the machine and the machine is set in rotation, and delivers a perfectly regular and continuous train of undamped oscillations into the aerial. No attention is required beyond that given to the ordinary dynamo of the central-station type, and the machine possesses the same constancy and reliability as an ordinary low-frequency central-station alternator."

There is a number of advantages in systems producing trains of undamped waves which are not attained in any spark system and which are set forth by our expert thus:

"(1) The energy is given out continuously instead of intermittently, thereby giving a greater efficiency and reducing the size of the installation and effecting economy in working.

"(2) The trains of waves emitted from a large station, if undamped (as is the case in the Goldschmidt), do not disturb stations equipped on the spark system.

At present the greater proportion of the ordinary commercial wireless traffic is carried on by the spark system, and such traffic can proceed without interruption, even in close proximity to a Goldschmidt shore station radiating hundreds of horse-power of undamped oscillating energy. . . .

"(3) Stations operating on an undamped system are undoubtedly less troubled by atmospheric disturbances than spark stations. This is of the very highest importance where several of the stations are situated in tropical countries.

"(4) A further advantage of the Goldschmidt system is that a more sensitive form of receiving apparatus can be employed than is the case in spark systems. This fact, combined with the much sharper tuning of which the undamped train is capable, renders stations equipped on the Goldschmidt system less liable to interference from other stations and also enables them to communicate further with the same aerial energy than is the case with stations operating on spark systems—another factor for economy."

Perhaps one of the greatest advantages of the system occurs in the means adopted for cutting up the signals into dots and dashes as required by the Morse alphabet. In spark systems the whole power of the supply has to be interrupted between each signal sent. This fact alone renders the transmission of high-speed signals with an amount of power of the order of magnitude of a hundred kilowatts a matter of very great difficulty. The signals of the Goldschmidt system are cut up in an entirely different manner—by interrupting the magnetizing current of the machine. This current is only four per cent. of the total energy put into the aerial.

Stations operating on the Goldschmidt system are normally inaudible with the ordinary commercial receiving apparatus. If, however, it is desired that ordinary wireless installations, such as ships, shall receive the Goldschmidt signals, this can be effected by the movement of a single switch, which so changes the magnetization of the machine that the signals are received as a clear musical tone or note. Owing to the extreme sharpness of tuning possible with the Goldschmidt system, moreover, separate messages can be sent from the same aerial in two directions simultaneously, and separate messages can be received on the same aerial from two directions at once.

A powerful group of British financiers will shortly take over all the patents and rights of the Goldschmidt system, it is announced, which will then be worked by an English company. None of the shares of this company will be offered for public subscription anywhere.



THE WIRELESS WIZARD

Marconi is said to have been delirious by the process of Goldschmidt in his field.

SIR RAY LANKESTER'S PLEA FOR A SCIENTIFIC MODE OF DANCING

IT SEEMS obvious to that renowned evolutionist, Sir Ray Lankester, that dancing must have some function to perform in the evolution of society or it would not have persisted. This being so, it behooves us, he says, to ascertain what that function is in order to arrive at a definite conclusion with reference to its utility either to the individual or to the race. Does a capacity to dance equip the human being for the struggle with his environment?

Unfortunately, these considerations are lost sight of in the present deluge of discussion in the concentration of our thoughts upon the morality or the beauty of the dance. Dancing may be esthetic. It may be moral. It may be neither. These are, however, subordinate considerations, that is, from the standpoint of strict science. Nor is there any definite perception in the general mind that what we need may be not so much a more moral dance nor even a more beautiful dance but a more scientific dance. We have to ask ourselves: What is the origin and essential nature of dancing? Do animals dance? What is its early history in the record of man's ascent up the long slope leading from the prehistoric man to our own state of culture? The answers to these questions would indicate that in dancing we have the mechanism of natural selection. Says Sir Ray Lankester in a paper quoted by the *London Telegraph*:

"To dance is to trip with measured steps, and, whilst primarily referring to human movement, the word is secondarily applied to rapid rhythmic movements even of inanimate objects. Rhythm is what distinguishes dancing from ordinary movement of progression or from simple gesture or mere antics. Dancing on the part of man or animal implies a sense of rhythm. Tho' not common amongst animals, it is exhibited by many birds, by spiders, and by some crustaceans! Rhythm is an essential feature of the sequence of sounds which we call 'music.' The singing of birds is related to their perception of and pleasure in rhythm, and it is not, therefore, surprising that they should also dance. It is, however, curious that the birds which 'dance' are not the 'singing birds,' and that there are many birds which neither sing nor dance. The dancing of birds is usually part of the 'display' of the males for the purpose of attracting the females at the breeding season. It is well known in some African cranes, as well as in rails and other similar birds, and may be witnessed at the Zoological Gardens in London. Other birds 'strut' rather than dance, whilst displaying their plumage, as, for instance, the turkey and pheasant tribe and the bustards. Parrots and cockatoos will often make a rhythmic up-and-down movement of the neck in time to

music, but usually the 'dance' is the accompaniment of definite emotion. The male spider of some species courts the female by making dancing movements and posing itself in a very curious way, so as to display a spot of bright color on the head to her observation. The same kind of movement and action has been observed in marine shrimp-like creatures. Some spiders are excited and made to dance by the vibrating note of a tuning-fork set going near them."

All the evidence points to the conclusion that only those males who could charm the female through the medium of the dance participated completely in the task of perpetuating their species. The best dancers, using the taste of the female as a criterion, left progeny. The cumulative effect was to render the dancing tendency stronger and stronger. The reasoning works out to the inference, nay, the certainty, that we shall dance more and more. This is the testimony of history. Never was dancing so widely diffused. There is said to be some subtle connection between the capacity to dance well and the capacity to triumph in the struggle for existence. This inference has reference to the race rather than to the individual, however. Dancing is thus an instance of a capacity which benefits an individual less than it does a race. The dancing races have survived the breeds of men to whom rhythmic movement was not congenial. The point is that dancing is essentially a cooperative feat. The savages dance wildly, but they can never dance in unison for long without coming to blows. To this day the imperfectly civilized tend to end their dances in a rout. To be able to dance long and rhythmically with many others simultaneously is evidence of a socialized instinct. Thus we find the French the best dancers when it comes to movements in harmony in crowded ball rooms, and it is the French who are the most civilized of peoples. The ancient Greeks were the ablest dancers of antiquity, applying the test of harmonized cooperation on the part of great groups. From their dances proceeded their tragedies, their cults, their literature. Says the writer further:

"Dancing is the universal and most primitive expression of that sense of rhythm which is a widely distributed attribute of the nervous system in animals generally. In primitive men it is a simple but often very violent demonstration of strong emotion, such as social joy, religious exaltation, martial ardor, or amatory passion. The voice and the facial muscles, as well as those of the limbs and body, are affected, and the dancers derive an intense pleasure from the excitement, which so far from exhausting them leads them on to more and more violent

rhythmic or undulatory action. In its purest form this ecstatic condition is seen in the spinning dervishes. It was developed into the mad and dangerous festivals of the worshippers of Bacchus and other deities in ancient Greece. It has been seen in medieval Europe as the dancing mania and tarantism. The liability to this and similar forms of 'mania' lurks beneath the surface among populations which are nevertheless staid and phlegmatic in their usual behavior. The Romans in ancient times recognized its unhealthy character, and the fond of ceremonial dances and theatrical shows, and even of the performances of dancing girls from Greece and the East, disapproved of dancing on the part of a Roman citizen. Cicero says, 'As a rule no one dances when sober unless he is, for the moment, out of his mind.'"

Now, it is gravely to be feared that the extreme mode favored in some modern dances is a reversion to type rather than an evolution. The tango, the turkey-trot and the later developments of these lay stress upon the accomplishment of the individual rather than upon the beauty of movement in which groups associate themselves. We are adopting the principle of the primitive savage rather than that of the Greek. A truly scientific dance would involve a coordinated movement on the part of large groups moving in harmony through the sense of rhythm. No doubt, then, some primitive and savage instinct is asserting itself in the modern man—a characteristic of great utility to the individual, but of danger to the race.

"In the dances of savages and primitive peoples, some kind of music is always found associated with dancing, the one helping and developing the other; they are descendants of one parentage. Very commonly, too, some kind of 'acting'—the representation of a hunt, a fight, or a love adventure—is an important feature of such dancing. Modern popular and Court dances are intimately connected with and dependent on special music, the rhythm and variation of time and strength in which is, as it were, illustrated by the dancing, and serves to guide it and to keep the dancers in unison. The significance behind all such modern dancing is courtship—the addresses of the man to the woman, and her elusive reception or rejection of them."

It is this last consideration which gives such importance to the revival of savagery in modern dancing. Evolution proves, apparently, that whatever quality charms the female will be transmitted by the male to his descendants. In the light of the most modern forms of the dance, it is to be expected that the next few generations will exhibit many of the qualities of the savage. One consolation is that the savage has many noble traits.

THE NEED OF A MORE ROMANTIC MATHEMATICS

WERE the problems confronting the mathematicians of the world less severely technical in their nature, we read in the *Revue Scientifique* of Paris, the laity would long since have taken sides one way or the other in the contest now raging between the romantic school and the so-called impossibilists. The echoes of the conflict do now and then reach the man in the street. We hear of the difference between the geometry of Riemann and the geometry of Lobatchevsky without grasping the practical importance of the controversy. Again, we are told of the late Henri Poincaré that he submitted transcendental problems on the constitution and origin of the universe to the test of the infinitesimal calculus. That scandalized the impossibilists—but who knows why? Fewer still there are who could name the world's greatest mathematician to-day. What layman, again, could give an intelligent opinion as to whether or not the spirited discussion regarding the existence of a fourth dimension is worth the time spent upon it?

The fact is that in mathematics just now there has arisen a powerful romantic movement. It is deplored by many able mathematicians but it exists. Mathematical law, says Doctor John Johnston, in *London Knowledge*, is consistent and continuous within its own sphere—that of calculation—but it will never enable us to discover what is or is not in actual existence. In so far as our calculations can give us knowledge as to things existing, this knowledge must be involved in the data of these calculations and these data must be got by experience. A third dimension does not imply a fourth any more than a third apple implies a fourth on a boy's table. The crux of the controversy is found in Professor Johnston's challenge of a statement that "assuming the truth of the principle of the continuity of mathematical law, the fourth and higher dimensions do actually exist—the existence of a third dimension implying the existence of a fourth." It is not, however, a case of mathematical law at all. We have no reason to believe that because certain mathematical expressions correspond to existing things, the new ones must have something in existence to correspond to them.

"Of course, there may be a fourth dimension and many more dimensions. There may be invisible apples—of extreme tenuity—on our tables, invisible trees in our gardens, invisible cats at our firesides and invisible planets in our solar system. All that we can say is that we have no evidence of the existence of

these apples or these trees or these cats or these planets or of the fourth dimension.

"There is much about us that is beyond our grasp. We cannot conceive of space as being either limited or unlimited. We cannot think of a boundary beyond which space is no more. Nor can we think of space as going on—far beyond the furthest star, if there is one—for ever. Our belief in cause and effect—that everything occurring or existing must have a cause—is inconsistent with our belief in the existence of the world. We are on safe ground only when we keep within the limits of experience, or of what follows closely from the known facts of experience. If we reason too far from these facts—their reasonings may be quite logical—we land ourselves in inconsistencies. It is worse if we leave our reason and follow our imagination instead."

On the other hand, it is contended by able experts of the romantic school that we must not confuse pure mathematics with applied mathematics. Sir George Darwin points out in an address reproduced by *London Nature* that pure mathematics never err in their results. Deductions made from their application to other sciences must depend upon the greater or less exactness of the hypotheses on which the application is based. An example is afforded by the marvelous and complex calculations of Laplace and Lagrange, who thought they had proved the absolute stability of the solar system when there is no such stability. The calculations of the two great Frenchmen remain a model of elegance and rigorous precision. Unfortunately they started from false premises. They supposed that all the bodies of the system possess an absolute rigidity, whereas there is no star absolutely rigid. If they were so, then Lagrange's famous prophecy regarding the eternal duration of the solar system would be true. The calculation is often cited as evidence that mathematics must not be imaginative; but in reality it is a triumph of pure mathematics with a wrong application. The error in the original assumption vitiated the result. An error in adding a column of figures will appear in the result without discrediting the process of addition.

There is no lack of instances vindicating the romantic school of mathematics in its use of the poetical imagination. Thus, writes Doctor F. T. Del Marmol on the other side of the controversy in *London Knowledge*, astronomical trigonometry enables us to calculate the distance separating us from Mars. Kinetics tells us that in order to revolve around the earth in twenty-four hours the red planet would need to possess an orbital velocity of about nine thousand miles a second. Besides, dynamics tells

us that if a body revolves around another, at the mean Martian distance of one hundred and thirty million miles, with a velocity of nine thousand miles a second, the central body requires a mass nearly one hundred thousand million times greater than that possessed by the earth. And the same reasoning applies to every celestial body except the moon. For instance, were Alpha Centauri, the nearest star to the solar system, to revolve around us, we should require for our poor little abode a mass many millions of times greater than that calculated by Lord Kelvin for the whole of the visible universe. So, if we are compelled to recognize that it is not the stars which gravitate around us in twenty-four hours but that it is our earth which performs its rotation in one day, we have been forced to accept this conclusion not only from convenience but also as an irresistible consequence of a purely mathematical reasoning:

"It is not only in such complex matters that mathematics show us their power and their beauty. The simplest problem affords them boundless opportunities. For example, if we ask algebra for two numbers of which the sum shall be four and the product twenty, I give us as a result two imaginary quantities: the first is two plus the imaginary unit multiplied unto four, and the second is two minus the same imaginary unit multiplied also unto four. And yet, tho none of these numbers be real, their algebraic sum is four, and their algebraic product is twenty, as required. It is as if this noble and infallible science, while reminding us gently—by giving us imaginary quantities—that we were talking nonsense in asking for such an unreal thing, wants at the same time to show that even things which are physically impossible to us are not outside her powerful grasp. Do they not give us the weight of a double star as easily as scales give us the weight of a loaf?

"It is they, the majestic and poetical mathematics, the charming friends who always tell the truth, who never deceive, flatter or discourage, who have pointed out to Professor Bickerton the secrets of the partial impact in the birth of the new stars, they who gave Adams and Le Verrier news of the existence of Neptune before Galle discovered the most remote of the known planets, they, in short, who have whispered to Sir Joshua Thomson the romance of the electrons, those ultimate particles of matter which perhaps the eye of man will never see!"

Nor need we be amazed at the plea of the mathematician of genius to be taken seriously as an imaginative artist. Music, in its truest aspects, is a department of mathematics. The genius of a Wagner is in its essential character mathematical. Mathematics is the only law of music.

Religion and Ethics

SEX EDUCATION AS ITS FRIENDS AND ITS FOES VIEW IT

THE question whether sex hygiene should or should not be taught in the schools is at present arousing intense interest throughout the nation. Arguments pro and con may be heard on all sides. Religious, educational and medical societies debate the problems involved. Organizations favoring instruction in sex hygiene already exist in twenty-two States of the Union, and an American Federation for Sex Hygiene brings these organizations into closer relation and secures cooperation amongst them. On the whole, the present tendency is to affirm the need of sex education for the young. But powerful counter-currents may be discerned. The Chicago Board of Education, after indorsing Mrs. Ella Flagg Young's plan for a lecture course on sex hygiene, received so many protests that it decided to abandon the course. A majority of Chicago citizens seemingly think that such topics "might better be taught at home." The American Federation of Catholic Societies has also refused to countenance the movement; while *America* and other Roman Catholic papers are devoting more and more space to the exposure of what they regard as the dangers of the new propaganda.

One of the ablest documents dealing with the question is that lately published by a special committee which made its report to the Fifteenth International Congress on Hygiene and Demography held in Washington some months ago. It seems that in connection with the Congress a letter was sent out to a large number of educators, medical men and social workers, asking their opinions on the following questions: 1. The importance of educating the young in the physiology and hygiene of sex; 2. The practicability of introducing sex teaching into schools and colleges; 3. The matter and methods of proposed instruction. In by far the larger number of cases, we are told, the answers received were quite favorable to the suggestions.

The Committee offers a general outline of a plan for sex education, of which the gist is as follows: Sex instruction has a purely practical aim, its purpose being "to impart such knowledge of sex at each period of the child's

life as may be necessary to preserve health, develop right thinking and control conduct." A further aim is "to develop a healthier public sentiment in regard to sex, which will make it possible to discuss with more freedom than is now customary the grave hygienic and moral dangers to the individual and the community which grow out of the violation of the physical and moral laws governing sex life and the sacred processes of human reproduction." This instruction must not, however, "seek to create interest and awaken curiosity in the subject with which it deals, but merely to satisfy the curiosity which spontaneously arises in the child's mind."

Detailed descriptions of external human anatomy and human embryology are discountenanced, while emphasis is laid upon the importance of providing proper physical exercise for the young, the value of which, "in its bearing on the control of the sex instinct, is so generally recognized that it needs no further emphasis here." The scientific basis of sex instruction is to be laid in the nature-study classes in the elementary schools, and in the more systematic instruction in biology and hygiene in the secondary schools and colleges. This scientific instruction must be reinforced by ethical instruction, both direct and indirect. "Appeals to the sense of personal self-respect and purity and to the instinct of chivalry can be effectively made in the earliest years of adolescence, and even before."

Good reading is urged as one of the best indirect means of ethical instruction—the most effective, in fact, which is at present available in the public schools. Then for the purpose of outlining more specifically the character of the instruction adapted to various ages, the life of the pupil is divided into four periods, during each of which it is pointed out just what instruction should be imparted. Since parents who would naturally be expected to give much of this instruction to their children are generally unqualified and unwilling to do so, it is advocated that courses of lectures be provided for them at public expense. Courses in sex morality under the auspices of Boys' Clubs and Young Men's Christian Associations are also favored.

Finally, the Committee emphasizes the necessity of good judgment and tact in introducing sex instruction into the schools. "It should be introduced only when teachers can be found or trained who are competent to give it, and when public sentiment will support it." On the other hand, "undue weight must not be given to the difficulties attending such instruction even under present conditions, inasmuch as even occasional mistakes will do far less harm than allowing children to continue to gain this knowledge, as many of them do now, from impure sources."

This report undoubtedly expresses the attitude of a growing number of people. We find, for instance, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, recognizing, at the recent Congress of School Hygiene in Buffalo, that a great change in public opinion has taken place in regard to sex hygiene, and urging that false modesty should be thrown aside. To quote his exact words:

"A remarkable change in public opinion has taken place in regard to sex hygiene, using the term in its broadest sense. The policy of silence was almost universal. Medical discoveries have contributed to the shift in public opinion, which also has been moved by the many signs of physical deterioration consequent on the rush to city life. Fathers and mothers feel a new duty toward their children. Churches take a new interest.

"The most important question is: What force can now be put in play against the formidable evils which gravely threaten the very life of the race? No one force or agency can be completely relied on. Attack must be made against the three principal causes of present evil conditions: First, lust in men; second, complete lack of moral principle in certain classes of women; third, depravity of those who make commerce of these two.

"Commercialized vice should be attacked in all its forms by all the powers of the law. The ancient policies of toleration and licensed segregation must be uprooted. Segregation has nowhere been successful. Regulation is a confessed failure. The laws against undesirable marriages need to be revised.

"Public progress in regard to sex hygiene and eugenics is to be procured chiefly through educational methods. The work must be done delicately and with-

out interference with parental rights or religious conviction."

Many daily and weekly papers are in sympathy with this attitude. The *Chicago Tribune*, for instance, says: "It is not a question of whether the youth should remain ignorant or be instructed. It is a question whether it shall be well or ill instructed." The *Los Angeles Graphic* thinks that ninety per cent. of American parents at present "dodge" the responsibility of instructing their children properly in sex matters. A writer in *Collier's Weekly* adds:

"All the time that this controversy is going back and forth the clinching argument for teaching sex hygiene is being cried in agonies; sons and daughters by the score are constantly being heaped in sacrifice upon the altar of prudery. The sob of a mother whose baby must go through life blind because of some one's ignorance is an argument for sex education that defies the glibbist debater."

On the other hand, a correspondent of the *New York Independent* calls the idea of sex education "the most vicious of all the wild, indiscreet and dangerous suggestions made in behalf of the human race." "What can sane, educated and well-meaning people be thinking of?" he asks.

"The world is growing better all the time and will continue if let alone on such subjects as this. Personally, I would prefer to handle the most violent explosives known and advocate it for others rather than fall into error on the question of 'sex education.' If I can't teach my children what they should know and what they should not know, and do it at the proper time, I certainly would not delegate it to the public school teachers

or others, who may or may not have children, and the desire to 'teach' this dangerous matter most likely comes from the latter class. 'Building up barriers against temptation and avoiding the danger of exciting undue curiosity' is all very well, but that certainly rightfully belongs to parents and not the public. Any intelligent person knows that of all curious things on earth children take first rank, so lead them into right channels (and only parents can do this) that their curiosity may find vent on healthy subjects and minds occupied in the world of matters they may know of to their benefit. Good healthy horse parental sense with 'a word in season' will do the rest, and if it can't be done that way, it can't be done at all."

America is equally emphatic in its condemnation of what it terms "this newest and most dangerous of all the educational fads now being daily foisted upon us." Mere education and mere publicity, the same paper argues, will never succeed in checking or correcting crime. "What every one knows is not what every one wills, much less what every one does." This able Roman Catholic weekly affirms that books which profess to unveil all secrets of knowledge to everybody, "What Boys Should Know," "What Girls Should Know," "What Men Should Know," have not resulted in betterment of morals. It goes on to comment:

"We are foolish in relegating to the attic of the mind as so much mental junk the wise reticence of the past in matters of crime. 'I know the higher way; I give it the sanction of my approval,' said Ovid, 'but I follow the lower.' Shakespeare has told us of the pastors who point out to others the path of righteousness while they themselves

'the primrose path of dalliance tread,' and there is a still more potent authority on that topic if it were needed. 'I see another law in my members fighting against the law of my mind and captivating me.' St. Paul puts the issue clearly. It is not the law of the mind which needs strengthening, but the law of the members that needs restraining; not more knowledge, but more will is required. In the very lesson in which you reveal the evils of sexual indulgence you are likely to elicit the attractiveness of sensual gratification. The evils are remote; the pleasure is present and insistent. The drunkard in presence of temptation is not going to be saved from his indulgence by tables of statistics.

"There are indeed evils in ignorance, but the evils of premature knowledge are more numerous and more disastrous. This is especially true in the matter of purity which is now at stake in the school training of what is called sex-hygiene. . . .

"There is, however, a course of sex-hygiene which all can safely follow and safely recommend. Instead of being worried about increasing the knowledge, be energetic and persistent in decreasing the desire. The man with murder in his heart will be cured by getting the murder out of his heart, not by dangling a noose before his eyes. It is the incentive that should be removed. The medicine will come too late. What will your anatomical exhibits in the class-room avail if the bill-boards, the shop-windows, the trolley cars, the advertising columns, the shameless fashions, the facts of sensational journalism, the fiction of sensational magazines, keep passions in a ferment? Inflamed desires make little of disease and death; they clamor for indulgence. Let the sex hygienist put away the countless seductions which assail mankind and womankind on all sides and they will effect something. Let the young have less desire, not more knowledge; strength of will, not complete information."

NEW REFLECTIONS ON THE DANCING MANIA

THE dancing craze, to which so much attention has been lately directed, continues to furnish themes for animated discussion on both sides of the Atlantic. Fine points in rhythm and in step, definitions of "turkey-trot" and of "tango," occupy space that has generally been reserved for more serious subjects. London, it seems, "talks of nothing else" but the new dances, and "tango teas" are the rage. At American resorts people who have not danced before in twenty years have been dancing, during the past summer, afternoons, as well as evenings. Up-to-date restaurants provide a dancing floor so that patrons may lose no time while the waiter is changing the plates. *Cabaret* artists are disappearing except as interludes while people recover their breaths for the

following number. One wishes either to dance or to watch and to criticize those who dance. "The one class of citizens," remarks the *New York Evening Post*, "who regard the currency bill and income tax without trembling, and assert that there are no hard times, is the teachers of dancing; theirs is a golden harvest."

Like most other social phenomena, this revival of dancing presents dual aspects. It has its champions and its enemies. Interpreted as a violent reaction against the tedium of some of our recent dances, it may at least be explained. Regarded in its most extreme phases, it can hardly appear as other than hysterical and pathological. The Vice-President of the United States has lately taken occasion to rebuke it. Canon Newbolt, of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, has asked:

"Would indecent dances, suggestive of evil and destructive of modesty, disgrace our civilization for a moment if professed Christians were to say: 'I will not allow my daughter to turn into Salome, even altho Herod were to give me the half of his kingdom and admit me to the much-coveted society of a world which has persuaded itself that immodesty is artistic, and that anything is permissible in society which relieves the intolerable monotony of its pleasures.' Berlin, which as a rule is none too squeamish in such matters, has forbidden the "American dances" in all public places, and has arrested proprietors of resorts which violated this regulation. Munich has raided and closed a fashionable restaurant in which *risque* dancing was permitted. On this side of the water, the same kind of protest has found expression,

The University of Wisconsin proposes to expel any student guilty of "turkey-trotting," which it puts on the same plane as drunkenness.

The London *Times* is the paper in which the different phases of the question have been thrashed out most thoroly. The discussion was started a few weeks ago by a communication from a "Peeress" which mildly expressed the writer's "grave perplexity" at the "tersichorean importations" and drew forth an approving editorial from the paper itself. The "Peeress" wrote in part:

"I am one of the many matrons upon whom devolves the task of guiding a girl through the mazes of a London season, and I am fane to face with a state of affairs in most, but not all, of the ball-rooms calling for the immediate attention of those in like case.

"My grandmother has often told me of the shock she experienced on first beholding the polka, but I wonder what she would have said had she been asked to introduce a well-brought-up girl of eighteen to the scandalous travesties of dancing which are, for the first time in my recollection, bringing more young men to parties than are needed.

"I need not describe the various horrors of American and South American noid origin. I would only ask hostesses to let one know what houses to avoid by indicating in some way on their invitation cards whether the 'turkey-trot,' the 'Boston' (the beginner of the evil), and the 'tango' will be permitted."

This expression of opinion led to a lively controversy; and papers which began a canvass of hotel and ball-room managers and dancing teachers were surprised to find how many approved of the new dances as a genuine expression of the life of the day, neither indecent in their present forms nor immoral in their possible future development. A correspondent of *The Times* who signed himself "A Victorian Beau" and who said that, because of his wife's illness, the duty had for some years devolved upon him of taking his daughters to balls, confessed to "a positive sense of *r  jeunissement* from the very dances to which grave exception is being taken." He continued:

"It was, I must confess, with something very like lassitude that four or five years ago (the d  but of my youngest daughter) I began again to go to balls. The value, it is true, with many of its modern variations, had encroached on, if not altogether superseded, the polka of my boyhood. But there remained that lack of variety in an ordinary evening's program which would, I think, have been admitted responsible for some scarcely stifled yawns.

"In a word, Sir, we in the doorways were bored. Now we have something to look at. Our suppers are shorter. Our daughters, if not so contented as of yore, with a fairly early departure, are

obviously happier, and a joint taxi or several of them can—nowadays without defiance of the conventions—generally be arranged. For myself, let me make it known, in conclusion, and with no uncertain note, that I walk homewards up Gloucester Place with elastic tread, feeling from thirteen to twenty years younger than I ever hoped to do at my time of life."

Even the aristocratic Lady Middleton, a once famous Victorian belle, avowed herself, in a letter to *The Times*, inclined to question whether the new dancers, rather than the new dances, are to blame; and another noble dame, writing anonymously, thus contrasted the old dances with the new:

"My dancing days were from ten to fifteen years ago, and I have never seen any of the new trots or hugs performed; but I should imagine that your correspondent was right who said they are a reaction against the intolerable tedium of the valse as danced by the average young man and girl a few years ago. I was a normal girl, fond of dancing as of other physical exercises, but as my average partner went lolling indifferently round the room, I perforce having to lollup with him, the process was so absolutely devoid of interest that it is no exaggeration to say I continually forgot with whom I was dancing, and had to look round at his face to remind myself with which of the young men of my acquaintance I was at that moment taking this unenjoyable exercise.

"When, on the other hand, a partner was forthcoming who really understood the art of dancing, whose movements were certain and rhythmical, and who took a pride in executing them as well as possible, it was the most intense pleasure to dance with him, to follow his guidance, and be ready to reverse, go straight, forward, or backward, according to his whim or the exigencies of space in the ball-room. There was an art in doing it, and I believe it is this art, which is still more needed in the new dances, that attracts young men to the ball-room to-day.

"The amusement and enjoyment of executing with success a difficult physical exercise is great, and it seems to me that the opportunity for skill of a most exhilarating kind afforded by these dances is quite enough to explain their attraction. No one can blame either young men or young women if they mutually find their enjoyment increased because it is shared with an agreeable companion of the opposite sex."

In strong contradistinction to these favorable views stand out the protests of writers who regard the new dances as a curse and a corruption. Mr. Filson Young, a staff-writer on the London *Saturday Review*, declares that his criticism of the tango is not that it is indecent or improper, but that it is ugly. He goes on to say:

"I am no frequenter of ball-rooms, and therefore did not realize till lately how thoroly this new kind of dancing had

seized upon the world in London that, for good or ill, leads in these matters; but what I have seen has convinced me that it is absurd and retrograde, and that the protest contained in the now famous letter to *The Times* was more than justified—if not on the score of impropriety, certainly on the score of ugliness. The other night I saw an old lady of distinguished lineage and high station and strictly conventional views, sitting in a ball-room and regarding with an expression of fond and doting pride her honorable daughter, a sylph-like and refined young woman, tightly clasped in the embrace of a man and whirling about in various attitudes any one of which, had they jointly assumed it in the middle of a London street, would have rendered them liable to arrest on a charge of misdemeanor. That is a simple historical fact which should be placed on record, not because it is isolated but because it is typical. And my chief reflexion, as I observed various graceful and good-looking people performing these antics on the ball-room floor was that if they could see what they themselves looked like, especially from behind, they would instantly and for ever abstain from the tango and all kindred dances.

"These dances have been the regular attraction in various Montmartre caf  s for several years; and women of the world who have wished to see that kind of life have had to be warned, when they were taken to such places, that they must be prepared for a very different standard of propriety from that to which they were accustomed. It certainly never occurred to me when I have looked at such performances that I should see them trans-



DANCING THE ARGENTINE TANGO

A London artist's sketch of Maurice and Miss Florence Walton "in action."

lated to a fashionable London ball-room, with peeresses and ambassadors, and dukes and princes, looking on and applauding."

Another notable protest is that of Prof. M. V. O'Shea, of the University of Wisconsin, in the New York *Independent*. His argument is that the great danger confronting American education lies in an early sophistication, harmful in college and nothing short of disastrous in high school. Dancing, he proceeds, is one of the chief factors in this process. "No people," he tries to show, "have ever long endured among whom the ball-room and the relation which it develops occupied an important place during the period of early youth." He tells us: "Students of human development are universally agreed that when the relations between the sexes which the ball-room encourages become promi-

nent early in adolescence, the result will not be beneficial to either mind or body." Corroborating Professor O'Shea's point of view is the statement of an eminent European student of nervous degeneration who had said to him some time before the writing of his article that in his judgment American life was over-stimulated in its influence upon the young, and that if we did not discover some way to keep the lives of our children simpler, we would come to grief sooner or later.

The situation is described by the Chicago Baptist weekly, *The Standard*, as disquieting, if not alarming:

"From every section of our country have come loud complaints from teachers with regard to the evil results of the general introduction into our high schools of fraternities and sororities, athletic teams, 'proms' and balls. The existence of these societies in the high school

greatly aggravates the dancing malady, and it is well known that pupils who frequent the ball-room are incapable of effective work at school. But it is not simply a question of the invasion of extraneous interests which seriously threaten the legitimate work of the secondary school. It is a situation which presents not only a grave educational but a grave moral issue."

"The moral texture of thousands of boys and girls is involved. . . . There is little evidence of anything more than sporadic attempts on the part of authorities and parents to put a stop to dances that can hardly fail, in either young or old, to be other than degrading, and that are well named *animal* dances, arousing as they do little else. The situation is disquieting, if not alarming. Looking at the facts without prejudice, 'the dance of death' is hardly an exaggeration, from the point of view not only of mental but of moral deterioration. If parents are blind to the danger signals, it is not because they are not numerous."

"SYNTHETIC MAN"—A NEW STANDARD OF HUMAN PERFECTION

A WRITER in *The English Review* professes to have been frivolously moved by the reading of Rosa Mayreder's thoughtful and suggestive book, "A Survey of the Woman Problem" (Heinemann, London). He wired a young woman of his acquaintance, so he says: "Explain synthetic girl." When her answer came, "Iliastic woman as opposed to ludicrous femininity," he sent another telegram: "I love. Will you marry me?" Whereupon he received in reply the following: "My iliastic personality is centripetal—incommunicable therefore with the centrifugal sexuality of teleological man."

But Frau Mayreder is not half so puzzling as this little skit implies. She is simply German, and a philosopher. Her book, which has been rendered into English by Herman Scheffauer, is being widely discussed. One competent critic, it seems, dismisses the volume as dull nonsense; an equally good authority (they were both men) declares that it is the only really philosophical work about women, and that the author, Rosa Mayreder, has "the finest intellect in Germany." She is certainly one of the ablest exponents of that highly evolved human being which she chooses to call "synthetic man."

To begin with, Frau Mayreder considers man's ideas about woman (which are dominant to-day) as so many different "subjective fetiches," more or less removed from reality. Particularly in the matter of sex, she finds, the tendency is to regard the results of individual thought as objective truth. Nietzsche, when he pro-

nounced his "onesided and unjust" verdicts on the representatives of the modern woman's movement, honestly admitted that it was only his own subjective taste which he expressed.—"My own truths." Goethe, also, once remarked to Eckermann: "My ideas of woman are not obtained from the experiences of reality, but they are in-born in me or have developed in me, Heaven knows how."

But apparently it requires a Nietzsche or a Goethe to acknowledge the subjectivity of man's ideas concerning woman. Ordinary men have an air of infallible certainty when they generalize on the subject. They confuse, says Frau Mayreder, the "empirical" woman with the "immanent" woman. She explains as follows: "The empirical woman, the intrinsic individual being of female kind, is a manifold phenomenon like man himself, and in her multifariousness she is as incommensurable as he. The immanent woman is, on the contrary, a creature of the imagination, is known to every man and is as familiar to him as his own ego—since it is from this very ego that it has been produced and with which it has become incorporated."

Wagner, when he was writing the poem of "Lohengrin," Frau Mayreder goes on to say, gave us a remarkable glimpse into the origin of a subjective sex fetich. He believed that in Elsa's unconsciousness and indeterminateness he had discovered the "essentially feminine"; whereas what he was seeking for and what he really found was the antithesis to the character of Lohengrin. Nietzsche's subjective sex fetich also reveals the same antithesis. This writer, who most constantly felt

the urge towards truthfulness and honesty of thought, glorified feminine falsity and superficiality. Suspicious and dishonest writers, on the other hand, usually praise the innocence and deep sensibility of her whom they idealize as the "true" woman. Likewise the intemperate and depraved among men adore in woman moderation and purity. These are all merely cases, according to Rosa Mayreder, of "sex idolatry."

Amid the multiplicity of fetiches thus conjured up by the masculine imagination, Frau Mayreder distinguishes three main types,—the bondwoman, the "higher being," and the helpmate. The lowest men, she observes, usually imagine themselves superior to women, while the highest are inclined to create a dream figure quite as far removed from reality. To quote:

"The image of the bondwoman, the subjective sex-fetich of the domineering lover, is the oldest, the most widespread, and the most vulgar, and determines the position which the female sex occupies, if not in the social scheme then at least before the law."

"When the bondwoman happens to encounter her complete antithesis in the idea of the mistress, the idol of the knightly type of eroticism, then, remarkable as this inversion may appear, there nevertheless occurs no essential change in the degree of strangeness that exists between the sexes. The idea of womanly weakness which sways the mind of the domineering man is the very same as that which determines the idol of the clivalrous man, tho in the latter it is combined with the idea of the moral ascendancy of the woman, and necessitates that the lord and master become the servant and the

protector who takes pleasure in his voluntary subordination so long as he may feel himself a protecting power."

The only idol, or ideal, which contains within itself the basis for a true understanding between man and woman, in Frau Mayreder's opinion, is that of the helpmate—the woman who stands neither below nor above man but beside him.

"This ideal is frequently attacked, especially by the defenders of the masterful type of amorist, as a feeble invention of modern feminine thought, or even as a product of deterioration, since it exists only since the days of the French Revolution. It is in reality of a far more ancient origin than this; some of the most glorious spirits of antiquity, such as Plato and Plutarch, were familiar with it, and if we may read a symptomatic meaning into the story of Mary and Martha, then Jesus has likewise, on behalf of women, preferred the desire for a spiritual communality to the desire for serving:

"Mary has chosen the good part; which shall not be taken away from her."

Frau Mayreder speaks of the distorted conceptions of women promulgated by such thinkers as Schopenhauer and Strindberg. Against such conceptions she sets the women bred from the brain of a John Stuart Mill, a Bebel, a Björnson, or a Walt Whitman. Surely, she says, these latter ideals have at least an equal social significance with the Schopenhauerian-Strindbergian horror. Nothing is of greater importance to women, according to Frau Mayreder, than to battle against the abstractions into which they are continually being converted. She proceeds with her subtle analysis:

"If we look upon human thought as one of the processes of nature, we must also consider the various views on sexuality as symptoms of the various forces working in the race. These views are so opposed, and recur so constantly, dividing the individuals of each sex into groups, that we may suppose two opposing tendencies to be working in the evolution of the human race. One is directed towards the preservation of the race character common to both sexes, while the other tends towards the teleological differentiation of each. One strives for a human type irrespective of male or female, strengthening the characteristics of the race common to both sexes; the other tries to produce extremes of sexuality and requires differentiation for the sake of reproduction and transmission."

Again in these opposing forces, Frau Mayreder perceives three main types which group themselves according to their psycho-sexual qualities.

"The commonest type is the *acritic*, the partially developed being of unmitigated sexuality, whose whole personality is de-

termined by teleological sex characteristics. All the hackneyed declarations as to what the 'wholly male' and the 'truly female' should be, and do, are the utterances of these acritic people. In examples of this type, patterns of the most manly man and of the most womanly woman, centrifugal sexuality finds its best exponents. Carried to its extremes, this acritic tendency produces licentious domineering masculinity and weak, insignificant and passive, or else crafty, false and ludicrous femininity, forms of sex-differentiation which are the complements of each other and equal in nature and in origin."

The antithesis of the "acritic" type of humanity, Frau Mayreder terms "iliastic," or "the highest type of centripetal sexuality." This includes all those persons who have overcome sex, like the Christian saints, and through their victory have attained supersensual powers. Frau Mayreder writes:

"During the greater part of the history of man's mental development we find signs of an unwearied struggle to rise above and beyond specific sexuality in order to attain a higher condition of existence; in the early days of ancient civilization we find it in the priestly ideals, then in the Indian Yoga doctrines, and in those ideas which gave rise to the knighthood of the Holy Grail. It is especially characteristic of Christianity and of Buddhism, both of which regard the iliastic, sexless condition as a preliminary stage towards the attainment of the kingdom of heaven or of Nirvana, a kingdom not of this world but of a world of peace reposing in infinite perfection, in contradistinction to the world of creation in which the centrifugal force of movement rages in everlasting strife."

But the true representative of a higher humanity, in Frau Mayreder's opinion, is not "iliastic," but one whose psychological constitution enables him, as is most conspicuously the case with genius—man or woman—"to overstep the bounds of sexuality and to raise and increase the inward relationships between the sexes—those beings who are subject to the conditions both of the male and of the female—*synthetic man*." She explains:

"The distinguishing mark of synthetic people is that they have an outlook over the barriers of sex, a power of sweeping away the bonds entailed by sexuality, enabling them to reach a mental sphere common to both sexes of the human species. The wider the sphere the more easily will the process of amalgamation be carried out, the more extensive and perfect will it be. Since sex does not connote for synthetic people an entirely different sort of existence, but only a different form of being, they are able, apart from sexual affairs, to enjoy a common existence. Thus, they raise themselves to a universality of perception which is denied to the acritic. Their nature acquires an element of freedom which enables individuals of even mod-



SHE PLEADS FOR AN IDEAL TRANSCENDING SEX.

The distinguishing mark of the highest type of people, according to Rosa Mayreder, is that they have an outlook over the barriers of sex, a power of sweeping away the bonds entailed by sexuality, enabling them to reach a mental sphere common to both sexes of the human species.

erate talents to have a liberal and intelligent understanding of the other sex, while those who are not synthetic in nature cannot break through the barriers of their sex, even though their minds may be of the most emancipated type."

For lofty souls, the idea of any bondage to sex is unbearable, says Frau Mayreder. It can only awaken in them a hatred of sex. And such are the souls who are now eagerly reaching towards those conditions and habits of life by which synthetic ideas may be most easily promoted and strengthened. She thus concludes:

"If we trace the lines of the past which lead forward into the future, we find in unmistakable outlines the ideal of a humanity in which sex has a better and happier significance than it has hitherto possessed. Those moral strivings of personality to break the bonds of sex which attained their climax in the renunciation of a world based on the idea of creation, are now directed towards another form of life in which there is a possibility of overcoming the bonds of sex without renunciation. None but synthetic human beings can be the creators of this form of life. But it cannot be done by men alone, without the aid of women. Unless women work with men on a footing of equality, this ideal cannot be realized. The contribution which women can make to human culture by reason of the path she has had to follow in the course of her evolution, is necessary for the completion of man's work."

WILL AVIATION BE A BLESSING OR A CURSE TO THE RACE?

DO you think that the progress of aviation will serve the advance of humanity, or do you think that the conquest of the air could become in certain cases a menace to civilization?

"What do you think will be the character and mentality of the men of tomorrow—changed for good or bad by the triumph of aviation?"

These questions *La Revue* asked such leading men of France as it believed would be directly interested in aviation, and the first point established by the inquiry seems to be that all France is directly interested. Aviators naturally would be, and all the more famous ones reply, but so do politicians, scientists, writers, business men and philosophers, each feeling himself personally concerned with the future of the aeroplane. Aviation is not, as in America, still a showman's trick to the public; it has fitted in to common life of to-day, and the only question is what it will do with the life of to-morrow.

Pointblank questions usually locate the pessimists. In this case they are on the ground, watching the machines or reading about them in the newspapers, or thinking about them in solitude. These regard the aeroplane as a perfected instrument of devastation, and accept it as an ordinary and normal incident of civilization. Dirigibles and avions in a possible war, they agree, could efface whole army corps at a blow, destroy in very little time the best fortified cities, and spare in the general devastation no art treasure, no heritage of the ages. Civilization is at their mercy. Viewed from this angle, the problem grows agonizing; war may now, says Robida, dream of spattering the clouds with blood.

Actual aviators, however, are all on the other side. They agree that the murderous period of aviation, through which it must pass if it gets into war at all, is a necessary but fleeting step in its development toward a function more clearly civilizing. They refuse to believe that so much blood generously spilt, so much effort spent without counting the cost, could possibly result only in heaping up ruins and sending humanity back to barbarism. Anyone who believes so badly of God, says Archdeacon, as to think that our most persistent and admirable efforts would result in a recoil of humanity, had better stop having children, and let this absurd and decaying world come to an end as soon as possible.

Aerial carnage, and that as soon as an European war begins, everyone concedes, but the more optimistic replies envisage beyond the slaughter no less a dream than universal peace. One

real test of the aeroplane in war, thinks Bergeron, editor of *Le Monde Illustré*, and the horrified world would rush to bar out aircraft from warfare by international convention—and this precedent established, the ultimate barring out of war itself by similar means would be made possible. War is not a state, but a crisis, and whatever hastens the crisis is a good thing for the world. From Homer's time to the "truce of God," peace was the accident; now the accident is war, and the more deadly the less frequent and the sooner over. The aeroplane, deadliest weapon of war, will speed it up to its swiftest passing and hold it off to its longest intervals.

The most pessimistic reply is from Camille Flammarion. Admitting at the outset that "there are moments in the history of a people when it is inopportune to express sincerely one's thoughts," and evidently realizing that it is no moment to preach aerial peace and good-will when France has just raised for this year alone the sum of thirty-seven million nine hundred and sixty-five thousand francs for military aeroplanes, he recalls how he loved the balloon when he used to sail across the face of Europe and seek in vain for frontiers. The land below was a vision of the coming United States of Europe. But now that he has seen Zeppelin unite with Krupp, and the French just as eager to turn the aeroplane from a celestial swallow to a swooping vulture, his sadness is even greater than his disgust. Of what use was the Hague Tribunal if not to declare at once the neutrality of the air? He does not specify for how many feet up, nor whether a soldier tall enough to infringe upon the neutral zone by two inches would be debarr'd from using his brains in fighting. Leblanc, however, thinks that any attempt to limit the use of aeroplanes in war would be in effect suppressing all projectiles sent high in air, thus putting cannon out of business. But Lucien Le Foyer sounds a note of cheer. He says that we all seem to think some one airship or squadron of airships is going to settle over a city and destroy it at leisure, whereas for every foreign airship there will be another to meet it, and at the first encounter they will all be on the ground, leaving war to go on doing business in the same old rude way! This should comfort H. F. Wyatt, who warns England in *The Nineteenth Century and After* that its "old immunity from personal peril is forever gone. . . . There will not be in all England, and perhaps in all Scotland and Wales, one dweller in a town of any size upon whose roof the levin bolt of death may not descend and slay

him while he sleeps." To which *The Nation* (N. Y.) rejoins that "even the desperate German may pause in the task of loading dynamite into airships when he finds the English chanting in rhythmic emotion that if this goes on there will not be

One dweller in a town of any size Upon whose head the levin bolt of death May not descend and slay him while he sleeps."

The second query, as to the effect of flying on the new race, was evidently inspired by a recent novel of Gabriele d'Annunzio, "*Forse che si*," which has two heroes, both aviators, inured to every danger, hardened to suffering, and of a ferocity truly Annunzian. The compilers, Maurice Wolff and Henri Regnault, asked whether the constant presence of death, the perpetual fight with danger, would not produce in time a similar insensibility. They may have forgotten that ferocity, and especially a peculiar ferocious delight in other people's pain, is one of the strongest colors on d'Annunzio's literary palette, and that he would naturally tint his aviators to match his other heroes. The real aviators, however, reply to a man that he who is master of his own nerves, as the aviator must be, is most tender with the nerves of others, and vice versa. Dependent altogether upon himself, "a little black point lost in immensity," says Gougenheim, Farman's chief pilot, "he knows his superiority, but also his weakness." An aviator has to be gentle and patient, says Vedrines; the best school of philosophy is in the clouds. Garros says that aviation does give man a sixth sense, multiplying the action of each sense and uniting them to meet in what is practically a new faculty—the anticipation of danger. One points to the peculiarly cordial sympathy between aviators of every origin, so that all barriers go down, even those of education and social origin, in a development of the democracy of danger that began when the wealthy driver of a racing automobile felt his mechanic to be on quite a different footing from him from that of his coachman. Its menace, socially, is something like that of the racing-car; whatever develops a taste for pleasure rouses envy in those who cannot afford it, so that money takes on a greater value, and will be grasped for by any means. Bleriot does not believe that either men or manners will be changed so much as people think. Raymond strikes the high note of the answers. Aviation, he says, is the divine remedy for depopulation. Only fighting nations multiply. But what campaign, what crusade, could be so beautiful, so useful, as the conquest of the air?

SIR OLIVER LODGE'S DEFENSE OF SPIRITUAL CONTINUITY

THE swing between contesting and contrasting schools of thought in our time has seldom been more vividly illustrated than in connection with the presidential address recently delivered by Sir Oliver Lodge before the British Association at Birmingham.

Sir Oliver's predecessor in the presidential office, Sir Edward Albert Schaefer, is a pronounced materialist. His address before the British Association last year brilliantly championed the "mechanistic" conception of life. Sir Oliver, on the other hand, is as pronounced an idealist, using that term in contradistinction to materialism. He chose as the subject of his Birmingham address "Continuity." He attacked the modern scientific disposition to deny the existence of anything which makes no appeal to organs of sense, and urged a belief in ultimate continuity as essential to science. He asserted his belief in the freedom of the will and in the persistence of personality after bodily death. He expressed, in closing, his conviction that "discarnate intelligence, under certain conditions, may interact with us on the material side," and that "we may hope to attain some understanding of the nature of a larger, perhaps ethereal, existence and of the conditions regulating intercourse across the chasm."

Sir Oliver began his address by defining four contemporary intellectual tendencies with which he felt bound to take issue. The first he called "the discovery of and interest in various kinds of atomism," so that continuity seems in danger of being lost sight of. The second tendency is "toward comprehensive negative generalizations from a limited point of view." The third is "to take refuge in rather vague forms of statement and to shrink from closer examination of the puzzling and the obscure." The fourth is "to deny the existence of anything which makes no appeal to organs of sense and no ready response to laboratory experiments." Against these tendencies Sir Oliver set his belief in "ultimate continuity" as essential to science. He regarded scientific concentration as an inadequate basis for philosophic generalization; he believed that obscure phenomena may be expressed simply, if properly faced; and he pointed out that "the non-appearance of anything perfectly uniform and omnipresent is only what should be expected, and is no argument against its real substantial existence."

Proceeding to a definition of the main characteristic of the "promising tho perturbing" period in which we live, Sir Oliver said: "Different persons would give different answers, but the

answer I venture to give is—rapid progress combined with fundamental skepticism." He elaborated this statement:

"Rapid progress was not characteristic of the latter half of the nineteenth century—at least, not in physics. Fine, solid dynamical foundations were laid, and the edifice of knowledge was consolidated; but wholly fresh ground was not being opened up, and totally new buildings were not expected.

"With the realization of predicted ether waves in 1888, the discovery of X-rays in 1895, spontaneous radio activity in 1896, and the isolation of the electron in 1898, expectation of further achievement became vivid; and novelties, experimental, theoretical and speculative, have been showered upon us ever since this century began. That is why I speak of rapid progress."

Of the exact kind of progress made, Sir Oliver preferred to say little. The "fundamental skepticism" led him to a number of striking generalizations:

"To illustrate the nature of the fundamental scientific or philosophical controversies to which I do refer, I may cite the kind of dominating controversies now extant, employing as far as possible only a single word in each case so as to emphasize the necessary brevity and insufficiency of the reference.

"In physiology the conflict ranges around vitalism. In chemistry the debate concerns atomic structure. In biology the dispute is on the laws of inheritance; and besides these major controversies debate is active in other sections. In education curricula generally are being overhauled or fundamentally criticized, and revolutionary ideas are promulgated concerning the advantages of freedom for infants. In economic and political science or sociology, what is there that is not under discussion? Not property alone, nor land alone, but everything—back to the Garden of Eden and the interrelations of men and women. Lastly, in the vast group of mathematical and physical sciences present-day criticism concerns what, if I had to express it in one word, I should call Continuity.

"Still more fundamental and deeper-rooted than any of these sectional debates, however, a critical examination of scientific foundations generally is going on; and a kind of philosophic skepticism is in the ascendant, resulting in a mistrust of purely intellectual processes and in a recognition of the limited scope of science."

In all the debatable matters which now vex the world, Sir Oliver felt impelled to urge a conservative attitude. He accepted the new experimental results on which modern theories are based, and he was profoundly interested in them; but he did not feel that they are so revolutionary as their proponents think. He saw a way to retain the old and yet embrace the new.

He counselled moderation in the uprooting and removal of landmarks. "And of these," he said, "the chief is Continuity. I cannot imagine the exertion of mechanical force across empty space, no matter how minute; a continuous medium seems to me essential. I cannot admit discontinuity in either Space or Time; nor can I imagine any sort of experiment which would justify such a hypothesis." He went on to speak of the Ether as "the most interesting as it is by far the largest and most fundamental ingredient in the material cosmos":

"Matter it is not, but material it is; it belongs to the material universe and is to be investigated by ordinary methods. But to say this is by no means to deny that it may have mental and spiritual functions to subserve in some other order of existence, as Matter has in this.

"The ether of space is at least the great engine of continuity. It may be much more, for without it there could hardly be a material universe at all. Certainly, however, it is essential to continuity; it is the one all-permeating substance which binds the whole of the particles of matter together. It is the uniting and binding medium without which, if matter could exist at all, it could exist only as chaotic and isolated fragments; and it is the universal medium of communication between worlds and particles. And yet it is possible for people to deny its existence, because it is unrelated to any of our senses, except sight—and to that only in an indirect and not easily recognized fashion."

The speaker extended this argument to apply to all who attempt to explain life by means of scientific formulas. "They account," he observed, "for things up to a point; they account in part for the color of a sunset, for the majesty of a mountain peak, for the glory of animate existence. But do they account for everything completely? Do they account for our own feeling of joy and exaltation, for our sense of beauty, for the manifest beauty existing throughout nature? Do not these things suggest something higher and nobler and more joyous, something for the sake of which all the struggle for existence goes on?" Surely, Sir Oliver exclaimed, there must be a deeper meaning involved in natural objects! He added:

"Why do things struggle to exist? Surely the effort must have some significance, the development some aim. We thus reach the problem of existence itself, and the meaning of evolution.

"The mechanism whereby existence entrenches itself is manifest, or at least has been to a large extent discovered. Natural selection is a *vera causa*, so far as it goes; but if so much beauty is necessary for insects, what about the beauty of a landscape or of clouds? What utilitarian

object do those subserve? Beauty in general is not taken into account by science. Very well, that may be all right, but it exists nevertheless. It is not my function to discuss it. No; but it is my function to remind you and myself that our studies do not exhaust the universe, and that if we dogmatize in a negative direction, and say that we can reduce everything to physics and chemistry, we gibbet ourselves as ludicrously narrow pedants, and are falling far short of the richness and fulness of our human birthright. How far preferable is the reverent attitude of the Eastern poet:

"The world with eyes bent upon thy feet stands in awe with all its silent stars."

Sir Oliver envisaged the universal process as "a steady passage from Past to Future, only the single instant which we call the Present being actual." He compared Existence with a loom:

"The pattern, the design for the weaving, is in some sort 'there' already; but whereas our looms are mere machines, once the guiding cards have been fed into them, the Loom of Time is complicated by a multitude of free agents who can modify the web, making the product more beautiful or more ugly according as they are in harmony or disharmony with the

general scheme. I venture to maintain that manifest imperfections are thus accounted for, and that freedom could be given on no other terms, nor at any less cost.

"The ability thus to work for weal or woe is no illusion; it is a reality, a responsible power which conscious agents possess; wherefore the resulting fabric is not something preordained and inexorable, though by wide knowledge of character it may be inferred. Nothing is inexorable except the uniform progress of Time; the cloth must be woven, but the pattern is not wholly fixed and mechanically calculable."

The address closed on a note of earnest personal conviction. Sir Oliver avowed himself one of those who believed in the Psychic quite as much as in the Physical. He held that the Psychic region can be studied and brought under law. "Allow us, anyhow," he remarked, "to make the attempt. Give us a fair field. Let those who prefer the materialistic hypothesis by all means develop their thesis as far as they can, but let us try what we can do in the Psychical region, and see which wins." Then he said:

"Altho I am speaking ex cathedra, as one of the representatives of orthodox

science, I will not shrink from a personal note summarizing the result on my own mind of thirty years' experience of psychical research, begun without predilection—indeed, with the usual hostile prejudice. This is not the place to enter into details or to discuss facts scorned by orthodox science, but I cannot help remembering that an utterance from this Chair is no ephemeral production, for it remains to be criticized by generations yet unborn, whose knowledge must inevitably be fuller and wider than our own. Your president therefore should not be completely bound by the shackles of present-day orthodoxy, nor limited to beliefs fashionable at the time. In justice to myself and my coworkers I must risk annoying my present hearers, not only by leaving on record our conviction that occurrences now regarded as occult can be examined and reduced to order by the methods of science, carefully and persistently applied, but by going further and saying, with the utmost brevity, that already the facts so examined have convinced me that memory and affection are not limited to that association with matter by which alone they can manifest themselves here and now, and that personality persists beyond bodily death.

"The evidence to my mind goes to prove that discarnate intelligence, under certain conditions, may interact with us."

THE NATIONAL "FAILURE OF NERVE"

A SPIRITED protest against "the softening of the hard old rules, the rigid old standards," is made by Agnes Repplier in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

She sees the nation headed straight for perdition under the growing influence of a philosophy which teaches that pleasure is the chief end of life. The curse of our age, as she sees it, is a "failure of nerve"—the relaxing of effort, the letting down of obligation. She writes:

"It is with the best intentions in the world that we Americans are now engaged in letting down the walls of human resistance, in lessening personal obligation; and already the failure of nerve is apparent on every side. We begin our kindly ministrations with the little kindergarten scholar, to whom work is presented as play, and who is expected to absorb the elements of education without conscious effort, and certainly without compulsion. We encourage him to feel that the business of his teacher is to keep him interested in his task, and that he is justified in stopping short as soon as any mental process becomes irksome or difficult. Indeed, I do not know why I permit myself the use of the word 'task,' which by common consent is banished from the vocabulary of school. Professor Gilman said it was a word which should never be spoken by teacher, never heard by pupil, and no doubt a well-disposed public cordially agreed with him.

"The firm old belief that the task is

a valuable asset in education, that the making of a good job out of a given piece of work is about the highest thing on earth, has lost its hold upon the world. The firm old disbelief in a royal road to learning has vanished long ago."

The assumption that children should never be coerced into self-control, and never confronted with difficulties, makes, in Miss Repplier's judgment, for failure of nerve. The assumption that married women are justified in abandoning their domestic duties and dawdling about Europe, makes for failure of nerve. The assumptions that invalids must yield to invalidism, that religion should content itself with persuasiveness, and that morality should be sparing in its demands, make for failure of nerve. The assumption that a denial of civic rights constitutes a release from moral obligations can only lead, Miss Repplier thinks, to such a shattering failure of nerve that it brings insanity in its wake. And the assumption that poverty justifies prostitution, or exonerates the prostitute, "lets down the last walls of human resistance."

So long as we put pleasure ahead of duty, Miss Repplier contends, we are bound to fail. We are too much under the spell of "the gospel of amusement" as a panacea for human ills. It may be true that, as Jane Addams has pointed out, the nervous exhaustion

produced by hours of sustained and monotonous labor sends the factory girl into the streets at night, craving recreation. Every woman who has toiled for hours, whether with a sewing machine or a typewriter, whether with a needle or a pen, whether in an office or at home, has felt the nervous fatigue which does not crave rest but distraction, which makes her want to "go." "But every woman worth her salt," Miss Repplier exclaims, "has overcome this weakness, has mastered this desire." Many men suffer and struggle in the same fashion. Dr. Johnson speaks of people who are "afraid to go home and think." He knew that fear. Many a night it drove him through the London streets till daybreak. He conquered it, "conquered the sick nerves so at variance with his sound and righteous principles." Miss Repplier continues:

"The sincere effort to regenerate the world by amusing it is to be respected; but it is not the final word of reform. The sincere effort to regenerate the world by a legal regulation of wages is a new version of an old story—the shifting of personal obligation, the search for somebody's door at which to lay the burden of blame. It is also a denial of human experience. Temptations do not make the man, but they show him for what he is. Qualities nourished by this stern and sane doctrine die with the withering of belief."

Literature and Art

The New Century and the New Harper's Weekly.

TWO of the oldest and best-known American periodicals—*The Century Magazine* and *Harper's Weekly*—have lately adopted new editors, and new policies are more or less clearly foreshadowed. The changes are significant and provoke explanation. In announcing the new policy of *The Century*, the editor, Robert Sterling Yard, declares:

"There is no escaping the fact that civilization, like the river tumbling and swirling between two lakes, is passing turbulently from the old convention of the last several generations to the unknown, almost unguessable convention of the not distant future. The feminist movement, the uprising of labor, the surging of innumerable socialistic currents, can mean nothing else than the certain readjustment of social levels. The demand of the people for the heritage of the bosses is not short of revolution. The rebellious din of frantic impressionistic groups is nothing if not strenuous protest against a frozen art. . . . The need of the moment is to discover where we are, what is accomplishing about us. Where have all these struggling activities brought us? What have they really done? What do they mean? Whither do they tend?"

Norman Hapgood, in similar vein, avows his intention of making *Harper's Weekly* "progressive" and "the official organ for the feminist movement." The first issues of the *Weekly* under his editorship feature pictures by George Bellows, John Sloan, and other artists whose work has been appearing in *The Masses*, a Socialist monthly.

What the Changing Magazines Indicate.

A FAMOUS novelist and a Western editor have offered explanations of the meaning of the new changes in old-established magazines. "The truth is," according to James Lane Allen, "that American periodical literature is in a state of transition. The old order is breaking down." Dr. Allen adds:

"There is a longevity and a mortality among periodicals. Nothing human can prevent certain

periodicals from running their course to death. If you ask proof of the fact, observe that in no country of the globe can you find more than one or two first-rate periodicals which have long survived. . . . This termination of the life-history of a magazine is not a bad sign. It is a good sign, wholesome in nature and insignificant in proportion. It is a natural process of disclosing a more open field for new periodicals whose primary adaptation must be to the reading world as it exists to-day."

The Denver *Republican* wonders if magazine editors are not too imitative of each other. It says:

"Like play producers and publishers of novels they seek to imitate the one who has made a success along a certain line. Tom Lawson inoculated all the magazine fraternity with fever germs when he shoved the circulation of *Everybody's Magazine* up with his articles on 'Frenzied Finance.' The magazine editors have followed, one by one, until only the old *Atlantic Monthly* is left true to its literary ideals. Even *Harper's Monthly* is running an occasional story with a gasp in it."

But, with editors trying to beat one another in reaching the "unguessable convention of the not distant future,"

is not the public going to tire of it all, asks the *Republican*, and long for an occasional magazine of the purely literary type?

"John Barleycorn."

JACK LONDON shows a new phase of his many-sided talent in the vivid narrative, "John Barleycorn," that has been running in the *Saturday Evening Post* and that now appears with the imprint of the Century Company. The book is a sort of alcoholic autobiography and is classed by several critics with De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium-Eater." Or, as Floyd Dell puts it in the *Chicago Post*, "John Barleycorn" is "the saga of drink, and of all the splendor, perhaps a meretricious splendor, that drink brings into a man's life." Mr. London knows the drinking game as few know it, and he interprets the drinker's psychology with almost uncanny power. He tells the story of his drinking experiences from the time when, as a boy, he indulged too freely in the beer he was carrying to his father in the plowing field, down through his ranching and sailor days to the time when he found that he couldn't grind out his customary thousand words of "copy" in a morning without the help of a cocktail. Mr. London does not claim to have "sworn off" even yet, but he sees very clearly the curse of what he describes. "John Barleycorn," remarks Joyce Kilmer in the *New York Times Review of Books*, "is a distinguished achievement, a book surely destined to a high place in the world's esteem. Whatever may be its value as temperance propaganda, it must at any rate be acknowledged to be an excellent narrative and startlingly real autobiography." Elbert Hubbard writes in the *New York American*:

"The man who strikes a new literary vein is like the man who invents a new dish, and is pretty nearly as unique as one who discovers a new dimension in space. Jack London has done a new thing in his treatment of 'J. Barleycorn.' Rousseau's 'Confessions' and De Quincey's 'Opium-Eater' are classics, and a classic is a thing that never grows old. 'John Barleycorn' is a classic."



A PESSIMISTIC VIEW OF THE PRESENT LITERARY SITUATION

Thus Ryan Walker, in the *Socialist Call*, portrays "the goddess who rules our literature."



SHE IS YOUNG AT EIGHTY-THREE

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, the author of sixty novels and of hundreds of poems and sketches, declares in her new autobiography: "There is a freshness all its own reserved for the aged who have come uphill all the way, and at last found the clearer air."

Youthful Debauchery and
the "White Logic."

MR. LONDON has a theory that the overwhelming majority of young men are so normally non-alcoholic that, if they never had access to liquor, they would never miss it. He says of himself: "I did not care for it. I used to laugh at it. Yet here I am, at the last, with the drinker's desire. It took twenty years to implant that desire; and for ten years that desire has grown. And the effect of satisfying that desire is anything but good." He goes on to indict strong drink not only for leading men into habitual bondage but also as an influence that, in the long run, destroys the desire to live. He attacks it, that is to say, not because of the illusion it creates but because of the illusion it kills.

"To the imaginative man John Barleycorn sends the pitiless spectral syllogisms of the white logic. He looks upon life and its affairs with the jaundiced eyes of a pessimistic German philosopher. He sees through all illusions. He transvalues all values, good is bad, truth is a cheat, and life is a joke. . . . Wife, children, friends—in the clear, white light of his

logic they are exposed as frauds and shams . . . no longer do they fool him. They are miserable little egotisms, like all the other little humans, fluttering their May-fly dance of an hour. They are without freedom. They are puppets of chance. So is he. He realizes that. But there is one difference. He sees, he knows. And he knows his one freedom; he may anticipate the day of his death. All of which is not good for a man who is made to live and love and be loved. Yet suicide, quick or slow, a sudden spill or a gradual oozing away through the years, is the price John Barleycorn exacts. No friend of his ever escapes making the just, due payment."

How Jack London
Proposes to End the Drink
Traffic.

THE upshot of the whole argument is a plea for the suppression of alcohol. As a step toward that end Jack London favors woman suffrage. Men alone, he says, will never have the courage to inaugurate an era of prohibition. But in women a different spirit prevails. "The women are the true conservators of the race. The men are the wastrels, the adventure lovers, the gamblers, and in the end it is by their women that they are saved. About man's first experiment in chemistry was the making of alcohol, and down all the generations to this day man has continued to manufacture and drink it. And there has never been a day when women have not resented man's use of alcohol, though they have never had the power to give weight to their resentment. The moment women get the vote in any community the first thing they proceed to do, or try to do, is to close the saloons. In a thousand generations to come, men of themselves will not close the saloons. As well expect the morphine victims to legislate the sale of morphine out of existence."

All of which elicits from the *Boston Transcript* the comment that "here, as elsewhere, Mr. London is too optimistic, both for the race and for its womankind."

"The Woman Thou
Gavest Me."

THE emotional appeal that distinguishes "John Barleycorn" is no less marked in Hall Caine's latest novel. "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" appeared as a serial in *Heart's Magazine*, and is published in book form by the J. B. Lippincott Company. It has all the flamboyant rhetoric with which we are wont to associate Hall Caine. It is heralded

as his "longest and most powerful" achievement; it is to be translated into nobody knows how many languages; and it has already created something of a *succès de scandale* by reason of the action of the English Libraries' Association in at first excluding it from library circulation. The theme of the story is as old as civilization and is rooted in the conflict between marriage without love and love without marriage. What is a woman to do, Mr. Caine seems to ask, if she finds herself married, practically against her will, to a libertine, and then meets the man who challenges all that is deepest in her nature? Mary O'Neill, the heroine of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," vacillates between husband and hero, and finally gives herself to the latter under conditions that lead to disaster and death.

Hall Caine as a Stylist.

THE stories of Hall Caine, like those of Marie Corelli, are invariably welcomed by thousands of readers and damned by most critics. Mr. Caine, all will admit, is a born story-teller, and he has preeminently the power to communicate his enthusiasm to others. The theatre instinct is his also. One London reviewer, in *The Christian Commonwealth*, calls the new novel "a moral manifesto," and says: "No living writer of fiction is capable of the same sustained, dramatic intensity of feeling that this book reveals." On the other hand, *The Saturday Review* refers to the story as "melodrama dipped in gush and sloppy sentiment"—"a mess for the multitude." The stylistic depths to which Mr. Caine is capable of descending are best conveyed by direct quotation. Here is Martin Conrad apostro-



HAS HE TURNED TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE?

Jack London's latest book is an "alcoholic memoir"—a story of the curse and the fascination of drink.

phizing his native town when his mistress refuses to fly with him:

"Ellan, you are no place for me. I can't bear the sight of you any longer. I used to think you were the dearest spot on earth, because you were the home of her who would follow me to the ends of the earth if I wanted her; but I was wrong. She loves me less than a wretched ceremony, and would sacrifice my happiness to a miserable bit of parchment."

Here is how Mr. Caine works in the sentiment of "Home, Sweet Home":

"Home began to speak to me in soft and entrancing whispers. How my pulses beat, how my nerves tingled! Home! Home! Home! From that dear spot everything seemed to be the same, and everything has something to say to me. What sweet and tender and touching memories!"

The Moral of Hall Caine's Tale.

MR. CAINE is trying to show in "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" the evil of loveless marriage into which young girls are sometimes forced and the injustice of the indissoluble marriage law in such instances. There are few who would dispute the rightness of his feeling. But the heroine of his book is an educated woman, no peasant girl like Hardy's "Tess"; and why, it may well be asked, does she marry the wicked Lord Raa if she "loathes" him, as she says? And why does Martin, her lover, desert her in the great crisis of her life if he is the fine character that Mr. Caine would have us believe him? Point after point in the story ring false and essential verity is sacrificed to saccharine sentiment. "It is the clean unflinching grasp of imaginative reality that is wanting," according to the *London Times*. The same paper comments further:

"Had Mr. Caine given his woman mind as well as clean instincts and a warm heart, his novel would have been strengthened. It is sentiment that wins us to her side; sentiment that makes it possible to understand her rouging and painting her face in hope to win from a despicable rival a despicable husband's lust which she has refused to gratify; sentiment that justifies her in giving herself to her lover and refusing herself to her child's father; and sentiment in *excessis* that bedews the consumptive's grave. Sentiment is a necessity in small quantities; in large it poisons, for it destroys vision, truth, and wisdom. Black's black, white's white in Mr. Caine's novel—the not every one will agree that he has here impeccably distinguished between them—and a little experience teaches us that humanity is more or less a middle of greys. Pawn against pawn—libertine Lord Raa against the raw hero of the South Pole, Martin Conrad—"The Woman Thou Gavest Me" is a game of chess, not of life. And tho' 'All lost for love' may be a tragic *dénouement* in a world of the tepid, Mr. Caine too deftly juggles with his theme."

A Novel Against Marriage Based Only on Love.

IF HALL CAINE'S novel asserts the supremacy of love over marriage, a new story, entitled "Stephanie," by Paul Adam, the well-known French writer, may be said to teach the supremacy of marriage over love. The book, which is one of the literary successes of the year in Paris, attacks almost savagely the "crass selfishness" of men and women who marry for love against family interests. M. Adam makes family claims paramount and says that novelists from Molière's time have done society almost irreparable injury by lauding selfish heroes and heroines who sacrifice traditions of family honor, patriotism and civic duty merely for marriages which have gratified immediate passion. In his story, M. Adam sketches a man, wealthy, honored and gifted, who is torn between motives of love and a sense of obligation to his sisters and their families. Duty triumphs. But the note of disillusionment on which the book ends goes a long way toward counteracting the influence of the author's previous arguments in favor of the superior claims of the family. "Stephanie," says a Paris correspondent of the *New York Times*, "is not likely to win public support."

"The Fear of Living."

ANOTHER French novel with a conservative message is Henri Bordeaux's "Fear of Living." It was first published in 1902, and went through thirty-eight editions. It has been crowned by the French Academy, and now appears in English translation (Dutton). The distinguished French critic, René Doumic, calls it "a new and daring departure." Hildegard Hawthorne, in the *New York Times Review of Books*, says: "Here is a book as unlike the accepted idea of a French novel as an honest barnyard fowl is different from a jay or a cuckoo." Mostly it is the story of an old-fashioned mother who loses her money; is buffeted by life; but who draws strength and spiritual fiber from her very misfortunes. She is a colossus of character among vain hedonists who take always the easiest way, the course of self-indulgence. She holds her children and all with whom she associates up to higher standards of duty. "She is a great, bracing influence," William Marion Reedy comments in the *St. Louis Mirror*, "on any reader." He adds:

"The 'fear of living'—a phrase of 'too much love of living'—is just what's the matter with most people. We don't want to taste life to the full. We want all the honey, none of the gall. Our pity for others is a luxury. Our sympathy springs from the fact that the pain of others hurts us. We don't want to suffer for what we



Hall Caine 1913

THE AUTHOR OF THE MOST DISCUSSED NOVEL OF THE HOUR

Hall Caine's new story of a wicked lord and of a heroine "more sinned against than sinning" pleases the masses, but is damned by the critics.

get and we grow flaccid, fooling ourselves with lies. We are softened to a mush and do not even think for fear thinking will hurt us. All this the story drives home. And it's true in art, in economics, in politics. We don't face facts. We want them sugared or gilded. We are gilded as to will and we avoid the hard, ugly, bitter things until, when we can dodge them no more, we are unfit to tackle them and go to pieces. 'The Fear of Living' blows the mind clear of all bastard sentiment, and makes room for sound thought and genuine sympathy. This gospel works for self-sustenance and it demolishes the current theory that we can be coddled into happiness. It fits us for life on those terms of life which are ultimately ineluctable."

Amelia Barr's Powerful Autobiography.

WHEN M. Bordeaux wrote his story he must have had in mind some such woman as Amelia E. Barr, whose new autobiography, "All the Days of My Life" (Appleton), is declared by the critics to be more interesting than any purely imaginative record in the long list of her publications. Mrs. Barr tells us that, after her husband's death in 1868, she found herself, with her three daughters, in New York, practically penniless. She tried keeping a boarding house and teaching, but in neither was she successful. Then she started, with infinite patience, to write, and in course of time she made connections with such papers as the *New York Ledger* and the *Christian Union*. She gives us delightful pen pictures of Robert Bonner, Lyman Abbott, Henry Ward Beecher, and other pioneer editors. Her victory as a woman, her

success as a writer, Dr. Henry Van Dyke has said, were won "through faith." She tells us herself:

"It is the sentimental among men who conquer: it is the men steeped in religious thought and aspiration who do things. Whatever the scientists may say, if we take the supernatural out of life, we leave only the unnatural. But science is the magical word of the day, and sci-

tists too often profess to doubt whether we have a soul for one life, not to speak of a multitude of lives. 'There is no proof,' they cry. No proof! No proof of the soul's existence? Neither is there any proof of the existence of the mind. But the mind bores tunnels and builds bridges and conceived aviation. And the soul can recreate a creature of clay, and of the most animal instincts. Religion is life, not science.

"I have lived among 'things unseen' as well as seen, always nursing in my heart that sweet promise of the times of restitution. Neither is the fire of youth dead, it glows within, rather than flames without—that is all. And there is a freshness, all its own, reserved for the aged who have come uphill all the way, and at last found the clearer air, the serener solitudes of those heights beyond the fret and stir of the restless earth."

THE NEWLY DISCOVERED LETTERS OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË—A LITERARY SENSATION

A MOST sensational literary "scoop" recently made by the *London Times* was the publication of four letters, supposed to have been destroyed, written by Charlotte Brontë to Professor Constantin Heger, whom she immortalized as "Paul Emanuel" in "*Villette*," and with whom it has long been contended she was in love. On the day previous to the appearance of these letters, a preliminary announcement, full of mystery, attracted public attention. "The workings of curiosity," as Bernard Shaw's paper, *The New Statesman*, remarked, "were fomented by the *Evening News*, a bough of the same journalistic tree as that of which the *Times* is the chief branch, which came out with an article indulging in speculations on the subject. Was the Byron mystery to be unveiled? Were we at last to hear the truth about Swift and Stella?" Thoroughly roused, the public bought its *Times*, to find four more letters of Charlotte Brontë—letters "whose intimate personal note should have protected the

writer" in the opinion of *The Academy*, "from impertinent curiosity."

Three of the letters had been torn up, probably by Professor Heger, and then carefully repaired with thin strips of paper and cotton thread, possibly by the hand of Madame Heger, whose "purely episodic jealousy," to quote May Sinclair, "and habits of surveillance and small inscrutabilities" will go down in literature as the perfidies of "Madame Beck." It was reserved, however, for Madame Heger's son, Dr. Paul Heger of Brussels, and an English journalist, Mr. Marion H. Spielmann, to present these sad relics to the British Museum as a fitting contribution to the approaching centenary of Charlotte Brontë, having first supplied "about half the newspapers of the world" with a sensation.

A "passionate poem," alleged to have been written by Charlotte Brontë and dated 1843, just prior to the writing of the letters, appeared simultaneously in a pink sheet. The *Saturday Review* compliments the Professor on not permitting her "intellectual passion a chance of being anything else," and *The Athenæum* notes approvingly that Professor Heger, "a man happily married, took no advantage of Miss Brontë's confessions."

The New Witness, Cecil Chesterton's clever weekly, calls attention to an aspect of the case which seems to have been overlooked by others. The right of publishing all Charlotte Brontë's letters, it informs us, belongs to her heirs or assignees. "M. Heger and his heirs and assignees had property in nothing but the mere paper on which the poor soul wrote the words. . . . It is conceivable that M. Heger *fil*s has obtained the permission of Miss Brontë's heirs or assignees, in which case what to some appears an infamy beside which that of grave-robbing is a venial offense, must be shared by them." *The Academy* expresses its disapproval quite as strongly:

"Professor Heger clearly thought the letters of which he, as the addressee, was the owner should not be read by any third person, and it is stated that he tore the sheets in pieces. It is now said that these pieces were collected and pasted to-

gether so as to make a legible whole. We have heard of procedure such as this on the part of a blackmailing servant, but that persons of a different class and possessed of literary pretensions should have recourse to such a practice passes our comprehension, and deserves and receives our severe reprobation. We regret that the authorities of the British Museum should allow the national storehouse to be the recipient of the correspondence."

Dr. Paul Heger, in a letter to Mr. Spielmann published in the *London Times*, takes pains to state: "Doubtless my parents played an important part in the life of Ch. B., but she did not enter into theirs." And Mr. Spielmann notes: "So little real importance did the recipient apparently attach to these letters, so little did he seem to recognize the true ring of their piteous appeal (except righteously, no doubt, to reprove the writer as '*exaltée*'), that in the margin of the last he has jotted odd pencil notes: still legible on it are the name and addresses of a Brussels shoemaker." Nothing could exceed the indifference of M. Heger père, according to these gentlemen.



THE VICTIM OF A TRAGIC PASSION

Charlotte Brontë is revealed in newly published letters as having cherished unreciprocated affection for her Brussels teacher, Professor Constantin Heger.



CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S TEACHER

Professor Constantin Heger refused to respond to impassioned letters from Charlotte Brontë. He is immortalized as "Paul Emanuel" in "*Villette*."



"ONE SUFFERS IN SILENCE AS LONG AS ONE HAS THE STRENGTH TO DO SO."

The first photograph of a letter written to Constantin Heger by Charlotte Brontë. Professor Heger presumably destroyed the letter, and his wife is said to have restored it to its present scarred and mutilated condition. The document is owned by the British Museum.

If we turn, however, to May Sinclair's penetrating and wonderful book on the Brontës,* we find the situation presented in quite a different light. "It is the way of genius to look after itself," writes Miss Sinclair. "In spite of obstacles, Charlotte Brontë's took hold of every man and woman that crossed and barred its path, and ultimately it avenged itself on Monsieur and on Madame Heger. Those two were made for peaceful, honorable, conjugal obscurity; but it was their luck to harbor a half-fledged and obstructed genius in their Pensionnat, a genius thirsting for experience; and somehow, between them, they contrived to make it suffer. . . . Monsieur's case is pitiful; for he was kind and well-meaning, and he was fond of Charlotte; and yet, because of Charlotte, there is no peace for him where he has gone. Her genius has done with him, but her ghost, like some malign and awful destiny, pursues him." We would add that it now appears as if the ghost of Madame Heger were as malignly pursuing Charlotte Brontë.

Madame Heger "accused the dead Charlotte," according to Miss Sinclair, "of an absurd and futile passion for her husband; she stated that she had had to advise the living Charlotte to moderate the ardor of her admiration for the Professor." The truth may well have been that Madame was jealous. M. Heger confessed as much when he asked Charlotte to address her letters to him at the *Athénée Royale* instead

of the Pensionnat. The correspondence, he said, was disagreeable to his wife. Gossip in England and in Brussels has rested for years, Miss Sinclair remarks further, "on certain feline hints supplied by Madame Heger and her family." They appear to culminate in the present publication of these letters. It is a relief to learn that all the other Brontë documents in the possession of M. Paul Heger are of "a very secondary interest."

The four letters are written in French with the exception of an English postscript attached to the last one. They contain tragic passion, as May Sinclair, who has hitherto denied its existence, now admits in a letter to the *London Times*. At the same time she points out (and even the pinkest newspaper sentimentalist appears to agree with her) "the tragedy and the passion are of a quality such as the average man and woman cannot experience or very well understand. It is all utterly innocent, utterly unsensual." Charlotte Brontë possessed what Miss Sinclair describes as a genius for friendship. She could write love letters to another woman. She loved her sister Emily as it is given very few sisters in this world to be loved. She loved and respected her only professor, M. Constantin Heger; and far from being "indifferent" to his extraordinary pupil, M. Heger gave her books, friendship, literary stimulus. He raged in anger when she wanted to leave Brussels. But when she was back at Haworth, he thought it discreet to withdraw his contribution to the correspondence which Mr. Spielmann describes as an "appar-

ently unilateral" one. It was not within the nature of Charlotte Brontë to endure such treatment without a protest, therefore the "Brontëque" torrent of letters, the torn pieces, paste-pot and thread, Heger hints, and that "religious preservation" of the manuscripts which are now presented to the British Museum as literary curiosities. The *London Nation* interprets the psychology of the case as follows:

"Unhappy and ill-educated is the man or woman who cannot remember some teacher of so gracious or dominating a personality that the task of learning was raised to an enthusiasm, and it seemed easy to do anything if only one might win approval, or simply obey. Add the unrealized and subconscious power of sex. Put a woman of Charlotte Brontë's sensitiveness, appreciation of intellect, and loneliness of heart under a personality both gracious and dominating as her teacher's was; or, for that matter, put a boy under a woman of similar charm and power, and there will result something very much like the passionate devotion which here and there breaks through the deliberate covering of these letters. Allow what you will for the intensified feeling, the magnifying power of a woman of genius; nevertheless, the root of the matter, the personal devotion to an inspired and almost holy teacher, will remain the same.

"Well remembering the power of that devotion, we see no reason in these letters to imagine more. We do not think their passion in the least exaggerated or sexual in the ordinary sense, or even very unusual. . . . Undoubtedly, solitary grief and sickness had much to do with the passionate appeals in Charlotte Brontë's letters for her master's continued sympathy

* THE THREE BRONTËS. Houghton Mifflin Company.

and friendship. But if we must call them semi-defrimum, who, in like circumstances, has been so insensate as to be sane?"

We quote in conclusion the third and most "Brontëque" of the letters. It was evidently written at the time when Professor Heger had decided to discontinue a correspondence which could result only in domestic disturbances:

"Mr. Taylor has returned. I asked him if he had a letter for me. 'No; nothing.' 'Patience,' said I—'his sister will be here soon.' Miss Taylor has returned. 'I have nothing for you from Monsieur Heger,' says she; 'neither letter nor message.'

"Having realized the meaning of these words, I said to myself what I should say to another similarly placed: 'You must be resigned, and above all do not grieve at a misfortune which you have not deserved.' I strove to restrain my tears, to utter no complaint.

"But when one does not complain, when one seeks to dominate oneself with a tyrant's grip, the faculties start into rebellion and one pays for external calm with an internal struggle that is almost unbearable.

"Day and night I find neither rest nor peace. If I sleep I am disturbed by tormenting dreams in which I see you, always severe, always grave, always incensed against me.

"Forgive me then, Monsieur, if I adopt the course of writing to you again. How can I endure life if I make no effort to ease its sufferings?

"I know that you will be irritated when you read this letter. You will say once more that I am hysterical (or neurotic)—that I have black thoughts, &c. So be it, Monsieur; I do not seek to justify myself; I submit to every sort of reproach. All I know is, that I cannot, that I will not, resign myself to lose wholly the friendship of my master. I would rather suffer the greatest physical pain than always have my heart lacerated by smarting regrets. If my master withdraws his friendship from me entirely, I shall be altogether without hope; if he gives me a little—just a little—I shall be satisfied—happy; I shall have a reason for living on, for working.

"Monsieur, the poor have not need of much to sustain them—they ask only for the crumbs that fall from the rich men's table. But if they are refused the crumbs they die of hunger. Nor do I, either, need much affection from those I love. I should not know what to do with a

friendship entire and complete—I am not used to it. But you showed me of yore a little interest, when I was your pupil in Brussels, and I hold on to the maintenance of that little interest—I hold on to it as I would hold on to life.

"You will tell me perhaps—I take not the slightest interest in you, Mademoiselle Charlotte. You are no longer an inmate of my House; I have forgotten you."

"Well, Monsieur, tell me so frankly. It will be a shock to me. It matters not. It would be less dreadful than uncertainty.

"I shall not re-read this letter. I send it as I have written it. Nevertheless, I have a hidden consciousness that some people, cold and common-sense, in reading it would say—'She is talking nonsense.' I would avenge myself on such persons in no other way than by wishing them one single day of the torments which I have suffered for eight months. We should then see if they would not talk nonsense too.

"One suffers in silence so long as one has the strength to do so, and when that strength gives out one speaks without too carefully measuring one's words.

"I wish Monsieur happiness and prosperity. C. B.
"Jany 18th. Haworth. Bradford, Yorkshire."

A GREAT ARTISTIC INTERPRETER OF THE FROZEN NORTH

ALASKA and the lands of the Midnight Sun have found memorable representation in the paintings of Leonard M. Davis. Alike in the East and in the West, Mr. Davis's reputation is growing. When his pictures were shown last year in Seattle, *The Daily Times* of that city published an editorial extolling him as "one of America's masters of the brush." David Paul, the art-critic of the same paper, called him

"the first great and truthful interpreter of our far Northern scenery." Mr. O. L. Dickeson, President of the White Pass and Yukon Railway, was so impressed that he started a fund with which it is hoped to acquire ten of Mr. Davis's canvases, to be hung on the walls of the Washington State Art Association's gallery. Gov. Walter E. Clark, of Alaska, declared that the paintings "fairly breathe the spirit of the North," and predicted that they

would be viewed by future generations as an interesting and valuable record. At a more recent exhibition, in the Natural History Museum in New York, Mr. Davis's work has had an equally friendly reception. The *New York Evening Post* compares his coloring with that of J. M. W. Turner; and the *New York Herald* says: "Some of the sketches he exhibits were done twenty degrees below zero. Here and there the foreground is still frozen up, and one feels impelled to hunt up a spirit lamp and set it to running. The brilliant canvas he has completed of a sunrise has a way of lighting up its surroundings. It is well worth a trip to see."

Mr. Davis's career has been, from the first, exceptional and romantic. He was born in Winchendon, Mass., in 1864. When he was eight years old he moved to New York. His first art studies were in connection with the Art Students' League; but in 1889 he was able to go to Paris and to take lessons from Benjamin Constant, Laurens and Lefebvre at the famous Julian Academy.

Returning to New York in 1896, he was confronted by the problem that almost every artist has to face, namely, the difficulty of self-support during formative years. Many artists solve the problem by creating "pot boilers." Mr. Davis conceived a much more daring and original plan. He decided



IN ALASKAN WILDS

A typical painting by Leonard M. Davis. Mr. Davis excels in the portrayal of towering mountains and of the mystery and serenity that hang about the flitting aurora borealis.

to go to Alaska and try his luck as a miner. In this way he hoped to win the money that would give him financial security.

Friends scoffed at the idea of combining miner and artist, but Mr. Davis was not deterred. It took him just three days to pack up his belongings, dispose of most of his property, say good-by to his friends, and start for Alaska. Eight others went with him. They entered the country by the "Outside" or Bering Sea route, landing at St. Michaels. They then went up the Yukon as far as Anvik, where their partnership was dissolved. During the winter of 1898 Mr. Davis walked six hundred miles toward the interior to Rampart. He was soon able to buy land fronting Hunter's Creek. With his own hands he dammed the creek in such a manner as to render possible the first hydraulic plant installed on the American Yukon. With his own hands he built three bridges. With his own hands he set up two cabins—a "country house" near Hunter's Creek, gay with brilliant-hued wild blossoms, and a "town house" at Rampart City.

For six years he remained in Alaska. Gold came to him in abundance. Artistic inspiration came, too, and subjects all about him clamored for representation. The wonderful streams, the majestic glaciers, the towering mountains, the weird and mystic northern lights, the snow, the tundra and the trail, all furnished material for his art. "He has produced the living embodiment of the scenes he has portrayed," observes Mr. Paul, of the *Seattle Times*, "and his pictures exhale an atmosphere ray of the soil whose products are the scenic masterpieces of the Almighty Creator." The *Dawson Daily News* comments:

"Davis is the only real artist for the great big sketches—the grasp of magnificent distances, and prodigious heights and stretches—that ever came into Yukon. Others have come here content with working the little details of nooks, single objects and minor beauties or novelties. But Mr. Davis comes looking above and over all this. He best expresses it himself:

"I have struggled," says Mr. Davis, "for the snap, and the atmosphere, for the spirit of things as they are—for the true impression of the scenic wonders of the North, for the greater glory of Yukon and Alaska."

"Mr. Davis finds that it is not alone the object rising in the form of a mountain; it is not alone the lake, the river or the vale, the glacier, the cloud-capped summit or the pearls of the Rockies ranging at a distance. It is more. It takes in all these, and it includes the metaphysical, the psychic, the psychological; the atmosphere which accompanies each scene under the stress of storm, the splendor of midday sun, the enchantment of midnight sun, the mystery and sorcery that hangs about the fitting

aurora borealis, the glory that intensifies the Arctic rainbow—the great big something that intensifies everything Northern and makes it stand out, distinctively impressive, bold, impelling, flamboyant—so bold that it is only the Yukon and Alaska which can be the subject of such daring execution."

Foreground detail, the same paper goes on to point out, is not appealing to Mr. Davis. "He takes the long view of nature as seen in her more majestic dimensions and her more bewitching robes of color tints." Moreover: "He has pigment manipulation beyond skill. He carries it into a mysterious conjury. His Aurora in its weird glory, his storms in the Wrangel Narrows, his mountain sketches along the White Pass or down the Yukon, his distant sketches of Mt. McKinley, his pictures of the sear October, the vernal spring and the abundant summer days tell that his limning is not in vain. His sunsets embrace a gorgeousness in color which is astonishing; and his sunrises are symphonies."

The *Boston Transcript* is equally enthusiastic in its appreciation of Mr. Davis's work:

"The novelty of color and subject matter of these unknown Northern landscapes have captivated a certain section of the public that is always eager to welcome whatever is different from the general run of things. And Mr. Davis knows his field so well, is so thoroly saturated with the grandeur and glamor of his unusual subject that his rendering of it carries more conviction than would the work of an abler painter less familiar with the country depicted. There is something of the stark truthfulness and natural dramatic quality of an uncouth narrative in these portraits of 'The Palisades of the Yukon,' of far stretches of inland water, of sunset skies that burn with the iridescent fires of a black opal, exhausting the painter's palette and dazzling the eyes of the spectator like some surprisingly contrived Belasco setting.

"There is much that is theatrical in these paintings and nature evidently suppresses the most spectacular stage effects ever invented by the most daring producer of 'naturalistic' effects behind the footlights. Nevertheless, the impression made upon one by these paintings is rather more what one would receive in



THE FIRST AMERICAN PAINTER TO MAKE A REPUTATION IN ALASKA

Leonard Davis became a miner and built bridges and cabins in order to fulfill his ambitions as an artist.

the presence of nature herself than in the presence of art, which is due to an entire absence of all the usual artifice that one expects and generally finds in pictures.

"The technical means employed to achieve his effects is of the simplest; a palette knife suffices for all his needs and the result is correspondingly large and flowing; the stratification of the rocks, the mirror-like surface of wide expanses of water, the no less expansive and unbroken vault of the sky, are all well rendered by their very simple and direct means, while the color has a certain purity and brilliancy which Mr. Davis might not realize if he were using brushes."

Mr. Davis himself, in explaining his technical method, declares: "The finer the material the greater its vibration, and the simpler the method of application, the greater the control over the expression of spirituality. To me, the exclusive use of the palette knife in applying oil colors—makes it possible to obtain simplicity of treatment, and a uniformity of color values having a higher vibratory action than is possible with the brushes, which imply multiplicity, thereby expressing a higher spiritual sense, which is the goal of the true artist, rather than the making of pictures."

RECENT POETRY

AS WE have remarked once or twice before, choosing the right kind of a subject is at least half of the battle in writing a poem. A reviewer in the London *Academy* makes some observations along the same line:

"In the appraising of poetry we may bring many tests. Thus the pedant may judge it on the score of technical excellence alone; the youth would value it chiefly for its pervierv emotion or high ecstasy; while the artist would look most for compelling beauty and a fine fitness of phrase. All these tests have a certain validity, but they may be used in the course of this review; but there is another which, tho at first sight it may not seem to be of great importance, is nevertheless as scarching as any of them—the *subject* of the poet. What does he sing about? Such a question cuts deep into the heart of his emotion, penetrates to the very springs of his inspiration. In his choice of a theme is he striving to escape from his age? Or is he facing his times, and singing bravely of and to them? In this matter the poet's charter is one of unfettered freedom, and we cannot blame one who chooses to create his own dream-world or to revivify an ancient beauty. Yet such a proceeding is almost like a confession of weakness—an admission that poetry is not the unafraid and mighty power it has been represented to be by the masters of song."

But the most important point is not whether the subject is new or old, but whether the vision of the poet is new or old—whether he is seeing it at first-hand, or whether he is seeing it through the medium of books and poems written by others. In the latter case, the result may have perfection of form, beauty of phrase and all that, but it will lack vitality.

The following poem, from the *English Review*, is not notably great; but the subject itself gives a grip to the poem and makes it worth while:

AN OLD BOOT IN A DITCH.

By T. P. CAMERON WILSON.

THERE is an epic of the winding path
That might be sung by you—
Mornings when Earth came glowing
from her bath
And shook her drowsy laughter into dew,
And little ways your younger brothers
made
Went up the hills and danced into the
blue,
Noons when the great sun hammered out
a blare
Upon the silent anvil of the downs,
And in divine inconsequence you strayed
Over the hill kings, with their bramble-
crowns
And saw, across the meadow-patterned
plain,
The far still smoke of little valley towns.

And evenings, when the Earth gave
thanks for rain,
And all the washen soil of her did seem:
Sweeter than little children who have lain
All night among the roses of a dream;
And great white clouds went up the stairs
of God
And gnats danced out above the misty
stream.

Yet most, I think, the broad high road you
trod
Would weave its marching splendor with
your song—
The weariness that held the feet you shod,
The weariness that makes all roads too
long,
Until the spirit trails its beaten wings
And finds the whole earth given to the
strong.

And all the thousand crushed and broken
things
Whose hope has snapped beneath the feet
of Gold
Peer upward through the dust His pass-
ing flings
And see Him watch the hopeless road un-
fold—
Staring across the passion at His feet
With yellow eyes that glitter, and are
cold.

It is not so, but when our spirits meet
Old Weariness, with his rust-eaten knife,
There is no corner of our house kept
sweet
That is not trampled bloody by the strife,
Until with hungry fingers he lays bare
A rawness hidden in the quick of life.

It is not so. In your green silence there
You see the world pass like a lean old
witch,
You watch the stars at night, and you may
share
That small, fierce love wherein the soil is
rich,
And know that half the gifts of God are
won
By centepedes and fairies in the ditch.

"An Old Boot in a Ditch" is a new
subject and "The Housewife" is a very
old subject. But Miss Morgan, in writ-
ing for *The Designer*, on the latter sub-
ject, sees it in a new light and gives
us something fresh, intense and virile:

THE HOUSEWIFE.

By ANGELA MORGAN.

IT is she who makes ready the army
when the day is at hand,
When the bugle of labor is blowing
its mighty command,
Oh, fierce are the feet of the workers who
answer the call,
But swifter and fiercer the toil that hath
weaponed them all.
Do we boast of their brawn? Do we
trumpet the cause of the fighter
Who marches at rise of the sun?
Lo! look to the woman! The heat of her
labor is whiter!
Ere the work of the world has begun

She is up, and her banners are flying from
yard and from alley,
The roofs are a-flutter with eloquent
streamers of snow,
Oh, not for a moment her passionate fin-
gers may dally,
Till the soldier is shod and is fed and
made ready to go.

Oh, weary the heart of the host when the
battle is done,
But the woman is laboring still with the
set of the sun.
Does the worker return? She is able and
eager with bread,
Does he faint? There is cheer for his
soul and delight for his head,
Do we trumpet our gain? Do we sing of
our land and its thunder
Of factory, quarry and mill?
Lo! look to the woman! Her love, it
hath compassed the wonder,
And the army swings on at her will.
For hers is the whip, and her spur is the
fighter's salvation—
In the strength of Jehovah she comes.
Her faith is the sword and her thrift is
the shield of the nation,
And her courage is greater than drums.

March, march, march, to your victories,
O Man!
Fight, fight, fight, as you've fought since
time began,
But she who hath wed you and fed you
and sped you,
Fulfilling Eternity's laws,
It is she who hath soldiered the Cause!

It has been said of Tennyson's lyric,
"Tears, Idle Tears," that not one per-
son in three on first reading it dis-
covers that it is blank verse. Similarly
one is apt to read Bliss Carman's poem
in the *Smart Set* without noting—so
perfect is its music—the absence of
rhyme:

A MOUNTAIN GATEWAY.

By BLISS CARMAN.

I KNOW a vale where I would go one
day,
When June comes back and all the
world once more
Is glad with summer. Deep with shade it
lies,
A mighty cleft in the green bosoming
hills,
A cool, dim gateway to the mountains'
heart.

On either side the wooded slopes come
down,
Hemlock and beech and chestnut; here
and there
Through the deep forest laurel spreads
and gleams,
Pink-white as Daphne in her loveliness—
That still perfection from the world with-
drawn,
As if the wood gods had arrested there
Immortal beauty in her breathless flight.

Far overhead against the arching blue
Gray ledges overhang from dizzy heights,

Scarred by a thousand winters and untamed.

The road winds in from the broad river-lands,
Luring the happy traveler turn by turn,
Up to the lofty mountains of the sky.

And where the road runs in the valley's foot,
Through the dark woods the mountain stream comes down,
Singing and dancing all its youth away
Among the boulders and the shallow runs,
Where sunbeams pierce and mossy tree trunks hang,
Drenched all day long with murmuring sound and spray.

There, light of heart and footfree, I would go
Up to my home among the lasting hills,
And in my cabin doorway sit me down,
Companioned in that leafy solitude
By the wood ghosts of twilight and of peace.

And in that sweet seclusion I should hear,
Among the cool-leaved beeches in the dusk,
The calm-voiced thrushes at their evening hymn—
So undistraught, so rapturous, so pure,
It well might be, in wisdom and in joy,
The seraphs singing at the birth of time
The unworn ritual of eternal things.

There is a strong appeal to the imagination in Cale Young Rice's poem in *The Century*. It opens up a new world, so to speak, and you go on thinking poems of your own after you have finished reading his:

SUBMARINE MOUNTAINS.

By CALE YOUNG RICE.

UNDER the sea, which is their sky,
they rise
To watery altitudes as vast as those
Of far Himalayan peaks impent in snows,
And veils of cloud and sacred deep repose.
Under the sea, their flowing firmament,
More dark than any ray of sun can pierce,
The earthquake thrust them up with mighty tierce,
And left them to be seen but by the eyes
Of awed imagination inward bent.

Their vegetation is the viscid ooze,
Whose mysteries are past belief or thought,
Creation seems around them devil-wrought,
Or by some cosmic urgency gone distraught.
A-down their precipices, chill and dense
With the dank midnight, creep or crawl or climb
Such tentacled and eyeless things of slime,
Such monster shapes as tempt us to accense
Life of a miscreative impotence.

About their peaks the shark, their eagle, floats
In the thick azure far beneath the air,

Or downward sweeps upon what prey may dare
Set forth from any silent, weedy lair.
But one desire on all their slopes is found,
Desire of food, the awful hunger strife;
Yet here, it may be, was begun our life,
Here all the dreams on which our vision dotes
In unevolved obscurity were bound.

Too strange it is, too terrible! And yet
It matters not how we were wrought,
or whence
Life came to us with all its throb intense,
If in it is a Godly Immanence.
It matters not,—if haply we are more
Than creatures half conceived by a blind force
That sweeps the universe in a chance course:
For only in Unmeaning Might is met
The intolerable thought none can ignore.

We like the following from *The Forum*. But that doesn't prove anything. We have "got the habit" of liking everything Mr. Bynner writes, and if he ever is guilty of publishing drivel we fully expect to disgrace ourselves by admiring that:

A PRAYER FOR BEAUTY.

By WITTER BYNNER.

GIVE her such beauty of body and mind
As the leaves of an aspen-tree
When they vary from silver to green in the wind,
And who shall be lovely as she?
Then give her the favor of harking to love
As the heart of a wood to the call of a dove!
And give her the beauty of following free
As the cloud in the sky or a wave in the sea!
Give her such purity vivid with light
As the wonder of passion can be,
Aware in the day and rapt in the night,
And none shall be lovely as she!
O give her the fortune a lover may find
In the sharing of beauty of body and mind,
The paramount beauty of giving, that she
May immortally give it!—but give her
to me!

Mr. Markham is becoming quite Japanese in the brevity of his poems. He takes a single thought, as the Japanese take a single flower, and puts it in a beautiful verbal vase, and it delights you somehow more than a nosegay would. This is from *The Nautilus*:

THE PLACE OF PEACE.

By EDWIN MARKHAM.

AT THE heart of the cyclone tearing
the sky
And flinging the clouds and the towers by,
Is a place of central calm:
So here in the roar of mortal things,
I have a place where my spirit sings,
In the hollow of God's Palm.

There is something gruesome in the keys of a piano as they move untouched, in swift succession, responsive to the subtle influence of a pianoplayer. That is where Mr. Updegraff finds a new subject, and a very good one, for his striking poem in *The Forum*:

THE GHOST AT THE PIANO.

By ALLAN UPDEGRAFF.

WHAT master's fingers are on those keys?
Chopin, of course, first dreamed and played
And out of his magical mad brain made
The moon-and-starlight witcheries
That enfold us now: but look at the breeze
That quivers over the ivories!
Has the great man's ghost not been well laid
That it comes back here into times like these,
Revealing itself as a wind to the trees?

Of course:—a wire, that box over there
Our hostess holds, an electric spark,
And the music follows: but watch those keys
Tremble and dance in the dim half-dark
That the flickering golden downward flare
Of the hooded candles gathers where
A player might bend at his mysteries.

The hooded candles on either side,
In the dusk between—the wraith of a man!
The man himself, who lived and died
So hard, so soon,—yet's glorified
By encompassing in his narrow span
Worlds that the best of us never can!
A little imagination,—and there
Is the long black coat with its graceful curves,
The high white neck-cloth, the crisp brown hair,
The high-held long bold head above—
But it bent too low at George Sand's love!

Look thro' his misty back at his hands,
The long white fingers like naked nerves
Flying to carry his soul's commands,
Feeling the way for the dips and swerves
Of his dream, his dream, his hope and pain—
The fiend at his throat, the god in his brain,—
And each resolution wails "In vain!"

Now the lights go up, and all is changed.
A Chopin nocturne in the gloom!
A good conceit—it is well arranged:
There's a buzz of pleasure about the room.
The auto-piano deserves all praise—
It's a splendid thing in its gilt and glaze!
And Chopin's ghost is out in the snow
Cooling with Keats, McDowell, and Poe—
Prometheans burned that we might glow!

Dead, now, these—million years or so.

THE SEAMSTRESS—THE STORY OF A WOMAN WHO UNDERSTOOD

We tell the following story, or sketch, from the pages of *The Masses*. Its author is Adriana Spadoni, who is one of that numerous band of Californians who have carried the spirit of romance from the metropolis of the Pacific coast to the metropolis of the Atlantic coast, and are giving it expression in all sorts of artistic ways. There is deep pathos in this sketch, but it is a pathos that ennobles—the pathos of voluntary self-sacrifice.

THE woman laid down the skirt she was binding and listened. The street door below closed, someone went into the front room, and then shuffling feet came up the stairs.

"Are ye in? It's yur friend."

The shuffling feet went down again.

The woman rose, folded the skirt neatly, and crossing to the curtained corner took a black jacket from a hook behind and a small black hat from the shelf above. Before she put on the hat she tightened her coil of auburn hair and picked a few loose threads from her black merino waist. She had soft, helpless hands spattered with light freckles. The black jacket was too tight and gaped in front. Above it her face looked larger and paler than before, as if it had been compressed upward. The eyes, with much close sewing, were slightly red about the lids and tiny red veins netted the eyeballs. When she was ready she pulled the window down from the top, drew the blind that no one might look in across the narrow lightwell, looked the door, and put the key in her stocking.

As she entered the front room below a man got up quickly from the shabby sofa in the corner. He was a tall man with military shoulders. He looked as if he should have been in uniform.

"I was afraid you might not be in," he said nervously, and the hand he held out trembled, altho it was a strong hand, bony and well shaped.

"No, I've been working at home all day."

"Then you need a breath of air." He tried to smile naturally, but his lips twitched and he seemed in a hurry to get out.

"This air is enough to choke anyone," he said impatiently as they stood for a moment in the narrow hall while the woman buttoned a pair of gray cotton gloves. "Does she cook cabbage all the time?"

"Most of the time, I reckon. Unless it's the odor of the original one in the air yet." The man snickered a little less nervously and held the door open in the manner of a man accustomed to such service. At the foot of the front steps he turned to her.

"Have you any preference?"

"Anywhere. It really doesn't make any difference."

HE HESITATED a moment and then, turning sharply to the left, began climbing the steep hill before them. It was cold, with a cheerless gray mist creeping farther and farther in among the gray wooden houses. The man shiv-

ered a little, and she tried without his noticing it to button the three gaping buttons.

Block after block they walked without speaking. The man's mood dictated the silence, but there was no embarrassment in it. From time to time she glanced at him, as if looking for a sign, and glanced away again without having said anything. The man stared ahead, his dark, lean face set, as if the muscles had been worn away by nervous friction. At last the sky grew darker and a dull red glow of the city's lights spread through the low-hanging fog. The man turned.

"I didn't think it would come so soon again," he said in a weak, petulant voice. "It's not more than three weeks, is it?"

"Almost four. Three and five days."

The man shrugged wearily. "What's the good, Kathie, I can't do it."

The woman laid her hand on his arm. "Yes, you can," she said softly, and there was something in her voice like the ring of a finely toned bell. "You're better, lots better than last year."

"Kathie, I'm not worth it." The man looked at her with tired, discouraged eyes. "It's got too strong a hold."

"Let's go and have something to eat." She spoke cheerfully. "I was so busy today I didn't have time to stop for lunch."

They walked on again, silent as before. At last they came to a restaurant whose swinging electric sign cut the darkness of the block.

"I guess this will do?"

He nodded, and they went in.

AS THE officious waiter dropped the red velvet curtain of the small private box behind them, he winked at a fellow worker. The other returned the wink. "Poor fellow, madam has the face of squash." When the first waiter took in the tea and toast and strong black coffee that had been ordered, there was under the professional indifference in his eyes a faint shadow of curiosity.

The woman broke the toast delicately with her plump, freckled hands, and ate in that indescribable way of a person used to the proper thing. In the same indescribable way the man drank the strong black coffee from the thick cup. When it was almost gone he looked up.

"Do you think I'd better go in again, Kathie?"

"How long has it lasted this time?"

"Only a few hours—so far. I felt it coming on after lunch, so I hurried over to you."

"Don't you feel as if you could ward it off?" She spoke slowly, knitting the palely red eyebrows. "You're really—so

much—better, I hate—to have—you go in again."

"I know." The long nervous fingers played with the saucer. "I thought it was going to be all right after the last time, and then—this afternoon—"

The woman leaned across the table with an oddly graceful motion.

"Don't you really believe you can do it alone? I hate to have you go."

"I don't know, Kathie, I don't know," he repeated helplessly. "If you could—"

The man buried his head in his arms and groaned. "I'm going to quit, Kathie, I'm going to quit. What's the use? A West-Pointer—first in the class—and now an under-draughtsman when I can keep the job. What would the folks at home say to that?"

A faint moisture glistened in the woman's eyes, reddening the network of tiny veins.

"He was proud of you, wasn't he?"

"Do you remember the first appointment, the quick promotions?"

"Yes, Bob, I remember them."

"How did it get such a hold, Kathie?" he asked plaintively. "I wasn't worse than the others at first."

THE woman's thick shoulders shook. "Perhaps it was in the blood, Bob." "Perhaps," he answered wearily, "but I never heard of another Farthington that was a drunk—a common drunk."

"You're not. You're not that." A dull color crept into the pale, fat face. "And you're getting better all the time. Last year—"

A little hope glimmered in the man's eyes. "Do you really think so, Kathie? Yes, I guess—I am—a little—thanks to you."

"You've done it yourself, Bob. *Nobody* could have made you, it—"

"You made me. Somehow if I can get to you in time, that gnawing, biting thing inside goes to sleep. Somehow you bring the other back, the plantation, the slow, hot days of peace, the—"

"You will be able to do it alone soon, Bob." The heavy face was immobile, except for the shadow of a weary smile about the shapeless lips.

"When you say it like that, I believe it—till the next time."

"And soon there won't be a next time." The woman laughed softly, and again the ring of a finely toned bell came into her voice.

The man laid his strong brown hand on her's. "Kathie, if happiness ever comes back into my life, I shall owe it all to you."

(Continued on page 296.)

Finance and Industry

The American Automobile
Conquers the World.

FOR two decades Europe flooded the American market with its automobiles. The last two years, however, have seen a change that is almost a trade revolution. Suddenly, almost magically, this country has become a leading source of automobile supply for the nations of the world. So successful have America's scientific, large-scale methods of production proved that, remarks Reginald McIntosh Cleveland in the *World's Work*, the American automobile is fast sweeping into popularity and securing possession of the European market. It is finding its way also in ever-increasing numbers into the out-of-the-way corners of the world—into the broad-streeted cities of South America, into the teeming principalities of India; from Calcutta to the Himalayas; into South Africa and East Africa; the far East and the Antipodes—wherever the white man has begun to plant his civilization.

"Not long ago a car made in Detroit was driven from Kalgan, at the end of the Peking-Kalgan Railway, across the Desert of Gobi, and delivered at Urga, in Mongolia, to the 'Tasha Lama' or Living Buddha, who, next to the Dalai Lama of Tibet, ranks as the great man of Lamaism. Still more recently a machine built in Indianapolis broke the record from Melbourne to Sydney, Australia, by covering the 573 miles over a very poor road in nineteen hours and two minutes. Last year thirty low-priced American cars of a single make were sold in Congoland, two or three of them going to native chiefs. To May 1, 1912, 743 cars of this make had been sent to the Straits Settlements. From that date to the first of May of this year, 2,093 cars were shipped to that section of the world. To British South Africa 1,041 went during the same period, 162 going to one dealer. During the single month of May, of this year, 249 were shipped. India, during 1913, will get 800 of these American cars."

Turning the Scale in the
Automobile Industry.

FIGURES quickly tell the story of how the balance of trade in the automobile industry has turned in favor of Uncle Sam. Not only does the American export total increase prodigiously, but the American imports from Europe dwindle astonishingly. In 1906, which was the greatest year of imports, automobiles worth \$4,910,208 were shipped to us from overseas. In

the fiscal year 1907, the import valuation had dropped to \$4,000,000; in 1911 imports were only \$2,446,248; and in 1912 the figure dropped to \$2,000,000. Very different is the story when we turn to the export column. Thus in 1906 we exported machines valued at \$4,409,136; in 1911 the figure had leaped to \$21,636,661; and in the fiscal year 1912 to \$28,300,130, including parts and tires. The foreign market for American cars is not, we learn, confined to the low-priced machines.

"One known company, whose product sells for about \$2,000, has exported during the last year 1,611 cars, of a total retail value of approximately \$3,222,000. Nevertheless it is true that the average price of exported automobiles has fallen remarkably year by year. For the fiscal years 1908, 1909, and 1910 it was \$1,880, \$1,700 and \$1,380. For 1911 it was \$1,100; for 1912, \$900. During the same period the average price of the machines imported by the United States rose almost as notably. Thus, for 1909, it was \$1,788; for 1910, \$1,936; for 1911, \$2,138; for 1912, \$2,216."

Why Our Automobile
Exports Soar.

OF ALL countries, Great Britain is most wrought up over the new situation, for there the balance has swung more heavily than with other nations from the credit to the debit side of the ledger. Various explanations have been advanced on the British side to account for this condition. One English authority ascribes it to the comparative freedom which the American industry has enjoyed from trade-unionism. British free trade has been blamed by others. We are also told that our manufacturers are content to turn out an article not only low in price but deficient in quality. The American manufacturer's explanation of the success of the American automobile abroad is concentration and quantity of production. By concentration, the writer explains, is meant the limiting of every maker to a few models, perhaps to only one classis and perhaps two or three models of body. This is something undreamed of in Europe until recently. There the practice is for a maker to turn out five, six, or even ten, different chassis of different horse-powers and varying designs.

"Naturally, specialization after the American plan leads to high-class workman-

ship. This is a part of the problem which the Europeans can readily understand, but when you tell them that quantity also means quality in automobile manufacture you are propounding an idea that is altogether novel to them. To the German mind, for instance, it has seemed an utter impossibility until very recently that the two could go hand in hand and that an output double, treble, or some larger multiple of anything which his factories had dreamed of could possibly—and even partly because of its magnitude—be an output of sterling worth. This notion of large-scale production is now beginning to take hold on the Continent and in Great Britain, and manufacturers are announcing production-schedules that would have seemed astounding only a year or two ago.

"But it is only a beginning and it may safely be predicted that some years will elapse before annual outputs of 40,000 to 50,000 cars, that are by no means startling on this side of the water, become common abroad. In producing nearly 200,000 cars in a year, as the most fecund of the motor companies of the United States will do in 1913, there is small chance of rivalry from overseas in the near future. The manufacture of 1,000 complete automobiles a day, during the busy season, is a big proposition even for a land of big corporations and quantity production. Its effect on the foreign mind is bewildering."

Where Our Automobile
Industry Still is De-
ficient.

SOME things, admits Mr. Reginald McIntosh Cleveland, the American manufacturer could do to increase still further the distribution of his product, now used by aliens of every race, from President Gomez of Venezuela to Indian rajahs and African chiefs. Foremost is the providing of increased service and the establishment of supply stations, at agencies or elsewhere, from which the purchaser could always obtain desired parts and repairs. The lack of such facilities has operated strongly against the American car, especially in France. Another matter of importance is the control of the dealer in fixing selling prices. In Brazil and other South American countries, and in Spain, one of the obstacles to the wider sale of American makes is the exasperating habit of some dealers of charging sometimes as much as twice the legitimate price in order to line their own pockets. The establishment of branch houses is one solution of this vexing problem. We also should pay more

minute attention to the preferences and prejudices of our prospective customers in foreign parts.

"Attention to such small details as painting makes a surprising difference in some countries. Thus Chinese purchasers show a strong preference for brown cars. One of the complaints of even those Englishmen who acknowledge most freely the good points of the American cars is that they lack a few coats of varnish to give them a smart appearance. Some people in Great Britain object that the seats are uncomfortable. In Russia, which affords a wonderful opportunity for the extension of the American automobile trade, certain far-seeing American exporters are winning trade by giving their machines some of the lines, especially in body design, of the cars produced by the leading French and German makers. In this way they are beginning to compete with even the higher-priced foreign machines which heretofore have been in control of their section of the market."

What Becomes of Our Old Motor Cars?

ONE of the oddities of the automobile business is the demand from exotic countries for used or second-hand cars. There is a brisk market for cars of this description, especially in South America. New York is the center of this trade, and one of the active dealers has had an order in a single week for as many as ten cars of a certain popular make valued in all at \$6,500. Used commercial vehicles, particularly those of one-ton capacity, are also entering the export market in considerable numbers. Nothing, the writer goes on to say, would please the automobile dealers more than to see all used cars sail away overseas. That would dispose of one of their knottiest problems at home, the basis of exchange or allowance when they take an old car on account for a new one. But old or new, the American automobile is conquering the world. It is the story of other manufactured products over again: the story of steel rails, of locomotives, of agricultural machinery, of shoes. "But," the writer concludes, "it is that story intensified, because it has required, roughly, half a century for the pendulum of trade to swing the United States into high place in the world market of these and other manufactures, whereas it is hardly more than twenty years since the motor car was a mere experiment, for the enjoyment and jeopardy of some unusually reckless visionary. It is no more than a decade since the term automobile was considered synonymous with a machine of foreign construction. In a dozen years America has leaped from insignificance to a place of first importance as a maker of motor cars." The most expensive automobiles are, however, still made in Europe, notably in France and in England.

The Automobile as a Road Builder.

NOT only in foreign lands but in our own country is the automobile an agency of civilization. The same year that will see the opening of the Panama Canal may witness the realization of a great high road for automobiles across the continent. Like an unbroken concrete ribbon, the proposed Lincoln Road will reach from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The four great western States of Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California regarded the recent Hoosier tour across the continent merely as a path-finding expedition whose sole object was the determination of a route which in a few months will be graded and surfaced with cement to become the one great transcontinental motor boulevard. Everywhere, Darwin S. Hatch tells us in *Motor Age*, were the members of the party greeted with enthusiasm.

"Evidence of newly completed road work were met every few miles most of the way, and in many instances crews were at work as the tour passed. An inspiring sign of the permanence of the good roads enthusiasm was the fact that before the dust of the last car had settled, the men were at work again. This applied not only to Colorado's convicts but to her freeborn citizens as well.

"But the germ of good roads had spread. Those along the projected route of the tour were not the only ones to bend their efforts toward making a showing. At every one of the larger towns there were delegations of citizens from towns 50 to 100 miles off the route, armed with figures as to the work they had done and pleading that the tour give their city and route a visit to prove how much better the roads are than those in the original itinerary. In one or two instances, the feeling between exponents of the rival routes became so strong that revolver duels narrowly were averted.

"Many, perhaps most, of those beyond the Rocky Mountains firmly believe that the mere passing of the I. A. M. A. tour over certain roads established definitely the final route of the Lincoln highway, and those sections traversed by the tour are consequently jubilant, just as those sections not so favored are either cast down or angry."

The Proposed Transcontinental Highway.

THE exact route of the proposed Lincoln highway which is to link two oceans across 5,000 miles of prairie, mountain and desert, is far from settled. A commission with which the final decision rests will be appointed before the first of next year. Seven or eight of the governors of the States traversed by the Hoosiers accompanied the tour. In many cases the State highway engineers are already at work figuring on the feasibility and cost of construction along certain routes. It is possible, Mr. Hatch

remarks, that none of the roads covered by the tour will be finally decided upon.

"Most of the way from Kansas City west the Hoosier tourists traversed the Midland trail which crosses the Rockies over Berthoud pass, follows the Grand river to the Utah line, then across the desert to Salt Lake City, around the lower end of Great Salt Lake and across the southern end of the Great Salt Lake desert through Nevada via Ely, Tonopah and Goldfield to its end at Big Pine, Cal. There El Camino Sierra is picked up. This is the trail that runs along the east slope of the Sierra mountains from Los Angeles to Carson City and Reno. From there a projection of the California state highway offers a fine road to Oakland and San Francisco.

"But there are at least three other main routes which are contestants for official sanction as the Lincoln highway. These are the Overland trail through southern Nebraska and Wyoming, cutting out Denver and joining the Midland trail at Salt Lake City, the Santa Fé trail from Kansas City to Pueblo and connecting with the Midland trail at Denver via the Golden Belt route; then there is the Northwestern trail from Minneapolis, traversing the northern tier of states and reaching an arm of the Pacific at Seattle. A fifth optional route is the combination of the Southern route through Texas to El Paso where it joins the Borderland route through New Mexico and Arizona and running to Los Angeles on the Trail to Sunset."

Crossing the Continent By Automobile.

THE history of the Lincoln highway is brief, but eventful. Less than a year ago Carl G. Fisher, of the Prest-O-Lite Company in Indianapolis, conceived the idea of a great transcontinental highway as a memorial to Lincoln to stretch from New York to the Golden Gate, a permanent road to be bridged, graded and prepared for surfacing by the counties and States along the route and then to be surfaced with concrete so that the cost of maintenance would be practically nil.

"It was estimated that such a surface, together with assistance in the preparation of the roadbed where the population was too sparse to bear the whole burden, would cost \$10,000,000. At a banquet in Indianapolis, Fisher unfolded his plans to the motor car manufacturers, and that evening over \$300,000 was raised toward the fund. At the present time \$5,000,000 has been subscribed by car and accessory manufacturers and individuals throughout the country. The manufacturers are pledging one per cent. of their gross yearly business as their subscription.

"The plan for the Lincoln highway at present is that if the counties along a definite route from coast to coast will prepare the roadbed, attend to the grading, drainage, bridges and culverts, the Lincoln Highway Association will give

(Continued on page 283.)

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HOW WEAK EYES ARE STRENGTHENED BY EXERCISE

By C. GILBERT PERCIVAL, M. D.

IN this, which is undoubtedly the most active period in the history of man, every one of our faculties is called on to do more, and to respond to a longer continued extraordinary strain than ever before.

"Take things easy" may be very good advice, but most of us, who know how our competitors are hustling, fear that the practice of it would furnish us with a free seat on a bench in the park, instead of a cash income.

More energy, more concentration, are required to keep up with the lead-ers nowadays—hence our nervous exhaustion is greater. Busy city life with its clang, clatter and rush, even most of our time-saving inventions and modes of travel, keep the nerves on edge, and give them no opportunity to rest during our waking hours.

Now the eye is one of the most delicate centers of the nervous system. This is clearly proven by the fact that the first place a physician looks for symptoms of paralysis is at the base of the optic nerve—if there are none in evidence, it is taken as positive proof that there is no danger.

This will clearly evidence that nerve exhaustion means eye-exhaustion and finally eye-affection, if nothing be done to correct it.

If, however, the blood circulation in the eyes is kept normal by the proper kind of simple and safe exercise, they continue healthy, normal and strong.

Besides this nervous strain, there are many other features of modern life which tax the eyes unduly.

Our schooling, once confined to the simple rudiments of education, is now so extended that the books of a school-child of to-day would cause a child of thirty years ago to look aghast—hence, at the threshold of practical life we start to unduly tax our eyes.

The glitter of city streets—the speed of traffic—the riding in fast trains—and above all, the habit of reading every time we have the opportunity in our busy careers, under all sorts of unfavorable conditions—these all add to the extraordinary burden which our eyes are asked and expected to carry, without assistance of any kind.

And, remember, that your eyes are always seeing unless they are closed—active during every waking hour.

Hardly any wonder, then, that eye strain is so common and, up to recently, so many have had to call on artificial aid in order to see at all.

You know the eye is just like a little camera. It has the lens with the iris opening which enlarges and contracts agreeably to the amount of light. It also has a dark chamber which may be compared to a camera bellows, and the retina corresponding to the sensitive

plate. It has three sets of muscles—one turns the eyes, one controls the iris, and one operates the focus.

When, through nervous exhaustion or over-taxation, the circulation of blood becomes weaker than is normal, these muscles become flabby and refuse to act up to their usual standard, and the eyes do not focus easily if at all. Premature old-sight is the result.

The muscles still do their best to focus properly; eagerly struggle and strain to properly do the work which your brain commands them to do—strain and struggle so hard in fact, that they affect the tired nerves, and not only cause headaches, but put the entire nervous system under a pressure which extends to the stomach and digestive organs, and brings on nausea and dyspepsia.

What eye specialist is there who has not heard from his patient: "Why, I had no idea in the world that it could be my eyes." Many physicians, in fact, look to the eyes for one of the first causes of stomach trouble.

It is perfectly amazing, in reviewing the progress of science, surgery and medicine in the last fifty years, that the methods of correcting eye affections, even of the simplest kind, seem to have been entirely overlooked.

Science in physiology is correcting deformities which used to require harnesses of mechanical support. Surgery is correcting displacements which heretofore caused life-long confinement. Physicians are departing more and more from the old-fashioned practice of continual drugging, and using more rational methods of restoring and preserving health.

But, until the recent discovery of this system of exercise to which I refer, no matter how simple your eye-trouble was, you were told that you had to wear eyeglasses.

Now eyeglasses are not necessarily to be despised. They are a great invention in their way—so are crutches.

But you would not relish the anticipation that you had to use crutches all your life—nor would you. Just as soon as your sprained ankle, for instance, could stand it, your doctor would instruct you to touch it to the ground gradually, and exercise it to bring back the normal circulation necessary to enable you to discard your crutch.

The wearing of eyeglasses is just exactly like using a crutch for life. Instead of growing stronger by their use, the eyes grow weaker, and you probably know that the wearer of glasses must change them, from time to time, for new and stronger ones.

Let us see what authorities say on the subject of eye massage: Doctor De Schweinitz, of Philadelphia, Professor

of Ophthalmology in Jefferson College, makes the statement that, in treating so serious a condition as dreaded cataract of the eye, massage of the eyeball "has been followed by improvement in vision and deepening of the anterior chamber." The *Medical Record* urges the great value of "any means that would bring an increased blood supply," and considers that "the most feasible plan seems to be properly applied massage."

It would of course be impossible to satisfactorily give this massage (or exercise) with the hands, but this problem was successfully solved, a few years ago, by a New York specialist, who realized through experience how many troubles of the eyes could be quickly corrected by this method.

The greatest and most practical inventions usually seem the simplest and most obvious, once they become known, and this one is no exception to that rule. So simple is it that anyone can use it in their own home without instruction, yet it is so safe that there is not the slightest chance of giving the eyes anything but great benefit, no matter how long they may have been affected.

This system of exercise is fully explained, also many interesting scientific facts about the eyes are given, in a little book on the subject, which will be sent without cost if you address Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mention having read this article in *CURRENT OPINION*.

It may be suggested that at no time could this system have been perfected more opportunistically than now. At no time has the world demanded more perfect men and women; and if your eyes are weak, whether you wear glasses or not, it is not necessary for any one to point out its disadvantages—perhaps you even consider glasses a disfigurement to a certain degree—surely they are an inconvenience.

Of course you cannot put new muscles in an eye, as you would a new tire on an automobile, but you can restore health to these muscles and give them the same original strength that assures the thorough performance of their natural work.

Personally I have seen this system, in a few months, make a boy of eighteen entirely independent of glasses who had worn them continuously for twelve years; also enable old folks over sixty to discard their glasses in an incredibly short time. Therefore, I believe it is safe to assume that many thousands of spectacles will cease to be useful as this system becomes generally known, and I am sure that everyone whose eyes are affected in any way, whether a wearer of glasses or not, will be greatly interested in the little book which tells so much about the eyes and their care.

(Continued from page 280.)

\$5,000 per mile for a concrete surface. The preparation of the roadbed by the counties is to be under the supervision of highway engineers appointed by the government and the concrete surface will not be applied until the road is passed by them. The reason for this regulation is to assure that the low maintenance cost obtained by the concrete surface will not be increased by poor preparation of the roadbed. The maintenance cost with the concrete surface is expected to be not over four dollars per mile a year."

W E ARE still in the main an agricultural country. Hence money markets and business conditions are sensitive in the extreme to crop reports. The loss in crops owing to the recent drought, according to the Chicago correspondent of the New York Times *Annalist*, was overstated, altho severe losses have been sustained in the corn belt. Rains came too late to do much good in the areas of the heaviest damage—Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Missouri—but they caused marked improvements in other equally important corn States—Illinois, Iowa, Indiana and Ohio. But according to the same correspondent, we might lose one-half of the corn crop with less injury to the country than that which a short grass crop would entail. Grass is always the country's cardinal crop, altho it makes poor newspaper copy because, with the exception of hay, it is not translated by the trade into the familiar terms of quantity and value.

"When drought destroys the grass, thirst is imminent. The beef belt of Kansas has suffered this Summer not so much from the lack of corn as of grass, not so much from the lack of grass as of water. Everybody knows that there can be no vegetation without moisture, but few realize that the basis of cereal values is the supply of grass, the only crop that the human race could not exist without."

"Now, there has been no scarcity of grass or water in the country outside of the corn belt, and none there until after the Winter wheat and most of the oats were made, the two crops together producing the best aggregate yield on record there. The northern end of the corn belt has not suffered, while the Northwest, with its splendid crops, including a bumper corn yield, was near the end of the harvest. The loss of several hundred million bushels of corn from an expected high record yield . . . would be serious enough without an equal loss in hay and pasturage; but, accepting the maximum trade estimate of drought loss in coarse grains and forage at 1,500,000,000 bushels, or the equivalent thereof in corn, there is nothing to be morbid about. The country still has one of the best new crops in the aggregate that it ever raised, and a big carry-over from the very best. The drought was discounted before the tardy



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but inevitable rains came. Except in a few spots the country's business the next twelve months will scarcely know the difference."

Taming the Electric Light Trust.

HOW some cities on the coast have grappled with the light monopolies of their locality and carried off the victory, is eloquently told by Walter V. Woehlke, in the *Technical World*. The story of Pasadena is typical in this connection. Pasadena, we are told, felt aggrieved. Every month the town of millionaires, tourists and mid-winter roses growled deep down in its throat. The price of electric current hurt its feelings. Despite the arguments of the local electric officials, Pasadena became grouchy every time the collector appeared. Fifteen cents per kilowatt-hour was the maximum upon which electric lighting bills were based. The company almost tearfully maintained that the current could not be supplied at a cheaper rate.

"Perusing the street-lighting bills, the City Council rumbled its vanishing hair. 'Let's see if we can't make current for ourselves a little cheaper,' suggested the city fathers. They called an election to vote on a bond issue of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for a municipal light plant. Whereupon the electric light company rolled up its sleeves and waded in. The campaign was as lively and emotional as a darky camp meeting. Not that the citizens were overly enthusiastic about going into the electric light business. In fact, they preferred to stay out; they listened attentively to the electric light company's loud cry of 'waste of public money.' But when they looked at their monthly bills the citizens became deaf to the company's frantic warning. The bonds carried, even though the margin was as slender as the neck of a Gibson girl.

"Immediately after the bond victory, the electric light company reduced its base rate from fifteen to twelve and one-half cents; also it appealed to the courts to restrain Pasadena from selling the bonds. However, the company lost after a year's litigation.

"That sudden price reduction and the electric light corporation's endeavors to kill the bond issue caused the citizens to sit up and sniff suspiciously. When more funds were demanded to enlarge the municipal plant, to extend its service to all parts of the city, the bonds carried with a whoop. At once the hitherto marked batteries of the electric light corporation began to spew canister and shell into the southern ranks. The battle that ensued — going on yet — is as sanguinary a rough-and-tumble bout as the most Macedonian battle could desire."

The company vainly appeals to court after court in order to stop the growth of the municipal plant. The company even puts into its own flesh to bring about its defeat, but still the plant pours this lustily.



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What Happened in Pasadena and Santa Monica.

AS SOON as the municipal plant was ready, it offered current at nine cents per kilowatt-hour. At once the electric company cut its rate from twelve and a half to eight cents. In due time the city, seeing receipts sufficient to pay interest and create a large sinking fund, announced a six-cent rate. The company's price dropped to five. Then it dropped to four when the city reduced its price another cent. The contest has lasted six years now. The city rate is still twenty-five per cent. higher than the company's rate, yet one-half of the consumers are still buying their current from the municipal plant. Memory of the old twelve-cent bills still strengthens their backbone. The example of Pasadena has inspired Santa Monica, another California town. Its complaint became so loud when it saw Pasadena's electric light rates sliding downhill that the Board of Trade appointed a committee to determine whether the gas rate of \$1.10 per thousand cubic feet and the electric light rate of 12½ cents per kilowatt-hour were excessive.

"The corporation officials welcomed the committee with a sweet smile. They guided the investigators to mountains of books, swamped them with reams of financial statements, smothered them under piles of elaborate balance sheets. When the three got up to report to the board, they sadly shook their heads in unison. The poverty of the company was appalling. Why, its gas revenue barely covered expenses; as for electricity, the books showed that the income was only sufficient to pay a measly little dividend."

Santa Monica Follows Suit.

SO IMPRESSED was the committee with the showing that they felt inclined to recommend an increase in the rates. If only that municipal plant in Pasadena could be put to sleep—strangled in a hurry!

"Just a little while after that sad report concerning its poverty, the corporation voluntarily reduced the price of gas ten per cent., cut electric rates from twelve and one-half to ten cents, and when the State's Public Utility Commission suggested a further reduction of the electric rate to eight cents, the company meekly obeyed, reducing its charge in a dozen communities without once running to the courts with the plea of confiscation. Well, it isn't in the hands of a receiver yet; it is still paying bond interest and stock dividends promptly. But it is still selling current in Pasadena for four cents, striving hard to put under the sod the plucky little municipal plant that cut the electric light bills of half a million people nearly in two."

The history of Santa Monica and of Pasadena is by no means exceptional.



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How Much Do You Pay for Electric Current?

I F, REMARKS Mr. Woehlke, you live in a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants or more, you probably pay at least ten cents a kilowatt-hour; if you live in a small town, your rate is likely to be considerably lower. Chicago, Brooklyn, St. Paul, Philadelphia, Spokane, Pittsburgh, Portland, Providence, Washington, D. C., Richmond, Reading, San Antonio and a number of other large cities are paying a base rate of ten cents and more per kilowatt-hour. What is the reason for this excess? The corporations which manufacture the current point out that their costly plants have to be large enough to take care of a maximum demand which comes between seven and ten in the evening when every light is blazing; but that eighty out of every hundred horse-power lies idle and unproductive twenty hours out of twenty-four, because there is no demand for current then. Gas can be made during daylight and stored for the evening's use, but electric current must be used as fast as generated. The interest and the other fixed charges on eighty per cent. of the investment in a million-dollar plant devoted to lighting purposes only must be earned in a run of four hours daily. But, the writer points out, the electric current may be used for other purposes, such as heating. This is illustrated by the Reclamation Service of the United States, which, in certain States, offers electricity in winter time for an almost nominal price.

Cheap Current in 1,400 Municipal Plants.

A GAIN, if falling water is the power, an electric plant can be run at full capacity all day with little more expense than when all the generators are running only four hours. Even with steam (the method of Pasadena) the actual cost of making the current is but a small fraction of the total. When the loss of current in transformers and on transmission lines and distributing wires is considered, when the overhead charges for maintenance, interest, depreciation, and sinking fund on expensive distributing systems are added, the total cost of the current delivered at the consumer's door expands enormously. But, Mr. Woehlke goes on to say, even if we admit the high cost of retailing electric current, still electric light rates in the majority of American cities are unquestionably exorbitant. There are, we are told, not less than 1,400 electric plants operated by municipalities in the United States. Iola, Kansas, charges a maximum of four cents for its current; Jamestown, New York, is satisfied with four and one-half cents.

Trying Initiation for a New Railroad President.

THE distressing railway disaster at North Haven, Connecticut, in which wooden cars were torn apart like cardboard and more than twenty people were killed instantaneously was an inauspicious beginning for Mr. Mellen's successor in the presidency of the New Haven line. There is, of course, no tendency to blame Mr. Elliott. The wreck, which occurred on the very day he entered upon the duties of his office, is regarded as an unfortunate heritage from the policy of his predecessor. Newspaper critics of the New Haven are, indeed, less disposed than formerly to excoriate even Mr. Mellen, who is regarded by many as the scapegoat of Wall Street interests. The wreck did not take place at North Haven, exclaims the *New York World*, but in Wall Street. Senator La Follette expressed the opinion that a strict enforcement of the Sherman Law would make it possible to send the men in Wall Street who are responsible for the disorganization of the road to the penitentiary. The firm of J. P. Morgan resigned as fiscal agents of the New Haven system in order to leave Mr. Elliott unencumbered in working out his new policies. The New Haven has the unenviable distinction of having killed more passengers in the last three years than any other railroad in the world. The recent disaster swells the number to almost five hundred. In view of this the *Evening Mail* demands a "receivership of safety" for the road, and urges the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Federal Government to take immediate action. Mr. Elliott is described in the *Times Herald* as very human and possessed of beautiful patience. His trials as President of the unfortunate New Haven system will put his philosophy to a severe test. So long as Howard Elliott is at the head of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, we are told, no commuter is likely to be twitted with the statistical fact that hauling him to and fro is an unprofitable business, or reminded that each time he walks through the gorgeous new terminal the company loses money. That is not Mr. Elliott's way. He would be more likely to meet the complaints of his patrons with a quotation from New England poetry on the beauty of endurance and the necessity of everybody's hoping to smooth out the wrinkles of existence.

Mr. Elliott as a Practical Railroad Man.

WHAT the New Haven seems to need is a practical railroad man who will assert himself vigorously and fearlessly. Mr. Elliott is undoubtedly a practical rail-

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"Is it not a good time," remarked Mr. Elliott in his inaugural statement, "to act upon two of the maxims of Edward Everett Hale, that grand old New Englander: 'Look forward and not back!' and 'Lend a hand!'" When, he explained in conversation with a representative of the *Times Annalist*, you have ninety millions of people who naturally want the best transportation at the lowest cost, nearly two millions of employees who want increased comforts and higher wages, and, say, two and a half millions of creditors and owners who want interest and dividends, there must be some give and take. "Nobody can have all he wants. You cannot have better transportation at lower rates, higher wages and higher taxes, and procure at the same time the huge quantities of additional capital necessary to provide increased facilities."

The Miracle of a Railroad Train.

THE railroads as they are to-day, Mr. Elliott goes on to say, have all been built since 1870. That means 250,000 miles in forty years. "Many errors have been made, but the spirit in which the errors were made was the spirit that built the railroads."

"We must realize that the men who did these things were human, and conformed to the ethics of their time. Could you expect more? The men who will carry the work on will be human, too, and will make mistakes, tho perhaps of a different kind. We have, as is, the most wonderful transportation machine in the world. Men come from all over the world to study it. Our own people, I dare say, lack appreciation for it. They do not realize what all has gone into the making of it—the time and pains and imagination and loss. It is like your newspaper press, wonderfully complicated. . . . The transportation machine is no less complicated. A man sees a modern train tearing along at fifty or sixty miles an hour and takes it all for granted. There are the rails and the engines and the cars, as he sees them, and it takes an effort of imagination to realize how they came to be there. Then he finds that the ice in the water cooler is out and complains. He is too much annoyed by a little thing to be able to see what a miracle a passenger train is."

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CURRENT OPINION

Agency Department

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The Stormy History
of the New Haven
System.

IN SPITE of Mr. Elliott's injunction not to look back, we cannot but follow with interest Mr. Charles W. Ramele's account of the stormy history of the New Haven system. Long before the formation of the present company, we are told in *Moody's Magazine*, wrecks were as disastrous as they have been lately. The name New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad came into existence in 1872, when the New York and New Haven Railroad was merged with the Hartford and New Haven. Even the Erie, under the régime of Dan Drew, could hardly boast of a more ill-smelling scandal than the "great Schuyler fraud," which had occurred years before this merger, in the history of the New York and New Haven. Robert Schuyler was President of the road as well as stock transfer agent. In June, 1854, the abundance of New York and New Haven stock offered as collateral was attracting attention. On July 3d a note came from the President stating briefly that an examination of the books would show a large over-issue of stock.

"Examination did indeed reveal an astounding situation. Schuyler, in his double capacity, had, from the very beginning in 1849, been issuing spurious stock certificates and floating them into the market through his partnership with his brother. The genuine stock of the company was 30,000 shares and the spurious issue 19,540 shares. It is amazing that this fraud could have gone on for five years without discovery. It fell like a thunderbolt in the then restricted Wall Street market and nearly caused a panic. Schuyler disappeared and only a vague rumor of suicide ever came back from him."

A long train of woes for the New Haven Company followed. Transfer books were closed for several years, sifting out the spurious stock, and litigation swamped the road for a time. An issue of \$2,000,000 new stock was authorized to adjust the claims, and finally in 1864 the holders of about two-thirds of the spurious shares were induced to accept this new stock in exchange.

Cutting Down the Butchers'
Bills.

IN anticipation of the new tariff act admitting free of duty meat and meat products, Dr. A. D. Melvin, Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry, has been detailed to go to South America to investigate the slaughtering, canning and general packing house business of that continent. Dr. Joss, his associate, is already en route on a similar mission



Fairy Magic—Telephone Reality

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to Australia. It is openly admitted that both experts are sent to the great beef-producing countries to instruct the packers there how to prepare their products so as to expedite entry of fresh beef into this country when the act becomes effective. The action of the Department, remarks the New York Sun, is regarded as the most advanced step yet taken by the Administration in the hope of reducing the cost of living. South America and Australia, we are told, produce a surplus of beef sufficient to reduce the exorbitant prices which the American consumer must pay to the butcher. But already the Beef Trust is at work to profit by this new situation. Armour & Company have completed plans for the erection of an abattoir just outside of Buenos Ayres that will be the most complete and extensive of any in existence. The Department also is in possession of information that other American packers are extending their plans in the Argentine, Paraguay and Brazil, and that altogether the cattle business in South America is on the boom in anticipation of the free entry into this country of fresh meat.

The Plight of the Argentine Packers.

THE Anglo-Argentine beef companies, acting as a unit, complain, in the London Chronicle, that the American companies have invaded the Argentine with almost unlimited capital, that they have constructed enormous plants, and that they are waging systematic warfare on other companies in order that they may establish in the Argentine domestic and export trade just such a monopoly as that which was fastened on the United States. "In our view," reads the Anglo-Argentine statement, "the question is not merely one of a conflict between the private interests of various rival companies, it is rather that of the existence of a scheme of monopoly, the success of which must undoubtedly pave the way to an increase in the price of meat in this country by raising the price of meat to a figure hitherto unthought of." If the plans of the American companies are successful, the journey of Dr. Melvin will not result in reducing the price of beefsteak in America. The action of the American companies, remarks the Indianapolis News, furnishes an excellent opportunity for Argentine and the United States to cooperate in a movement to check the international operations of the American Beef Trust.

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eat-ers in the world, now exceeding even the British, who had the reputation of being most devoted to a diet of beef. We no longer have the former abundant supply of cattle raised chiefly on the free range, for the range to-day is being cut up and fenced off into farms or devoted to sheep-grazing. There is a great increase in the price of corn and feed, which has made cattle-raising a risky and expensive undertaking. Estimates by the bureau of statistics of the Department of Agriculture show that in the last six years the number of beef cattle in the United States has fallen from 51,566,000 to 36,030,000, a decrease of about 15,500,000, or 30 per cent.

Every Farmer as His Own Banker.

FOR the man in America with little property, credit is a will-o'-the-wisp. Hunt as he may, the really poor man, remarks John L. Mathews in *Harper's Monthly*, may not find this clue to the location of even such infinitesimal amounts of money as might, by giving him an increased capability of production, tide him over real crises. Credit, in this country at least, has never been fluid enough to serve all who deserve it. There is for the American who has no private connections for short credit, practically no means of securing it save mortgage. For a man, particularly a farmer, to obtain credit on his working power, his thrift, his visualizing of a new capacity for production when he possesses all the resources but money, there is, Mr. Mathews goes on to say, as yet no generally available system. If, however, we take a leaf from the experience of Germany we shall find two systems, both adaptable, with variations, to the United States, which practically make every farmer his own banker. An American commission is even now studying these systems with a view to reporting to the President in a few weeks. This report is almost certain to be the basis of a special Presidential message at the next session of Congress on the subject of agricultural banks. The two systems are known by the names of their founders, F. W. Raiffeisen, and Hermann Schulze. The latter lived in Delitzsch, a little village in the grand-duchy of Saxony from which he and his banks are known as Schulze-Delitzsch. The former are entirely banks for farmers, each restricted to a single village; the latter chiefly for small and large tradespeople, and all classes of people in cities and large towns. Of the four billion dollars which now represent the annual turn-over of nine hundred and sixty Schulze-Delitzsch banks in their national association, one-fourth represents loans for agricultural purposes.



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THE rural banks with unlimited liability, now embraced in the Raiffeisen system of Germany, started in the Westerwald, a poverty-stricken region in the province of Westphalia on the Rhine, entirely under the domination of usurious money-lenders. Herr Raiffeisen, who originated these rural banks, was a well-to-do and charitable gentleman who was, from time to time, chosen burgomaster of the little village of Weyerbusch. He endeavored to get his people out of the hands of the loan sharks by obtaining loans for them at low rates from large landholders. He soon realized, however, that if the farmers would all come together, unite their buying power, and pledge all their property as security, they could establish without help their own credit, and borrow and buy what they needed.

"Beginning at Weyerbusch and Heddendorf, he aided the farmers to organize little cooperative credit societies, without shares, ruled by the general meeting in which each member has one vote—the universal system of cooperative voting.

"For many years these little banks did not spread more than a hundred miles from the valley of the Rhine, but to-day they cover the Empire and number in their membership one-sixth of all the population engaged in agriculture in Germany. Seventy-six per cent. of them are in villages of less than two thousand inhabitants. Once fundamentally poor, they are now able to show a total annual business of \$1,200,000,000. The number of cooperative credit banks of all sorts in Germany at the present time is more than 17,000, with a total turn-over of six billion dollars. Of these, 4,600 are in the Raiffeisen Federation; 9,000 included with them in the Imperial Union of Agricultural Societies; a thousand other banks in this union with limited liability and large shares, a compromise between the two types. Twelve hundred are town banks of the Schulze-Delitzsch system; about four hundred of them in the big cities with limited liability, and the rest still un- limited, as Schulze-Delitzsch left them."

The Pastor of Böhlerörsdorf Takes a Hand in Finance.

THE tale of Böhlerörsdorf, a little village of impoverished farmers, is typical of the growth of the Raiffeisen and kindred systems. Money was so difficult to obtain in this region that its inhabitants were tempted to emigrate. The pastor of the Protestant church of that village with vigor and intelligence urged the villagers to organize a cooperative bank so that they could command seasonal money from outside when it was needed, and facilitate the movement of funds within the district at all times. He preached

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just as earnestly on week-days that their material salvation lay in their own hands, as on Sunday he exhorted them to remember that no one else could save their souls.

"So with urging and explaining, a little cooperative savings and loan bank with unlimited liability was formed. Some of the members already needed money, and none of them were beyond the possible want of it. Their joint possessions were not great, but they were among the most respected men in the community. The pastor stood by during the organization and helped them in that first essential, the scrutiny of the character of the proposed members. One man was refused because of drunkenness, an infallible rule in the Raiffeisen banks which has sobered many thousands of men who needed membership. . . .

"The members of this fellowship thus recruited, they registered it under the strict German law. Ten marks apiece (two dollars and a half) was all each member paid in, not for shares, which generally do not exist in a Raiffeisen bank, but as a membership fee. Only a few hundred marks could be gathered together to start the savings-bank, giving them, with a membership of about twenty, a total capital of some six hundred marks, on which they commenced business. Their total Guthaben, or property, jointly pledged to the bank, estimated by the government tax, amounted approximately to twenty thousand dollars, which was their security for borrowing from the Raiffeisen Central Agricultural Bank at Berlin. When they had made their initial payment on a share worth one thousand marks, they would be entitled to draw four thousand marks, based on five per cent. of the assessed value of all their combined property. This is the customary way of fixing credit unless the members pay income tax, when their credit is naturally augmented. The pastor was the only member with a large enough income to pay a tax on it."

Buying a Harrow on Credit.

THE pastor impressed the various officers of the bank with the solemn responsibility of their position. For three weeks the villagers were on tip-toe with expectation, waiting for an application for a loan. No one, it seems, wanted to be the first to come forward. Having established their credit, they were too bashful to avail themselves of their opportunity. At last one good man, with his neighbor as surety—for that is the only security demanded by the Raiffeisen system—came to see if he could get a small loan from the bank to buy a harrow, his old one being worn out. The whole village was immensely excited and rife with discussion whether this was a profitable undertaking.

"The Vorstand (Board of Supervisors) debated at length. To determine their



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thrift the committee went over the property of both men; even, it is soberly declared, to inspecting the contents of their wardrobes and the pots upon the stoves in which their dinners were cooking, quite as tho it had been eight thousand instead of eighty marks involved. They alashed the applicant and rather frightened the guarantor with the extent of their deliberations. The pastor, with his strong sense and perhaps some humor, approved their care-taking, but strongly supported those who thought the loan was a good one.

"In the end they loaned the money at four and a half per cent., to be paid in six months with a possible renewal, but the farmer had to bring his wife to sign with him, so that if he should die she would be responsible. The working of the loan was watched by everybody in the approved style, to the immense satisfaction of all. The members became highly elated with this new power. The pastor had to check them, to explain what loans were proper, and why. They finally regulated their demands and settled down to helpful and energetic work in their own interest. Savings began to come in from other sources, the sober personnel of the bank attracting money from those safe and secret places where even in Germany spare cash is wont to be deposited. No longer was money kept in the houses of the members. Immediately it was received it was deposited at the bank in a savings account, to draw three and three-fourths per cent."

The Bank of Boberrohrs-
dorf Branches Out.

BEING prosperous, the bank at Boberrohrs-dorf began to fulfill Herr Raiffeisen's ideal of the agricultural credit society by branching out to serve all the needs of its rural community. The Raiffeisen bank, Mr. Mathews goes on to say, buys collectively the supplies the farmers must have, and thus secures good prices and good materials. It buys crops when the harvest is made, paying exactly the same rate to each member, whether he has a hundredweight of hay or twenty tons. The warehouse building, with a tiny room used for the bank, and the name "Raiffeisen" in big letters on the wall, is a common sight in Germany.

"As the bank's prosperity increased, so did the enterprise of the members. They had caught the idea of cooperative action. They saw continually new fields of production, for increased well-being among themselves. First a cooperative dairy was started. Then electricity, long needed, became available through the work of the province, which, for protection against floods, built at Mauer on the Boher, not far above the village, a great storage dam and developed a large horse-power, which it offered to consumers for two and a half cents per kilowatt-hour for power, and five cents for light. Thirty of the members of the bank wanted it in their houses, and two wanted it for

motors on their farms. The dairy also needed power.

"An electricity cooperative society with limited liability was organized by those who wanted the service, with shares at twelve dollars, of which a tenth had to be paid down. . . .

"In ten years the bank, in a village of about eight hundred souls, has become the center of every progressive movement in the locality. It has a membership of two hundred and nineteen, a savings account of \$75,000; its total turnover in a year has grown to 310,000, and is increasing; and it has a fine credit of \$31,000 at the Central Bank. Its reserves are not large, but it records practically no losses. Both individually and collectively the community has benefited."

The Lesson of the Agricultural Banks.

THE chief rival of the Raiffeisen banks, the Schulze-Delitzsch system, is intended for the bigger towns and the larger farmers. Together with the Raiffeisen system, it has worked an industrial and agricultural revolution. "The Schulze banks, doing most of their business with limited liability, have shares of rather large size. The Schulze bank at Gotha is in amazingly prosperous condition, paying seven per cent. dividends on shares, paying three and three-quarters per cent. on savings, and letting out money, at a time when money was dear, at four per cent."

"The district is extensive, practically all the Grand-Duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. This amount of territory, general with Schulze banks, keeps them from working on the strictly neighbor principle of the little banks. . . . They cannot thoroughly know their clientele, and therefore personal credit must be carefully given, especially as they do not supervise their loans, trusting each member to use his credit only for the thrifty purposes which the bank is established to further. The credit extended is usually shorter than that given by the Raiffeisen societies, and in addition to this special short credit for which it is created, it does a general banking business for its members."

Both of these banking systems have experimented with centralization, though not always successfully. The Schulze-Delitzsch system found it necessary to merge its central bank with the Dresdener Bank, a large private concern. Whatever the future development of these systems may be, they have taught the world a lesson. "Two men of wonderful vision," as Mr. Mathews points out, "saw that if the little man kept his savings in his own control, combined these with his neighbor's, and pledged all his property, he could command not only the credit to which his possessions and his industry entitled him, but also a working fund of savings in a continually increasing amount."



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(Continued from page 278.)

The woman looked down into her plate.

"Have you heard—late?"

"She's on her way home," he whispered.

"I saw it in the society news yesterday."

The freckled hand quivered. "Edgar, too?"

"It didn't say. But she wouldn't leave him in Paris alone without her."

"He must be—quite—a boy—now."

"He's almost eight."

A GAIN they were silent, until the throbbing in the woman's throat forced her to say something.

"When are they due?"

"About three weeks." The man looked up. Behind the despair in his eyes there was something flickering, trying to live.

"She said a year. If I could—for one whole year—she would—trust me again.

It's six months—since I was really bad—because the last time—you—"

"Yes," the woman interrupted quickly.

"It's six months."

The flickering spark in the man's eyes grew stronger. "My God!" he whispered.

"If—I could. Think of it, Kathie! She—would—take—me back. Beatrice would take me back. She would be my wife again. It's four years since she went and took Edgar. Four—years." The woman knew he did not see her. He was staring back down the years. "Four years—and I have tried. How I tried that first year

—and the next, too. But it was no good, no good till I found you again, Kathie."

Now he did see her. "Why do some women—understand, Kathie," he asked simply.

"I don't know, Bob. I suppose—it's—to even things up—for those who have no charm, no beauty."

He made no effort to contradict. "It's the lonesomeness, the awful lonesomeness. You don't know what it is."

"No," she said quietly. "I don't get much time to be lonely. I'm pretty busy."

He looked almost envious. "I wish I could find reality in mere work," he answered peevishly. "But drawing-boards and blue-prints seem so foolish without Beatrice." Again he stared beyond her. She reached for her gloves, and began buttoning the tight jacket. "Shall we go?"

A S THEY walked back the man talked and the woman listened. The heaviness was gone. With vivid touches he sketched the men at the office, repeated bits of interesting gossip, anecdotes at which they both laughed. When they reached the house he went lightly up the steps and opened the door for her. A tiny jet of gas flared in the draft. Behind a closed door someone was snoring. The man dropped his voice as he took the woman's hands.

"Thank you—a thousand times. It's going to be all right this time, too."

The woman smiled. "Of course it is. It's going to get easier and easier right along, and soon there'll be no next time,"

"Do you know, Kathie, I believe that—I believe you're right. Really I have a lot of will. If Beatrice had only understood—and then after—it was so lonesome—"

The woman withdrew her hands and turned to the stairs. "Yes," she said soothingly, "I know. But it will be different now."

"I believe it will." The voice was young with hope. "I have a will, you know—only it hasn't—seemed worth while."

"I know," she said again as she began slowly mounting the stairs. "Good night. If you get good news—"

"You shall be the first to hear it, Kathie—the very first. Good night—and thank you."

As she bent to get the keys from her stocking, shuffling feet moved from the banisters of the hall above. Her room was cold and damp, for the narrow light-well drew the fog like a funnel. When she had hung the black jacket on its nail and put the hat in its box she sat down, drew the lamp close, and finished putting on the binding of the skirt.

• Shear Nonsense •

Thrift seems to have been going out of fashion as high finance came in; but it is still on exhibition now and then. *Harper's Magazine* has two specimens and *Everybody's* a third:

IN THE IRRIGATION DISTRICT.

Last summer a fruit-grower who owns fifty acres of orchards in the irrigation belt was rejoicing in a light rainfall when his hired man came into the house.

"Why don't you stay in out of the rain?" asked the fruit-man.

"I don't mind a little dew like this," said the man. "I can work along just the same."

"Oh, I'm not talking about that," exclaimed the fruit-man. "The next time it rains, you come into the house. I want that water on the land!"

SARCASM.

A Maine lumber-dealer recently shipped a car-load of lumber to a firm in Baltimore.

Upon its receipt and examination the customer dictated to his stenographer the following terse and telling message, which was immediately wired:

"Knot-holes received; please send the knots."

MUST HAVE BEEN IN A RAINES LAW HOTEL.

Former Postmaster-General Hitchcock was talking about a "blue-sky" promoter who had been convicted of fraud.

"This man's mine," he said, "reminded me, in its scarcity of gold, of the railway sandwich."

"There ain't no ham in this here sandwich," a customer growled, seated on a high stool before the marble bar of a railway restaurant.

"Oh, you ain't come to the ham yet," the attendant answered easily.

"The man ate on a while longer. Then he growled again. 'Still no ham.'"

"Oh," said the attendant, "you've bit over it now."

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The information bureau conducted in this department is for the benefit of our subscribers. We shall be pleased to answer to the best of our ability any inquiries relative to investments. Write us.

An investor is like a sick patient. He needs professional treatment. Let us treat with the latter case first. Suppose you are the sick patient, the wise thing for you to do at the start is to call in a good doctor. If you are suffering from some ordinary illness, such as gripe or indigestion, your general family physician will prescribe the proper remedies for you and give you the best advice as to your diet and general care. If you have an attack of appendicitis, you will require the services of a good surgeon, or if you have developed a cataract, you should consult at once an eye specialist.

Perhaps, on the other hand, you will not think this necessary, and when the first symptoms of your malady, whatever it may be, commence to make you uncomfortable, you read the advertisement of some quack doctor, who gives a list of symptoms of the various ills his remedy will cure with one bottle or one box of pills. You are sure to find your very symptoms enumerated in the list, and for the price of one dollar the quack doctor will send you a complete cure. What is the result? The chances are about ten to one that you will eventually have to call in the reputable physician, the good surgeon, or the eye specialist, and if you are not too far gone by that time he will save you.

So much for the sick patient—now for the investor. If you are a business man or a professional man with an income from your business or profession aside from the money you have to invest, you will need the services of some reputable banker to advise you on a diversified list of securities combining a safety of principal and good average high yield of interest. If you are a person with a small amount of money and no other means of existence, except from the interest on your principal, you will need the services of a reputable banker who will advise you to invest in the highest grade, well-

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Two years ago a woman came to me and said that she had invested her money in the bonds of a certain Palace Car Company, that she had paid 95 for them and that they had given her a stock bonus with the bonds. She said she had been told that the company had so many contracts for building cars that they would soon be paying big dividends and shortly be a second Pullman Company. She had bought the securities to L. aside as a little nest-egg. She asked me if I knew anything about the company. I replied I did, and advised her to dispose of her bonds immediately if she could do so. I also told her that at about the same time she had paid 95 for her bonds, they were being offered to another friend of mine at 50, that the company did not have any plant of its own for building cars, and, therefore, should never have issued any bonds. She was unconvinced, she had been persuaded to buy them by the deacon of her church. A short time ago I saw her again. I asked her how she had fared with her bonds. "Oh!" she said, "they have defaulted on their interest. I have tried to see the deacon and cannot locate him. I fear I have lost everything I



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put into it." And there is no doubt but what she has.

Marked improvement in underlying conditions which point the way to better times ahead are now becoming manifest, and it would appear as though the country is about to embark once more on the sea of prosperity. In spite of the fact that in a great many instances the Interstate Commerce Commission has caused the railroads to reduce their rates, where they seemed unreasonable, the actual business of the railroads is showing a substantial increase and they are now publishing earnings, which when carefully analyzed show the largest in their history.

Our industrial are likewise feeling the effect of this business boom, and the last quarterly report of the United States Steel Corporation amounted to \$41,219,813 net earnings for three months, the biggest earnings, with one exception, for this quarter in the history of the United States Steel Corporation. After deducting sinking funds, depreciation and reserve funds, and interest on bonds, the earnings are equivalent to 29 per cent. on the \$360,281,100 outstanding preferred stock, and 16 per cent. on the \$508,302,500 outstanding common stock. After all is said and done, this does not look so much like water, as the investigators would make us believe.

The Government crop report shows that corn has suffered from the long drought, the indicated yield on September first being 2,351,000,000 bushels, as against 2,995,000,000 on September first last year. All wheat, however, shows an indicated yield of 754,000,000 bushels, which is the largest in the history of the country.

Not long ago, I talked with an officer of one of the leading manufacturers of tools and hardware implements and was told that their business was showing a healthy increase all around. I asked him what effect the tariff would have on his business, and was told that although the contemplated reduction was from 30 per cent. to 15 per cent. he did not believe that foreign competition would be a source of alarm. He explained that they had their men constantly in touch with the buyers of their product, the bulk of whom were the railroads, and even though some of the foreign corporations might be able to deliver goods on a favorable competitive basis, that their customers were looking for a quick replacement of machine parts, which could not be accomplished by the foreign companies, so that they would be willing to pay a little higher price for immediate replacement.

In other words, it is like owning an automobile of foreign make, where if you need a new part you must send abroad for it. This does not suit the spirit of the American people, and it is doubtful if competition of this kind will prove detrimental to our home interests.

Investment demand for high-grade securities is showing a strengthening tendency. Savings banks, after remaining out of the market for a long time, are now buyers of securities. Other institutions are once more turning their attention to long-term bonds and selling their short-term notes. This is always the forerunner of prosperous times ahead with a gradual upward movement of securities all along the list.

EDWARD M. REEVES.

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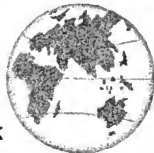
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EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: LEONARD D. ABBOTT,
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A Review of the World

THE HISTORIC TRIAL OF GOVERNOR SULZER ENDS IN CONVICTION

STRIPPED of his high office, the goal of a lifetime of endeavor; stripped of his personal reputation both for honesty and courage; stripped, apparently, of his own and his wife's savings, William Sulzer, no longer governor, no longer "Honorable," presents a very pitiful spectacle. By a vote of 43 to 12, the high court of impeachment ousted him from the governorship. Every one of the judges of the Court of Appeals voted for this course except the presiding judge, E. M. Cullen, who was excused from voting. The proposition to disqualify Mr. Sulzer from holding any state office of honor, trust or profit hereafter was voted down unanimously. How that can help him materially it is hard to see. On five of the eight counts in the impeachment charges he was found "not guilty." On the first two charges he was found guilty by a vote of 39 to 18. Had the four Senators whose votes were challenged at the beginning of the trial not been allowed to vote, those two charges would not have been sustained by a two-thirds vote.

"No One Can Destroy William Sulzer but William Sulzer."

MOST important of all the charges, as the case turned out, was the fourth, in which Mr. Sulzer was accused of suppressing evidence by means of threats. This was sustained by a vote of 43 to 14, six of the judges voting to sustain, three voting not to sustain it. The importance of this charge, in a legal sense, lay in the fact that it applied to conduct while

in office—conduct, indeed, even after the investigation by the legislative committee began. If ever a man hung himself, metaphorically speaking, Mr. Sulzer did so in his course after the investigation of his misdeeds began. "No one," he said not long ago, "can destroy William Sulzer but William Sulzer." That seems to have been the case precisely. It is not at all unlikely that on the evidence produced prior to his impeachment by the Assembly, damning as it was from a moral point of view, he would have escaped conviction. It was the new and unexpected testimony of Henry Morgenthau, Allan Ryan and Duncan W. Peck, wrung from them by close cross-examination, that drove the last nails in the coffin of Mr. Sulzer's official career.

The Unexpected Testimony that
Caused Sulzer's Downfall.

IN his testimony before the court of impeachment, Duncan W. Peck, state superintendent of public works, who had contributed \$500 to Mr. Sulzer's campaign, said that, when he received a letter from the Fawley committee asking about this contribution, he took it to the governor:

"I showed the letter to the Governor and asked him what I could do about it. 'He said: 'Do as I shall, deny it.' 'Why,' I said, 'I suppose I shall be under oath.'"

"He said: 'That is nothing; forget it.' Mr. Morgenthau, the new ambassador to Turkey, testified that Mr. Sulzer called him up on the telephone and asked him to come to Albany. He told Mr. Sulzer he could not do so:

"So he said to me: 'If you are going to testify I hope you will be easy with me.'"

"I answered him that I would testify to the facts.

"I think he said something about that I should treat the affair between us as personal—something like that.

"And what did you say?"

"I said that I could not."

Allan A. Ryan, son of Thomas F. Ryan, after telling of the contribution of \$10,000 made by his father to Mr. Sulzer, at the latter's request, testified that Mr. Sulzer had urged him, the son, after the investigation began, to go to Senator Root and ask him to use his influence with William Barnes to have the Republican members of the Assembly vote against impeachment. Ryan refused. Sulzer then requested him to see Mr. De Lancey Nicoll, one of the counsel for the elder Ryan:

"Did Mr. Sulzer name any particular party or parties that he wished you to request Mr. Nicoll to see?"

"Yes, sir."

"Whom did he name?"

"Mr. Murphy."

"Which Mr. Murphy?"

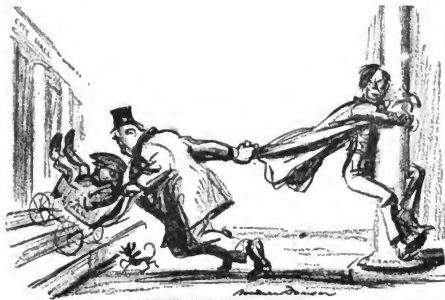
"Mr. Charles Murphy. . . . He wanted me to have Mr. Nicoll persuade Mr. Murphy to endeavor to call off this inquiry by getting his following to vote that the court had no right to try, the Assembly no right to vote, this impeachment."

"There was more than that said, was there not?"

"He said Mr. Nicoll could be the go-between."

"Won't you go right along and finish that conversation?"

"Mr. Sulzer said that he was willing to do whatever was right."



MURPHY HAS HIS HANDS FULL

—Robinson in N. Y. Tribune

Evidence of Sulzer's Crookedness in Congress.

THESE three reluctant witnesses finished the career of William Sulzer. Their testimony was uncontradicted. Mr. Sulzer, who alone could have contradicted it, did not take the stand. The theory of his counsel that, in spite of his course in appropriating campaign funds to personal use, Mr. Sulzer, when he became governor, was converted from the error of his ways and became an upright official was

shattered by this testimony. Mr. Brackett, one of the lawyers for the prosecution, made telling use of the testimony in ridiculing the theory of conversion:

"But the first of January comes, and from that moment he is a converted man. Like Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus, there came a light. . . . Saul saw a light, but he respected it. He repented of his sins. He did not go around trying to suborn perjury. When he got together the few Christians in the upper chamber, wherever he could get them, to preach the Word, after his conversion, he did not whisper to one of them that if he was sworn he hoped he would be easy on him. Before he opened the meeting with prayer, he didn't call one of them aside and see if he could send word to tamper with the court that was going to try him.

"Can you imagine Paul telephoning to Gamaliel that he was the same old Saul? And 'can't you make it more than \$7,500?'"

One other piece of unexpected evidence came out which, uncontradicted, was enough of itself to wreck any man's public career. It was that of Hugh J. Reilly, a contractor, who in 1912 sought the services of the U. S. government to compel the Cuban government to pay him \$500,000 on a contract for water works in Cienfuegos. Mr. Sulzer was then chairman of the foreign relations

committee. Mr. Reilly swore that he made "loans" to Mr. Sulzer in 1912 as follows: August 8, \$1,500; September 5, \$5,000; September 12, \$5,000; September 14, \$3,000; October 7, \$10,000; November 8, \$2,000. Not a cent has ever been repaid.

"Did you take from Governor Sulzer any written evidence of those loans?"

"No, Sir."

"Did you take any collateral security of any kind?"

"No, Sir."

"Was anything said as to the rate of interest?"

"No, Sir."

"Now, when you made these loans, did you make them by check?"

"No, Sir."

"You made those loans, did you not, in bills, in currency?"

"Cash."

"Was any one present at the time except you and the Governor?"

"No, Sir."

Court of Appeals Judges On Sulzer's "Turpitude."

THIS testimony did not fit legally into the impeachment charges; but there it is, the sworn testimony of an unwilling witness, showing that Mr. Sulzer had apparently got off "the street called straight" long before he ran for governor. He has brought shame not only on the State of New York but on the United States of America. Even the eminent judges, who, on legal grounds, could not vote for his conviction, spoke in the severest terms of his "moral degradation." "I have no doubt," said Judge Chase, "that the respondent is guilty of the immoral acts charged in the first article of impeachment, but I am in great doubt whether . . . the people intended by their approval of the Constitution of 1894 to grant power to impeach for other than wilful and corrupt misconduct in office." Judge E. M. Cullen, speaking of the facts, as distinct from the law, said: "They—Sulzer's acts—displayed such turpitude and delinquency that, if they had been committed during the respondent's incumbency of office, I think they would require his removal." The case goes down into history as perhaps the second most notable impeachment trial ever held in this country, that of Andrew Johnson being the first.



TWO STREETS WERE CONFUSED IN HIS MIND

They were the street called Straight and the street called Wall. In consequence, he is no longer Governor of New York State. This haggard-looking man is William Sulzer, and the picture was taken a short time before his conviction by the high court of impeachment.

LINING UP THE FORCES IN THE CURRENCY CONTEST

ALL those who love a stirring fight and were sorely disappointed in the tariff bill for its failure to supply one may now pluck up hope. The currency and banking bill promises to give them one. The battle has been slow in developing, and it may never reach the proportions of the contests on free silver and the

"greenback heresy." There are chances for compromise now that were not present then. The issue is not so clear cut, the line of battle is not so well defined, the principles involved are not so irreconcilable. But the differences of opinion are growing quite stubborn and the language of controversy has taken on, during the last month, a rather lurid

tinge. This is the way the Washington correspondent of the *Boston Transcript* sized up the situation early in October:

"Any member of Congress that fails to support the Administration banking bill is an outlaw.

"Any banker that dares criticize the bill is a 'grafter.'

"Any bankers' association that dares suggest amendments to the bill is an 'insidious lobby.'

"Any country bankers testifying here to defects in the bill are the helpless emissaries of Wall Street.

"Any merchant appearing before the committee is first coached in his lines by the 'big bankers.'"

The Cry of "Conspiracy" Is Again Raised Against the Banks.

THE bankers of the country have been loath, apparently, to put themselves in open opposition to the Owen-Glass bill. Even now their opposition takes the form of criticism of details, mixed with considerable commendation of the general purpose of the bill. But the details they criticize seem to go to the vital parts of the bill, and the cry of "conspiracy" has been angrily raised in Washington in referring to their opposition. Last month the American Bankers' Association, which claims a membership of 14,000 bankers (a clear majority of all the national and state banks of the country), held its annual convention in Boston, with 2,400 delegates present, and by a vote "virtually unanimous" condemned various features of the bill. The country bankers, 600 strong, held a session of their own, excluding any one who represented a bank with a capital of more than \$250,000, and by a similar vote, just short of unanimous, condemned additional features. There are signs that preparations are being made to test the constitutionality of the measure if it is enacted into law,

and suspicions are given tongue in Washington of a plan to manipulate the stock market in such a way as to frighten Congress. "Even the mention of such tactics," says one special correspondent, "produces a distinctly red effect in the mental atmosphere of the White House." The bill has been passed in the lower house by a majority of 286 to 84, the majority consisting of an almost solid Democratic column, 24 Republicans and 14 Progressives. It has encountered difficulties in the Senate committee. In the House, about 400 changes were made in the bill after the committee reported it. In the Senate committee, Senator Owen alone, one of the sponsors of the bill, is reported to have about 300 more changes he wishes made. Seven hundred changes before the bill actually reaches the open Senate is "going some."

Changes the Bankers Wish Made in the Currency Bill.

FOUR more changes in the currency bill, so the bankers say, must be made to secure their cooperation—at least four. The Federal Reserve Board, instead of having seven presidential appointees, should have three of the seven chosen by the regional reserve banks. That is one change. The national banks must not be compelled to join in the new system and to subscribe to the capital stock of the reserve banks. That is the second change. The Federal Board should not be given power to require one regional reserve bank to rediscount the paper of another. That is the third change. And, fourth, the treasury notes to be issued by the reserve banks must be not obligations of the federal government but obligations of the federal reserve banks, issued by permission of the Federal Reserve Board." The country banks call earnestly for two other changes: a removal of the restriction on savings deposits, and better provisions for taking care of the government bonds on which the present banknote currency is based. The first four changes were endorsed with but one dissenting vote out of the 2,400 in the delegated convention of bankers. The last two were endorsed with but one dissenting vote out of the 600 in the gathering of country banks. Other changes were called for, but those mentioned are evidently the ones on which a fight will be made.

Denouncing the Bankers.

THIS opposition of the bankers has aroused resentment. Senator Thomas calls it "a conspiracy against any financial legislation whatever, except such as can be dictated by the interests that have long controlled financial affairs in this country." Carter Glass, congressman from



RECONCILED
—Donnell in St. Louis Globe-Democrat

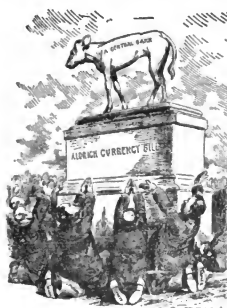
Virginia, one of the authors of the bill, takes the same view. The real fight, he says, "is to drive us from our firm resolution to break down the artificial connection between the banking business of this country and the stock speculative operations at the money centers." The critics of the bill, he alleges, are willing to perpetuate the present defective, unscientific system, bitterly offensive to the American people, because, as everybody knows, it "encourages and promotes the worst description of stock gambling." The *N. Y. World*, usually conservative on financial matters, takes issue angrily with the bankers, declaring that the "rights" they are defending are the right to breed panic. It says:

"The country has had many exhibitions of the spirit in privileged interests which would ruin if they cannot rule. It has never had a bolder or more impudent exhibition of the kind than this. The challenge is clear. Their right to make panics is set up against the Nation's right to prevent panics. What is to be the answer of the country and its Government?"

The *Baltimore Sun*, another paper of conservative tendencies, foresees "very deep public indignation" over the attitude of the bankers.

The Banks and Stock Speculation.

BY FAR the most skillful popular appeal against the bankers to appear so far is a full-page editorial in the *N. Y. American* (Sept. 19). It is a double attack, one upon the bankers for their opposition, another upon the bill for its failure to



THEIR GOLDEN CALF
—Macaulay in N. Y. World



THE WOLF! THE WOLF!

U. S.—Reacts all the way that fellow likes to raise an alarm!

—Grant in Baltimore American

provide an agricultural loan system. The three objects of the bill the *American* defines as (1) to provide an elastic currency; (2) to extend the operations of the national banks to farmers; (3) to make the national banks more helpful to industry instead of to stock speculation and monopolies. With the first of these objects, it says, the banks are in sympathy. "But they are opposed to any legislation that will disturb the partnership between the big banks and the stock speculative operations at the money centers. The avowed purpose of the Owen-Glass bill is to break up this partnership. The bankers do not want that partnership disturbed. . . . They do not like it because the bill substitutes great public reservoirs of credit in place of the great private reservoirs now managed by private bankers." The present law, says the *American*, works in this way:

"Under the existing bank statutes, there are only three central reserve cities in the United States. These are New York, Chicago and St. Louis.

"Next to these central reserve cities the National Bank act names the forty-seven next largest cities in the country as reserve cities. The law requires all banks in reserve cities to keep nominally on hand in reserve at all times one-quarter of the total amount of their deposits. But the law permits every bank in every reserve city to send one-half of its total reserve to the central reserve cities as a special deposit and still to count this special deposit as a part of its own reserves, exactly as if the cash was in its own vaults.

"It is this system, which has gradually grown up under laws favoring the large national banks, that enables six or eight banks in New York and Chicago to control so large a part of the bank reserves of the entire country that they practically control the credit situation.

It is this fund which furnishes constant

fuel for the fevered speculation in Wall Street. A very large part of this reserve fund—three-fourths of it, according to experts—is loaned by the big banks from day to day on 'call loans' for Wall Street operations.

Can Satisfactory Compromises Be Made in the Currency Bill?

THOSE who lived through the period of Populism, and still more those who lived through the days of Greenbackism, will see at once in the foregoing enough inflammable material to have kindled a good-sized prairie fire in former days. To what extent such flames can be made to spread to-day remains to be seen. The bankers themselves have, for one thing, been obviously cautious in the manner of presenting their criticisms. They have not, for instance, demanded control of the Federal Reserve Board, but instead have asked for a minority representation of three. They have not demanded a Central Bank, tho that is confessedly what they would like; but they have advised reducing the "not less than twelve" regional reserve banks to "not more than twelve," preferably three or five. Some of the bankers, such as Frank Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank of New York City, speak in praise of many features of the bill. Mr. Vanderlip, before the Senate committee, declared his approval of eighty per cent. of the bill and admitted that the system it would create would prevent a repetition of a panic such as that of 1907. The N. Y. *Evening Post*, always a "sound money" paper, calls attention to the favor shown by bankers for the major part of the bill and thinks that compromises may well be made that will make the bill acceptable to the banks without destroying its distinctive features. But the N. Y. *Times* thinks the criticisms go to "the very essence and structure of the bill" and "involve foundation principles."

Changes Proposed by the U. S. Chamber of Commerce.

ONE notable attempt to secure a compromise bill is that made by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. It has taken a referendum among the boards of trade, local chambers of commerce, commercial clubs and trade organizations in all parts of the country that form its constituent members. It sent out a report of its own currency committee and this is endorsed by a vote of 303 to 17. That report is to the effect that the committee "regards the measure as a piece of constructive legislation and believes that it embodies in a large degree elements necessary to provide the nation with a safe currency and banking system." The committee, however, recommends a number of changes. Among these are an increase of the

Federal Reserve Board from seven to nine members, the additional two members to be selected by the seven presidential appointees, subject to the President's approval; the creation of a federal reserve council, members to be selected by the regional reserve banks, who are to constitute an advisory body, sitting at meetings of the Federal Reserve Board, but not voting; the regional reserve banks to be three in number at first, located at the present central reserve cities, the number to be increased as the Federal Reserve Board deems increase desirable; that federal reserve notes be not obligations of the government, but notes redeemable by the federal reserve banks and guaranteed by the government, each such bank issuing only its own notes, but all such notes being a first lien on the combined assets of the banks.

Impatience Over Delay of Currency Bill.

AS FAR as the press of the country expresses public sentiment, it seems to be as yet rather wavering and uncertain. Few signs appear of partisan or sectional division, tho the Republican papers are disposed to criticize the bill when they speak of it at all. But there is apparent a growing impatience over delay and a call for the speedy passage of the bill. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* finds "almost unanimous agreement" that the bill represents "a very large improvement over conditions as they now exist," and every effort should, it thinks, be made to hasten action before the extra session ends. The Indianapolis *News* thinks that from a political point of view it would be a great mistake to defer action until the regular session, as the party will next year be facing new congressional elections, when a worse, not a better, bill would be likely to emerge. The Chicago *Record-Herald* agrees with Professor Jenks, of Cornell, that minor concessions should be made to the banks and the bill passed this fall, "for those who cannot agree now will not be able to agree next year or five years hence." The N. Y. *World* takes a similar view: "No matter how many years we may wait, we shall never have currency reform without risk of error. When we move forward, guided by the best lights that are to be seen, we shall at least be in a position to profit by our mistakes, if any, and thus be in the line of true progress." The Baltimore *Sun* thinks a prompt endorsement of the bill is now "the supreme duty of the Democratic majority in the Senate." The Springfield *Republican* thinks that "no such opportunity to improve our present banking and currency system has been presented in a generation," and to delay now "would invite non-action for another decade."

WHAT IS THE NEW TARIFF GOING TO DO TO US

ON THE third day of October, at 9:10 P. M. by the clock, one of the nation's long "unsettled questions," which, as Garfield has told us, "have no pity for the repose of nations," passed into the list of settled questions alongside the subjects of African slavery and free coinage of silver. That, at least, seems to be the view of a very considerable section of American citizens. It was on that day and that hour that the name Woodrow Wilson was affixed to the 111th page of the parchment on which had been engrossed the Underwood-Simmons tariff bill. Thus the long-disturbed repose of the nation on this subject, we were assured last month, has been finally secured. "There will never again be a proposition," says the *Louisville Evening Post*, "to supplant this revenue tariff by . . . a bill avowedly for protection." "General acquiescence," according to the *N. Y. Journal of Commerce*, marks the event, and "the public mind is evidently quite at rest with regard to its results." "Already the skies are clearing," says the *N. Y. Herald*, even for those who predicted disaster; "now let business go on."

A Score of Protests from Foreign Nations.

BUT the repose of nations, it would seem, is never quite complete. On October 4 the dispatches from Washington told of the signing of the tariff bill. On October 8 they told us that at once an important clause was to be taken up again by Congress, at the President's request, and repealed. Protests had been received from more than a score of nations whose repose had not been secured, among them France, Germany, Austria, Portugal and Brazil. The troublesome clause is the one giving an additional reduction of five per cent. in the duty on goods imported in American ships. To this clause a string is attached, in the shape of a provision that nothing in the clause shall be construed as affecting any of our treaties. As many of our treaties contain an "equal shipping rights" paragraph, the clause now involves discriminations between adjacent nations and even, in the case of Germany, between parts of the same nation. If it stands, retaliations are threatened. Its repeal, according to the *N. Y. Evening Post*, an admiring friend of the new tariff as a whole, is "clearly dictated by every consideration of good sense," for it extends the rebate, it is now seen, to nearly all goods imported into this country and gives "almost no advantage to American shipping." This was one of the 676 controverted items that were ad-

justed by the conference committee of the House and Senate, or, rather, by the eight Democratic members of that committee. The full conference committee, when finally called together, took just seven minutes' time on the 676 items, which is a little over one minute to one hundred items. One of the complaints made of the whole bill is that it was caucus-made and that open discussion of it was a farce. Says Victor Murdock, a Progressive member of the conference committee: "That is, this great bill, which began in secret, ended in secret, and there was not one moment in its long career when any jot or tittle of it was changed in the open."

The Silver Lining in the Tariff Cloud.

EVERY new tariff is, of course, an experiment on which time alone furnishes a decisive verdict. There is a surprising degree of unanimity in the country at large in desiring a fair trial of the new law. Two tests will be applied to it: (1) its effect upon industry; (2) its effect upon prices. On the first test, all that can be safely said at this time is what the *Philadelphia Telegraph* says: "There has never been a Democratic revision of the tariff that so little affected the country during the making as this one." The *N. Y. Tribune*, historic defender of protection, concedes, with a sigh of relief, that the new law is "a far saner outcome in the way of tariff and revenue legislation than could have been safely anticipated six months ago." And *The Independent*, always a pro-

tectionist journal, congratulates the Democratic party and the President for having "succeeded admirably in their undertaking." Far from conceding, however, that protection is dead, it declares that in the enactment of this bill "the theory of a tariff for revenue only has passed into oblivion." So far from being a revenue tariff, says the *Independent*, it will produce far less revenue than the old tariff, and an income tax has been enacted to make up the difference. Neither it nor the other protection journals, with few exceptions, predict disaster to American industries as a result of the new tariff. Interviews with industrial leaders all over the country have a surprisingly hopeful note in them. Even the president of the American Woolen Company takes a fairly cheerful view of the situation, seeing a very bright silver lining to the cloud in the fact that "free wool is of inestimable value to the cloth-maker." The worst the *Iron Age* has to say of the results is that steel-bar buyers on certain sections of the Atlantic coast "may have a great deal of studying to do" as to where to go to buy goods—here or abroad. The *N. Y. Journal of Commerce* has interviews with leading business men on each of the schedules of the new tariff, and the composite picture they draw has far more of sunshine than of gloom, justifying its heading: "Business Men In All Lines Predict Trade Revival."

"We Have Set the Business of This Country Free."

AS TO the effect of the new tariff on the cost of living, Democratic claims have grown very cautious, and the Republican challenges have



BEFORE ELECTION AND—

THE GREAT AND ONLY ANIMAL TAMER IN HIS ANNUAL ACT

—Johnson in Saturday Evening Post



WILL THE NEW TARIFF RESCUE HIM FROM HIS NEMESIS?

—McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune

grown more and more positive. The general position taken by Republican and Progressive critics is that the bill must reduce prices in American markets or it will have failed to justify the claims made for it. The Democrats warn us not to expect too much reduction as an immediate result. It may be noted that President Wilson, in his brief address upon signing the bill, made no direct reference to the effect it would have upon prices. His claim is that it "sets business free" and gives competition a chance. We quote his address in part:

"I have had the accomplishment of something like this at heart ever since I was a boy, and I know men standing around me who can say the same thing—who have been waiting to see the things done which it was necessary to do in order that there might be justice in the United States. And so it is a solemn moment that brings such a business to a conclu-

sion, and I hope I will not be thought to be demanding too much of myself or of my colleagues when I say that this, great as it is, is the accomplishment of only half the journey.

"We have set the business of this country free from those conditions which have made monopoly not only possible but in a sense easy and natural. But there is no use taking away the conditions of monopoly if we do not take away also the power to create monopoly, and that is a financial rather than a merely circumstantial and economic power. The power to control and guide and direct the credits of the country is the power to say who shall and who shall not build up the industries of the country, in which direction they shall be built and in which direction they shall not be built.

"We are now about to take the second step, which will be the final step in setting the business of this country free. That is what we shall do in the currency bill, which the House has already passed."

This utterance, Senator La Follette thinks, should not be taken too literally. "I am bound to believe," he remarks, "that President Wilson knows that the enactment of the House currency bill would not be 'the final step in setting the business of the country free.' . . . No, let us not deceive ourselves. With the new tariff law in force, with even a better emergency currency bill enacted than that which passed the House, this Administration will have barely scratched the surface of the great problem, the solution of which will 'be the final step in setting the business of the country free.'"

MRS. PANKHURST CONCLUDES TO PAY US A VISIT

SOMETHING of a stir was caused last month when the announcement came from Paris that Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, still under the sentence of a British court to five years in prison, was about to sail for the United States on a speech-making tour. The British officials, she declared naively, were "quite willing" that she should come, and in America only the opponents of woman suffrage raised any opposition to her coming. As a matter of fact, some of the most outspoken opposition here seems to be raised not by the opponents but by the advocates of woman suffrage. When the question was raised whether the immigration of

officials might not exclude her as a criminal, the *Charleston News and Courier* scouted such action as "extremely improbable," the *N. Y. Tribune* ridiculed such a course as "absurd," and the *N. Y. Sun* denounced it as "peculiarly futile." Very few of the "anti" papers, indeed, have countenanced such a course, while, on the other hand, we find papers like the *Manchester Union* and *Louisville Evening Post*, that look with a very tolerant eye upon the progress of woman suffrage, asserting that Mrs. Pankhurst is an "undesirable visitor." "It is safe to affirm," says the *New Hampshire paper*, "that the suffragists themselves do not want her and will accord her a scant welcome."

Dr. Anna Shaw Regrets the Coming of Mrs. Pankhurst.

AS FOR the woman suffrage leaders in America, there seems to be a difference of opinion regarding Mrs. Pankhurst's coming. Mrs. Belmont, who considers her "the most wonderful woman in the world to-day," will gladly open wide the doors of her home, and the Woman's Political Union, with Mrs. Blatch at its head, has arranged a dinner in her honor. But Dr. Anna Howard Shaw frankly expresses her regret that Mrs. Pankhurst is coming at this time. She has two reasons for this regret: (1) because the suffragists need just now to focus all their attention on their own work and methods, and Mrs. Pankhurst will distract attention to other methods; and (2) because American suffragists need every penny that can be raised, and Mrs. Pankhurst comes here to raise money for England. "Why," asks Dr. Shaw, "all this talk of what we shall or shall not do for Mrs. Pankhurst? Why not do just as Mrs. Pankhurst does when we visit England? I have been there repeatedly. Mrs. Catt has been there, other presidents of our organizations have been there. But I have yet to know of a luncheon or a dinner or a reception being given by Mrs. Pankhurst or her society for any of us." When Mrs. Pankhurst was here before, Dr. Shaw goes on to say, in a *N. Y. Times* interview, dinners and luncheons and flowers and carriages were ready for her wherever she went. But American women who have gone to England to speak for suffrage have not only not received a penny for their services, but have never had a carriage to take them to the hall unless they hired it themselves, and even when they marched in parades had to buy their own sashes! In striking contrast, it is announced that Mrs. Pankhurst, before consenting to speak at Madison Square Garden, in New York City, required a guarantee of \$1,500, with ten per cent. of the receipts up to \$10,000 and 60 per cent. above that.

Will Mrs. Pankhurst Start a Militant Movement Here?

SOME anxiety, real or assumed, has been shown lest Mrs. Pankhurst intends to start a militant movement in this country. The suggestion is pretty generally ridiculed even by those who defend militant movements in England. In England, the *N. Y. Evening Journal* reminds us, all the laws for the empire are made in one place—the House of Commons. The suffragists must move all of England at once in order to win. Here one State may be carried after another. "What do you suppose the women of America would have to do if it were necessary for them to carry every state in the Union the same day? They

would have no hope at all—the only possible chance would be to work and to fight determinedly as Mrs. Pankhurst has done." Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked, now of California, formerly of England, does not see the matter in this light. Militancy, as now practised, he thinks has done "untold harm" in England. It has shocked the friends of woman suffrage and it has done "irreparable damage" to the women themselves.

Brutal Treatment of the Suffragists in England.

UP TO a certain point, says Dr. Aked, he supported the militant suffragists. When they began heckling politicians they were well within their rights; yet they were treated with "a brutality that passes all belief." They were thrown out of meetings with violence, mauled by blackguards, and subjected even to "indecent assaults" by filthy scoundrels who offered themselves as chuckers-out. In the prisons refined women were subjected to all sorts of personal indignities, including "the foul and disgusting practice of forcible feeding." Then the women resorted to violence, and here Dr. Aked parted company with them. He writes:

"They have committed assaults. They



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WOMAN SUFFRAGISTS GOING TO SCHOOL

The teacher is Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the International Woman's Suffrage Alliance. The pupils are woman suffrage leaders from eighteen States. The lady seated is Dr. Anna Shaw, if our eyes do not deceive us. The lessons are in the most effective methods of securing equal rights.

have resorted to fire. They have employed dynamite. They have attacked the innocent as well as the guilty, the openly sympathetic friend as well as the indifferent person or the avowed opponent of their cause.

"I cannot be a party to wrongdoing. While they were willing to suffer wrong, I applauded them. When they begin to do wrong it is impossible longer

to defend them. It is not right to do wrong. Bloodshed and crime, the torch, gunpowder and dynamite, are not the weapons which I care to see women employ—or men either—in advocacy of a mighty moral movement in the dawn of the twentieth century."

"A Campaign of Nastiness."

IF THE woman suffrage controversy in this country has not reached the violent stage it has reached in England, it has lately shown a marked tendency to enter what the N. Y. *Evening Sun* calls "a campaign of nastiness." Each side is charged by the other with the responsibility of dragging the controversy into one relating to social vice. As far back as last May, the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage issued a statement calling upon thinking men and women to realize that "back of the woman suffrage disturbance is the question of sex; or, rather, a distortion of the sex question." It was charged then that the suffragists "rely after all on their sex and on the appeal of their sex to men," and that the appalling increase in immodesty in dress, looseness of conversation and impropriety in dancing is but the revelation of a lowering of women's ideals and conduct which is due to the same reason as that back of the suffrage disturbance. The statement concluded as follows:

"It is a pathological fact that women, as a sex, must respect and revere the divine mission of their sex, which is motherhood. The moment they outrage or distort or deny the purpose for which they were created they become shirkers and drones. Misdirected government is a bad thing, so bad that the men of this country can be relied on to correct it whenever necessary, but misdirected sex is a national tragedy, which, if it is not checked, will degenerate the race."



BOX VOYAGE!

—Barnett in Los Angeles Tribune



THE RIGHT OF WAY!
—Powers in N. Y. American

Woman Suffrage and
Social Vice Agita-
tions.

MORE recently the same association, in an official statement, charges that "the policing of morals, the smirching of literature and the degeneracy of the stage" are due to woman suffragists who, as their great argument, advertise vice and describe it as an accepted fact. For this charge the N. Y. *Times* and *World* take the association sharply to task. But the N. Y. *Evening Sun* editorially supports the charge. Lately, it asserts, Miss Christabel Pankhurst has been studying all sorts of medical and semi-medical books and is now "treating her readers to a series of papers dealing with all sorts of sexual questions on

the pretext of promoting the cause of votes for women and chastity for men." Says the same paper further: "By every means conceivable Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughters have encouraged their more emotional admirers to revel in the discovery of all that is most foul in the sexual life of the neurotic and abnormal. We see but a faint reflection of the consequences in the unlimited nonsense that has lately been poured forth by some of our own suffragists on what is called white slavery. In England the case is much worse."

"She-Wolves of Satan,"
Says Colonel Walter-
son.

INTO this controversy Henry Watterson leaps with a flashing pen, from which radiate such terms, in describing the suffragists, as "she-wolves of Satan," "crazyjanes," "silly-sallies" and "unmarried priestesses of the hell-roaring platform." Their philosophy is, we are told, free-love, and they "would abolish marriage and leave every girl to pick the father of her own baby." All this is rather revolting to the N. Y. *Times*, "anti" tho it is. Of the charges of this nature against the suffragists it says:

"It was not true of the women who led the suffrage movement in the last generation, and it is not true, to any appreciable extent, of the leaders of the present movement or the great body of their followers, that they are responsible for the vogue of indecency in dancing, literature, plays, and dress. . . .

"As for the other way in which vice is being made familiar, the needless public discussion, nauseating in its frankness, futile in its effect, of certain evils, we have not noticed that any large proportion of the woman suffragists take part in that. One or two of the least efficient have made pitiful public exhibitions of themselves, to be sure, but the suffrage movement is not to be condemned on their account."

Baseball Interrupts Con-
gress and Invades the
Supreme Court.

THE third picture in our series is a scene in Washington, in the hall of the House of Representatives. This is an account of the proceedings that took place:

MR. MANN. A parliamentary inquiry, Mr. Chairman.

THE SPEAKER. State it.

MR. MANN. Would it be proper to announce that the score is now 4 to 1 in favor of Philadelphia in the fourth inning?

THE SPEAKER. Out of order.

MR. MANN. That being out of order, I would ask if it would be in order to announce that Baker, of Philadelphia, has just knocked a home-run and that the score is now 5 to 1 in favor of the Athletics?

THE SPEAKER. That is not a parliamentary inquiry.

When, later on, so the report runs, Mr. Mann rose to announce the result of the game, "a great roar went up and the galleries joined in, contrary to the rules of the House." But even that scene is less moving than our fourth picture. Scene: Rooms of the Supreme Court of the United States. Time: October, 1912:

"Unprecedented procedure was permitted to-day in the Supreme Court of the United States, when the Justices, sitting on the bench hearing the Government's argument in the 'bath-tub trust' case, received bulletins, inning by inning, of the 'World's Championship' baseball game in Boston. The progress of the playing was closely watched by the members of the highest court in the land, especially by Associate Justice Day, who had requested the baseball bulletins during the luncheon recess from 2 to 2.30 p. m. The little slips giving the progress of the play went to him not only during the luncheon recess, but when the Court resumed its sitting. They were passed along the bench from Justice to Justice."

THE CRACK OF THE BASEBALL BAT GOES ECHOING AROUND THE WORLD

WILL you now, gentle reader, allow us to direct your attention to a series of four moving pictures from real life.

The first is in a public square in Portland, Oregon, where, on a bulletin board, is chronicled the progress of each baseball game in the world's championship series of last month. You will discern, in the crowd before this board, a number of blanket Indians, watching the bulletin intently. These Indians have come 150 miles for this purpose, for they know that Bender, pitcher for the Athletics, and Meyers, catcher for the Giants, are Indians, and every play in the game as recorded is followed closely and intelligently by them. The second picture

is a scene in Boston, where thousands of bankers are assembled to consider the new currency bill. From all sections of the country they had come for a momentous discussion concerning a topic of vital importance to their business. Here is an extract from a special dispatch to the N. Y. *Evening Post*, October 9: "It is fortunate that the bankers have only one day more of the annual convention here, for it is virtually impossible for the delegates to think of anything else than the baseball world's series. When the tickers told of the Giants' tenth-inning rally the banquet hall of the Copley-Plaza looked more like a lunacy asylum on a rampage than an august assemblage of bankers who had just been wrestling with the currency bill."



"I SAY, OLD TOP, CAN YOU PLAY CRICKET?"

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle



THEY COME WITH THE STRIDE OF CONQUERORS

They are the world's baseball champions. Note the white elephants on their breasts. When the American League first organized a club in Philadelphia, partisans of the National League predicted its failure, saying it would prove a "white elephant" for its owners. That is why these gentlemen adorn their sweaters. It is generally admitted that they are the best baseball club the world has ever seen.

From the blanket Indians of Oregon to the robbed Justices of Washington seems a far cry; but in great national crises what do the little artificial distinctions of social caste amount to?

Baseball Becomes an International Sport.

THE four scenes depicted above, interesting as they are, do not give an adequate idea of the international character that baseball has begun to assume. It was but a few months ago that we were startled by the announcement that a club of Chinese students was on its way from the Chinese University in Hawaii to play our college clubs. It was still more startling to find, when the Chinese club came, that its members were wonderful base-runners, that in the tricks of the game they had nothing to learn from Americans, and that in many cases they were victorious over our college teams. But the Japanese are also growing to be keen lovers of the sport. Here is a paragraph from the *Japan Times*, May 24, 1913:

"The Filipinos played the Waseda University team this afternoon at the Kashiwagi grounds. Joropillo, the sensational southpaw artist, pitched for the Filipinos, while Kato was the choice of Captain Masuda for the mound. Kakeyama started the game by driving the sphere down into the left garden for two zabuton [cushions]. Miyake followed with a single, but was caught Rip Van Winking at second. Gotoh waited for a ticket. Then the ball that Ora threw to third looked a sure thing to nip Kakeyama, but on a fluke it hit the runner on the shoulder and bounced away. The second run was taken in when Kusaka sent a clean-cut grounder through Regis. . . . Waseda won."

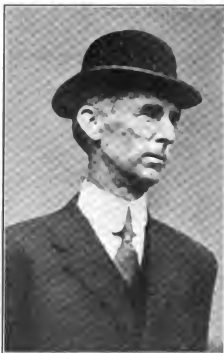
Last month we told of the 482 baseball clubs in the Philippines and of the importance of the game as a civilizing influence in the islands. Samoa has gone equally crazy over the sport. Lewis R. Freeman recently told of a game between the villages of Pago Pago and Fauga-Sa, which lasted for four days! "One feature was that of a

batter swatting the ball far over the council house into the sea, and a runner making five scores while a fielder swam out for the ball, and two more while the sphere was being returned to the diamond, only to lose the entire seven runs by slipping on a cocoa husk and spraining his ankle." Less amusing but perhaps more important is the item that nineteen baseball clubs have been playing in France this season and that the Giants and the White Sox are to make a tour there this winter.

Stars of the Baseball World.

DURING the season just passed, there has been no sign of diminution in public interest in baseball in this country. It is estimated that fifty million tickets of admission to the league parks of the country were

paid for, the gross receipts ranging well up to \$15,000,000. In the world's championship series, won last month by the Philadelphia Athletics, of the American League, there were 150,992 paid admissions, making an average of 30,198 for each of the five games. The amount of money taken in was \$325,980. The winning nine is declared by McGraw, manager of the defeated Giants, to be, in his opinion, the best baseball nine that ever existed, and its second baseman, Eddie Collins, an ex-student of Columbia University, to be the best all-around player that ever wore spikes. The Athletics are the only club that has ever won the world's championship series three times. Thrice they have had to contend for it with the Giants; in 1905, when the Giants won; in 1911, when the Athletics won; and again this year. Three pitchers, Mathewson for New York, Bender and Plank for Philadelphia, have been the chief factors of the contest in each of these years, and the two duels this year between Plank, age 39, and Mathewson, age 34, ended in a victory for each. The length of a man's baseball life seems to be increasing. Lajoie has been playing in the major leagues 18 years, and stood sixth from the top in batting average this season, with a per cent. of 335. His batting average for the 18 years—344—has never been equalled by any other player for such length of time. Wagner has been playing in major leagues 17 years and his batting average this year was 300. He is the only player who has made an average of 300 or more each year for 17 years in succession, "Pop" Anson having made such an average for 15 years in succession. Ty Cobb, however, in the eight years in which he has been playing in major leagues, has made a batting average of 375, leading the whole field of baseball players in the average number of hits per year, of stolen bases and of runs. His batting average this year is 389. Many consider him the best baseball player of the world.



HIS FOND PARENTS CHRISTENED HIM CORNELIUS MCGILLICUDDY

But several millions of baseball fans have renamed him Connie Mack. He is probably the best baseball club manager in the world. His team—the Athletics, of Philadelphia—have for the third time won the world's championship.



UNCLE SAM—WHAT OTHER GAMES HAVE YOU?

—Robinson in N. Y. Tribune

The Athletic Epidemic Spreads in Europe.

THE subject of athletics is one which is commanding increasing attention in the world at large. In more than one country the surprising successes of American athletes in the Olympic games have evidently been rankling and the national emulation which has heretofore found vent in military and naval preparations seems to be transferring itself in part to physical sports. The Czar of Russia, for instance, has recently issued a royal ukase creating a Ministry of Sport, and General Voyekoff, the first occupant of the office, has begun by forming a council of leading citizens to prepare athletes for the Olympic games at Berlin in 1916. In Germany the government has determined to encourage athletics, in the hope thereby of supplanting the duelling system in the universities, and \$75,000 has been appropriated from the imperial treasury to train athletes for the Olympic games. In Great Britain the Duke of Westminster and other eminent Britishers have sent out a stirring appeal for a fund of £100,000 for the same purpose, and they give a list of the sports in which supremacy has been transferred from Great Britain to other countries, chiefly America. It includes polo, yachting, lawn tennis, tennis, boxing, swimming, trotting horse and running horse, sprinting, hurdling and long-distance running, putting the weight and throwing the hammer. Since the list was made out, two of Great Britain's golf champions have been defeated in the United States

by Ouimet, an American amateur school-boy of twenty, in a series of sensational matches, and British pride has been stung anew. Even the championship in Rugby football has gone to New Zealand and South Africa, and that in shooting to Canada.

Moral and Physical Value of Athletic Sports.

IN ORDER to investigate our methods of training athletes, Germany has thought it worth while to send over an Imperial Athletic Commission,

which, after weeks of investigation, left last month declaring that the United States has the finest body of athletes in the world, and that it is no wonder we have gained preeminence in sports. In Germany, said Lieutenant von Reichenau, head of the commission, it has been the belief that it was unwise to stimulate athletic emulation among mere boys, lest harm be done by straining their immature bodies. Here, he says, we give our boys competent instructors and the result is very early development of their powers. Not only in our schools but on our public playgrounds the beneficial influence is seen. Says the lieutenant:

"First, you either help to keep the boy from the temptations of the street or you bring him from well-nigh the kindred harmful atmosphere of being too much indoors. You draw him out into the open air and you give him a chance to play in security, and then furnish him with facilities that make for a spirit of sportsmanship. Here too you watch over him and you see that he does not overdo the thing. These things in themselves are excellent, but you have other features that count equally in the harvest of benefits. You provide swimming-pools, lockers and other furnishings which encourage bodily cleanliness, hygiene and orderliness and a sense of ownership and responsibility. In short, you are laying a moral as well as a physical foundation and the results are patent in the wide social range from which you can muster your record-breakers and prize-winners."

The result, as the German commission sees it, is the creation of a sense of fellowship, tolerance, self-control and sportsmanship at an early age, that makes stronger men morally as well as physically, men of greater force and initiative, and "better parents in all that that term implies."

GENERAL HUERTA'S CROMWELLIAN GESTURE IN MEXICO

NOT many days prior to the scene of violence attending the dissolution of the Mexican congress by General Huerta's order, his inspired press had referred to the deputies as "sunk to the lowest level of fanaticism and barbarism." That something masterful was in contemplation seemed obvious to those dailies which mentioned the recall of Felix Diaz. The sometime chief of police was then in Paris. A Mexican paper says he left at once for Vera Cruz, where his partisans arranged a military welcome. The catastrophe at Torreón had already taken place. A rebel force had come into being there at least twelve thousand strong. Whether the tale of massacre at Torreón be true or not—the despatches contradict one another—Huerta's position was rendered addi-

tionally critical by the event. He was severely criticized in speeches of an inflammatory character by several deputies and threatened, as one version has it, with removal or impeachment. The general made no concealment of his anger. He had arranged for a presidential election, observes the *Nación*. All the candidates were enjoying whatever rights the constitution guaranteed. Even the suspicious Francisco Vazquez Gomez, candidate of the anti-reactionalist group, was contemplating a visit to the capital. The Catholic party was promoting the candidacy of that Federico Gamboa who, as minister of foreign affairs, foiled the Washington scheme to discredit the Mexican government in Europe. (The inspired Huerta organ says it.) The provisional president, in a word, was effacing himself with the patriotism of a Regulus.

President Huerta and the Mexican Congress.

SENSATIONAL charges were circulated among the deputies late in September regarding the provisional government's relations with certain oil interests. Deputy Zubiria y Campa had brought in a bill to divert into the national treasury vast sums which, according to him, went to private individuals. There was to be an investigation of British oil interests in Mexico. The cabinet was at that time considering with Huerta the arrangements necessitated by the coming presidential election. The *Nación* insinuated that the Liberal factions, fearing defeat, were preparing a trap. General Huerta himself came to the same conclusion, it seems. He doubted the good faith of the deputies who appeared more and more frequently as investigators on committees. One or two of them were even then in communication with rebel leaders. Names and dates are given in official reports from federal commanders which prove, according to the Huerta press, that scores of deputies have been guilty of treason. A decree dissolving the congress was under consideration as far back as the day of Gamboa's nomination for the presidency. As a last expedient, Huerta appeared before the deputies himself. He made an unexpectedly glowing report on the finances, but he conciliated no foe.

The Mexican Press Despairs of the Mexican Congress.

NEWSPAPERS inspired by General Huerta had for weeks before his coup denounced the chamber of deputies as a nest of traitors. "The native land weeps," observed the *Diario*, "the blood of her sons is pouring forth, fields and farms are disappearing in a great flame, brigands are despoiling us of our rightful, lawful possessions, the freebooter is violating our womanhood and bringing our maidens to shame—all on account of half a dozen windbags in the chamber and for their gratification!" The *Pais* felt called upon to observe that in the chamber were partisans of Felix Diaz who conducted themselves in a manner to suggest their lack of civilization. It is charged that the Felicitas are weaving a veil of secrecy for their leader so that the nephew of Porfirio Diaz may emerge from behind it at a psychological moment and dominate Mexico. The charge horrifies the *Tribuna*, and the *Independiente* ridicules it. All the world, the latter fears, likes the Diaz legend. Otherwise why is it clung to so lovingly? There was a debate in the columns of these dailies over the correct attitude of the executive to a chamber of deputies tainted by treason when Huerta dropped the dead weight of his censorship with the ruthlessness of the third Napoleon.

The Last Straw of Jacobinism of the Mexican Back.

A DISCUSSION of denominational education was revealing its trace of cleavage among the deputies along clerical lines when the dissolution came. One group introduced a resolution in opposition to the choice of ministers of public instruction from the ranks of the Catholic party. Why? The *Nación* tells us:

"Because Catholics are opposed to the lay school, because they do not regard with favor the corruption of the masses which liberalism has brought about within the past fifty years, because they contemplate with intense grief the relaxation of character, the poverty of spirit which unwholesome doctrines have produced and of which we daily observe the consequences."

"To be perfectly candid, the Liberals fear—fear is the word—not the downfall of our institutions, which they have never revered, not the decline of our laws, of which they have ever made light, not the change of our constitution, which they have violated whenever they had the opportunity, but the loss, in the open court of discussion, of the reins of government."

"The Liberals fear that the people, convinced by argument of all the evils which Liberalism has brought on the country, will, once for all, open their eyes and with commanding gesture drive the money-changers from the noble temple of the law."



THE MEXICAN CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES MEETS

(Would it not be an improvement if some of our State Legislatures were to do the same? I don't know. I don't know.—T. P.)
—Powers in N. Y. American



MURDERING MEXICAN LIBERTY

—Macaulay in N. Y. World

Clericalism and Huerta in Mexico's Policy.

IT BECAME obvious to observers of the situation in Mexico that the estimable and accomplished Eduardo Tamariz, chosen by Huerta as minister of public instruction, incarnated the issue with the deputies. Doctor Jesus Urqueta, speaking for the reforming Liberals, insisted that, as a representative of the policy of the Catholic party, Tamariz was a foe to the lay school. He should not be made a minister of education in a land of separation of church and state because he was fighting the principle. Of the character and capacity of Tamariz there is so little doubt that the anti-clericals were willing to have him as minister of anything but education. The storm that broke over the head of Huerta over this appointment not so many weeks ago was the beginning of the end, so far as the congress is concerned. Foreign Minister Gamboa, candidate of the Catholic party for the presidency, stayed the hand of Huerta, as the gossip in the foreign dailies has it. The Liberals, altho they had no untrammeled organ for the expression of their views in the capital, circulated the speeches of their leaders to the effect that Mexico would revert to the clericalism of Spain under the most reactionary of the Bourbons. In the end the estimable Tamariz preferred to lose the ministerial portfolio; but the episode convinced Huerta that his congress must be got rid of.

Europe and the Mexican Crisis.

EUROPEAN newspaper comment upon recent events in Mexico reflects the same sentiment as does the *London Spectator*, to which President Wilson's treatment of the dilemma seems "unpractical." That treatment is summarized in the British periodical as a policy of exacting the results of compulsion without the will to apply compulsion. President Wilson appears to the anti-American *Saturday Review* (London) to have landed himself in a blind alley in Mexico, and to have no one to thank for it but himself, as he must now perceive:

"Why President Wilson should have embarked upon a course of action so inimical to the best interests of Mexico and the United States alike it is hard to understand; probably it is due to a pedantic view of what 'righteousness' demanded. The recognition of Huerta would really mean the recognition of a Diaz régime which has acquired its position by force. But then Madero ejected Porfirio Diaz by force, and it is impossible to establish or maintain any authority in Mexico at the present time by any means but force, and the President's theories cannot blind him to facts so remorselessly as to make him unaware of this. . . ."

CHINA GETS A CONSTITUTIONAL PRESIDENT AT LAST

YUAN SHI KAI was not assassinated after all in the course of the inaugural ceremonies which imparted such pomp to his assumption, for a five year term, of the post of president of the Chinese republic. The excuse for the smartness of the military demonstration was the alleged discovery of a plot by one of the "tang" to put Yuan under lock and key when he was well within the labyrinths of the forbidden city and starve him to death. The provincial papers of the Yang-tse provinces grow skeptical on the subject of these mysterious plots. Yuan has them manufactured, it is hinted, whenever he wants to punish the refractory elements in house or senate. His election by a very large majority was secured through intimidation, too. These, of course, are the comments of the disgruntled, finding expression in interviews with correspondents of London and Paris dailies. Yuan Shi Kai, they complain, owes his post to the foreigner. Foreign dailies tend more and more to be filled with protests to this effect from those Chinese patriots who have received a western education and who organize juntas of one kind and another in London, Paris and Berlin. One of Yuan's first measures was to pay the arrears of the liberal pensions voted to the deposed Manchus. Those princes are affirmed in the *Paris Figaro* to have been in a condition lately that bordered upon destitution. The eunuchs were going one by one because they could not get their stipends. So glad were the Manchus to get a little money that they sent a handsome deputation to attend the new president's inaugural pomps.

Native Dread of Reaction in Peking.

PEKING continued, despite the institution of a constitutional republic last month, "a place of precaution," to employ the official lingo. This means, explains the *London Post*, that a modified but drastic form of martial law prevails, much to the chagrin of the deputies. They find themselves liable to arrest for sedition at the pleasure of the executive, only to find Yuan disclaim all knowledge of the circumstance when they go to him with complaints. The President, moreover, secludes himself more and more from the committees of the national assembly. The arrest by a so-called martial court of eight deputies just before the ballottings for the presidency caused a tremendous sensation. At last accounts these prisoners were under lock and key, deprived of counsel and unable to communicate with the outside world. Official intimations of

the discovery of plots to poison the prime minister as Yuan was poisoned some months ago satisfy nobody. This assumption by the president's military advisers of the right to put anybody and everybody in a dungeon is leading to some grave abuses of authority, it seems from the *London Daily*. Forms of law are used to put even upright deputies not under suspicion into oubliettes.

Yuan and the "Tangs" at Loggerheads Again.

WHAT goes by the name of a political party at Peking is sometimes a clique of revolutionists voting in the national assembly. To this effect argues *The Peking Daily News*, an officially inspired organ. It dwells with indignation upon the fact that all the leaders of one recent revolt and most of their subordinates are members of the Kuomintang. That political organization exists largely to buy the muniments of war for rebels along the Yang-tse. It emerged suddenly into being barely two years ago. Bribery at elections for the national assembly, intimidation of the loyal voting element and the fomentation of schemes to put poison in Yuan's tea take up most of the time of the deputies it sent to Peking in such goodly number. It is said to inspire a newspaper issued at Shanghai when the censorship is not too severe in which Yuan is held up to the obloquy of Young China. The Kuomintang varies its procedure with the introduction of resolutions into parliament to the effect that Yuan should get out. His own view is that this "tang" is a revolutionary conspiracy masquerading in the form of a political party. That is why eight of its deputies languish now behind bars.

The Forces With and Against Yuan Shi Kai.

IF THE disaffected "tang" in the national assembly of China have a fraction of the following of which they boast to European journalists in Peking, the administration of President Yuan faces a crisis, suspects the *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels), a liberal daily which, like some other continental European organs, has doubts of the future in Peking. Newspapers in closer touch with international high finance, like the *London Times* and the *Paris Temps*, are not so pessimistic. To them the rebellion at one or two points in the south was improvised in a hurry by a traitorous "tang" or two. The Kuomintang itself, according to the *London Post*, was completely discredited even before the revolt came. "It had been repudiated in all parts of the country before

it resorted to arms." Its object is the satisfaction of the dreams of power of its leaders and not the promotion of any ascertainable principle. Native Chinese papers, inspired by Liang Chi-ch'o, adviser and press agent to Yuan, disseminate the same theory. He heads a "good tang," as the *Su Pao* says. This Chinputang is attaining a position of power and prominence in the assembly. Its deputies are in some cases great editors.

Can Yuan Make Head Against China's Rebels?

ONE of the expedients of the followers of disaffection in Peking is the offer of a bribe to Yuan Shi-kai's supporters to desert him. The Kuomintang offered to make Liang Chi-ch'o president of the republic if he would throw Yuan over. This we learn from the *Paris Débats*. Now that Yuan is in for a five-year term, the diabolical "tang" is busily undermining his position. Obstruction, opposition, the filling of the world with rumors that he is a dying man, the murder of his most valuable men—these developments are looked for during the weeks to come. Nothing will be left undone to convey the idea that China's masses do not want the republic if Yuan heads it. Not that the "tang" will deny itself the emoluments of office. Its members are clamoring for salaried posts in which they can foster disaffection. They are in league with certain Russian and Japanese elements, the story runs, to "put the screws" on Yuan. Thousands of ignorant coolies are enrolled in the south for a new effort to spread fire and sword. Fresh declarations of "independence" in a southern province or two may be looked for. They should not be taken too seriously, affirms the *London Times*, although they may occasion embarrassment and even mislead foreign judgment for a time.

A Republican Chinese Incident of Japanese Intrigue.

DENIALS of Japanese complicity in the ambitious attempt of southern rebels to overthrow Yuan's government are official but incredible, in the opinion of the *London Post*. This daily is in such close touch, through its Peking correspondent, with officials of the Chinese republic, that its comments and impressions may be accepted as inspired. The Japanese, it insists, despite their official neutrality, were actually behind the rebellion at certain points in the south. Prime Minister Hsiung Hsi-ling confirms the impression. Representatives of a "people's party" in Japan intrigued, he says, to cause a rupture between north and south in China. The object was the defeat of Yuan for the presi-

dency. Foiled in that, the Japanese emissaries reappear upon the scene of their defeat with purposes as sinister as before. They are hand in glove with the Kuomintang, financing their enterprizes, encouraging their leaders. That mysterious Tsen Chun Hsiang, who led the fiercest of all recent revolts, is described by Yuan's advisers as a tool of the Japanese. Native papers controlled by the cabinet appeal openly to the nation to put aside the temptation of Japanese bribes.

Japanese Indignation at Chinese Accusations.

NEVER did the officially-inspired press of Tokyo reveal more unanimity than is now displayed in denouncing those who charge Japan with duplicity in China. The *Jiji Shimpō* and the *Kokumin Shimbun* profess delight at the success of Yuan's republic, as they term it. Nor is the theory of Tokyo's villainy accepted by the *London Times*. The Peking government, it thinks, showed common sense in acceding to the demands of Tokyo for satisfaction with reference to the incidents at Nanking, Yenchowfu and Hankow. Yuan is already embarrassed, it is said, by the apologies, the punishments and the indemnities he agreed so generously to afford the Japanese. The doughty General Changhsun, who would have gone over to the rebels, apparently, but for the high command he got from Yuan, must be made to lose "face" before Tokyo will feel appeased. This puts the Chinese republic in a difficult position. It may have to lay hands upon certain deputies whom Tokyo loathes for their candor. Nevertheless, declares the great *London* daily, mouthpiece of Japan to Europe, Tokyo's policy in Peking is not aggressive. "Japan recognizes that her interests are best served by the preservation of peace."

A Coming Crisis in the Government at Peking.

SUCCESSFUL as he may be in conciliating native opinion, Yuan, despite the "good press" worked up for him at home, faces the gravest diplomatic crisis in his troubled history. An uneasy feeling prevails in St. Petersburg that events in China bode no good to Russian policy, according to the *Novoye Vremya*, and other papers in touch with the views favored by foreign minister Sazonoff. That statesman is said in *London* papers to interpret the Chinese crisis as a struggle between the great powers for just such a position of strategical advantage as is sought in Persia and in Asia Minor. An illustration is afforded in the contest brought on by Yuan's effort to import German officers for the instruction of his army. Powerful objection from a source unspecified halted

this undertaking. The *Berlin Kreuz-Zeitung* denies the story, to be sure, but the *London Times* insists that there is foundation for it. In Tokyo, again, as the *London Telegraph* reports, the anti-Chinese agitation shows no sign of abatement and is certain, sooner or later, to lead to far-reaching developments. Whether China satisfies the Japanese official demands now or not is unimportant, comments this authority. Public opinion in Tokyo is determined "once for all to terminate the attitude it is believed the Chinese will take up"—one of courteous defiance. Yuan, from this standpoint, thinks Japan is of little account in Europe and America. He takes his cue from the powers in all things. Japan is so anxious to revise Chinese ideas on the subject of Tokyo's importance that an explosion may come at any moment. Seldom has European press comment revealed a mood of more pugmacy in the Japanese. They are the victims of an impression that the only real appeal to civilization is through the bayonet.

What the Immediate Future of China Portends.

ALMOST any day is likely to bring news of a financial crisis at Peking so severe that the pecuniary difficulties of the past will suggest the temporary embarrassment of a Rothschild at having mislaid a five-pound note. In such pessimistic fashion does the *London Telegraph* account for the revolts in the provinces, the intervention by sundry great powers and the attempt at dynastic restoration implied in the Chinese dilemma. Even the *London Times*, disposed hitherto towards a policy of deference to Yuan's judgment in everything Chinese, begins to wonder whether his incapacity to finance a government may not prove fatal to his authority:

"The President, in circumstances of great difficulty, has succeeded in asserting his own authority, but he has done so by methods which cannot often be repeated. Money has been his principal weapon, and the result is that the Chinese are being taught that rebellion may be profitable. The surprising thing is that, having evidently concluded that his best arsenal is his cash-box, President Yuan is himself adopting courses which may prevent him from replenishing it. It is difficult, perhaps, to distinguish between the acts of the head of the Republic and those of some of his powerful subordinates, but clearly the attitude of the Chinese Government towards financial questions is becoming questionable. The advances made on account of the great Quintuple Loan have been quickly expended, but little attempt has been made to fulfil the conditions on which the loan was made. . . . The most depressing feature about the Chinese situation is that the high hopes which led to the negotiation of the Five-Power Loan are further from realization than ever."

PROSPECTS OF THE COMING IRISH CIVIL WAR

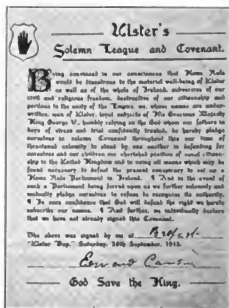
THE first shot fired by the British Army on the citizen soldiery of Ulster will be the signal for such an outburst of anti-Irish and anti-Catholic feeling as has not been manifested in any part of Great Britain for over two hundred years. This prediction is made by an unusually well-informed correspondent of the *London Times*, a daily which comments upon what is to happen when war comes as if the eventuality were certain. That indefatigable champion of Ulster, Sir Edward Carson, laughing to scorn those threats to arrest him for treason which fill the *London News* and the *London Chronicle*, reviews volunteers at Belfast, approves plans for a provisional government and adopts those general measures which the history of South American republics renders so familiar. Even his manifestoes, as the sarcastic Manchester *Guardian* observes, have a suggestion of Bolivar in them and a touch of Cipriano Castro. Efforts at a treaty of peace were rendered abortive by Sir Edward Carson's flat refusal the other day to receive any emissaries from the British government who make a Dublin parliament and executive "an essential basis of discussion." Whether he means to found an independent republic or to establish nothing more ambitious than a crown colony in Ulster are themes upon which the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, the *Cork Free Press* and their Home Rule contemporaries expatiate jocosely. The swift changes taking place almost daily in the aspects of this crisis include the new face just put upon it by Winston Churchill's hint that a general election may, after all, prelude the establishment of Home Rule. Mr. John Redmond is loud in his protestations that no exception of any portion of Ulster from the Home Rule bill will be considered for a moment by the element he leads.

The Military Forces in
Ulster in the Field.

CONSTANT drillings of volunteers during the past six months have evolved a respectable military force in Ulster for the campaign, in the opinion of the *London Times* and *Post*. "On no previous occasion have the people turned out in such large numbers or shown such enthusiasm." Sir Edward Carson has no fear that his "army" will not prove a match for that Irish constabulary upon which the burden of suppressing the revolution must fall first. The review of the Belfast and district contingents of the volunteer forces indicates that the regiments have been well supplied with rifles and ammunition. Thousands of pounds in money fill the treasury. The Ulster unionists in the Commons are to walk out when the province "secedes." The spectacle is so impressive from a continental European standpoint that the Berlin government has had to rebuke a military expert severely for an indiscreet article on the tactical advantages to Germany derivable from the impending campaign. Imagine the uproar that would be raised in Germany, observes the *Kölnische Zeitung*, if a French journal published, say, a communication from a Lorrainer who was discontented with German dominion and drew from it the conclusion that it was gratifying to know, should war with Germany come, what good allies France would have in the enemy's camp!

Charges that Ulster is Playing
a Game of Bluff.

CONCEDING the gravity of the Ulster crisis, as some influential Liberal dailies in England are now disposed to do, they still incline to the theory of bluff in the light of which they have commented upon Sir Edward Carson's campaign from the start. Detached observers who have studied the situation at first hand, with-



"ILLEGALITY"

Sir Edward Carson's justification in his defence of the law which, he says, Asquith dare not repeal or punish.

out prejudice, profess alarm. For instance, the able Socialist leader and editor, H. M. Hyndman, a Home Ruler into the bargain, predicts a civil war. "I have no more doubt that Ulster will fight rather than submit to the present Home Rule bill," he writes, "than I have that Mahometans would resist a Christian occupation of Mecca." Unfortunately, he adds, the members of the Asquith ministry, in "their servility to the Home Rulers in the Commons," will not look at the facts, forcing themselves to forget that the Protestant and Saxon minority on the other side of the Irish Channel is by race, history and tradition a fighting stock. That is why so many Liberal papers in all parts of Great Britain are more favorable to the idea of a conference between their party leaders and the followers of Sir Edward Carson. One point emerges very clearly in the comment of the *London Times*: "The Unionist party will not join in any conference which starts from the assumption that the bill before the country is the only basis of settlement."

Calling for a General Election
in England.

FINDING Sir Edward Carson an impossible person in a conference on Ulster's impending war, the Liberal London press scouts his suggestion that parliament be dissolved. The assurances of Prime Minister Asquith that the idea is preposterous can scarcely be reconciled with hints in Conservative and Unionist sheets that a general election may be precipitated at any moment. Meanwhile Lord Loreburn, the statesman who suggested the conference which so agitates British opinion, seems to have lost all hope for his idea. The deadlock is attributed by the ministerial *London Chron-*



SIGNERS OF THE ULSTER COVENANT WHO MEAN TO FIGHT

In this brigade of scouts to serve in the army that means to bring on civil war in Ireland we have practical evidence, according to Sir Edward Carson, that the shadow of a summary doom is thrown abash the Parliament of Dublin—if it should ever come into being.

icle to the fact—of which it is convinced—that Sir Edward Carson lacks insight. "His vision is contracted. He is wanting in imagination. His mind moves in a very narrow orbit." He has, none the less, the admirable quality of candor. There is, he says, a gulf yawning impassably between his views and those of John Redmond. Sir Edward professes he would make many sacrifices to come to an agreement, but the Liberal dailies see no evidence of that in his "usual Tory rant about an appeal to the people."

Realizing the Prophecy of Bloody Insurrection in Ulster.

PROCEEDINGS in Ulster during the month just ended might conceivably be deemed part of a farce were the issues involved less tremendous. With this utterance, the *London Telegraph* begins the most alarmist of all prognostications of the Irish difficulty. To begin with, it points out, the commander of the Ulster army has been appointed. Sir George Richardson, K. C. B., is the general officer of the whole volunteer force. "Perhaps this is the most striking phenomenon of all, for General Richardson is an officer of distinction, who has served in many campaigns and holds a prominent position in the army." Another point: a Captain Craig, Sir Edward Carson's right-hand man, directs a movement in England to provide for the women and children of Ulster. "So near is the crisis," declares the London organ, bitterly opposed to Prime Minister Asquith, by the way, "so imminent is the peril of civil war that actual provision has been made that while the men of Ulster carry out their stern task, those who are dependent on them shall be looked after far from the actual scenes of bloodshed." Even the composition of the provincial government has been determined.

What Will Be Seen When Home Rule is a Fact.

IN PREDICTING the other day that Ireland is so soon to have a government of her own, Prime Minister Asquith exhibited a restraint at which the Unionist *Irish Times* (Dublin) professes amusement. There will be, it says, two governments in Ireland—one with a capital called Dublin, and the other with a capital called Belfast. In the north there is to emerge from the four counties of Ulster a council of five to draft a constitution. Even the Liberal Manchester *Guardian* is sufficiently staggered by the seriousness of the outlook to suggest that Ulster, while "sharing in the general direction of Irish affairs," might retain the control of certain of her own affairs. Hints in this sense do much to intensify the



DRAMATIZATION OF ULSTERIA

The Liberal organs which sneer at the theatricality of the demonstrations in Belfast against home rule will yet see that behind all the flag waving and the quotation of Bible texts is a grim purpose. Thus the friends of Sir Edward Carson; but the friends of Mr. John Redmond laugh sardonically.

suspicion in certain Irish Home Rule circles that Ireland is to be "dished" at the last moment. A faction in the Clan-na-gael has industriously disseminated this view for weeks, altho it finds no credence in the organs under the inspiration of John Redmond. The contingency, according to *The Freeman's Journal*, must precipitate a situation so extremely serious that the Liberal cabinet would prefer to face all the horrors of civil war in Ulster.

Defiance of the Law by Sir Edward Carson.

NO CONCEALMENT of the illegality of his procedure is made by Sir Edward Carson as he organizes his rebellion throughout Ulster. The government he is to set up will, he confesses, be illegal. The drilling he encourages is illegal. "I was reading an act of parliament the other day forbidding it," he told a delighted audience at Belfast last month.

"Do not be afraid of illegalities. There are illegalities which are not crimes. They are not sordid or mean. They are illegalities taken to assert what is the elementary right of every citizen—namely the protection of his freedom, the handing down what he himself has inherited." The British government dare not interfere with these illegalities, declared Sir Edward Carson, who seems to have gone to greater lengths in defying the law of the land within the past few weeks than even he has dared hitherto. The moment Prime Minister Asquith tries to stop the illegalities of Ulstermen, concluded Sir Edward, Ulstermen will fly to arms. England will then have proof that Ulster has not been bluffing and the moment that so much is understood, "the Asquith game will be up." Therefore, concluded Sir Edward, all Ulstermen are bound in conscience and from love of their Christian faith to defy the law.

THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR SEES THE MIKADO IN TOKYO

TOKYO'S foreign office omitted no courtesy in the elaboration of the ceremonial arranged for Ambassador Guthrie's reception by Yoshihito. The diplomatic representative of the United States arrived when the heats of summer were over, when the Japanese court was beginning its preparations for the season of chrysanthemums. There had been a revival on a somewhat ambitious scale of the press campaign against California which makes the Japanese press such lively reading now and then. Ambassador Guthrie was accorded an ostentatious welcome and an audience with his Majesty at the palace, followed by an invitation to dine with the sovereign. Thus did the

foreign office give the lie to European suggestions that Washington and Tokyo were on the verge of an open rupture. Never was invention more fantastic, observes the inspired *Chuo Koron*, which intimates that an adjustment is at hand. The idea is unsupported by the press of London, Paris and Berlin. Japan, we are told, is picking with this country the same little quarrel she had with Russia before the attack upon Port Arthur—the mode of interpretation of a treaty. Russia wanted to do the interpreting then. America wants to do it now. Japan proposes to have a word of interpretation too. Thus is the difficulty of the moment analyzed by an authority in the Paris *Figaro*. Tokyo stakes her case upon the clause



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JAPANESE GENTLEMEN WITH VIEWS OF WORLD POLITICS

They fear the Japanese foreign office—in the background—is tenanted by persons lacking in capacity, perhaps in patriotism. Hence the gathering, which the persons inside think dangerous. Policy of no admittance. Groans from street. Talk of throwing stones, of California, of war.

in the Constitution of the United States which binds the courts and the legislators to the terms of a treaty as the supreme law of the land. There might be no trouble on that score if Tokyo did not insist on taking a disputed interpretation to The Hague. Ambassador Guthrie had to take up the question at once.

Japan Resents the Monroe Doctrine.

SUCH Japanese press opinion as is inspired by the politicians of the Seiyu-kai, "most political of the political parties in the parliament," criticizes Premier Yamamoto for subservience to Washington. He is afraid, they say, of the United States. Hence he would not let President Huerta convert the reception of a Japanese envoy into a demonstration against this country. He did not open his arms to Felix Diaz. The Monroe Doctrine is crushing Yamamoto. Vernacular dailies make much of these suggestions. Even the *Fiji Shimpō*, a very serious organ of the responsible element, has been telling the Premier that Washington makes a bogey of the Monroe Doctrine. It is used in the present controversy as a scarecrow to keep the Japanese not out of California merely, but out of South America and Mexico as well. In this enlargement of the scope of the Monroe Doctrine the *Fiji Shimpō* sees an unheeded warning of a crisis yet to come. Washington means to exclude the Japanese from the whole western hemisphere, be the cost in blood and treasure what it may.

Yoshihito Loses His Ablest Adviser.

KATSURA, so renowned as the Bismarck of Japan, had been in consultation with his sovereign on the latest aspect of the American crisis with a view to Ambassador Guthrie's enlightenment on important points.

The death of Katsura, while discounted because foreseen, removes a factor making for concord. He was the one man, observes the *Paris Débats*, who enjoyed the confidence of the sovereign, of the Jingoos and of the powers. He was loathed by the politicians because he never accepted party government. Deputies of the Seiyu-kai longed for a cabinet responsible to the parliament on the British plan. They made no headway owing to Katsura's belief that Japan was not ripe for so great a step forward. Unless a personality as forceful as Katsura can emerge, Premier Yamamoto, genial sailor that he is, might be swept from his political feet by a wave of Jingoism among the deputies. Katsura's death thus has a bad effect from a Washington standpoint. All foreign observers agree that the Japanese masses are in a state

of irritation against the western world generally. An idea prevails that a war would be a good thing on general principles as opening the eyes of the world to the fact that the Caucasian race includes the subjects of Yoshihito. Whenever, observes the *French daily*, a Japanese politician wishes to infuriate his constituents against America he has but to remind them that to the United States government the Mikado himself is racially no better than a Mississippi negro.

Isolation of Japan in World Politics.

DIPLOMATIC Tokyo is credited by a writer in the *Berlin Kreuz-Zeitung* with an intention to thwart American policy everywhere in the far East. Already, it is alleged the attitude of the Japanese embassy in Peking reflects a purpose to convince the yellow races that their real enemy is in the western hemisphere. Young China is responding to the propaganda. It has penetrated as far as India, where the influence of the Japanese seems at times to be disconcerting to London papers. Slowly but definitely, there comes into view a coalition of the Asiatics under the auspices of Tokyo. The Japanese Premier, agrees the *London World*, is temporizing in the negotiations with Washington. Both sides are aware of the farce in which each plays so solemn a part. The inevitable conflict between the white and colored races of the world explains the increase in the Mikado's navy, explains likewise the eagerness of official Washington for three new battleships a year. For all purposes of diplomacy, the Anglo-Japanese alliance has ceased to exist. It was, avers the *Manchester Guardian* quite openly, a gross blunder.

RUSSIA REVIVES THE MEDIEVAL CONCEPTION OF THE JEWS

ALL EUROPE followed last month the progress of that ritual murder investigation at Kieff against which the Jews of every leading nation in the world have protested so vehemently. The press of London, Paris and Berlin was represented by special correspondents in unprecedented numbers, not even the peace of Portsmouth, according to the *Paris Matin*, having sent so many journalists of distinction so far from the scene of their ordinary occupation. On the day after Mendel Beiliss had entered his plea of not guilty of the murder, by torture, of the boy Andrei Yushinsky, an additional sensation was created by the comment of the *Kievanin*. This anti-semitic organ of the so-called Black Hundred denounced the prosecution as inefficient. The whole world, it notes, has

seen in this latest of ritual murder sensations a test of the Muscovite case against the Jew. That case is compromised by the technical defects of the indictment. The mistake of the officials, it explains, is to be found in their indifference to what became of the defendant, provided that the practice of ritual murder be proved. This denunciation of bureaucratic incapacity caused the confiscation of the issue containing it. Long before the day set for the trial, however, newspapers in other lands had characterized the Kieff sensation as a touchstone with which to test the entire domestic policy of Nicholas II. The *Manchester Guardian* and the *London Telegraph* agreed that Russia must have entered the worst of all her periods of reaction before an episode like this could become possible.

Details of the Russian Ritual Murder Sensa- tion.

MORE than two years have elapsed since the discovery in the vicinity of Kieff of the mutilated remains of a little Christian boy. Every organ of the orthodox Russian party and the newspaper champions of the Black Hundred agreed at the time that the case was one of "ritual murder." Innocent Christian blood, these commentators declared, was required by the Hassid sect for their rite at the Jewish Easter. Andrei Yushinsky had fallen a victim. Thus began that agitation against the Jews which is said in the *Paris Humanité* to have accentuated the growing morbidity of the Czar's mind. The police in due time apprehended a worker in a brick factory, a forty-year-old Jew named Mendel Beiliss. Whether he was the actual murderer or merely participated with his brethren of the synagogue in the mutilation has yet to appear in the terms of the indictment. The Black Hundred, notes the well-informed St. Petersburg correspondent of the London daily already named, were triumphant. The anti-semitic campaign thrived with fresh fury. The archives of centuries were ransacked to obtain incriminating evidence against the Jews. Reproductions of old prints portraying the immolation of Christian youths and maids by the rabbis were sent far and wide.

Russia Mobilized Against the Jew.

WEEK succeeded week after the arrest of the Jew Beiliss. He was refused permission to see any visitors, even his wife. It was officially announced early last year that the trial would occur in the following May and that it would be held with open doors. The jury was actually impaneled. Counsel for prosecution and defense had briefs prepared. Newspapers from all over Europe sent their representatives, for the sensation of the case was international and questions had been asked in the parliaments of the powers. At the last moment the trial went over until the autumn. This brings us to more than a year ago. Bail was refused. The reason for the postponement was that the medical witnesses were too busy. The Black Hundred at once began an agitation to prevent trial by jury, appealing to the Czar directly to attain their end. Their reasons, as set forth in the *Novoye Vremya*, related to the "internationally political" character of the case. The affair involved the safety of the state in the presence of a conspiracy of aliens. The anti-semites wanted a court of "class representatives." They stated in their memorials in various papers that whenever possible a piece of cloth soaked in innocent Christian blood is interred with the remains of the Jewish

dead. They made assertions not less harrowing concerning the composition of passover cakes.

Russian Ideas of a Ritual Murder.

IN JANUARY of last year an indictment against Beiliss was presented in detail. A description of the tortures inflicted upon Andrei Yushinsky, whose corpse was hidden in a cave outside Kieff, shows that he was discovered in a sitting attitude, the hands tied behind the back. This, according to anti-semitic pamphlets quoted in the *Paris press*, proves that the Jews did this murder. Nor was other "evidence" lacking. There were forty-seven wounds on the body. There were blood marks on the eyelids and marks of teeth on the chin. The skull had been penetrated several times with a sharp instrument. Chest, lungs, liver had been cut into. There was no blood at all in the veins. Medical experts testified that these tortures had all been inflicted while the little boy was alive. His schoolbooks and cap were found in the cave. His hands must have been bound during these tortures and several persons undoubtedly participated in the crime. It is affirmed positively by the medical experts that the boy was stabbed at some distance from where he was found, having been dragged to the cave after he bled to death. He was thirteen, the illegitimate son of a woman named Alexandra Prikhodko. He set out for school on March 25th, 1911, and was never again seen alive by his people. He had died about four hours after his breakfast. Such is the crime of Kieff, which has wrought Russia to a pitch of frenzy and convulsed the European continent.

What Beiliss is Said to Have Said About Murder.

BEILISS has stoutly denied his guilt to all the officials who visited him in the course of his long imprisonment. He says he never even saw little Andrei Yushinsky. He has had to drive mischievous boys from his usadba, or holding, and he is black-bearded. These are the only points of concord between himself and his accusers. He denies that he drinks Christian blood. A former convict who spent weeks in the same cell with the accused insists that Beiliss confessed; and that he offered his fellow prisoner large sums to poison two witnesses and bribe the third. Beiliss also said, it is affirmed in the *Zemshchina*, a St. Petersburg paper which continually prints alleged details of ritual murders, that the Jewish people of the world are deeply interested in the outcome of the trial at Kieff and would pay any amount of money to get the prisoner off. These assertions commend themselves to the Russian paper just named as plausible and as based on evidence

to be brought forward convincingly at the trial of Beiliss. Ritual murder is frequent among the Jews, it adds, who stick knives into Christian children during the holy season.

Russian Resentment of Europe's Attitude to the Kieff Case.

RESPECTFUL as have been the remonstrances addressed to the officials in St. Petersburg by distinguished Europeans on the subject of the Kieff ritual murder case, they have received short shrift. A protest bearing the signatures of the Archbishop of Canterbury, of Cardinal Bourne and the Duke of Norfolk among others described the charge against Beiliss as "a relic of the days of witchcraft and black magic and a cruel and utterly baseless libel on Judaism." The *Zemshchina* retorted that the memorialists are either hypocrites or mercenaries. The appeal of the Jews in Budapest is said to have been ignored completely. Failure after failure has resulted from the efforts of influential French Jews to send a deputation to Prime Minister Kokovtsov. The Czar is said in the *Manchester Guardian* to be so firmly convinced of the loyalty of the Black Hundred to the throne that he cannot set himself at variance with such patriots. The fanaticism of the Russian people has been stirred to its depths by the case, says the *Paris Matin*. Foreign interference is made to look like a heretic insult to holy Russia.

The Morbidity of the Czar's Mind.

NICHOLAS II. happens to be in a frame of mind too morbid, according to the *Paris Humanité*, to appreciate the factors in the Kieff ritual murder case. The issue has been made one that involves the piety for which he is so famed. "He would be bold who affirmed that his Majesty has not a medieval mind." Nearly every conspiracy of which the Black Hundred are so active in exploiting the details seems to involve the Jews. At any rate, the imperial mind is brought to infer that. The Russian terror is noted for the employment of young Jewish "intellectuals" as propagandists or as instruments. Every upheaval is attributed to the malign influence of the Jew. The Kieff sensation coincided with a return by Nicholas to his grandfather's final policy of repression not only in Finland but at home. The activity of the interest of western Europe in the ritual murder mystery has not facilitated the labors of the prisoner's counsel, notes the *London Telegraph*. Russian piety and Russian patriotism are affronted by the foreigner. Furthermore, as our contemporary points out, many estimable Russians in high places seem to take the worst charges of ritual murder with perfect seriousness.

Persons in the Foreground

McCALL, TAMMANY'S LIFE-PRESERVER IN A SEA OF TROUBLES

THE municipal contest in New York City, now drawing to its close, has been a clear-cut conflict between the friends and foes of Tammany Hall. As a rule, Tammany avoids such a contest by selecting a candidate for mayor whose hall-mark, if he has one, is not too obtrusive. Gaynor was not a Tammany man at all. McClellan was certainly not a typical Tammany man. Shepard and Hewitt were anti-, not pro-Tammany. But Edward Everett McCall is a real Tammany man and he does not blush to admit it. Mitchel, his opponent, tho a Democrat, is with equal certainty a foe of Tammany Hall. With the two candidates thus clearly defined, and with municipal issues such as subway and police rather obfuscated for one reason or the other, it is a contest, as we have said, over the single question of Tammany Hall's ascendancy for the next four years.

Tammany has been sailing in a sea of troubles. At the national Democratic convention, Bryan threw bricks-bats at its representatives and almost chased them out of the convention. President Wilson rewarded Bryan and gave the juiciest plum in New York federal appointments to an energetic foe of the Hall. Its own darling son, William Sulzer, after being made governor, has been striving to drive its henchmen to free board and lodgings at Sing Sing. Tammany is in need as it has not been for many years of a life-preserver. It looked upon Judge McCall, mighty of girth, rotund of face, and nothing if not buoyant of disposition, and it grasped him with the grip of a tired swimmer in a heavy sea. He tried to dodge, but he was too slow in his movements. "Goodness knows," he said, "there are plenty of good men who would serve as well as I, and I wish to Heaven one of them had been selected. I am accepting simply because it was put to me in such a way that I felt, as a good Democrat, I could not refuse." Even so might a life-preserver speak, if it had a tongue, when it feels the clutch of the sinking swimmer.

Like his rival, John Purroy Mitchel, Mr. McCall is a Roman Catholic. He confesses, quite contentedly, to being "a very normal man." All his in-

stincts are conservative, and one of his salient characteristics is a blunt forthrightness of speech. He is not subtle. He is not shifty. He is not a good dodger. Frederick Boyd Stevenson, of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, put to him the question of his attitude toward Tammany Hall. He replied:

"That is a perfectly fair question. I am an organization man. I have been an organization man for many years. I believe that organization is essential to party success and that a man should be identified with an organization so long as the organization does not interfere with his conscience. If I am elected Mayor, I shall go into the City Hall as the executive of the City of New York, and if at any time the organization should attempt to interfere with my conscience, from that moment I shall cease to be an organization man. I am no man's dog to come at beck and call. Those who know me know that. While I was on the bench I was out of politics. Not one suggestion led me from my independent thought. Since I have been on the Public Service Commission not one suggestion has led me from doing the things that I thought should be done. There has been no politics, no patronage, here, since I have been the chairman. In selecting a man for the public service, I don't give a damn what is his creed or what is his politics. There is only one question I ask: 'Is he efficient?' That always has been my policy, and I now say, without any vain boasting or ante-election posing, that it always shall be my policy."

Judge McCall's entry into the complicated municipal campaign in New York dates back to last February, when Governor Sulzer, in naming him as chairman of the Public Service Commission, described him as "big enough for any office in our country." He has known Sulzer from boyhood and has admired him; and he found himself, during the impeachment proceedings, in the embarrassing position of being the choice of Tammany, which was fighting Sulzer, and the choice of Sulzer, who was fighting Tammany.

The political philosophy of Judge McCall is based on what he himself would call "common sense." He believes that the paramount issue in the present campaign is the reduction of high taxation. The police problem he

would solve by "taking it out of politics and having one responsible head." He has "not had time" to go into the question of the social evil thoroughly, but he disapproves of segregation and thinks that a morals commission composed of "philanthropic citizens with high ideals" would be able to cope with this problem. He believes in "personal liberty" when it comes to personal habits, especially in New York City.

Judge McCall's career is typical of that of many another American who has had to make his way on his own merits. He was born in Albany in 1863 and attended the public school. He came to New York when he was seventeen years old. At the New York University, in 1884, he was valedictorian of his class. Then he entered the practice of law with a classmate, William C. Arnold. The selection of his brother, John A. McCall, as President of the New York Life Insurance Company brought him into touch with the insurance world. He became counsel for the three largest insurance companies in the world, the Mutual Life, the Equitable Life and the New York Life, and in connection with the investigation of fire insurance methods in 1910, the scandal which embittered his brother's life touched his own name. A certain William H. Buckley was shown to have done much questionable lobby work at Albany in the interest of various fire insurance companies and some of the checks he handled passed through McCall's hands. He contended that he had helped Buckley merely as a friend and no proof to the contrary seemed to be forthcoming.

In 1902 Mr. McCall was elected to the New York Supreme Court Bench, and became more actively affiliated with the Democratic Party. While he claims that at this time he was "out of politics," the records show that he gave hundreds of refereeships and receiverships to Tammany men. His decisions as judge were regarded as strong and logical and his fellow-justices were unaffectedly fond of him. He was especially liked by young lawyers, whom he treated with consideration. In fact, nearly everybody likes him who has personal relations with him. He is big and red-faced and good-

natured and buoyant and full of generous impulses toward his friends—very much of a human being, with no frills on. He is not what you would call over-refined or austere; but he is likable.

The Judge's friends are busy pointing to the record of his work on the Public Service Commission as exemplifying his statement that, in public appointments, he puts "efficiency" first. He has had the chance to remove political opponents and swing many jobs in the direction of Tammany. But not once has he swung the big ax.

"Genial" is an adjective constantly applied to Mr. McCall. He can speak very sharply if occasion requires, but he has never cultivated that austerity of manner which comes to some men as soon as they don the ermine. Ceremonialism and the majesty of processions with an attendant rushing ahead crying, "Make way for the Judge!" never appealed to him. A writer in the *New York Times* gives us this picture of him:

"The most striking thing about Judge McCall's appearance is his girth, which is considerable. A man of fifty years, the hair on his head is scant and turning very gray, but the sandy tinge of his close-clipped moustach is left to testify to the original color. He has a twinkling eye and his face wrinkles into the friendliest of smiles.

"His greetings are hearty, whole-souled. There is a neighborliness in his manner that suggests somehow a smaller community such as his native Albany, the sort of over-the-garden-fence friendliness that is sometimes lost in the 'race with death,' which is the phrase he himself likes to use in describing life in America and particularly life in New York. He is affable, genial."

In this day of poseurs, the *Times* writer continues, Mr. McCall almost poses as a non-poseur. He has a staggering capacity for work, and tells how, in one crisis in his career, he dispensed with two nights of sleep. He is positive and aggressive, and is apt to have his own way in most things. There is nothing particularly exciting about his tastes. His favorite game is golf, but that has been overworked. Every one in public life plays golf, even Mr. Murphy. "His press agent would have a struggle to get copy out of the Judge's taste in books. A glimpse over Col. Roosevelt's shoulder at the book he is reading almost provides material for an impressive paragraph. Not so with Judge McCall. He has no Epictetus. When he gets home and settles himself comfortably with a mild cigar between his teeth, the book he reaches for is pretty sure to be fiction—and rather light fiction at that."

He gets home pretty often, too, it seems. In summer, the McCalls—there are Mrs. McCall, who was Ella F. Gay-



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THEY DIDN'T HAVE TO PULL A GUN ON HIM

Judge McCall, Democratic candidate for mayor of New York, said a few weeks before his nomination that he wouldn't accept it even if they put a gun to his head. The demand for him was too strong to be thwarted, however. Tammany needed a life-preserver and it turned to the buoyant McCall with appeals he could not resist. One of the things he always finds it hard to do is to turn down a friend, and all the Tammany leaders have been his friends for years.

nor, of Albany, and two young daughters, Constance and Ella—occupy a pretty cottage at Easthampton, Long Island, within sound of the surf. Mrs. McCall is described as a tall, rather slender, dark-haired woman with blue eyes and a radiant smile. She is as conservative as her husband; feels that a woman's duty is to create a home; and confesses to an interest in day nurseries rather than in women's clubs. "She thus far has betrayed no intention of rushing into the white circle of her husband's spotlight," concludes the *Times* writer; "theirs is too normal a home for that. That is one

of the difficulties in writing about Judge McCall. He is so like the rest of us—except for Tammany Hall."

Another of his delights is the national game. He was formerly an active participant in the sport, a sort of semi-professional baseball player. But the lapse of years and the growth of his waist-line have put an end to running bases and sliding in at the home plate, and he has to be content now with the rôle of a fan. Despite the campaign in which he is engaged, he was one of the most interested spectators at the world championship series last month.

HUNT OF CINCINNATI—A NEW POLITICAL TYPE

THEY say that mines and factories, railways and steamships, and all the other adjuncts of advancing civilization are taking the picturesque out of life. But the destruction of one picturesque feature is not due to such things as these. We refer to the picturesque political leaders of the olden type. Uncle Joe Cannon still keeps up the tradition outside of Congress, and Sereno E. Payne does the same inside. But they and a few others look like survivors of a past era. The South still sends us specimens of the type and the middle West has a number of relics on exhibition now and then when a stirring campaign is on. But the old-time politician, whose trousers bag at the knees, who wears a string-tie, who looks slovenly of dress even when he wears a high hat and a frock coat, who has the gift of lurid speech of an effective but declamatory kind, who wears his hair long and runs his hand through it in moments of emotional stress, is becoming more and more rare, and in most of the large cities has become nearly extinct.

In his place we are getting a new type of man, the trim, alert college man, well groomed but not dandified, who can talk well but does not orate or shout, who has his hair cut once a month, who does not strut or pose or gyrate, who deals with political questions in a brisk, unromantic, business-like manner. One of this sort is Henry T. Hunt, the mayor of Cincinnati, the man who, when little more than a "kid," dared to practice sabotage on the political machine of George B. Cox, pretty nearly smashing the whole thing. He is running for reelection as mayor this year, and if he is beaten at the polls it will be a new experience for him. Four times he has gone to the bat, so to speak, against one of the wildest of political pitchers, who has all the out-curves and in-curves, downshouts and up-shoots, spit-balls and fadeaways, that there are, and then some, and who is backed up by one of the best organized infelds ever seen on a political diamond. Four times Hunt has scored, which gives him a batting record of 1000. But in each case there has been a close shave at the home plate. His majority has never been as high as ten thousand, and this time his opponents hope to reduce it to a minus quantity. Next to the mayoralty contest in New York, the interest of the country, especially of the reform element, is centered on Hunt's fight in Cincinnati and Blankenburg's in Philadelphia, and rather more on Hunt's than on Blankenburg's. In each case it is a fight, as in New York, for the elimination of state and national poli-

tics from municipal elections. In New York the machine carries a Democratic banner, in Philadelphia and Cincinnati it carries a Republican banner. Hunt is a Democrat, but his following is composed of all parties and his appeal is for honesty and efficiency in municipal affairs.

"A few years ago," writes Brand Whitlock in *The American Magazine*, "a young chap got home from Yale—a typical college man; trousers turned up over low tan shoes in the dead of winter, and all that. He began to practice law. A little later one of those fitful revolutions occurred in Cincinnati; it was momentarily successful, and as a result of it this young chap went to the legislature as a Representative from Hamilton County. He had made a hard campaign. It was difficult to get halls to speak in, hard to get money to meet the expenses of a campaign against Cox in those days. Business men were afraid, but this young chap used to stand on a store box on the corner talking to the people about Cincinnati, about what it used to be, and what it was going to be." Hunt was twenty-seven then, compact, athletic, of medium height, with black hair a little wavy, regular features, a good firm chin, engaging brown eyes, and strong, athletic hands. He had cultivated the art of boxing and, while not pugnacious, was not at all timid over the prospect of a scrap. Even now he occasionally puts on the gloves with the best boxers on the police force and can hold his own with them.

When he reached the legislature, he proceeded at once to urge bills for purifying elections, and he showed his independence by voting alone against a bill reducing railway rates to two cents a mile, not because he was especially fond of railway corporations but because he did not believe in that way of regulating their rates. At this time a group of men, mostly young men, had formed a Citizens' Municipal party, to redeem Cincinnati from the Cox machine. Time and time again it had gone down in defeat; but this did not daunt its leaders, who had taken for a motto a passage from Seneca's writings: "Oh, Neptune, you may save me if you will, you may sink me if you will; but, whatever happens, I will hold my rudder true." The first defeat of Cox was brought about by the help of William H. Taft, then Secretary of War. It was that campaign that landed young Hunt in the legislature and started him on to fame. He tried to secure a legislative investigation of Hamilton County affairs; but failed. Then the reform group picked him for prosecuting attorney, and he was elected by a slim majority of 3,200,

having been helped by being locked in a cell for a few hours on the charge of "disorderly conduct," for making a hot speech in Lytle Park. As prosecuting attorney his hands were tied. Cox judges were on the bench. Cox jury commissioners selected the juries. Hunt was not even allowed in the Grand Jury room when the jury was balloting. But he managed to drop a little emery dust in the machine from time to time. He closed bucket-shops, raided pool-rooms, and made a crusade against disorderly dance-halls and gambling dens, spending \$1,300 of his own money in the process. He was re-elected by a majority of 6,800. Victory was now becoming a habit with him, and he grew more confident of his power. He even had Cox himself indicted, and tho the indictment was not sustained, it broke the hypnotic spell cast by the name of the boss and resulted in the election of Hunt as mayor by a plurality of about 4,000.

One of the first things he did as mayor was to clear out the leather divans and lounging chairs in the reception-room which had been for years a loafing place for political heelers. "This place," said Hunt, "looks too much like the annex of a harem. I want it to look like a business office." It not only looked like it soon, but it acted like it. Hunt called for expert advice in all important matters. He became a fireman for twenty-four hours, slid down the pole in the frosty hours of dawn, and helped fight the flames, just to get a line on firemen's duties. He became a street-cleaner one day and a policeman another day. That is the way he has studied his job. He organized a buying department for the entire city government, with a corps of trained men, and everything that is bought must be up to clearly defined specifications, from a bucket to an automobile. He has revived civil service examinations. He suspended the chief of police for testifying in court that he did not know that one of the most notorious gamblers was a gambler. "You are either a fool or something else," said the snappy mayor, "in any event you are not fit to be chief of police in Cincinnati." He has achieved a reputation for his work as an efficiency mayor that is national. "The work of Mayor Hunt," says the *Springfield, Mass., Republican*, "has been along the lines of advance that are endorsed by the best students of municipal conditions." The Economic Club, of New York City, when last winter it wanted speakers who could talk with authority on municipal government, invited three mayors—Gaynor, Blankenburg and Hunt, and Hunt received almost as warm a welcome as Gaynor himself received.

Hunt is a native of Cincinnati, having been born there thirty-five years ago. But his father, Samuel T. Hunt, an official of the Missouri Pacific railway system, and "one of the first foes of the rebate," took him to Kansas as a boy, and he spent many years in that State, then, as always, a hotbed of reform ideas. Young Hunt escaped becoming a radical, but he is a progressive, at least along municipal lines, and he is by instinct and training constructive in his methods rather than destructive. He wants to do things more than to undo them. He thinks for himself; had such a striking capacity for that even when he was in Yale that Owen Johnson, his classmate, has used him as one of the characters—Brockhurst—in his novel, "Stover of Yale." Hunt has physical courage as well as moral courage. He went to a hall in the eighteenth ward, the most dangerous part of Cincinnati, and before a crowd of opponents warned the burly police captain, Ike Valentine, that he would send him to the penitentiary if he ever tried again to vote a negro "floater." In a calm and almost indifferent manner he stood up before an audience at the University of Cincinnati and spoke as follows: "I always thought that, while the gang, of course, protected political crime, it at least frowned on burglary and murder. But I have found out a dozen cases where the prosecuting attorney had evidence that would send a man to Columbus for twenty years or to the electric chair, and he put it in his pocket and kept it there. Why? Why, don't you know? That man was useful; he could beat up a challenger on election day or send a trouble-maker to the hospital." Then, as his audience gasped, he added: "When the gang asks me to produce the proof for that statement, I will." He was never asked.



HAS A BATTING AVERAGE IN POLITICS OF 10001

Henry T. Hunt, now fighting for reelection as mayor of Cincinnati, is but thirty-five, but he has already beaten the Cox machine four times at the polls, and has made a national reputation for efficiency in municipal administration.

THE MEN WHO ARE STANDING BEHIND YUAN SHI KAI

IN LAYING aside his provisional capacity as President of the Chinese republic and in assuming the chief magistracy for a constitutional "term," Yuan Shi Kai added last month one more to the perplexities of the diplomatic corps in Peking. The proceedings, according to one correspondent of the *London News*, are a farce. Yuan was guilty of an usurpation. His inauguration was not "real" in the Chinese sense. He was put up to it by Liang Shih-yi.

So unfamiliar is the name of this Liang Shih-yi to western ears that surprise is natural when the *London Times* refers to him as the real ruler of China to-day. "His are the strong, supple hands which pull the leading

strings at Peking, and to his music dance most of those who claim to sway the destinies of China's millions." This has for many months been the conviction of the *Paris Débats*. Yuan is the mass of butter shaped into the form of a lion while Liang Shih-yi is the artist who sees to it that his creation does not melt. The world never suspects who does the roaring. Liang Shih-yi is too inscrutable a Cantonese to betray himself. He has the unction that suggests to our student of him the methods of an ecclesiastical statesman of the middle ages. A smiling affability sits upon his countenance. His figure, tending to portliness, is traditionally Chinese and implies good living. He has vast wealth, many villas. He

knows the world while professing to have traveled very little. He speaks English and French, pretending to know neither. He rules the country and gives himself the insignificance of a nobody. He has the secrets of the dethroned dynasty at his mercy. Reports credit him with knowledge of the whereabouts of the treasures that disappeared from the forbidden city when the republic came into being. Yuan does nothing until he has consulted Liang Shih-yi.

This mysterious man behind Yuan is wedded to Confucianism. He tolerates in his household only the customs, the manners and the ideals that found favor with the wisest of the Mings. He is a mandarin at heart, living a Chi-

nese life behind strong walls, surrounded by the priceless treasures of his country's art. He peers with sleepy eyes. He looks wise by the simple process of rubbing his nose. His intellectual life is one of devotion to the Chinese classics. He loathes the West and its ways, worshipping his ancestors piously. He dreams of the expulsion of the foreign devil but fawns upon him for the time being. Such is the character sketch in the *Paris press*. He is not an aristocrat in the classical sense and some of his relatives in the south are said to deal in rice and even to keep tea houses. He has the shrewdness of the Rothschilds in a financial transaction. His genius has tided the republic over. For the rest, he remains a shadow, the man in the prompter's box, giving signals to Yuan, emerging with smiles at each crisis and going back swiftly to his gardens, his flocks of birds and the Confucian classics that he loves.

Another type altogether is Hsiung Hsi-ling of Hunan—the most important and most bustling of beings in aspect, especially since his selection the other day as Premier. He would fit perfectly, it seems to the *London Chronicle*, into a comic opera of the Gilbertian quality. His colored buttons, the flowing amplitude of his official robe, the massive grandeur of his gestures in public and his staccato utterance lend him infinite spectacular importance. He looks the part, thinks our observer. He acts it, too, since it is but that of the figurehead. His taste was formed by an education in Japan years ago and his experience has been that of a borrower. He has spent a long official career in the negotiation of loans on preposterous conditions. By nature, it seems, Hsiung is timid and he has a miraculous facility in doing what he is told. His official existence is proof of the fact that the cabinet of which he is the head has been created as a sham.

Not that "Mister" Hsiung Hsi-ling, to give him a title that is in vogue at Peking, lacks character. Much is made of the fact that he is neither an opium sot, a mumbling octogenarian, nor a parasite. There is a gravity at the foundation of his character which suggests Necker to the *Paris press*—Necker, the serious, upright and somewhat absurd person who tried to save the throne of Louis XVI. by financial negotiations. Hsiung Hsi-ling was, in effect, minister of finance in the first republican cabinet. He was put out in summary fashion for speaking well of that "holy prince" whose Confucian lineage and Chinese blood, according to the *London Post*, might make him emperor in the event of a monarchical restoration. Republican fury has abated in the past year or two and Hsiung Hsi-ling got a roving commission to borrow money. He did unexpectedly

well until the refusal of the Wilson administration to work with "high finance" at Peking put the unfortunate Hunanese out on the sidewalk again. His "face" was saved by the post of lieutenant-general in Jehol, which he has just abandoned to become Premier. His assumption of a frock coat is said to be a trick to secure ratification by the house of representatives.

Chang Chien, who figures so conspicuously in the month's despatches from Peking, being the new minister of commerce, is a famous scholar. He was long distinguished for a bitter hostility to Yuan. They became reconciled upon the basis of their common belief that Young China is too Americanized to be practical. Chang was in his time an enthusiastic republican. He is suspected now of a belief, locked up in his bosom for mention to those only whom he trusts, that the monarchy ought to be restored in some limited form. He is given an amiable character by a writer in the *Figaro*. To this day he gives himself up to the severe study that won him his literary renown. He is very much of a fine gentleman in the Chinese sense, understanding the mode of address appropriate to the rank of anyone he meets and capable of improvising a poem suitable to any occasion. His gift for recitation is so magical that when he repeats sublime passages from the classics all who understand the language have to weep. All his culture is native. He seldom adopts a European mode of dress even on public occasions. He is said to disapprove of the tendency among the moderns to wear frock coats and high hats. The

uproarious students from the United States who go about with their hair parted in the middle and who play baseball deem Chang a reactionary because he no longer wears leather shoes.

The literary atmosphere of the new government is made additionally brilliant through the personality of Liang Ch'i-chao. He is, we read in the *London Times*, perhaps the most brilliant writer in China. His prose holds up the greatest in Peking to scorn in a style indicative of the utmost personal respect. In the western world he would be considered a successful journalist with a capacity for sarcasm. His talents have got him into the many difficulties which entail either flight to Japan or imprisonment in domestic dungeons. No one in public life has had such ups and downs—he has tramped in rags about the provincial highways peddling seditious pamphlets with a price upon his head. It is affirmed that he has picked up a precarious livelihood in some of the far eastern isles reading Chinese newspapers to crowds of refugee patriots. His periods of prosperity never inflate him. The humblest of his brethren of the pen may dine at his table and he takes pride in the number of men of genius whom he has expedited along the labyrinths of Chinese literature. Liang Ch'i-chao has the talents of the press agent and he exploits them now for the benefit of Yuan.

Sun Pao-ch'i is rather better known to European journalists than any other of Yuan's advisers because his talents enable him to cope with foreign devils. Sun Pao-ch'i is, indeed, renowned in Peking, says the *Matin*, for the per-



"DEAR MISTER PRESIDENT"

The problem of an appropriate form of epistolary address for Yuan Shi Kai, now that he is truly President of the Chinese republic for a five-year term instead of being a mere provisional president, vexed the deputies in Peking as a similar riddle agonized America in Washington's day. He was—that is, Yuan was—ultimately symbolized in a hieroglyphic resembling a three-winged gazelle, corresponding to the words in quotation above.

suasiveness of his powers in smoothing away complications that involve exasperated nations. The flavor of his urbanity is said to intoxicate. His courtesy is too Oriental to resist. He is rather proud of a very genuine and very astonishing ignorance. Appointed to negotiate a treaty with the French, he set out for Australia, under a geographical misconception. He made a spicy report on the subject of government in Germany before he had visited that country, where, by the way, he delighted Emperor William. Sun Po-ch'i seems rather fond of gorgeous attire, his variety of official and unofficial costumes making him conspicuous

wherever he is seen. He is frankly indifferent to principle, caring not at all whether his native land be a kingdom, a republic, an empire or a chaos. His devotion is always to human beings, whom he loves and who love him.

Unexpected importance attaches to the personalities of all these men through the somewhat alarming accentuation lately of Yuan's physical infirmity. He is young, as Asiatic statesmen go, being barely fifty-five. His native vigor is said in all recent despatches to have been sadly impaired by the systematic poisoning of which he was the victim. His fleshiness has become quite inconvenient, according to

the despatches in Paris papers. A drowsiness that is not conquered by the stress of rebellion itself gives him less chance than formerly to assert his supremacy in his own councils. He is said, too, to have lost appetite and to be unable to take necessary exercise, owing to excess of precaution against assassination. The result is manifest in the conspicuous self-assertion of "Mister" Hsiung Hsi-ling. That statesman gives splendid receptions in honor of public personages, never losing an opportunity to insist that he has chosen the cabinet and that Yuan Shi Kai is simply the executive head of the republic.

THE SENTIMENTAL CRISIS IN THE CAREERS OF THE CZAR'S ELDEST DAUGHTERS

NO TIME was lost by the Czarina in denying that report of the betrothals of the Grand Duchesses Olga and Tatiana which suggested each of these princesses as a future Balkan queen. Organs of the high society of Vienna and Paris professed intimate knowledge of the dynastic policy dictating these unions. The young princesses were to incarnate the Romanoff dream of a Pan-Slavic alliance. Nicholas II. is reported in the *Paris Figaro* to make no concealment of the chagrin occasioned in court circles by the dissemination and persistence of these stories. His Majesty is, we read, an incorrigible romantic, like the head of the house that rules Austria and Hungary. The Czarina is profoundly mystical. The education of the pair of Russian princesses who, in the language of the French daily, are passing through the sentimental crisis of their careers, has reflected the fundamental characteristics of their parents. From their father, moreover, they inherit the romantic temperament. They look at life, too, through the mysticism of their mother. "My ambition for my girls," the Czarina is quoted in one paper as having said to a retiring French ambassador at her husband's court, "is that they may become Christian ladies." The ideal gives, we read, a clue to the mother's character. It reveals in a phrase the training the grand duchesses have received. The house of Romanoff is sensitive to insinuations that it retains amid its pomp some stain of the Mongol. Its daughters must disprove to the world any theory of Russian barbarism, of Russian lack of culture, with which western minds have been poisoned by uninformed historians who write of the second Paul and the great Catherine.

Those who insist that the Romanoffs have intermarried with German royalty so long and so frequently as to be really

Teutons find a living illustration, according to the *Matin*, in the Grand Duchess Olga. The lightness and perfection of her slim figure suggest the women of the house of Hapsburg. The arms of the grand duchess are rounded, dimpling at the elbow and white as those of Marie Antoinette herself. The fingers of the somewhat long hand—this last detail being a very royal characteristic—taper charmingly, as do her mother's. The shoulders are regal, reminding our authority of those portraits of Anne of Austria which adorn Vienna's great gallery. The neck is truly set and slender and the face, a delicate oval in which the eyes shine softly, lights up exquisitely as the princess smiles. Those who saw much of Olga when she romped with the officers of the regiment on guard at Tsarskoye Selo, refer to the gravity she affects at eighteen. There are indications, it seems, that the eldest daughter of the Czar has inherited the melancholy of his most characteristic mood, an impression which her dark hair and brows tend to confirm. She has the most agreeable voice in the family, although not the readiest smile.

Tatiana, now considerably past the age at which Marie Antoinette became the bride of the Dauphin, has been betrothed in newspaper despatches to no less than three future sovereigns. So volatile are her fancies, so successfully does the procession of her mood defy the swiftest camera, that we are warned by a writer in London *Truth* to contemplate her best photograph with suspicion. Even the color of her eyes will alternate from a deep gray to blue and then to violet as one strives to fix in the memory the significance of her expression. The rich texture of her plentiful hair is often tumbled about her face owing to the lightness and speed with which she dances from place to place instead of walking. She could never be lost, we read, too, be-

cause the laughter ringing so merrily and so constantly from her lips must surely betray her whereabouts. When she is not laughing with her lips she is laughing with her eyes, and when she is not dancing with her feet her arms subserve that function. Lacking, perhaps, the majesty of her elder sister, she has all the seductiveness of a sprite, an impression accentuated by her wit, her brilliance in conversation and her perfect ease in the presence of the most austere. It is affirmed of Tatiana that her instincts are less royal than human. Olga's grave deportment reminds all of her august origin, whereas Tatiana is uneasy unless she be accepted not as a princess but as a young lady. Etiquette depresses her and ceremony makes her think of medicine.

Few young ladies have been so tutored as these grand duchesses. When they wore short dresses and played with their ponies in the gardens about Tsarskoye Selo, Olga and Tatiana had the benefit of an English lady's companionship. There was also a Prussian governess. The monotony of life was varied by long voyages up and down the Gulf of Finland in the imperial yacht, and by visits to the Crimea. One result of the outdoor life, according to the French paper, is to reduce to absurdity a popular impression that the royal house of Russia is a prey to scrofula, to tuberculosis and to one or two other hereditary maladies. Olga and Tatiana impress all beholders as hardy girls. They still ride out daily with their father, the Czar, who sticks to his carriage while the princesses gallop around on their ponies. They appear on such occasions in the uniform of the regiments in which they hold brevet ranks, never, however, riding astride.

The note of that piety for which the Czar and his consort are so famous has been profoundly impressed upon the education of their daughters, observes our high authority. Olga and Tatiana



THE COLONELS

One is in command of a regiment of uhlans and the other is at the head of that Preobrajensky regiment which figures in the despatches as the pet of the Czar. The shorter of these colonels is Olga and the other is Tatiana. Both are capable of putting their men through the drills and tactics prescribed by the manual and both have figured conspicuously at the army maneuvers under the direct command of their father.

are alike in the exemplification of their piety through devotion to Saint Seraphim and through a regular approach to the sacraments. The occult has, as is well known, always made an irresistible appeal to the piety of Nicholas, nor has he been discouraged by the somewhat unblushing charlatanism of a few adventurers who abused his confidence and that of his consort by the phantasmagoria of the showman. His Majesty is convinced that on one occasion, at least, he beheld the spirit of his grandfather and he cherishes, it is understood, hopes of a further experience of this kind. The loftiest functionaries at the Russian court take refuge from the irreligion of the age in the mysticism to which their sovereign is so prone. It is but natural,

therefore, that in an atmosphere so pious the young grand duchesses should evince their faith in forms unfamiliar to the West. No ecclesiastic who achieves renown by his piety is overlooked in their training.

One seldom sees a frock from France on the form of the grand duchesses, as one modiste in Paris complains to a local reporter. The explanation is that the men dressmakers of that metropolis are extreme. The Czarina will not allow her girls to don gold gauze or flaunt in the colors of the Avenue d'Alma. She evinces an antipathy to French taste that might compromise the Dual Alliance were the state of world politics less delicate, notes this observer. Olga, the eldest girl, has so exquisite a throat that her dresses tend

to be open-yoked. She is a being of lace frills and elbow sleeves because her figure justifies that much exposure. Tatiana's hats are noticed in the St. Petersburg correspondence of the Paris press. She wears her diagonal coats with a natural elegance, it seems, and prefers mouse-colored effects for the open air. There is not a dress-maker in Paris who could have sent out from his shop to St. Petersburg the coats and skirts the grand duchess now wears. She could not have been fitted so perfectly from such a distance. The inference is that the dresses of the young ladies must still be made under the supervision of their mother, as they were ten years ago. Olga has been seen in black hats of small dimension developed in velvet, the effect being so unbecoming that again, we read, no French taste could have been responsible for such millinery.

The exigencies of palace life in St. Petersburg and at Tsarskoye Selo, where the possibility of assassination must never be left out of mind, forbid the etiquets and protocols of other courts. There is no separate establishment for the Czarina, apart from the Czar. Neither is the existence of the grand duchesses relegated to the purely domestic plane. The ambassador who gains an audience with the Czar, therefore, observes a writer in the *Vienna Neue Freie Presse*, must expect to transact state business with him while one of his daughters or all, as the case may be, hover in the vicinity or raze in an out of the study. This apartment is on the ground floor at Tsarskoye Selo. There his Majesty will toil until far into the night, the rays from an oil lamp on a table streaming outwards to apprise the sentry on guard that all is well. From time to time the Czarina descends to convince herself that no new tragedy has darkened history while she slept. These nocturnal expeditions are made occasionally in the company of one or the other of the two eldest girls, whose apartments immediately adjoin that of their mother. The Grand Duchess Olga, we are told by this observer, has often revised and arranged her father's papers and even stood on guard outside his door in times of unusual stress. Under the Romanoff dynasty, it is explained, the women rule as truly as the men. There was a Catherine the Great as well as a Peter the Great. Nicholas II. has his daughters instructed in the mysteries of statecraft with all the care bestowed upon their military education. The rank of colonel, borne by Olga and Tatiana, is not a formality, a mere honor to a company or two of Cossacks. The royal ladies can actually put their men through the drill. It is conceivable to the Vienna observer that the grand duchesses might take their father's place on the throne with the same ease.

Music and Drama

"THE FAMILY CUPBOARD"—A PLAY OF THRILLS AND LAUGHTER

A SKELETON rattling in the closet is no laughing matter; but Mr. Owen Davis, in his "Family Cupboard," dexterously interpolates his thrills with incidents and character portraits which appeal irresistibly to the sense of humor. He takes the step from the ridiculous to the sublime without effort, and he succeeds in carrying his audience with him. Mr. Davis has long been known as a successful writer of the outworn forms of melodrama. In this play, according to the *Theatre Magazine*, he has succeeded in establishing himself as an author capable of better things.

In the first act we are introduced into the luxurious furnished dwelling of the Nelson family. In spite of their fashionable surroundings disaster is hovering over the Nelsons. The wife gives her whole time to bridge and is seldom at home. The husband, finding no companionship in his own house, spends most of his leisure hours at the club and finally establishes an independent household with a vaudeville actress. Kenneth, his son, is a snob; the daughter, Alice, alone has remained real human. She is about to be married to Tom Harding. In a heart-to-heart talk with her mother she points out that her father has no function at home except that of holding the purse for the family. Mrs. Nelson is a little grieved and shocked, but promises to consider the matter after the wedding. At this moment Mr. Nelson comes home unexpectedly. Mrs. Nelson greets him with surprise: "Why, Charles, what are you doing here?"

NELSON. I happened to be passing.

MRS. NELSON. Nonsense! Aren't you well?

NELSON. Quite. But for the novelty I thought I should like to meet my family. I hear that they are extremely interesting persons. I shall dine at home.

MRS. NELSON. I am sure I don't know what you'll get. Alice and I are dining at the Burgers.

NELSON. And Kenneth?

MRS. NELSON. At his club, I suppose. I'm sorry.

NELSON. You will be late to-night?

MRS. NELSON. Very—dinner—the opera, and we really must stop for an hour at the Hortons.

NELSON. Then you must give me a moment now.

MRS. NELSON. Of course, dear.

NELSON. I must have fifty thousand dollars. This house is in your name. I must ask you for your signature. Johnson, of my office, will call on you about noon to-morrow.

MRS. NELSON. Raise money on the house?

NELSON. Don't look distressed. It is a very fashionable habit. It is that or sell my stock in the Construction Company, and that happens to be my only way of making my living—and yours.

MRS. NELSON. Charles, *(She speaks with real sympathy.)* You are really in trouble about money?

NELSON. Naturally, or I should hardly have trespassed upon your time.

MRS. NELSON. I did not know. You never told me.

NELSON. I asked you to make an effort to be more careful in your expenditures.

MRS. NELSON. I did try.

NELSON. Look! *(He smiles bitterly and holds up a package of bills.)*

MRS. NELSON. Miss Burke had no right to—

NELSON. Why? They must be paid, fortunately I can manage, but it is probable that another time I could not. Please remember that. You must try to get along on half your present allowance, for a while at least. *(She turns away.)* I know how all this bores you; it is even unpleasant to me—it completes the list of my failures.

MRS. NELSON. What failures?

NELSON. As a husband and as a father.

MRS. NELSON. That isn't fair. NELSON. You flatter me. That is all I think. *(He starts toward door.)*



KITTY CAPTURES KENNETH

In spite of her lively appearance, Kitty is the skeleton in the Nelson family cupboard.

MRS. NELSON. Charlie! (*He stops surprised.*)

NELSON. Charlie?

MRS. NELSON. (*Smiles nervously, goes front of table.*) That is your name, isn't it?

NELSON. It was once. I haven't heard it, except at the club, for a long time.

MRS. NELSON. Alice has said that of late I have failed in my duty.

NELSON. Social duty?

MRS. NELSON. As your wife. Sarah Harding says that you and I are—not what we used to be to one another.

NELSON. Remarkable penetration.

MRS. NELSON. (*Thoughtfully.*) I wonder if it has all been my fault?

NELSON. Why to-day? Why discuss it now?

MRS. NELSON. Now? Do you mean—that it is too late to change?

NELSON. Emily, why distress yourself?

MRS. NELSON. You are a hard man. If things are different, agreeing that the fault is mine, you, with your strength, could have stopped me.

NELSON. No. I tried, Emily.

MRS. NELSON. (*Brokenly.*) They—they used to laugh at us, Charlie, because we loved one another so.

NELSON. Yes.

MRS. NELSON. Then the babies came, and you began to make money. After a while, when I could leave the children, I started to go out. You were too busy, or too tired, to go with me. I have been happy always. I thought you were. But you are bitter, Charlie. I can hear it in your voice. What Alice said frightened me—that you worked without pay, that we took everything and gave you nothing.

NELSON. My dear, we live as many, perhaps as most, persons in our position live. Your life has been filled rather too completely. A few years ago I resented it; now—

MRS. NELSON. (*Afraid.*) Now!

NELSON. I have grown accustomed to it.

MRS. NELSON. I will be careful about money, Charlie. I am sorry—and I am going to stay at home and dine with you.

NELSON. You have an engagement; surely it is best that you keep it.

MRS. NELSON. After Alice's wedding, can't we begin all over again? I am afraid.

NELSON. Of what?

MRS. NELSON. (*Puts her hands on his shoulders, looks up at him.*) Of you. I am a foolish woman, but I did not mean to lose you, dear. I don't want to do that.

Mrs. Nelson is called from the room. Kenneth returns, obviously intoxicated. Unaware of his father's presence he attempts to kiss his mother's secretary, Mary Burke. Nelson upbraids the boy, but Kenneth is in no humor to listen to a parental sermon.

KENNETH. Why wouldn't I go out for a good time? Would I get it here? Ask Alice. She'll tell you. We've had to go out. How much are you ever here, or Mother?

NELSON. Stop that.

KENNETH. Don't you dare to think I'm

blaming mother. She's worth a million like me, or you.

NELSON. You're drunk.

KENNETH. Do you know why? Because I'm ashamed. It's a fine thing to be a man's son and hear what I heard last night. That's why I didn't come home. I'm no good, I know that. If I was I'd take my mother out of this place to-night.

NELSON. What are you saying?

KENNETH. I know now why things are so rotten here. I wouldn't believe it until I had to. You're keeping a woman—a chorus girl—in a flat on Ninety-fifth Street. (*As he speaks, Mrs. Nelson, now in evening dress, with an opera cloak over her arm, comes downstairs. Attracted by her son's raised voice, she looks over the bannisters, and as he finishes she is in doorway. She steps into the room with a cry.*)

MRS. NELSON. Kenneth! (*There is silence for a moment as they turn to her.*)

KENNETH. No, I lied. It isn't true.

MRS. NELSON. (*Throws cloak on sofa.*) Charlie!

NELSON. Kenneth is—

KENNETH. I've been drinking, mother. MRS. NELSON. Yes, I know. Gentlemen drink, they don't lie. (*She appeals directly to Nelson.*) Is my son a liar?

NELSON. Emily!

MRS. NELSON. Is he?

KENNETH. Yes.

NELSON. No.

MRS. NELSON. Then what he said is true?

NELSON. Yes. (*He turns away. She sits by table then, quite suddenly begins to sob, hiding her face. Kenneth goes to her, then turns angrily on his father.*)

KENNETH. That's what we've done between us. We're a fine pair!

NELSON. Go, please.

MRS. NELSON. No. (*She looks up.*) I do not want to be left alone with him.

NELSON. That is what I meant when I asked you how much you could forgive.

MRS. NELSON. How long has this been going on?

NELSON. Two years.

MRS. NELSON. Two years—you—my husband!

NELSON. Was I quite that? I do not defend myself, I have been ashamed, always. You have elected to call me a strong man. Is a strong man less human than a weakling? There was no place for me here, I was just the money-getter. Well, I took some of my money and bought myself a welcome.

MRS. NELSON. I shall not argue with you. (*She rises coldly, now quite composed.*) Blind yourself with your own sophistry if it pleases you. To me you are a man unclean. You must go to your mistress to hear yourself called a martyr.

KENNETH. Mother!

NELSON. So there is no forgiveness. MRS. NELSON. I came to you a few moments ago and begged you—Oh, I am ashamed! All the while you were laughing at me.

NELSON. No. I suppose it is quite hopeless to make you understand. The woman is less than nothing to me.

MRS. NELSON. You admitted—

NELSON. My unfaithfulness, not any love for her, nor any less than I have

always had for you. Emily, I was shut out of your life. I am not old. You draw yourself away from me!

MRS. NELSON. You are a beast.

NELSON. No, just a man.

MRS. NELSON. (*As outside door is heard to open.*) Thank God I did draw myself away from you. Go back—to your woman! (*Alice and Tom have entered.*)

ALICE. Mother! (*She comes forward distressed.*)

MRS. NELSON. This man—

NELSON. Emily! Not to her!

MRS. NELSON. She must know. All New York must know. I am going to divorce your father, Alice. We are going to leave this house to-night.

NELSON. This house is yours. I shall make the best arrangements I can for you, but I am the one to go.

The next act takes place on the following morning at the Alpine Apartments, where Nelson has made his home after the scene with his wife. A friend of the family attempts to bring about a reconciliation. Unfortunately Mrs. Nelson meets in the lobby Kitty Claire, her husband's mistress, whose identity is revealed to her by overhearing a telephone conversation. Kitty, at heart a good sort, offers to leave Nelson, but Mrs. Nelson disdainfully sweeps out of the hotel. Alice now appears on the scene. She has definitely decided to cast her lot with her father. Nelson, however, sends her away, so that the breach between mother and daughter should not be made irreparable. Kenneth appears in order to have a talk with his father. Kitty looks at him on his way to the elevator and is pleased with his good looks. She also meets an old vaudeville acquaintance, Dick Le Roy, whom she sends away unceremoniously when at last Nelson comes down from his room in response to her call. She tells him of the encounter with Mrs. Nelson.

NELSON. (*Anxiously.*) What did she do?

KITTY. Gave a grand imitation of an ice-making machine. I'm sorry. (*She says this earnestly, putting her hands on him as she speaks.*) Awful sorry; and now we won't have to keep under cover. NELSON. I don't understand you. (*Drops his arms.*)

KITTY. She'll name me, of course. I don't pretend I like it, but what's the use? I don't care if you'll only be nice to me, Charles.

NELSON. It is all over, Kitty. You're a good girl, in your way, and I'm sorry, but it's all over!

KITTY. You've got it wrong. She's thrown you. Of course it isn't over.

NELSON. Yes.

KITTY. Why? Why?

NELSON. Several reasons. I can't explain. I am in trouble—money matters. KITTY. I'm no grafter, I'll stick.

NELSON. No.

KITTY. (*Goes to him.*) You mean you're going to quit?

NELSON. Yes.

KITTY. You can't! Not now. I can't

let you go. I love you. (*Puts her arms about him.*)

NELSON. (*Gets away.*) I never deceived you, never from the first gave you the right to—

KITTY. Oh, I know what I was to you, but I don't care. I know you don't care for me that way. It used to make me mad, but I don't mind even that any more. I know you'll go some time, but not yet. I can't let you! I just—can't.

NELSON. I think that you exaggerate your feelings.

KITTY. You're sore because she knows, but I tell you it wasn't my fault!

NELSON. I know it.

KITTY. You needn't fool yourself. She won't forgive you.

NELSON. No.

KITTY. Then why can't we go on, just the same as we have for two years? I'll be good. I won't look at any other man. I won't drink, not even a cocktail, if you say so. I can't let you go! Oh, my God, how hard you are!

NELSON. It must end. Had I known how you felt, it would have ended long ago. Here. (*He takes out pocket book, selecting several bills.*) I am not able to do what I would like. I can't afford any more. (*He puts the bills into her hand.*)

KITTY. (*Rises.*) Keep your damned money! (*She throws it on the floor so that the bills scatter.*) You can't treat me like that! You can't throw me down!

NELSON. Kitty! It's bad enough. Don't make it worse.

KITTY. You're a man! Something's coming to you! What wrong have you done her! She's a lady—and I'm—nothing; but it's my heart you are hurting; it was only her pride.

NELSON. I can't listen to you. I am sorry, good-by.

KITTY. (*Stops him as he starts up.*) Wait! If you go like this now, when you don't have to go at all, I'll get square, I'll—

NELSON. Don't make a fool of yourself.

KITTY. I'll make a fool of you. If you quit me like this, like I was a dog, when I've done nothing, I'll get you! I will! I'll get you some way, if it's the last thing I ever do.

NELSON. Good-by!

KITTY. No! No! (*She clings to him.*) Don't get me mad! Don't make me hate you! Don't leave me all alone! You don't know! You don't know how hard it is! Charles! Charles! (*He unclasp her hands, as gently as he can. She falls sobbing wildly into chair. He exits. For a moment she is racked by wild weeping, then she rises and her face grows set and hard.*) Damn him! (*She starts unsteadily and, once more sobbing, turns back and picks up all the money she threw away—hunting about, creeping on her hands and knees until she has it all. She rises and again starts, then stops, and returns to mirror—takes a powder puff from her vanity bag, sighs, goes quickly to door and draws curtains. Just at this moment the elevator comes down. The door opens and Kenneth steps out. They meet face to face. She steps back as she sees him, on her face a sudden determination. Kenneth eyes her with admiration. As he passes her she deliberately drops her*

gold vanity bag at his feet, then steps back. He stoops and picking it up raises hat and holds the bag out to her.)

KITTY. Thank you. (*They stand together. Just inside reception room.*)

KENNETH. Not at all. Pretty little trick, isn't it?

KITTY. Do you think so, Mr.—Mr. Nelson?

KENNETH. (*Pleased and surprised.*) You know me?

KITTY. How silly of me! But I have heard so much about you I feel like we were old friends.

KENNETH. That's a good way to feel. Who has been talking about me?

KITTY. Billy Webb.

KENNETH. You know Billy?

KITTY. Yes, of course. (*She eyes him shamelessly.*)

KENNETH. Then we don't need an introduction, do we, Miss—?

KITTY. May—Kitty May.

KENNETH. Cute little name, isn't it?

KITTY. Silly boy! Well, I must be going.

KENNETH. Anywhere special?

KITTY. (*Turns at door.*) I haven't had my lunch yet.

KENNETH. How will Sherry's hit you?

KITTY. Fine.

KENNETH. Come on! (*They exit to hall and out, Kitty clinging to his arm and laughing up into his face.*)

The action shifts to a Bohemian hotel where Kenneth has made his home. One month has elapsed since his luncheon with Kitty. He is madly in love with her, and determined to marry her. Meanwhile her old father, Jim Garrity, whom she passes off as her chauffeur, and Dick Le Roy pluck Kenneth according to all the rules of the game, much to the distress of Potter, the old family butler, who, at Mrs. Nelson's request, has followed Kenneth to his new abode. Kitty fails to understand Kenneth, who is a bird of strange feather among her Broadway companions. "I wonder what you really think of me," she asks.

KENNETH. (*Ardently.*) You know.

KITTY. No, really I don't. You see you are only a boy, and I guess the girl's you've known are a whole lot different from me.

KENNETH. (*Bends over her chair.*) Not one of them so pretty.

KITTY. I'm serious. Those girls, they wouldn't one of them come here, to your home, like this.

KENNETH. I may be young, but I'm not so foolish as not to know that the narrow little world I lived in wasn't real life at all. That's why I got out of it.

KITTY. Are you sorry? (*Looks up at him.*)

KENNETH. Sorry I met you! You are right when you say you are different. You know the real world! That is why I am afraid.

KITTY. Afraid?

KENNETH. Of you. I am nobody. I've never done anything in all my life—never even wanted to until I met you. I love you.

KITTY. You're like all the rest. (*She rises.*) I thought I could trust you!

KENNETH. I want you to marry me. (*She looks at him for a moment, then goes over to the couch and sits. In another moment she begins to laugh nervously.*) What is it, dear?

KITTY. It's—it's funny. I didn't know it would be so funny!

KENNETH. (*Sits on couch beside her.*) You knew I loved you?

KITTY. Yes.

KENNETH. You must have known I would ask you to marry me.

KITTY. No, I didn't! I didn't!

KENNETH. But you will?

KITTY. Marry you? (*She turns on the couch so that she faces him.*) Kitty May marry Charles Nelson's son? I'd like to do it, but I can't. I haven't got the nerve.

KENNETH. Why?

KITTY. Reasons enough. One of them is we couldn't live, you couldn't earn ten dollars a week, and your mother wouldn't stand for me.

KENNETH. She would! She will when she knows you, when she finds out all about you.

KITTY. I guess not, Kenneth. She wouldn't stand for me, even if I had always been a good girl, and she'd soon find out that I haven't.

KENNETH. (*In horror.*) What are you saying, Kitty? (*He rises.*) Why did you say that?

KITTY. Because it's true, and I'm tired of lying. You ask me to marry you. I had to tell you why I couldn't. That's the reason.

KENNETH. I don't believe it. KITTY. You're a dear boy. (*She rises.*) I'm almost sorry now I ever knew you. (*For a moment she is perfectly honest.*)

KENNETH. (*Sinks onto couch.*) You! Oh, my God!

KITTY. Anybody but you would have known it, Kenneth. I've known it so long myself that I didn't ever expect to be ashamed of it again, but somehow I am, right now.

KENNETH. I knew you were different, that you went around and had a gay time, but I—I didn't know.

KITTY. That's why I got to like you, I guess, because I didn't want to like you. You'd better keep away from me, boy! Quick! Right now! You'd better put me out!

KENNETH. I—can't.

KITTY. All right. (*She pulls herself together and her face hardens.*) All right. I guess I needn't be a fool. Nobody ever did much for me. I tried to do more for you, just now, than I ever thought I'd do for anybody.

KENNETH. What can I do?

KITTY. Nothing, any more than I could when I was a kid. There are some things you can't change, and I didn't have a chance. You are in trouble, now, because you didn't know what a rotten joke life is. I didn't know it either—once. I was working—cash girl in a big store. I wasn't sixteen, and a rich man came along and—

KENNETH. (*Rises.*) Damn him!

KITTY. (*Fiercely.*) Some day I am going to tell you who that man was. (*The telephone bell on the table rings. They turn toward it. It rings again.*)

KENNETH. Hello! No. No. Not at home. No! I won't see anybody. (*He rings off.*) My sister.

Alice arrives with her fiancé. Both start to leave at once when they see Kitty. They are joined by Nelson.

NELSON. Take Alice home, Tom. (Tom and Alice go. Alice looking back at them nervously. Nelson turns in a cold fury on Kenneth.) How dare you introduce your sister to this—woman?

KENNETH. What right have you to insult this lady?

KITTY. Huh!

NELSON. I must have a talk with you, Kenneth. Will you come to me to-night?

KENNETH. No. If you talk to me at all it must be here, before the lady who is to be my wife.

NELSON. Your wife? (After a pause, turns to Kitty hoarsely.) You said you would "get me," and I think you have.

KENNETH. You know her?

KITTY. Does he know me! (She rises.) Do you know why that man would rather see you dead than married to me? Because he knows just what I am. Do you know how he knows? Do you? Because he's the man who made me the thing he sneers at now!

KENNETH. (To his father.) You! (To Kitty.) You!

KITTY. Yes, yes, yes! (Kenneth raises his arm and strikes his father a hard blow across the face with his open hand. Nelson looks at him for a moment, then leans heavily on chair by table. His head falls forward. In the perfect stillness his sobs are heard. Kitty laughs, a nervous, hysterical laugh, ending in tears. The anger dies out of Kenneth's face and is replaced by horror and shame.)

KENNETH. My—my father! My father!

KITTY. You love him, in spite of what he did. I know. I loved him in spite of what he did, and he left me as if I were a dog!

KENNETH. Don't! Don't!

NELSON. Kenneth, do you care to come with me?

KENNETH. No, I can't. But I—I'm sorry I did—that.

NELSON. The day will come when both you and I will be brave enough to be glad you did—that. That blow is going to give me back my son. It is going to open your eyes, and make you give up this life and this woman.

KITTY. (To Kenneth.) You said you didn't blame me—that no decent man could blame me!

KENNETH. Hush! It is all right, Kitty. You are going to be my wife.

NELSON. You have no money. I am not going to give you any. I am going to see that your mother does this. You want to be married, you two young people? Very well. You must work, Kenneth—and you, Kitty—you must wait.

KITTY. I'll wait.

NELSON. (Smiles sadly.) Kitty, you don't know how. (He turns to Kenneth.) You are going to do a lot of thinking, beginning right now. You are going to remember, not so much that it was I who gave you the life you are wasting, but the love we always had for one another. What real friends we used to be, from the time you could first toddle along with your chubby little hand in mine. You are going to remember that I worked hard to gratify every wish

of your heart and that you repaid me with a blow. That is going to hurt, that memory, but in the end it is going to open your eyes.

KITTY. I love you, Kenneth, honest, I do.

NELSON. Then, when you see things quite clearly, you can come back to me, all the more easily because of my fault, and we can be then not so much father and son as two men who have learned to forgive one another, who have learned to be ashamed of the rotten things they have done. (He turns and goes, shutting the door quietly after him. Kenneth has bowed his head on the table. Kitty slowly tears her handkerchief to pieces.)

In the last act, three weeks later, Kenneth is in dire financial straits. Neither his father, who has recouped part of his fortune, nor his mother will come to his aid as long as he clings to the idea of marrying Kitty. As he goes to pawn his last piece of jewelry, Dick Le Roy enters and asks Kitty to go away with him. He teaches her a new song and paints an alluring picture of their success in vaudeville. The two dance together, and Kitty is persuaded to leave her now penniless lover.

KITTY. It's going to be fun, Dick! It's going to be fun!

DICK. Sure it is. Don't leave nothing valuable.

KITTY. Leave that to me.

DICK. (Calm and collected.) Him and me's about the same size.

KITTY. He's got some nice shirt studs. (She opens drawer, throwing things out recklessly until she finds them.) Here! (Dick pockets them.) I guess I've a right to get something. You needn't be afraid.

DICK. I should worry. Get some towels, kid, we'll need 'em for the dressing room.

KITTY. All right. (She runs out into the bathroom. Dick selects a suit of Kenneth's pajamas, some socks and a few other articles. As he goes down toward trunk, Kitty comes in with an arm full of towels, a rubber bath sponge, and Kenneth's bathrobe and slippers. Jim Garrity enters. They do not see him, but go to trunk and begin to pack the things.) Hurry up.

JIM. (At door.) You forgot the piano.

KITTY. Hello, there! (She locks trunk.) Come on.

DICK. All ready? (He picks up one end of trunk.)

JIM. Here!

KITTY. Good-by!

JIM. You ain't going to leave me again, Kitty. What can I do?

KITTY. I guess you can go to hell (She and Dick go laughing, Dick dragging the trunk. Jim, seriously distressed, sits in disgusted loneliness, then rises and goes sadly up to closet in bedroom, selects a coat, vest and hat from Kenneth's things and goes slowly back. Kenneth enters.)

KENNETH. (Looks about.) What's this?

JIM. Gone! Run away with Dick Le Roy!

KENNETH. With Dick Le Roy! Left me—for Dick Le Roy!

JIM. Yes. He's been playing for it for a week. (Kenneth sits by table laughing bitterly, looking down at the money he brought in, in his hand. Jim, attracted by the bitterness of his laugh.) Kind of tough on you, but it was coming to you. She never sticks—she don't know how.

KENNETH. What have I done—what have I done with my life! (He drops the money on the floor, hiding his face in his hands.)

JIM. She's just the same with me, quits me cold, like this—then by and by she'll come back and give me all she's got!

KENNETH. (Looks up.) Why should she give you anything?

JIM. I'm her father. (Kenneth looks at him for a moment, then laughs bitterly.) Sure! She's ashamed to have the gentlemen know it, so she takes me on as a servant when she's keepin' house with one of 'em.

KENNETH. One of them? Good God! (He springs up.) One of them! Has there been more than one?

JIM. The first one was when she was about sixteen.

KENNETH. I know.

JIM. Workin' in a store on Twenty-third street.

KENNETH. Yes.

JIM. He weren't a bad sort. He'd a married her, I think, only he died!

KENNETH. No! No! He didn't die! Jim. Sure he did. I was to his funeral. Fine, big feller, name Livingstone—Big Sam Livingstone. Then there was Ben—

KENNETH. Don't! Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha! Don't! It's funny. It's too funny. Don't tell me any more!

JIM. She's drifted around, sort of, for the last two years. She's a bit older than she lets on, but she never makes anything. She's smart, but she's always on the move. I think a lot of Kitty. She ain't always been very good to me.

KENNETH. She never struck you, did she? She never struck you?

JIM. No, she wouldn't do that. (Kenneth laughs again, hysterically.) Well, I got to go look for a job, I guess, till she drifts back again. Jobs is hard to get nowadays. All I know is driving a cab an' these damned taxis—

KENNETH. Here! (He stoops and picks up the money he dropped to floor and holds it out. Jim takes it, wondering and slowly counts it.)

JIM. Twenty-five dollars. You ain't a bad sort. Thank you. Say! Go home, kid!

KENNETH. No! No!

JIM. Home's a swell place, boy. You'll know it when you get old, like me, and ain't got one.

When the full meaning of all that has happened dawns upon Kenneth he makes up his mind to put an end to his own life. He starts to write a note to his mother, when she suddenly enters. Divining his intention, she makes desperate efforts to hold him. Overcoming her pride, she sends a cry of distress over the telephone to his father. Mr. Nelson arrives just in time to save his son. Thus father and son as well as husband and wife are again reconciled.

FORBES-ROBERTSON'S ADIEU TO THE STAGE

THE greatest of living actors in the English tongue has decided to bid farewell to the stage. His swan-song, heard in Chicago, in New York, and in other American cities, will have many variations. For Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson will recapitulate once more all his great successes before he retires. New York has thronged to see him in "Mice and Mice," in the dramatization of Kipling's "The Light that Failed," in "Cesar and Cleopatra," and, above all, in "Hamlet." For it is with "Hamlet" that the name of the actor will be most intimately associated in the memories of playgoers. Hamlet, as Forbes-Robertson himself points out in the *New York Review*, is a universal type: "Hamlet," he says, in an interview, "will always be what he is, a human document of tremendous importance. There is a little of Hamlet in every one of us, and his message to-day is just as important as it ever was. The same great issues threaten humanity to-day that faced Hamlet and wrecked his life. The identical situation in which he finds himself in the play could not be duplicated in modern life, but the question of suicide is one that worries the minds of millions of people. Not a day passes but countless people ask themselves, as Hamlet did, whether it is better to bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of." Forbes-Robertson accepts the theory of Frank Harris who claims that in Hamlet Shakespeare portrayed himself.

We shall always recall Sir Johnston, remarks the interviewer in the *Review*, as he is to-day, at the full height of his powers, a figure noble and impressive among the players of his generation, a man of the highest character, culture, broad-minded, quick in his sympathies, possessing in abundance the artistic temperament necessary to histrionic success,—and the greatest Hamlet since Booth. So closely is the figure of the actor identified with his most celebrated interpretation that Mr. Montrose J. Moses actually discovers a startling personal resemblance between Sir Johnston and the Prince of Denmark. Pacing the floor of his room as nervously as

Hamlet ever did the ramparts of Elsinore or the halls of the castle, one sees in the actor that intensive spiritual quality, that activity from within, always found in highly sensitized persons. There is, Mr. Moses asserts in the *New York Times*, a light in the eye, which burns deep rather than shines



THE GREATEST HAMLET OF THE ENGLISH STAGE

Forbes-Robertson is considered to be without match on the English-speaking stage in the portrayal of Shakespeare's most complex and contradictory hero.

outwardly; there is a mobility to the mouth that is austere and at times sadly ironical.

"Beneath the transparency of his eyes, dark shadows make the expression even

more visionary. There is a world-worn look on the face of Forbes-Robertson; when he smiles it is as tho the indulgence of a moment's humor had given way to the more accustomed manner of seriousness. He talks with abounding hope for the future; he is alive to the issue of the present. But there is a reminiscent aspect to the actor which is closer to him. The very sound of his voice comes from within, a rich, sepulchral tone; he breathes deep when speaking, as tho parting with something of himself. Hamlet had the nervousness of the philosophic mind, something of its aloofness. So has Forbes-Robertson. At the hotel I saw before me a Hamlet in gray cutaway and white spats. As we talked, his hands, in gesture, in repose, conveyed his feeling. Tall and lean, loosely knit in movement, he paced up and down with long strides; now he would lean against the wall with folded arms; again he would glance out of the window, giving one the feeling that he was dimly conscious of your presence, but thoroly aware of your question."

In spite of these Hamlet-like qualities, Sir Johnston is by no means a pessimist. He believes in the modern drama and joyfully envisages the retreat of the Puritan before the advance of the theater as a social agent. Everything, he declares, is now much more advanced than it was thirty years ago. "I came in on the era of Tom Taylor and Robertson—at the very height of what has proved to be the beginning of the realistic movement. There are always developments in the theater, experiments of varied sorts. But there have not been many radical changes. Life means more to the dramatist, and

the plays are more alive than they used to be. I think that nowadays I hear more of the theater as an educator, but the functions of the theater have not changed—it is the mental attitude toward the theater that has changed." The functions of the theater, in the opinion of its greatest English exponents on the boards, as outlined to Mr. Moses, is to entertain, not to amuse. The one word includes the other and yet means philosophically so much more. The stage, the actor thinks, is decidedly the proper medium for the advertising of certain ideas; it should represent life in its manifold complexities.



THE LIGHT FAILS, BUT THE END IS HAPPY

Kipling's story has been adapted to the needs of American audiences by the addition of a happy ending. Forbes-Robertson must think highly of the play, because he makes it part of his swan-song.

BERNARD SHAW WRITES A FABLE FOR CHRISTIANS

THERE were those who felt not long ago that Bernard Shaw's bright candle was flickering to its finish. Then came "Fanny's First Play," with Shaw as bright as ever. Now again the candle flares up with new brilliance. In his new play, "Androcles and the Lion," that has startled, shocked and amused all London, Bernard Shaw not only surpasses his old wit but strikes a new note. We knew, as one critic remarks, Mr. Shaw's sympathies for animals, but little suspected so keen an understanding of the realities of Christianity. The play, another writer remarks, is not merely interesting; it is positively exciting. As usual, Mr. Shaw keeps his critics guessing. To some the play, described by the author as a "Fable for Christians," is merely a farce; to others it possesses the profoundest human significance. Some regard the play as offensive; to others it is a reverent presentation of the basic doctrines of the Nazarene. If, remarks the *Daily Chronicle*, one were to imagine a free skit on "The Sign of the Cross" and "Quo Vadis," with little glimpses of tremendously earnest reality peeping out at every turn, and over the whole a well-spread tangled net of typical Shavian argument, one would get a surface view of Mr. Shaw's fable play, "Androcles and the Lion," as produced at the St. James's Theater. Bernard Shaw's play, severely remarks the *London Times*, is not founded on a Bible story. But, as a matter of fact, it deals with subjects and with thoughts far more intensely spiritual and sacred than anything in Mr. Parker's version of the Old Testament story, and at the same time deliberately and constantly aims at provoking uproarious mirth.

"It makes no difference that Mr. Shaw does not laugh or expect his audience to laugh at the sacred names and words and prayers that he puts into the mouths of his Christians. The mistake that he makes is to think that it is seem-

ly to follow up each of the sacred lines with a line of comic relief, which is practically what he, and his Christians, and his Romans, and his lion, are doing all through the play. The effect of that can only be to make his audience feel uncomfortable, as Mr. Shaw no doubt knows perfectly well."

The Academy wonders whether Shaw has been jeering at Christianity or fulfilling a very noble office in demonstrating that Christianity, as an organized endeavor, has never yet been practised; that its organized exposition is the one thing on this earth of which we can emphatically say that it is not Christian, whatever other strange thing it be; and that Christianity depends on its individual exponents, who are denounced as dangerous and offensive men as truly now as ever at any time. A radical religious publication, the *Christian Commonwealth*, on the other hand, takes up the cudgels for Shaw. The action, we are told, moves with such swiftness, broken by no long waits—for the play is not divided into acts—that one has the sensation of watching a continuous flow of events which tighten the tension until, toward the end, one finds oneself breathing more quickly and rising, so to speak, on tiptoe, to see the conclusion.

"From the first fearsome roar of the poor suffering lion on the edge of the

jungle, at the rise of the curtain, to that magnificent beast's loving exit with Androcles at the close, the spectator's faculties are stimulated into wakefulness, and receive a succession of sharp prods, so that relaxation is impossible. And the stimulus is not applied to one faculty only. One laughs—one laughs immoderately; but several times the fineness of feeling, the really deep beauty and truth, and the driving passion behind the play give one a strangled sensation in the throat. It is a baptism of fire for the spirit; it gives one the rejuvenation of grateful laughter and the brimming up (tho not the overflow) of the fount of tears; but it puzzles and torments the intellect."

The *Standard* appreciates Shaw as the Puck of the Theater. Half hidden behind the curtain of a box on the right-hand side of the stage, Mr. Shaw watched with a satiric smile the effect of his play on the audience. It is a smile, the writer goes on to say, about equally compounded of kindness, contempt and sheer love of mischief, and it exactly expresses the frame of mind which makes Mr. Shaw's later plays at once delightful and irritating.

"'Androcles and the Lion' is, really, an enormously clever insult thrown in the face of the British people, or, at least, of that section which annoys Mr. Shaw by its stodginess and prejudice. The period is some time after Domitian, but needless to say Imperial Rome is only modern London in fancy dress. The Roman

dandy is really the 'nut' of Pallmall in a toga, and the early Christian martyrs are any people you can think of with a kick against the existing order of things. They resemble militant suffragists as much as anything, and there are no doubted traces in the dialog of Mr. Shaw's newspaper polemics against the Government and the 'Cat and Mouse' Act. The play, in fact, is a pamphlet in dramatic form setting forth Mr. Shaw's reasons for holding that man, and the Englishman in particular, is a very ridiculous animal.

"The old fable of Androcles, as given by Aulus Gellius, is retained in its main outlines as the flimsy framework of this elaborate squib. The curtain rises on the agonies of the lion, a wonderful creature



THE LION RECOGNIZES HIS BENEFACTOR

Instead of devouring the Christian Androcles, Shaw's lion joyfully embraces the tailor who once in the desert removed a thorn from his paw.

of a mild vegetarian sort of countenance, roaring with the pain of the thorn in his foot as gently as any sucking dove, and occasionally rolling a pathetic eye in the direction of Mr. Shaw's box. Androcles nears the lion's den in company with his wife, a red-haired shrew who is very angry because she has had to leave her comfortable home on account of her husband's religion. She loudly complains that Christians are the 'lowest of the low.' Androcles, a deliciously mild professor of the faith—with some gift, however, of repartee—reminds her that in his unregenerate days he was a toper. 'I could forgive that,' she replies, 'I can understand a man being addicted to drink, but I can't understand his being addicted to Christianity,' and so on and so forth. Then the lion emerges, and Androcles, trembling for his life, performs his feat of surgery, afterwards waltzing joyously about the stage with the King of Beasts."

The action shifts to imperial Rome, where a party of Christians have just arrived for the next performance at the Coliseum. There are all types of Christians, from the fair patrician and intellectual Lavinia to hermits in sheepskin coats and a squalid little wretch whose Christianity has been chiefly displayed in what Androcles calls a gay time in the way of robbing temples. "The militant suffragist flavor is very strongly marked just now. The Roman Captain is on good terms with his prisoners, but warns them that now they are at Rome the license allowed on the march cannot be permitted. Above all there can be no singing of those profane and blasphemous hymns. 'But they march better for it, Captain,' says the comic Centurion, whom Mr. Shaw conceives as a kind of sergeant. 'Yes, that's true,' admits the Captain. 'An exception may be made to the march tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The words, however, must be altered, and I suggest the substitution of "Throw them to the lions."'

"Then follows an exchange of Shavian argument between Lavinia and the handsome Captain, who suggests that the whole trouble might be overcome by cast-



THE NOBLEST AND MOST AMUSING STAGE ANIMAL OF MODERN DAYS

Shaw's lion, as a critic points out, is a jolly creature. He is not a sentimentalist like Maeterlinck's dog, nor a shrew like the cat; he is not so portentous as Wagner's dragon, as self-immolating as Brunhilde's hero or so obviously comic as a pantomime donkey.

ing a little incense on the altar of the gods. 'If you can't cast incense as a matter of conviction,' he pleads, 'you might at least do it as a matter of good taste.' He points out the absurdity of suggesting that there is any persecution in the disciplinary measures taken by the Government. 'In throwing you to the lions the Divine Emperor is merely upholding the interests of religion,' he explains. 'Of course, if you were to throw him to the lions that might be called persecution.'

"Then comes the scene in the 'wings' of the Coliseum, where the Christians are awaiting their fate amid the bustle of a

very modern sort of theater, the call-boy rushing in announcing the next turn, and the acting manager full of anxiety lest anything should happen to spoil the show. It is spoiled, in a sense, by the old warrior Ferrovius. Aware of his weakness, he has decided to enter the arena unarmed and without harness. But once in, the old fighting spirit comes on him resistlessly, and he kills no fewer than six first-rate gladiators, much to the delight of Divus Caesar himself, who in delight pardons all the other Christians, and announces himself as a protector to a creed which can produce such swordsmen."

One victim, however, has to be found, and poor Androcles, as a Greek and tailor, is selected. The lion, of course, spares him and together they wander through the mazes of the circus, senators and courtiers fleeing in terror from them. Domitian himself bounds from pillar to post with the lion after him, and is only safe when he embraces Androcles with affection. But, the writer goes on to say, having given the public its fill of amusement, Mr. Shaw proceeds to puncture its hide with little pins of sarcasm.

"Poor Ferrovius is in an agony of self-abasement. While others are calling him a hero, he denounces himself as a renegade, and, having been false to 'the god that is to be,' he decides to serve 'the god that is,' and accepts the Emperor's offer of a post in the Prætorian guards.

"Lavinia, too, while in the moment of danger she does not blanch, seems to be far from an orthodox Christian. She is, in fact, just a mouthpiece of Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Spintho, the disreputable fanatic, the author claims to be no malicious invention of his own but a character easily to be paralleled in the records of the Fathers of the Church. So far as it is anything, 'Androcles and the Lion' is a protest against any kind of persecution."

According to the London *Nation*, Shaw designed to write a play on Young Christianity coming athwart Old Paganism, and, like all fresh things, half routing the ancient faith and being half-defeated by it.

HOW THE DRAMA LEAGUE IS ORGANIZING THE AUDIENCE

IF A RECORD had been kept of the various societies for the improvement of the stage that arose—and sat suddenly down again—in the last few years in New York alone, it would show that everything about the theater, from the morals of plays to the methods of ticket-selling, has been under fire. There is not a detail in the theatrical business that has not been declared ripe for reform by reformers enough to start a club. The American public is ready to do anything to the theater except stay away

from it. This happy exception keeps the theater going on much as before, while the societies die from over-exertion in uplift. Meanwhile one society, the Drama League of America, has spread from a suburb of Chicago over every State in the Union, and into Canada, has 80,000 members in America, and now invades England, largely because it has shifted the point of attack and uplifted the audience.

It is absurd, thinks this reasonable body, according to Clayton Hamilton in *Vogue*, to ignore the commercial as-

pect of the theater. Shakespeare did not, nor Molière, each being a successful actor-manager who gave his public what it wanted enough to pay for, this being after all the crude but convincing way of showing what one wants. The only way of getting good plays from the gentlemen who represent Shakespeare and Molière in America to-day is to convince them that there are enough people ready to go to such plays as to make their production worth while. The audience must be educated not only as to the value of plays

but as to its own duties as a supporter as well as an uplifter.

The Drama League, whose earlier activities have been noted in CURRENT OPINION, proceeds on the plan that an audience has power for good in proportion as it is organized; that if the great body of citizens who spend money to see plays could know beforehand what they were to see, they could act more wisely in the purchase of tickets; and if, knowing that a play was to be produced likely to need what some of the best plays do—support from friends of art in the critical second week of its run—they could offer that support as a body, it would be more effective than if offered as well-meaning individuals. All this can be done and it has been done for three years with increasingly good results by the League's bulletin system. Within three days of a first performance in the various producing centers, the play is attended by a volunteer committee, meant to be representative of a good audience—authors or playwrights, business or professional men and those who simply like to see a good play. They do not accept free seats. Within a day or two the report is ready to mail to members, a detailed statement under heads such as General Ideas, Plot, Dialog, Production, and so on, the form flexible enough to give a concise statement of what sort of a play it is, how acted, and how staged. That is, the report is mailed if the play is recommended to the attention and support of the League. Otherwise the committee says nothing. It never censures, apparently following out the principle that the hiss is an imported institution, the American alternatives being applause or silence.

No one is under obligation to attend recommended plays, but that people do so is proved from a recent post-card referendum in Chicago, showing that 678 members and their friends were induced to purchase 17,182 tickets for the fifteen plays bulletined. This was 40 per cent. of the plays attended; 95,445 reports were sent out there. Philadelphia bulletined 60 per cent., a larger proportion than other centers. Numbers like these show that the League is already a factor in the theatrical situation, and in smaller cities often the determining factor. It believes in real theater-parties, to tune up entire audiences to appreciation of a play and communicate an inspiring effect to the actors. A Drama League theater-party, as a speaker at the last annual convention expressed it, arrives in time to see the curtain rise and stays till



SHE HAS MORE POWER THAN THE ENGLISH CENSOR

This lady, Mrs. A. Starr Best, is the president of the Drama League, a national organization which firmly takes into hand the American drama. Until the present the League either approved of plays as worthy by issuing a bulletin of recommendation, or condemned unworthy plays by its silence. In spite of newspaper reports to the contrary, the League will maintain its policy of contemptuous silence toward the plays it condemns.

it falls, goes to see the play, quiets the inopportune laugh, leads the due applause, and by its sane and thoughtful attitude helps the play to success. In short, it seems to afford such a claque as there might be in Plato's Republic should that up-to-date ancient license any theater at all.



Photograph by Alme Dupont
HOLDING THE CENTER OF THE
DRAMATIC BATTLEFIELD

William H. Bliss is the chairman of the New York Center of the Drama League. Starting in a small Chicago suburb, the League has established branches in almost every state of the Union.

For this bulletin service, together with many advantages such as study courses, or advice from specialists on selecting plays for amateurs, members pay one dollar a year. Anyone can join. The Secretary for the New York Center is Miss Laura V. Day, 6 East 44th Street, New York City. Started in April, 1910, the outgrowth of a woman's club in a Chicago suburb, it had to stand up under the New York Sun's title of "The Drama League of America—otherwise Evanston," and make way in spite of the fact that the Atlantic Seaboard, while willing that the course of cultural empire should westward take its way, hates dreadfully to see it start there and come towards the East. There are now centers at Ann Arbor, Athens, Atlanta, Boston, Bridgeport, Brooklyn, Chicago, Denver, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Hartford, Jacksonville, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Louisville, Milwaukee, Philadelphia, Raleigh, San Francisco, Superior, Washington, and one recently formed in New York City by uniting over 30 separate societies. Its latest development is its impending invasion of England. Two years ago the

Poetry Society of England had already interested itself strongly in the work of the League. Lord Avebury, Lord Dunsany, Maurice Hewlett, John Galsworthy, wished for it in England, or at least an interchange of reports between this and the Poetry Society there. Now the *Westminster Gazette* not only describes the work of the American society and outlines its history, but strongly advises its acclimatization in London and the provinces. The censor still looms large in Britain, and there are too many stage societies in London that seem to have only one rule of selection—to produce anything the censor turns down, with the result that some appallingly dull plays have been made to die on their feet instead of perishing decently in the dark. The writer exhibits an alarm so far not felt by American critics of the Drama League.

"American women are commonly supposed to be prudish, and it might be feared that under the circumstances the working of the League, tho it would operate against the simply erotic forms of entertainment—and in that respect be preferable to our censorship—would also follow the lines of our censorship and exhibit an extravagant terror of indecency in the treatment of serious subjects. Certainly there would be some, if not great, danger of this if the Drama League were founded in England. So far as I can judge, the American League is broad-minded."

Science and Discovery

WHY THE APE-LIKE PROGENITOR OF MAN MUST HAVE WALKED INSTEAD OF CLIMBING TREES

SO insistent have zoologists been in pronouncing our ape-like ancestors arboreal that a whole literature has grown up respecting the tendencies we derive through these tree-climbing propensities. Thus "field fear" or the disease called technically agrophobia is said to be a survival of the instinct for taking refuge in trees from the perils of the ground. This notion, like others connected with the arboreal theory of our ape-like ancestors, must be abandoned. The ape-like progenitor of man was a pedestrian. He walked wherever he wanted to go. Such is the conclusion of that distinguished British man of science, Professor R. I. Pocock, one of the illustrious living authorities on everything connected with what goes by the name of the "missing link." The world of zoologists has been misled, like the world of anthropology, he says, by concentrating attention upon the skull of the ape. The skulls that come to light from time to time, inspiring debate as to their human or animal character, still further divert attention from the true source of knowledge on this point. The structural differences between man and the ape are not confined to cranial characters like the prominence of the chin, the projection of the jaws, the size of the teeth and the cubic capacity of the brain case. All these vary considerably in different races of men. It is noticeable, on the other hand, that the hands and feet do not vary in man to quite the extent observable in the cranium. Professor Pocock enlarges on the subject in the *London Outlook*:

"Many zoologists of the pre-Darwinian generation laid great stress upon the importance of the hands and feet in seeking to settle man's place in the animal kingdom; and, eager in their vanity to make the most of the differences and the least of the resemblances between man and ape, set the former aside by himself in an order named *Bimana*, or two-handed, and associated the ape with the monkey in another order named *Quadrupana*, or four-handed. This classification, also not admitted nowadays, very clearly expressed the fundamental difference in function between the hands and feet of man which are respectively adapted for prehension and terrestrial locomotion, and

the hands and feet of apes and monkeys which are primarily adapted for arboreal climbing. The human hand has a large and highly efficient thumb, and the foot a short great toe, closely juxtaposed to the others and not opposable to them. In the apes and monkeys the thumb is small and weak, and the great toe diverges from the inner side of the foot so that there is a wide space between it and the rest of the toes to which it is opposable. These differences in the structure of the extremities are intimately connected with differences in mode of life and in methods of locomotion between man on the one hand, and apes and monkeys on the other; but, judging from the hands and feet alone, no one would suspect that there is also a very great difference in these respects between the apes and the monkeys themselves."

Such, nevertheless, is the case, and the difference, which fits in with the modern view that the apes must be separated from the monkeys on structural grounds, is full of significance when we attempt to understand the nature and mode of life of the "missing link." The probable characters of this extinct species, which is denominated an ape-like progenitor of man, have often been discussed from the purely anatomical standpoint. The majority of laymen who have considered the matter, and many zoologists who have not, take it for granted that this ancestor of ours was essentially an arboreal animal. This conclusion, however, is hardly borne out, affirms the eminent English scientist, by a study of the habits of living apes as compared with those of monkeys on the one hand and of man on the other. Let us see, then, what the apes have to reveal to us on this head:

"The four existing kinds of apes—namely, the gorilla, chimpanzee, orang utan and gibbon—form, with man, a little group of mammals—the *Anthropomorpha*—differing from the monkeys of Africa and Asia in certain structural features. It is needless to enumerate here. Of the apes the gorilla is the most manlike on the whole—the chimpanzee runs him close in this respect—and the gibbon is the most monkey-like; and the differences between the gibbon and the gorilla are almost as important as those between the gorilla and man. Moreover, the 'links' between the gibbon and monkeys, and be-

tween the four apes above enumerated, are 'missing,' just as the link between man and the ape is 'missing.' Setting aside the structural points, let us see wherein the chief differences between gibbons and monkeys are shown by their habits. The monkeys are essentially quadrupedal animals adapted for climbing trees or rocks. Their legs are never actually shorter than their arms. They are able to stand erect, but very seldom walk on their legs, tho they can be taught to do so. When on the ground they habitually move like ordinary four-footed beasts, and when climbing they act in the same way. In true quadrupedal fashion they leap from one branch, stiffen and extend the tail in the air and alight on the upper side of another branch, first on their hands and then on their feet. And all the good leapers, be it noted, are furnished with a long tail. A gibbon on the contrary is tailless, has arms of prodigious length, and leaping powers of the feeblest kind. When passing from branch to branch he launches into the air with a weak 'take-off,' and, with a long arm upstretched, catches the bough aimed at, swinging his body beneath it. If he wishes to alight upon it he maintains the hold of his hand, and the weight of his body carries him round and up the other side of the branch, so that he comes down upon it in a sitting or standing posture. If, on the other hand, he wishes to pass on from the second branch, he quits his hold as his body passes beneath it, and is carried by its momentum towards the third branch, which he grasps with the other hand. Now the 'swinging' method of the gibbon and the 'leaping' method of the monkey are equally efficient means of speedily traversing a forest, and it is impossible to believe that the latter was ever directly changed for the former. A gibbon can no more leap with its legs like a monkey than a monkey can swing with its arms like a gibbon. The gibbon's method is unique, and is not derivable from the monkey's, which has been inherited from some long-tailed, more primitive ancestor."

Clearly, then, the peculiar acrobatic style practised by the gibbon has been acquired from some other source. The gibbon's method of climbing may be described as the style of the other apes perfected. The gorilla, the chimpanzee and the orang utan never leap from branch to branch like a monkey. They are incapable of it, the weakness of the legs, the weight of the body and

the absence of the tail making it impossible for them to steady themselves and balance upon the upper side of a branch when alighting upon its hands first. They therefore climb by reaching from bough to bough with their long arms and strong hands, swinging from one to another with the body suspended beneath in mid-air. Their method of climbing in fact is essentially the same as that of a gibbon, due allowance being made for the fact that they never venture to let go the grasp of one hand until the other is securely placed.

"In these apes, indeed, may be seen the beginning of the new style of climbing which has been carried to perfection in the gibbon. These facts seem to point unavoidably to the conclusion that the immediate ancestor of the anthropoid apes—the ancestor, that is to say, of the stock to which man belongs—had forsaken in a great measure the arboreal mode of life and lost the special climbing methods and leaping capacity of the typical monkeys, while retaining at the same time, as man has done to this day, the power to ascend trees slowly.

"The entire disappearance of the tail in ape and man is another significant feature. All the active climbing monkeys have long tails. But in those species that have taken to the hills and live among rocks the tail tends to shorten until nothing but a stump may be left. The Gibralral monkey is a good instance of this. Hence the absence of the tail in the ape and man bears out the view that their ancestor was not an expert arboreal climber, but had adopted at all events a semi-terrestrial mode of life.

"Not less remarkable than the gibbon's way of traversing forests is his way of moving over the ground. He never gallops on all fours, like monkeys and baboons, but stands upright on his legs like a man, and runs, often with great speed, with his arms held up in the air. He also walks along a branch or a tight rope in that attitude, using his arms as a balancer, like a rope-dancer using his pole. Thus in two of the most widely divergent types



A FIXED

As originally restored by Dr. A. Smith-Woodward: the jaw of *Eoanthropus Dawsoni*—two-thirds natural size. The missing teeth are shown by the dotted outlines. Readers of *The Illustrated London News* which we follow here will remember that there has been much argument as to what manner of man owned that part of a jaw and portion of a skull which were found not long ago in a gravel deposit near Pitdown Common. It was not long before keen controversy arose between Dr. A. Smith-Woodward, keeper of the geological department of the British Museum, and Professor Arthur Keith, conservator of the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. Both these gentlemen made reconstructions. Dr. Smith-Woodward's showed that the Pitdown man (or woman) was half man, half ape; Professor Keith's that he was a man with a brain as big as that of modern man. So it came that at South Kensington the fragments of bones were made the basis of what a layman would call a "missing link"—"*Eoanthropus Dawsoni*"—with a brain-capacity of 1,070 cubic centimeters; while at the Royal College of Surgeons they were made the basis of a large, well-modelled skull with a brain-capacity of 1,500 cubic centimeters. This was labeled "*Homo Pitdownensis*."

of the Anthropomorpha—namely, man and the gibbon—terrestrial locomotion is typically bipedal; and it is hardly credible that they have independently acquired that very unusual gait from an ancestor that went about on all fours. In the other apes the power to stand and walk erect is much less pronounced."

The adult orang utan—by far the most specialized climber of the three and at the same time least adapted for movement on the ground—is practically incapable of standing or walking erect. Gorillas, on the contrary, can do both. The important thing to note in connection with these apes is that young individuals stand and walk upright with much greater facility than the adults. The significance of this lies in the fact that, in young animals, characteristics of the ancestor, which are lost in later life, are often temporarily retained.

Man is, of course, not the direct descendant of any living ape. Nor is any one of the living apes descended from another. We are all cousins many times removed. But, tracing our lineage back to a common and very remote ancestor from which we have inherited our common likenesses and habits, we have diverged from them, some more and some less, in accordance with the degree of our adaptation to different modes of life and to different environments.

This ancestor was probably a large ape without a tail, much larger than a gibbon, which had taken to living on the ground and could both stand and walk erect. He had for the purpose rather strong legs and arms of medium length and was adapted for life among the rocky river gorges of some range in central Europe or Asia. He was

probably more monkey-like than is the chimpanzee in his method of progressing on all fours, and at the same time excelled the gorilla in his ability to walk upright, but fell short of these two in climbing trees. From a creature of this kind—the "missing link"—the apes have departed mainly in the structural modifications connected with their return to forest life and arboreal habits, the orang utan and the gibbon being the most highly organized in this respect. The ancestor of man, on the contrary, kept to the open and gradually perfected bipedal locomotion, with its accompanying modification of the feet, legs, spine and other organs and especially of the hands which, no longer subservient to locomotion, were available for molding into prehensile organs of the highest efficiency. Yet there are authorities who do not attach such importance to the factor of foot and gait. They judge prehistoric man by his jaw. To quote an instance from *The Illustrated London News*:

"If posthumous fame is better than total oblivion, then *Eoanthropus Dawsoni*, the harmless and obscure individual who departed this life some few hundred thousand years ago, in Sussex, did not die in vain! We have fragments of his skull, but none of his history, which we are trying to make for him. In this we are only doing what the *Heralds' College* is so often called upon to do for obscure persons whom fame has suddenly transformed into personages.

"According to Professor Arthur Keith, of the Royal College of Surgeons, *Eoanthropus* might have edited a newspaper. According to Dr. Smith-Woodward, of the British Museum, he would have made a very poor "printer's devil." Who shall decide between them? All must depend on the nature of the evidence—or rather on the interpretation of the evidence. Professor Keith chooses to measure the man of the past by the standard of today. Given certain fragments of a human skull, he elects to reconstruct therefrom the cranium of an intellectual giant."



ANOTHER IDEA

As originally restored by Dr. A. Smith-Woodward: the skull of the Pitdown man—ape-like in jaw, and of small brain-capacity.



THE FIRST COMER

As restored by Professor Arthur Keith: the skull of the Pitdown man—man-like both in jaw and in brain-capacity.

THE TREE AS A COMMUNITY OF INDIVIDUALS LIVING TOGETHER LIKE BEES OR ANTS

IF WE dismiss from our minds all current notions of plant life as erroneous, or at least as assumptions, it will be easy to understand the latest botanical conception of a tree as a community of individuals living together as do some familiar insects. The idea may be novel and in fact revolutionary, admits its sponsor, the botanist, Doctor H. C. Davidson; but it is in accordance with a law of life of relatively recent discovery—*symbiosis*. This may be defined as an association of individuals of two different species for their mutual benefit. Certain bacteria associate themselves with certain leguminous plants, with advantage to both.

Amid all the differences of opinion regarding vegetable life, there is one point on which there has been agreement. We associate life and movement together generally, yet we except plants. The exception would be a very curious one if it were true, says Doctor Davidson, whose paper appears in *The Contemporary Review*. It certainly is true that if a tree be a complete individual it does not move at any stage of its existence. As life and movement are inseparably connected in the rest of the organic world, that fact alone should raise a doubt as to the correctness of the hypothesis. If, however, a tree be a community, much of its visible part being merely the dwelling in which its members live, we should not expect it to move any more than we should expect the comb in which bees live to move. But we should expect the individuals forming the community to move, and the units of the tree community—what Doctor Davidson calls the *plantagens*—do move. That is to say, they change their position—it may be by some power inherent in themselves or it may be simply by the intervention of the multiplying cells. There is a definite order in their movement—a regularity both in the length and the direction of their journey—which suggests that the motile power is in themselves. When they eventually come to rest they enter upon a new phase, each becoming an incipient bud and developing a feeding and breathing apparatus—a leaf—by which means it is enabled to grow and under favorable conditions to propagate its race and to make itself generally useful to the community. But if the conditions are not favorable, as in autumn, it loses the feeding and breathing apparatus, which it no longer wants. In the bud stage the “plantagen” is visible enough, but in its earlier motile stage it is hidden within the common bark, amid the structures which it and its fellows have

erected. We should thus think not of “a tree” but of a community of plantagens. Says Dr. Davidson:

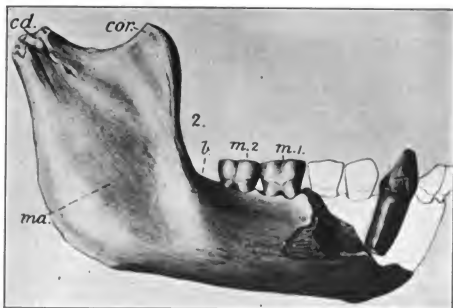
“The wonderful changes which they undergo seem to endorse the view that they are separate entities. Closely connected as the world of plants and the world of insects are, often merging into one another so gradually that it is almost impossible to find the dividing line, we should naturally expect to see in both the same classes of phenomena, modified of course by the different conditions under which they live. We are, therefore, driven to consider whether in plants there is anything similar to the amazing metamorphosis of insects—the change from a caterpillar to a chrysalis, and finally to a butterfly. Is there, then, no such sequence in the vegetable world? Surely there is. Not if a plant be an individual entity; but if it is “viewed as a community, the fact rises to the eye at once.

“It is then impossible to escape the conclusion that, comparing one stage in the existence of a plantagen with a similar one in that of an insect, the flower corresponds to the butterfly. The fact that both are more or less brilliantly colored and beautiful in form may not have much significance, but there are others which are of more importance. The plantagen, like the caterpillar, goes to sleep at the approach of winter, and in the flower-bud, as in the chrysalis, are provided the essentials for carrying on the race. In both cases, as soon as the winter's sleep is over, the final change comes swiftly—from the bud issues the flower and from the chrysalis the butterfly, the latter with its eggs to start the cycle afresh and the former with its seeds. It would be unreasonable to ascribe these two series of extraordinary

events to coincidence. They must be similar effects produced by similar causes.

“In both cases, tho the tendency to change in this particular manner must have been acquired and is now apparently passed on by inheritance, the actual change is brought about not by any internal mechanism but by a change in the external conditions—in the environment. If a caterpillar is supplied with an abundance of suitable food and kept at a suitable temperature, it will not enter the chrysalis stage until long after its usual time, as indeed naturally happens in the case of certain wood-boring caterpillars which, surrounded by food and protected by its means from great variations of temperature, undergo no metamorphosis for at least two years; and if a tree is grown under similar conditions, the buds which it bears do not enter the stage which results in flowers—they merely increase in number. That is, the tree keeps on growing.”

Amid the close general resemblance here, a difference may be detected. Caterpillars increase in size as the result of feeding. They do not increase in number. The difference is merely between the plantagen and the particular class of insect which has been taken as an illustration and not between it and all insects. The butterfly and the moth families propagate only sexually, but there are many other families of a lower order which propagate asexually as well as sexually, and it is between them and the plantagens that the resemblance is closest. Among them is the rose-aphis. In spring the wingless female, without the intervention of a male, starts at a terrific rate to propagate the species by



RESTORED

Showing the newly-discovered canine tooth which Dr. Smith-Woodward believes proves the truth of his restoration: the final restoration of the jaw of *Eoanthropus Dawsoni* by Dr. A. Smith-Woodward, showing the newly found tooth in place and the missing teeth in dotted outline.

a process known popularly as budding and technically as parthenogenesis. The young are soon able, also without the intervention of a male, to propagate in the same manner. As the summer advances the rose-aphis feels the need of a change of diet. It deserts the rose and flies to certain grasses, feeding on them for weeks. After mating, it returns to the rose, where it begins a different mode of propagating—by means of eggs. When we re-

member the effect that a change of food has on bees, converting an ordinary worker or undeveloped female into a queen capable of egg-laying, it is a fair inference that this is also the cause of the remarkable change in the structure and habits of the rose-aphis. So long as the insect was content with its usual food it merely continued to grow, but when it turned to other fare it produced eggs. Our student of this theme continues:

"As the same sequence occurs in the vegetable world, the conclusion that it consists of cause and effect is irresistible. So long as the supply of liquid food is abundant and more or less equally distributed in the 'tree,' plantagen follows plantagen in rapid succession, as in the case of the rose-aphis, each taking its share in the general work of the community and propagating the race, but incapable of doing so except by the asexual method to which is given the name of parthenogenesis."

PRODUCTION OF CANCER IN THE RAT THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF THE COCKROACH

A CERTAIN threadworm, known technically as a nematode, has an intimate connection with cancer of the stomach or gastric carcinoma in the rat, according to the reports of elaborate experiments by Doctor Johannes Fibiger in the *Berlin Klinische Wochenschrift*.

Stated technically, the discovery is that a nematode of the genus *spiroptera* has an intimate connection with gastric carcinoma of the rat, the cockroach being the intermediary host of the parasite.

Doctor Fibiger's work is striking, apart from its sensational implications, says the Berlin medical paper, owing to its intrinsic difficulty and because of the caution he has exercised in completing his chain of proof. It has been suspected before that there is a causal relation between a threadworm and cancer, but never as yet has any proof been produced of the fact in connection with a living organism.

A few years ago, in conducting the post-mortem examination of three laboratory rats, Doctor Fibiger (who is professor of pathological anatomy at

through only a portion of the cycle in the rat. It dawned upon him, after much speculation, that the cockroach might prove an intermediary host.

The first set of investigations undertaken on rats that had fed on one variety of cockroaches gave negative results. This explains why a failure of the theory was proclaimed in some official bulletins at the time. On examining later no less than sixty-one rats from a different locality that had been feeding on another species of cockroach, it was found that twenty-one were normal, that the original kind of parasite was present in forty, and that in eighteen of these there were signs of tumors, while in nine of this last group advanced tumors were found of the original type.

Fifty-seven laboratory rats were then fed on the cockroaches. They duly died and were examined with care. In three neither parasites nor tumors were found. In fifty-four the parasites appeared. Eighteen of these were normal, but the remainder showed growths—the growths in seven of them being very well marked. The original variety of cockroach, experiments with which had before given negative results, were then infected. Several rats were fed on them and a proportion similar to that of the previous experiment gave evidence of infection, while in a control experiment carried through with uninfected cockroaches, no pathological changes in the stomach took place. Professor Fibiger gives a detailed account of the histological characters of the growths, concludes the Berlin medical organ, and it is beyond doubt, it adds, that in the advanced cases at least he had to deal with cancer—that is, true malignant tumor. It was a condition to which the other formations might well have attained if the animals had not succumbed to intercurrent maladies.

Nothing is as yet known as to how the parasite produces its effect. It may act as a carrier of bacteria or as an irritant. Professor Fibiger thinks it most likely that the parasite, like other nematodes, secretes a poison.



A ZEPPELIN'S INNER STAIR

The huge bag filled with water for experimental purposes lies like a great head at the bottom under the central car. As the eye travels upward we come to the release and bomb-dropping gear inside the central car. The longitudinal girder is within the wire framing, or, rather, the one is braced by the other. The outer fabric is stretched over the wire framing. The balloon has been removed to show the ladder tunnel from the central car to the gun. The ladder tunnel attached to partition is shown cut in half from a certain point to reveal the ladder.

the University of Copenhagen) discovered growths in their stomachs which seemed to him malignant. In each case they were associated with a new form of threadworm. He then examined the stomachs of a large number of rats to find out the frequency of cancer of the stomach in rodents generally and the frequency of the occurrence of threadworm. The result was that he got from a large number of animals examined only eleven with ulcers. In their cases the ulcers were in no way comparable with those in the three already observed. Twelve rats contained worms imbedded in the stomach. In ten, parasites were lying free in the stomachs of the rats. But the parasites were entirely different from those originally seen. Doctor Fibiger was led to suspect that the parasite he originally found had a complex life cycle, that, like many parasites, it went

IS THE ZEPPELIN AIRSHIP BASED UPON A FUNDAMENTAL FALLACY?

THE terrible disaster off Heligoland, the eighth—or, if we count a reconstructed ship, the ninth—which has overtaken the Zeppelin airships, reopens, observes an aerial expert in *The Broad Arrow* (London), the whole question of rigid as against non-rigid airships and of airships against aeroplanes. "The first reflection of the ordinary man looking at the Zeppelin record must be that there cannot fail to be something gravely wrong with a type of airship which, out of sixteen constructed, shows nine utterly destroyed." Moreover, the long record reveals no improvement in the type itself.

The Zeppelin which went down at Heligoland had been less than a year in commission. It was taking part for the first time in extended maneuvers with the fleet. It was claimed that it could keep in the air for three days and nights. It dropped to the surface through leakage of gas and was sunk after keeping aloft for less than a quarter of that time. It was claimed for it also that it could rest on the surface of the water, and it failed to do that. The land airships built by Zeppelin are no better, according to this pessimistic British observer:

"What are the fatal defects in the Zeppelin type? The first and most obvious is that which differentiates it from all other airships—its rigidity. It cannot give under a strain—it must simply bend or break—which is the same thing, because aluminium, of which its stays are made, is not a malleable metal, and if it is bent cannot be straightened again. Mooring it on the ground in the open is like mooring a ship on a rocky shore. Its buoyancy, without which it could not rise into the air, puts it at the mercy of the wind, and the wind breaks it to pieces where

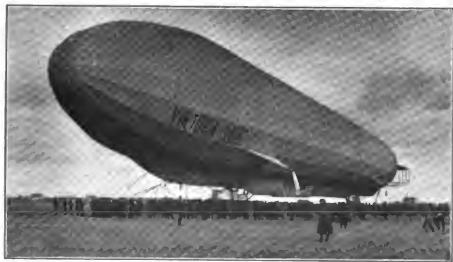
a non-rigid airship like our own or like the German Parseval, which we have acquired, would give before the strain, and can always in the last resort be deflated, and the Zeppelin, unlike a collapsible airship, loses its buoyancy where its envelop is torn. Had a Parseval come by this accident at sea its cars must have floated till help could reach it. There is nothing to drag them down. The Zeppelin's twenty-two tons of metal girders of course sunk at once; it had no more chance of surviving for rescue than a girder bridge would have which fell into the water. The second great defect of the Zeppelin renders it even less practicable for naval and military purposes: it cannot be taken from one place to another except in the air. You cannot take a damaged Zeppelin home to its base as you could our Delta or the Parseval or the 'Astra Torres,' which was packed up in boxes the other day at Farnboro and sent to Paris to be treated. You may take it all to pieces, but if you do, putting it together again is simply building a new ship. Readers will remember the Zeppelin which landed on the French parade ground at Luneville three months ago, and the complaints made that the French authorities had allowed it to go back to Germany in the air. It could not, of course, have gone back any other way."

When it is remembered that Count Zeppelin has been experimenting longer than any other constructor in Europe, that he has had more financial support, including some million and a half dollars subscribed by the public, than anyone else, no other conclusion is possible, insists this expert, than that there is something wrong from top to bottom in the principle on which he is working. Nor is this view merely British. The French experts who examined the Zeppelin at Luneville—they are the only independent observers who ever had the opportunity to make a technical observation—reported grave

engineering defects. These seemed to show, according to the *Paris Armée*, that, granting Zeppelin's hypothesis, his building is bad. The girders which supported the cars containing the motors were no stronger than those on top of the balloon, altho they had more work to do. The great size of the balloon, with all its attendant disadvantages in landing, was the result of the need for carrying a disproportionate amount of gas to raise the vast weight. Nevertheless the inability to retain enough gas to keep the huge bulk in the air is the only reason it went down.

All this, however, is to overlook a fundamental consideration with reference to the Zeppelin. It is an instrument of war. So remarks that student of the subject, Fred T. Jane,* whose impression is that if the German army can utilize the Zeppelin for purposes of reconnaissance, the ship is a success. For, says he, the airship, like the aeroplane, is now seen as an exploded dream. All sorts of misunderstandings with regard to it are corrected in the light of disillusionizing experience. The performances of the aeroplane are as much a source of chagrin as are the failures of the Zeppelin. We must not condemn the one without considering the other. The human race has lived in a fairland of aviation only to emerge at last with its wings clipped:

"Every amateur building an aeroplane (or even merely intending to build one) in his back garden was a possible 'conqueror of the air.' The aeroplane was going to oust the motorcar as a sporting vehicle—everyone was quite certain about that. . . . To-day everything is completely changed, and, except as a war machine, the aeroplane is of little interest or use to anyone. A few civilian aviators are still flying, but in practically every case they are doing so in connection with the business aspect of the question. There is no 'sport of aviation' such as the prophets foretold a few years ago. An increasing number of people obtain their pilot certificates, and lists of these are still given, altho the title of 'aviator' is in the bulk of cases somewhat of a courtesy one, since so few keep on flying once they have secured their brevets. It is as a war machine that the aeroplane has come into its own. The Italian aeroplanes over and over again proved their utility in Tripoli. Altho in the Balkan War aircraft were less in evidence than many expected, this may be attributed to the peculiar circumstances of the campaign and also to the scarcity of available machines. Every country is now engaged in forming its aerial fleet. . . . The real problem is twofold. First, of course, is the possession of trained and efficient aviators."



ZEPPELIN'S MASTERPIECE

This dirigible, named in honor of a conspicuous member of the German Imperial family, is said to compare with airships generally as the "Imperator" compares with steamships.

* *WORLD'S AIRSHIPS*. By F. T. JANE. Macmillan.

KINETIC EFFECTS OF CROWDS IN RELATION TO PUBLIC CATASTROPHES

AGAINST what loads, horizontal and vertical, should an engineer design a structure which is likely to have to carry a dense crowd of human beings? A reply to this query took the form of a recent address before the American Society of Civil Engineers by the expert on this subject, C. J. Tilden, which is extracted in part here from the official proceedings of that body.

In some cases, we read, the forces exerted are impulsive in their nature, being exerted for only a small, though finite and measurable, fraction of a second. Direct multiplication of individual effect by the probable number of units in the crowd is in such cases erroneous, for in order to get the full effect of such impulsive efforts from a crowd of people, it is necessary to have perfect synchronism of motion in every individual, a condition practically out of the question. Further, the denser a throng of people the more individual motion is restricted, so that in the more closely packed crowds, giving the higher static loads per square foot, the increase resulting from kinetic effect is much reduced. On the other hand, that the static load only shall operate, perfect quiescence must be assured, a condition quite as impossible in any crowd as that of absolute synchronism in movement. The duty of the engineer is to provide in every case for the maximum possible load effect to which his structure may be subjected. Speaking of a

series of experiments made for the purpose of determining the kinetic energy exerted by a crowd in motion, Mr. Tilden says:

"The first experiment—that of rising from a crouching position—altho suggestive and interesting, hardly has a practical bearing. That particular form of motion could take place only in a sparse crowd, and even then would be highly improbable. Its main value lies in showing rather strikingly the importance of some consideration of kinetic effect.

"The case of a man rising suddenly from his seat, however, is of considerable importance. No one who has watched a grandstand full of enthusiastic football 'fans' can doubt that a spectacular play may bring nine-tenths of them to their feet with such a close approximation to unanimity of motion that the total kinetic effect must be considerable. However, if the usual allowance of 3 square feet per sitting is made, and each spectator is assumed to weigh 165 pounds or 55 pounds per square foot over the whole structure, an increase of 65 or 70 per cent. (over the 55 pounds per square feet) may be assumed without reaching the static value of 100 pounds per square foot for which such a stand would probably be designed. Provision against horizontal effect, however, is not commonly made, and the importance of some such provision is illustrated by the experiment. To be on the safe side, a backward horizontal impulse of 70 or 80 pounds for each sitting might wisely be guarded against.

"The 'jouncing' movement, while it has a high kinetic intensity and is possible in a much denser throng, is nevertheless of duration; the effect is that of a rather sharp, quick blow. On this account, practically perfect synchronism of movement is necessary to get the maximum effect, and this, of course, is quite impossible in any ordinary crowd.

"The horizontal effect resulting from a man walking is probably not of general importance, except in the case of a large number of men marching in cadence, as a body of soldiers. The evil effect of this on bridges has been recognized for generations, and the tactical requirement of 'breaking step' during the passage of a bridge by infantry is well known."

tire crowd will cross to the other side and the motion is likely to be fairly rapid. What effect has it on the structure?

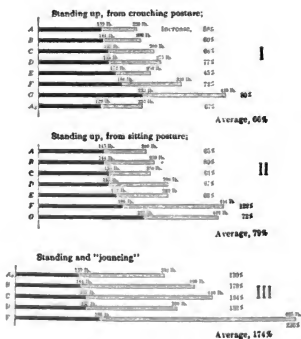
The experiment of running across a bridge is perhaps rather more difficult of application to a crowd. If a line of men, each weighing a hundred and fifty pounds, were distributed at intervals of, say, eighteen inches along the railing of a bridge, and, at a given signal, turned and ran to the other side, bringing up sharply against the opposite rail, the lateral force exerted might even exceed the usual allowance made for the wind. Something of the kind may undoubtedly occur under certain conditions, but to what extent it should be guarded against is a matter of individual judgment based on the exigencies of a particular problem.

A further application of this experiment may be mentioned. A wharf or pier, used for excursion boats, may collect a large number of people who enter from the land singly or in groups and come to rest on the structure. In coming to rest, a horizontal force is exerted, that is, kinetic energy is destroyed, tending to push the wharf out into the water. This force is exerted as a succession of blows, all in the same direction.

"The same is true of any elevated platform, or structure, built for the accommodation of men and women, the entrance to which is restricted to only one line of movement. Such a structure is bound to receive shocks or impulsive horizontal forces in the manner indicated. That these effects are generally so small as to be of no importance is quite true; but that they may also on occasion reach considerable proportions, and especially that the cumulative effect may be serious, seems to be equally beyond question. It may be that a bridge, or pier, or platform may be fully capable of carrying all ordinary loads, even to a densely packed crowd of people; but some day it gives way under a much less (static) load. . . .

"For nearly a century the accepted value for the weight of a dense crowd of people has been about 100 pounds per square foot, conservative designers often assuming a slightly higher figure, and their more daring brethren a considerably lower one. The investigation of Stoney, Kernot and others long ago showed that this was by no means the maximum value, and the elaborate work of Johnson, published in 1904, showed that an intensity of 183 pounds per square foot was within the range of possibility. The effect of Johnson's investigations was to raise slightly the load intensities prescribed by some specifications, but this effect was by no means general.

"Thus far, the purely static effect of a crowd is the only one that has received careful study by engineers, and the 'dead weight' is the loading assumed."



KINETIC EFFECTS OF CROWDS

Graphic representation of effect of several sudden changes in position.

At the time of a boat race, river pageant or similar exhibition, a crowd of people will naturally gather on a bridge, ranging themselves along one side. As the spectacle moves under the bridge, the en-

THE INSECT'S PREFERENCE OF THE PURSUIT OF PLEASURE TO THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE

NOTHING is so surprising in the many estimates of the work of Henri Fabre, greatest of all the world's entomologists, as the doubt they bring to light respecting theories of evolution. It seems reasonable to the Paris *Cosmos* to infer, for instance, that evolution does not "work" as Darwin first suspected. Herein we have the unique result of Fabre's studies. He has proved, apparently, that insects prefer the pursuit of pleasure to any struggle for existence in the Darwinian sense. Thus do the writings of Fabre, to follow another commentator in London *Knowledge*, "give a thought-kindling vision of the mystical life of another creation." They indicate also the vastness of the gulf between what would be intelligence in a mammal and that instinct which directs the activities of insects.* Fabre has brought entomology, moreover, up against a blank wall through the tremendous range of his observations on what goes by the name of "the problem of instinct." Is instinct a pursuit of pleasure or is it a tendency to struggle for existence or has it nothing to do with either?

With a workmanship inimitably delicate and dexterous the caterpillar weaves a silken cocoon within which, secure from outside foes, it may pass those months of trance and change which precede its glorious rebirth into a new element. But should an artificial rent be made in its unfinished winter home the spinner will take no pains to repair the breach. After completing its routine labor the caterpillar, on the contrary, will quietly settle down to sleep in a chamber which has become a tomb. It cannot reflect, cannot modify functional habit to meet the unforeseen condition. Does it know what has happened? May its state of mind be compared with the ideas of those who argued in the time of Columbus that this earth is flat? The blunder of the insect is not more terrible than blunders attributable to man.

Insects are shown by Fabre to display a power of discrimination. This is conspicuous in those insects which show an "elective affinity" with certain plants. In his perception of powers suddenly acquired and as suddenly lost by some insects, Fabre seems to the British paper to have found manifestations which conflict with the doctrine of evolution. It is true, as Paris *Nature* notes, that early critics of Fabre found him too "poetical," but his facts are reliable. He is one of the first to

demonstrate the value of imagination in science, but the fact that we may rely upon his observations is shown by his caution in dealing with the life of the spider. He marvels at the geometry of the spider's web, but he is careful to say that the instinct in this case practises higher geometry without knowing or caring about it. What shocks Fabre is the immorality of the insect world—its cruelty, its ruthlessness, its insanity, varied with displays of wonderful hedonism or love of pleasure. "The story of that unspeakable hypocrite, the praying-mantis, is one of cruelty, license and grotesque horror, such as human annals cannot match." Moreover, the intelligence of the insect, when it has any, is exploited in deeds of lust, cruelty, murder. Crime is the "note" of insect life—cannibalism being incidental in many instances. Not that Fabre helps us to interpret the mass of information he has gathered. He seems to have begun without preconceived opinion, and has worked his way gradually to an idea that the life of the insect unsettles evolutionary theory by accumulating facts impossible of generalization in Darwin's terms. Fabre has put his view in many forms, most succinctly, perhaps thus:

"Because I have stirred a few grains of sand on the shore, am I in a position to know the depths of the ocean?"

"Life has unfathomable secrets. Human knowledge will be erased from the archives of the world before we possess the last word that the gnat has to say to us. . . .

"Success is for the loud talkers, the self-convinced dogmatists. Everything is admitted on condition that it be noisily proclaimed. Let us throw off this sham and recognize that, in reality, we know nothing about anything if things were probed to the bottom. Scientifically, Nature is a riddle without a definite solution to satisfy

man's curiosity. Hypothesis follows on hypothesis; the theoretical rubbish heap accumulates, and truth ever eludes us. To know how not to know might well be the last word of wisdom."

Without presuming, then, to frame a generalization in place of the Darwinian one, Fabre points out that what decides destinies in the insect world is not a struggle for existence but a pursuit of pleasure. For pleasure the insect will gladly surrender its existence. And all insects act more or less in the same way—without intelligence, as we understand the term, but with a keen sense of personal gratification in various forms of activity. His conclusions are thus set down with authority by a naturalist in the *London Mail*:

"The insect is neither free nor conscious in its industry. For it the external functions are regulated with almost as much rigor as the internal functions, like those of digestion, for example. It builds, it spins, it hunts, it stings, it paralyzes just as it digests, just as it secretes the venom of its weapon or the silk of its cocoon—always without knowing anything about the means or the goal."



THE INSECT'S HOMER

Fabre is at once the greatest expert and the greatest poet in the domain of entomology. He loves the grasshopper even while he holds its selfishness up to scorn. He admires the praying-mantis although he execrates its cruelty and rapine.

* FABRE, POET OF SCIENCE. By C. V. LEGG, Century Co.

LIFE AND LOVE OF THE INSECT. By Henri Fabre. Century Co.

LIFE OF THE SPIDER. By Henri Fabre. Dodd, Mead.

ART AND INSANITY IN THE LIGHT OF AN EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY LUNATICS

SOME of the most eminent physicians and psychologists in Europe visited the exhibition of works of art by lunatics which attracted such attention in the medical press of London this autumn. In the absence of histories of the patients who exploited their capacity with the brush—pictures only were shown—for the edification of the profession, it is not possible, so we are reminded by *The British Medical Journal*, to speak dogmatically of the pathology involved. Moreover, although none of the pictures on exhibition manifested the slightest indelicacy, in their selection those displaying what are called "sexual" tendencies were excluded. The absence of the smallest impropriety may have been the result of the rigor of the censorship. It appears, none the less, that the exhibition was vouched for by the authorities of the medical profession who had it in charge as genuinely representative of lunatic art. Every artist was, at the time his work was done, an inmate of an asylum for the insane. Drawings of merit were shown, as well as work with the brush. The general impression was left on the expert mind, according to the organ of the medical profession, that pictures might prove a fruitful, unexplored line of study and a good index of the patient's state. After all, it says, drawing is a mode of expression in which the individuality of the person is well marked.

It may be premised, adds our authority, that insanity, even strongly marked, does not of necessity impair artistic skill. Thus there were several drawings by a well-known deceased artist (who cut his father's throat) which do not differ from his earlier work either in execution or conception, tho a few—as, for instance, one depicting a lunatic in chains—would hardly have been conceived in his saner times. Other features of the exhibition are thus described:

"There were others by different artists which, tho slight, are of very high artistic excellence—as, for instance, some studies in colored chalk on tinted paper of Coquelin in various parts, and a tender little landscape of Bethlehem itself under an evening light. But it may be observed in passing that landscape is much less represented than figure subjects; the repose of landscapes does not seem very often to appeal to disordered minds.

"There was a pen-and-ink head of Gladstone, wild and cleverly conceived in a spirit of moderate caricature, but this might have been done by any one with the requisite skill whose admiration for that statesman was qualified by difference of opinion. There were also some excellent designs for posters or advertisements."

"Leaving these pictures upon which lunacy has set no stamp, we come to a few in which the draftsmanship is still good but the motive more doubtful. Thus there is a clever pen-and-ink sketch comprising several figures, with legends such as 'A to per cent. commission to doctors sending patients here,' and the like. But perhaps the most interesting of this class were a series of outline drawings, all from the same hand, strongly reminiscent of the work of the Post-Impressionists. They are nude figures, in which the easy flow of line shows marked facility combined with a disregard of correct drawing; the limbs are out of proportion and do not join up properly with the body, and yet it is not in the least the incorrect and cramped drawing of a child or of an unskilled draftsman. One is ex-

ecuted by his own hand while under confinement. The third, however, appears to have a clear record.

There is a goggle-eyed face, much like Post-Impressionist work, which comes from the hand of another insane person. From other hands again an Impressionist peacock and some weird creatures more or less bearing the same stamp of extravagance in fancy and disregard of correct drawing suggest the "modern." Then there are several drawings of some decorative merit but with less evidence of artistic skill which are combined with a geometrical figure such as might be found on old astrological prints. The geometrical figures are executed with care and precision, but the intention of the whole thing is hard to divine. The lesson to be learned from them seems to be that a certain consistency running through the whole series and care in execution are compatible with unintelligible design.



DRAWN BY A LUNATIC

This exquisite figure is the work of an inmate of Bloomingdale Asylum.

cuted in squares, and is absolutely a 'Cubist' drawing, tho much more intelligible than many of those which recently found a place on the walls of the Grafton Gallery."

It would be very interesting to the medical paper to know whether the patient who executed these Cubist drawings had seen the Post-Impressionist exhibitions or had heard of them, or whether he evolved the manner from his own inner consciousness. It would be going too far, it thinks, to say that these pictures are any proof that the Post-Impressionists owe their peculiarities to disordered minds. Yet it is an uncomfortable fact that of the three artists who are recognized as the founders of the school, one expatriated himself and lived the life of a native in the South Sea Islands, the second, after committing a murderous assault with a razor upon the first,

For the purpose of careful psychological study, the exhibition of lunatic art was, thus, incomplete. There had been a mild censorship. There were no "case records." Yet the "show" was important from the standpoint of psychology as well as of pathology. It has been argued by a writer in the *London Times* that from the artistic standpoint there may be a gain for the artist in being unfettered by the necessity of pleasing the public eye and in not caring in the least what others think of his work. On these grounds he defends the Post-Impressionists. Nevertheless, rejoins *The British Medical Journal*:

"It is true that early man in his drawings upon bone and on the walls of caves did display a rude artistic power, and the Japanese are able, tho disregarding perspective, to please the cultivated eye. But there are not wanting examples of good artists who from senile degeneracy have come to paint in the manner of the Post-Impressionists, or of children, or of the inmates of asylums; further, the work of infant prodigies, however remarkable, always lacks that something which is needed to satisfy the educated eye. It does not, then, seem worth while to go back to the outlook of the child or of the savage in order to escape the academic trammels. At all events, this exhibition lends no support to ideas of this kind.

"In the absence of histories of the patients it is not possible to speak without fear of contradiction; but, so far as can be judged from inspection of the drawings, every one worthy of consideration from the artistic point of view betrays the practised hand, and does not suggest the spontaneous evolution of an art expressive of untrammelled ideas."

Religion and Ethics

THE "LATEST AMERICAN RELIGION" AND ITS CRITICS

A DIRECT and almost defiant challenge is flung in the teeth of present-day Christianity by Winston Churchill's new novel, "The Inside of the Cup" (Macmillan). This, remarks the Chicago Presbyterian weekly, *The Continent*, is a book that the Christian church in America cannot ignore. The fame of the story has penetrated to London, where *The British Weekly* devotes a leading article (presumably written by Sir W. Robertson Nicholl) to "the latest American religion." Admiral Mahan, in the *New York Churchman*, subjects the main arguments of the book to keen scrutiny, and pronounces them dangerous and misleading. A clergyman, in the same paper, calls Mr. Churchill's sentiments "anarchistic." Yet all would admit that "The Inside of the Cup" is not the product of an enemy of the church. It is written by a distinguished literary man who happens to be one of the church's own sons.

The significance of the book is increased by the fact that Mr. Churchill frankly identifies himself with the clergyman hero of the novel. He writes, that is to say, not merely as a novelist but as a reformer and a seer. He essays the statement of a new religious attitude. He attempts a fresh interpretation of Christianity. "The Inside of the Cup" is compared by many critics with "Robert Elsmere." But whereas Mrs. Humphry Ward would destroy and reconstruct the church, while maintaining the present social order, Mr. Churchill attacks both society and the church. His position is not far from that of a social revolutionist.

The Rev. John Hodder, the hero of the story, is sketched as an idealist in conflict with his environment. We see him, at the opening, in charge of a prosperous Protestant Episcopal church in one of the cities of the Middle West. His congregation includes rich and important people. He has been trained in the strictest orthodoxy, and finds the atmosphere about him overwhelmingly conservative. But he begins to be assailed by doubts—doubts as to the truth of Christian doctrine and the justice of the existing social order.

He is particularly worried by the dogma of the Virgin Birth of Christ. How is it possible, he keeps asking himself, for a reasonable man to believe in such a doctrine? A clever lady in his congregation increases his skepticism. He invests, with a sense of guilt, in books written by European rationalists. As he reads the foreign volumes he feels an acute, almost physical, pain, as tho a vital part of him was being cut away. The Virgin Birth continues to turn up irrepressibly throughout Mr. Churchill's tale.

Difficulties connected with Hodder's efforts to reconcile Christian doctrine and practice prove equally troublesome. His chief supporter, Eldon Parr, is a millionaire who has made his money by questionable methods. Mr. Hodder notices that while working people accept the philanthropic benefits of the church—the kindergarten and the gymnasium and the reading rooms—they refuse to become worshippers. When Eldon Parr proposes to endow a new settlement, his own

daughter indicts him and tells him that the social system by which he thrives is diametrically opposed to Christianity. "Your true creed is the survival of the fittest. You grind these people into what is really an economic slavery and dependence, and then you insult and degrade them by inviting them to exercise and read books and sing hymns in your settlement house, and give their children crackers and milk and kindergartens and sunlight." Mr. Hodder listens to this "tremendous arraignment" with indescribable feelings.

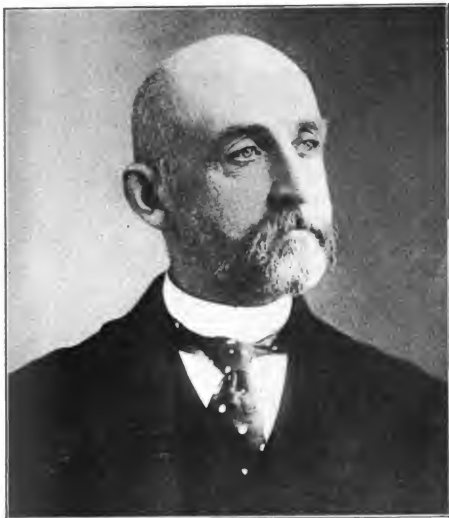
As Hodder's views grow radical, his position becomes more and more difficult. On all sides he is criticized. But he refuses to resign. He holds that a clergyman who resigns his post because he sees deeper truth is guilty of "the great refusal." He is finally impelled to explain to his church the conclusions at which he has arrived. He tells his people that they need not trouble about the birth of Jesus, for the physical could never prove the spiritual. He summons them to service in behalf of a new ideal. That ideal is "the true Protestantism—democracy." What is needed, he says, is rebirth into a spirit of service. Christianity is individualism carried to its ultimate, but it is also solidarity and altruism. The time is ripe for a crusade against "economic slavery—yes, and the more horrible slavery of women and young girls in vice." We need to learn that there is something infinitely more sacred than property, and that the man who puts property first cannot be a good Christian.

Hodder falls in love with the daughter of Eldon Parr, and the last chapter of the book chronicles a remarkable dialog between them. "I have always had queer views," Alison Parr declares. She goes on to express her dissatisfaction with the argument that an indissoluble marriage under all conditions is good for society. "That a man or woman, the units of society," she says, "should violate the divine in themselves for the sake of society is absurd. . . . It is absurd to promise to love. We have no control over our affections." She believes in divorce, but she does not believe that those divorced should marry again. The



A NOVELIST TURNED REFORMER AND SEER

Winston Churchill, in "The Inside of the Cup," attempts a new and revolutionary interpretation of Christianity.



THE OPONENT OF WINSTON CHURCHILL

Admiral A. T. Mahan objects to Mr. Churchill's new novel on the ground that it tends to undermine faith and to "identify inclination with love."

clergyman replies: "The alpha and omega of Christ's message is rebirth into the knowledge of the Spirit, and hence submission to its guidance. And that is what Paul meant when he said that it freed us from the law. You are right, Alison, when you declare it to be a violation of the Spirit for a man and woman to live together when love does not exist." The book concludes with Alison's affirmation of trust in Hodder: "You are my faith. And faith in you is my faith in humanity, and faith in God."

So much for the content of the story. *The British Weekly*, while conceding that its spirit is "all that can be desired," and that "there is much in it with which every Christian must sympathize," criticizes the book on fundamental grounds. With Mr. Churchill's "Socialism," it says, it has no quarrel. "The present social order must go." But "the weakness of Mr. Churchill and many other social reformers is that they do not put Christ in the foreground." *The British Weekly* continues:

"It is through Christ and his doctrine that social reform will be carried through. It is foolish to worship democracy. It is not by any means certain that democ-

cracy will make an end of the old order and bring in the new. Mr. Churchill knows very well how poor a fight his own people are making against the trusts. There is nothing necessarily divine in democracy. A godless democracy will give the spoils to the strong. The poor will raise themselves up against the oppressor from time to time, but they will be trampled into the dust.

"But we fall back on Christ, and we fall back on him because in the Incarnation he has come near to men. He has closed the gulf between God and man. He is the Eternal Son of the Eternal. We should never think of putting the doctrine of the Virgin Birth foremost among the doctrines of Christianity. R. H. Hutton, in his old age, used to say that the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection are both to be approached from the story of the Passion. But the story of the Virgin Birth is congruous with what is central to the Christian Gospel, that in Christ heaven and earth, God and man, have been brought together. If Christ were only a creature, God still remains at an infinite distance from the race. The hope, and we were going to say the sole hope, of the social reformer is in the Incarnation."

Admiral Mahan, in his article in *The Churchman*, expresses his conviction that "The Inside of the Cup" is

equally misleading in its religious and in its social implications. The whole "gigantic fabric of faith," he feels, trembles when such pillars of support as the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection are undermined. And when an effort is made to "identify inclination with love," the result can only be disastrous. The Admiral explains:

"The tree is known by its fruit. The book closes with an interview between the hero and the heroine, who have become engaged. She makes to him a prenuptial statement—in which he acquiesces—that if she ceases to love him she would feel divorce imperative. It is true, she feels that another marriage should not be, but the sentiment rests upon her own conviction solely. They are a law unto themselves. The grave mistake here is the identifying of inclination with love. 'We have no control over our affections'—inclinations. In a measure this is true, but only in a measure. We can at least withdraw ourselves from influences that tend to draw our affections astray. We can do more; we can engage in acts which tend to develop affection. But in the eyes of Christ love is no mere inclination. 'Love ye your enemies'; a command surely, a command to control affection. How? By training and by action. Repeated action, tending to habit, is training, and so the command continues by prescribing suitable methods: 'Bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you.' Love therefore is not merely inclination, and may exist without it as well as with it. God's love is thus immediately defined in the context: He maketh his sun to shine on the evil (His enemies) and on the good, and sendeth rain upon the just and upon the unjust. Here is no indifference to evil, nor inclination to evil men; but here also is love. And it is to be remembered that acts of benevolence, of good-will, breed love toward the object of them.

"So in marriage. If one partner or the other undergoes the unhappiness of finding inclination—falsely called love, and often largely animal—to fail, the command stands: Bless, do good, pray. Separation, divorce, in such case is justified in 'The Inside of the Cup' by a travesty upon St. Paul's thought, 'If ye are led by the Spirit, ye are not under the law.' This travesty underlies the whole book. The 'reborn' in it are those who are led by an inner feeling, also travestied as 'inspiration,' which sets them above external law—even the law of Christ, as in divorce. Here is seen the fruit of the tree, the result of sapping the uniqueness of Christ's position."

The *Chicago Continent* welcomes the book, in spite of its shortcomings. "Even tho Mr. Churchill's blows fall painfully on tender sensibilities," it says, "the church owes gratitude to the man who smites it awake to realize its absolute and undiminished obligation to live according to every word that proceeded from the mouth of its Master."

APPRAISALS OF SIR OLIVER LODGE'S ADDRESS ON IMMORTALITY

FEW if any discussions of purely theoretical themes have ever received the instant and vivid attention given to Sir Oliver Lodge's recent address on the immortality of the soul, delivered before the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The essential parts of the address were cabled to the ends of the earth. Religious and secular journals have vied with one another in volume of comment. Newspapers like the *London Times* have treated the whole discourse as a protest against intellectual arrogance. The religious press has been almost a unit in interpreting Sir Oliver's utterance as a reaction from materialism and a return to a more spiritual philosophy. And yet, after all the comment is gauged, can it be truthfully said that the address has increased faith in immortality? One answer to this question is expressed in the opening words of an editorial in the *San Francisco Chronicle*: "The long-heralded address by Sir Oliver Lodge on the immortality of the soul has been delivered, and tho it represents the ripest fruit of many years' reflection by one of the most eminent thinkers of the day, it is as disappointing as the proverbial Dead Sea apples. That is, so far as the promised proofs are concerned. As a stimulus to deeper thought on the eternally fascinating problem of human destiny, it is a masterly contribution to contemporary literature."

The "proofs" of immortality Sir Oliver did not pretend to give in his address. For these we must turn to his earlier writings, and, in particular, to his book, "The Survival of Man." When one carefully studies the book, it becomes evident that he has no positive evidence as yet showing that individuality persists beyond the grave. He never saw a "ghost." He never witnessed a "materialization"—or at least gives no credence to that branch of psychical activity. He has had no experience in automatic writing. He does not regard spirit photography as proven. He takes a very sceptical attitude toward so-called "physical" phenomena.

On what, then, does he rely? The answer seems to be: On Mrs. Leonora Piper, the Boston woman whom Professor Hyslop once called "the human telescope," and who has been in the employment and under the scrutiny of the Psychical Research Societies on both sides of the Atlantic for no less than twenty-five years. "The Survival of Man" is saturated with Mrs. Piper. Another lady, "Mrs. Verrall," also receives a good deal of Sir Oliver's attention, but is not revealed under her real name. "The one entity around

whom all the eminent researchers have revolved for a quarter of a century," remarks Henry M. Williams in the *St. Louis Mirror*, "is Mrs. Piper; and to anyone looking for real wonders, of the old-fashioned Spiritualistic variety, she is very disappointing." Mr. Williams continues:

"As a matter of fact, what Sir Oliver tells us of the methods and effects produced by Mrs. Piper is nothing more than what anyone may see of the methods and effects in any 'test meeting' at a Spiritualist church on any Sunday in the season. That is to say, the lady goes into a 'trance,' tells something about some dead person, usually a relative supposed to be present, and there is, or is not, a verification of the message. Everyone who has attended such meetings has noticed that a certain proportion of the messages are hits and the rest are misses. So of the Piper messages. Sir Oliver candidly acknowledges that the misses are very numerous and discouraging. But he holds that the hits are far more numerous than the law of averages allows. And on these hits, or successful efforts to pierce the obscurity brought about by death, he

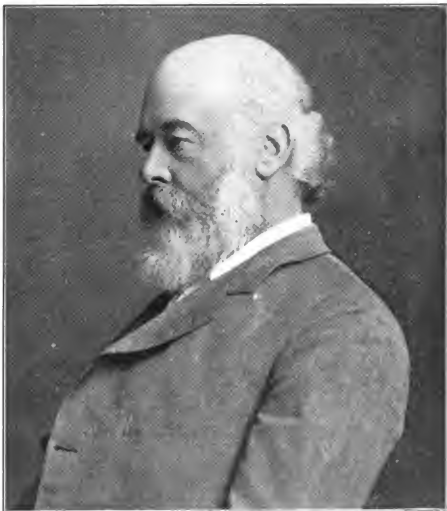
bases his belief in 'continuity,' which word appears to be his preference for what is popularly called immortality."

But if Sir Oliver's "proofs" are inadequate, the underlying spirit of his address finds response in every heart and mind:

"Now at last we of the new era have been victorious; we inherit the fruits of the age-long conflict, and the stones are in our hands. Let us not fall into the old mistake of thinking that ours is the only way of exploring the multifarious depths of the universe; and that all others are worthless and mistaken. The universe is a larger thing than we have any conception of, and no one method of search will exhaust its treasures.

"Men and brethren, we are trustees of the truth of the physical universe as scientifically explored; let us be faithful to our trust.

"Genuine religion has its roots deep down in the heart of humanity, and in the reality of things. It is not surprising that by our methods we fail to grasp it; the actions of the Deity make no appeal to any special sense, only a universal appeal; and our methods are, as we know,



HE BELIEVES THAT IMMORTALITY IS CAPABLE OF SCIENTIFIC PROOF

Sir Oliver Lodge has lately reasserted his conviction that we are near a demonstration of the human personality's survival of bodily death. He does not say that the proof is crucially complete as yet, but he thinks "the evidence is so exceedingly strong that it is only by mental contortion that its cogency can be evaded."

incompetent to detect complete uniformity. There is a principle of relativity here, and unless we encounter flaw, or jar, or change, nothing in us responds; we are deaf and blind, therefore, to the imminent grandeur around us, unless we have insight enough to appreciate the whole, and to recognize in the woven fabric of existence, flowing steadily from the loom in an infinite progress toward perfection, the ever-growing garment of a transcendent God."

The weakness of all this, according to the New York Free Thought paper, *The Truth Seeker*, is that it is too vague. Sir Oliver expressly declares in his address that it is impossible to explain the psychical in terms of physics and chemistry. His statement makes some other terms necessary in the treatment of "psychical" themes. "Can he furnish those other terms and make us understand what they mean?" asks *The Truth Seeker*. The same paper continues:

"A vocabulary of psychic terms, with authoritative definitions, would be some acquisition to our language. These 'discarnate intelligences,' brothers of the fourth dimension, manifest apart from matter, and are without form and void. They have no height, depth, length, breadth, or superficies. They are imponderable, and have less density than an opinion, which may be weighed. It is simple, in the terms of physics, to tell what these discarnate existences are not, but where are the terms that describe what they are? One cannot think without thinking in terms, or words. Where are the words or terms in which to think positively of the discarnate? These 'intelligences,' it is logical to infer, present no appearance. We need not try to imagine how they look, for there is nothing to see. They have no bodily parts, not even the brain—the thing that men and women are intelligent or fools with. The more we think of what they are not, the more we wonder what they are."

Robert Blatchford, the agnostic editor of the London *Clarion*, comments in similar spirit. "Words, words, words," is what he calls Sir Oliver's address. "I do not dogmatize," he says, "but only suggest that the hidden mystery is probably something much vaster and stranger than any man has so far guessed. And when a scientific gentleman from Birmingham comes to us with his looms, and his fabrics, and his God, I wonder." Mr. Blatchford writes further:

"There is very little in Sir Oliver Lodge's speech that calls for argument. If a man likes to think he will live beyond the grave it is his own affair. The desire for immortality, after all, is natural enough, and quite harmless. I think most agnostics would agree with me were I to say that the idea of continuity of human life is an interesting idea, but difficult to believe. Few of us would presume to say that there is no life after death, for who dare dogmatize in his ignorance and out of the multitude of

marvels which surrounds him? But many of us will say that to us the weight of evidence seems to tell against the idea of any continuity of individual life."

Maurice Maeterlinck is a third Free-thinker who finds it impossible to affirm immortality on the basis of the slender evidence presented by Sir Oliver Lodge and his kind. If there are spirits, he remarks (in an article published in *The Century* and in *The Fortnightly Review*), why do they come back to us with empty hands and words? "Is it really worth while to have passed the fearful paths which lead to the eternal fields, to remember that our granduncle was called Peter, and that Paul, our cousin, was afflicted with varicose veins and a stomach complaint?" Maeterlinck concedes that "a spiritual or nervous shape, an image, a belated reflection of life is capable of subsisting for some time, of releasing itself from the body or surviving it, of traversing enormous distances in the twinkling of an eye, of manifesting itself to the living and, sometimes, of communicating with them." For the rest, he says, "we have to recognize that these apparitions are very brief." He goes on to say:

"They do not seem to have the least consciousness of a new or superterrestrial life, differing from that of the body whence they issue. On the contrary, their spiritual energy, at a time when it ought to be absolutely pure, because it is rid of matter, seems greatly inferior to what it was when matter surrounded it. These more or less uneasy fantoms, often tormented with trivial cares, also they come from another world, have never brought us one single revelation of topical interest concerning that world whose prodigious threshold they have crossed. Soon they fade away and disappear for ever. Are they the first glimmers of a new existence or the final glimmers of the old? Do the dead thus use, for want of a better, the last link that binds them and makes them perceptible to our senses? Do they afterwards go on living around us, without again succeeding, in spite of their endeavors, to make themselves known or to give us an idea of their presence, because we have not the organ that is necessary to perceive them, even as all our endeavors would not succeed in giving a man who was blind from birth the least notion of light and color? We do not know at all; nor can we tell whether it is permissible to draw any conclusion from all these incontestable phenomena."

Christian commentators are equally sceptical in regard to the value of Sir Oliver's "proofs." Cardinal Gibbons, when asked for his view, remarked that he was not prepared to say whether, or how far, the continuity of life after death could be proved by scientific investigation. "Of such vague proof," he said, "I have no need. My faith in the hereafter, in the immortality of the soul, rests not on conjecture but on a more solid foundation. It rests upon

the infallible revelation of the Son of God, who said: 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'"

An editorial writer in the New York *Evening Mail* expresses much the same view in these words:

"The strangely significant thing about the remarkable inaugural address of Sir Oliver Lodge, the incoming president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, is that it should be necessary for a great man of science to make a somewhat humble and apologetic appeal for the theory that there is such a thing as the human soul. . . . Most men in general accept instinctively, intuitively, confidently, the conclusions which Sir Oliver Lodge, the scientist, states almost timidly."

"The trouble about the authority of Sir Oliver in this great matter is that, as a man of science, he brings it all down, in the last resort, to 'an examination of the occult by the methods of science,' asserting that he has made such an examination, and that his belief rests upon 'facts so examined.'"

"In other words, he depends upon what is called Spiritualism for his belief."

"But the world in general still rests not upon that kind of demonstration but upon faith, which has never had any better definition than that contained in the statement that it is 'the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' So we doubt whether there will be great joy in the world of faith over Sir Oliver's address."

For comment much more sympathetic to Sir Oliver's position, we turn to an article by John Spencer Clarke in the Boston *Transcript*. Mr. Clarke regards the address given before the British Association as "in many respects the most significant utterance of scientific thought of modern times." He writes enthusiastically:

"Both the occasion and the speaker gave the views advanced the highest certification to the consideration of thoughtful minds; while the tone of the address itself, its profoundly reverent spirit, its freedom from scientific dogmatism, coupled with a full knowledge of the achievements of modern science, will commend its subject to a seriousness and a rationality of discussion it has never yet had from either the scientific or the philosophical viewpoints."

"Sir Oliver Lodge is an evolutionist, and this address is the most significant scientific utterance in regard to man's destiny that has followed the promulgation of the doctrine of evolution as set forth half a century ago by Herbert Spencer and John Fiske. It consists in fact of an advancement of the doctrine of evolution on scientific grounds, into a realm of cosmic existence adumbrated in man's physical experience, but which has yet had no adequate scientific exploration. . . ."

"Verily, verily, if these words be true, man is to come here and now, through the revelations of science, into relations with the 'Infinite Eternal Power from which all things proceed,' which shall far exceed the visions of mystics, the ideals of poets, the insights of philosophers."

HELEN KELLER'S DEVELOPMENT INTO A SOCIAL PHILOSOPHER

MARK TWAIN once said that the two most interesting characters of the nineteenth century are Napoleon and Helen Keller. But so familiar a figure to our own day is Miss Keller that the marvel of her is not yet fully realized. Her education, her literary achievements, and all the unselfish work she has done for her fellow deaf and blind are well known. Now she has developed into an enthusiastic Socialist. In her new book "Out of the Dark" (Doubleday Page)—a collection of magazine articles and speeches—she informs us of her hope to write a book on the subject of Socialism which she intends to call "Industrial Blindness and Social Deafness." Her social vision is evident in the present volume, and, under all the circumstances, seems almost as much of a miracle as any of the wonderful physical achievements which are recorded of her.

Miss Keller has come to the conclusion that the unemployment of the blind is only part of a greater social problem. "It is not physical blindness, but social blindness, which cheats our hands of their right to toil," she declares; and in an address delivered before the German Scientific Society of New York last spring, on the subject of the deaf and dumb, she spoke as follows:

"Deafness, like poverty, stunts and deadens its victims until they do not realize the wretchedness of their condition. They are incapable of desiring improvement. God help them! They grope, they stumble with their eyes wide open, they are indifferent. They miss everything in the world that makes life worth living, and yet they do not realize their own bondage. We must not wait for the deaf to ask for speech, or for the submerged of humanity to rise up and demand their liberties. We who see, we who hear, we who understand, must help them, must give them the bread of knowledge, much teach them what their human inheritance is. Let every science do its part—medicine, surgery, otology, psychology, education, invention, economics, mechanics. And while you are working for the deaf child, do not forget that his problem is only part of a greater problem, the problem of bettering the condition of all mankind."

It is interesting to note that the first book on Socialism which Helen Keller read was H. G. Wells's "New Worlds For Old." She now takes a German Socialist periodical printed in braille for the blind. Other contemporary Socialist literature, German, French and English, is spelled into her hand. But manual spelling is a slow process at best, she tells us. "It

is no easy and rapid thing to absorb through one's fingers a book of fifty thousand words on economics." Nevertheless, Miss Keller expects to become acquainted in this manner with "all the classic Socialist authors." Her Socialism, however, is not confined to reading and theorizing. She takes a lively interest in public events. The red flag which hangs in her study is a call to action. In recent strikes she has proved a practical sympathizer; and she thus identifies herself with the workers of the world:

"Their cause is my cause. If they are denied a living wage, I also am defrauded. While they are industrial slaves, I cannot be free. My hunger is not satisfied while they are unfed. I cannot enjoy the good things of life which come to me, if they are hindered and neglected. I want all the workers of the world to have sufficient money to provide the elements of a normal standard of living—a decent home, healthful surroundings, opportunity for education and recreation. I want them to have the same blessings that I have. I, deaf and blind, have been helped to overcome many obstacles. I want them to be helped as generously in a struggle which resembles my own in many ways."

In an eloquent chapter, entitled "The Hand Of The World," which might well inspire a Rodin, Helen Keller tells how, step by step, she has been led out of her isolation into full social consciousness—how at last she has come to "touch hands with the world."

"I had felt in my life the touch only of hands that uphold the weak, hands that are all eye and ear, charged with helpful intelligence. I believed that people made their own conditions, and that, if the conditions were not always the best, they were at least tolerable, just as my infirmity was tolerable. . . .

"Step by step my investigation of blindness led me into the industrial world. And what a world it is! How different from the world of my beliefs. I must face unflinchingly a world of facts—a world of misery and degradation, of blindness, crookedness, and sin, a world struggling against the elements, against the unknown, against itself. How reconcile this world of fact with the bright world of my imagining? My darkness had been filled with the light of intelligence, and, behold, the outer day-lit world was stumbling and groping in social blindness! At first I was most unhappy; but deeper study restored my confidence. By learning the sufferings and burdens of men, I became aware as never before of the life-power that has survived the forces of darkness, the power which, no never completely victorious, is continuously conquering. The very fact that we are still here carrying on the contest against the hosts of annihilation proves that on the whole the battle has gone for humanity."

Helen Keller is an optimist by temperament and conviction, with a genius for overcoming all difficulties and obstacles. Profound love for her fellow beings and that "deeper kind of humor which is courage," distinguish her in public as in private life. She does not hesitate to speak her mind frankly on any subject. In a very remarkable series of articles on "The Modern Woman," contributed recently to *The Metropolitan Magazine*, she criticizes the "higher education" of women. It is not technical ignorance, she declares, but social ignorance which is at the bottom of our present miseries. The best educated woman, therefore, is not necessarily one who has been to college, but she who knows the social basis of her life and of the lives of those whom she would help—her children, her employers, her employees, the beggar at her door and her congressman at Washington. Miss Keller continues:

"It is just such fundamental propositions related to the problems of life which school education seems to ignore. In school and college we spend a great deal of time over trivial matters. I cannot recall much that I learned at Radcliffe College, which now stands forth in my mind as of primary importance. The little economic theory that I learned was admirably put; but I have never succeeded in bringing it into harmony with the economic facts that I have learned since."

Fortunately, Miss Keller says further, real education no more depends on educational institutions than religion depends on churches. College women are too docile under formal instruction. "I am surprised to find that many champions of women, upholders of 'advanced ideas,' exalt the intelligence of the so-called cultivated woman. They portray her as an intellectual prodigy to whom the wisest man would resign his library and his laboratory with a feeling of dismayed incompetence. It is not woman's intelligence that should be insisted upon, but her needs, her responsibilities, her functions." Miss Keller is not inclined to praise the educated woman. She finds her, on the whole, narrow and "lacking in vision":

"How seldom does the college girl who has tasted philosophy and studied history relate philosophy and the chronicles of the past to the terrific processes of life which are making history every day! Her reputed practical judgment and swift sympathy seem to become inoperative in the presence of any question that reaches to a wide horizon. Her mind works quickly so long as it follows a traditional groove. Lift her out of it, and she becomes inert and without resource. She



HELEN KELLER, SOCIALIST.

Miss Keller has come to the conclusion that the unemployment of the blind is only part of a greater social problem. "It is not physical blindness, but social blindness, which cheats our hands of their right to toil," she declares.

is wanting in reflection, originality, independence. In the face of opposition to a private interest or a primitive instinct she can be courageous and vividly intelligent. But she retreats from general ideas as if they did not concern her, when in point of fact civilized life is comprehended in general ideas."

lieved that blindness, deafness and other causes of human suffering were unpreventable. She was convinced that we must endure them as we accept the havoc of storms and deluges, with Christian fortitude and resignation. Now she knows better. "The

On certain phases of the subject of the social evil, Helen Keller is qualified to speak with some authority. For years she has studied blindness and that ophthalmia of the newborn which so often can be traced to sexual causes. To those who advocate a policy of silence in such matters, Miss Keller replies:

"We must set to work in the right direction the three great agencies which inform and educate us: the church, the school, and the press. If they remain silent, obdurate, they will bear the odium which recoils upon evildoers. They may not listen at first to our plea for light and knowledge. They may combine to baffle us; but there will rise, again and again, to confront them, the beseeching forms of little children: deaf, blind, crooked of limb, and vacant of mind. . . .

"I am making a plea for American women and their children. I plead that the blind may see, the deaf may hear, and the idiot may have a mind. In a word, I plead that the American woman may be the mother of a great race."

Once, Miss Keller informs us, she believed that blindness, deafness and other causes of human suffering were unpreventable. She was convinced that we must endure them as we accept the havoc of storms and deluges, with Christian fortitude and resignation. Now she knows better. "The

truer Christianity teaches us that disease and ignorance are not ultimate decrees of Heaven, and that such discontent as the first visions of light bring to the yearning soul is a divine discontent. The finest resignation and submission are not incompatible with heroic contest against the forces of darkness. The old idea was to endure. This was succeeded by a better idea, to alleviate and cure. And that, in turn, has given way to the modern idea, to prevent, to root out diseases that destroy the sight, the hearing, the mind, the life and the morals of men. . . . We know now that hospitals and institutions for defectives are not permanent temples of salvation. They are, rather, like temporary camp-sites along the way upon which the race is journeying toward a city where disease and darkness shall not be."

Helen Keller, like so many of the world's most practical reformers, is a mystic. We quote in conclusion a self-expressive paragraph taken from her introduction to a volume of Swedenborg, published in braille for the blind:

"Here and now, our misfortune is irreparable. Our service to others is limited. Our thirst for larger activity is unsatisfied. The greatest workers for the race—poets, artists, men of science—men with all their faculties, are at times shaken with a mighty cry of the soul, a longing more fully to body forth the energy, the fire, the richness of fancy and of humane impulse which overburden them. What wonder, then, that we with our more limited senses and more humble powers should with a passionate desire crave wider range and scope of usefulness? Swedenborg says that 'the perfection of man is the love of use,' or service to others. Our groping acts are mere stammering suggestions of the greatness of service that we intend. The dearest of all the consolations which Swedenborg's message brings to me is that in the next world our narrow field of work shall grow limitlessly broad and luminous. There the higher self that we long to be shall find realization."

THE FAITH OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE GRADUATE

THE popular impression that a college education tends to rob men of their religious faith is in large measure overthrown by a recent investigation made among college graduates in this country. It seems that Durant Drake, Professor of Ethics and of the Philosophy of Religion in Wesleyan University (Connecticut), addressed an inquiry dealing with the most vital points in Christian belief and church practice to graduates of the class of 1900 of Harvard University, Wesleyan University and the University of Illinois. Church

attendance, the nature of God, prayer, immortality, the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the Bible were among the subjects covered. From Harvard graduates eighty-seven replies were received; from Wesleyan, ninety-one; from Illinois, seventy-one. The results of the investigation are strikingly summarized in diagram form in the *New York Independent*.

Each of the ten diagrams reproduced shows three circles, the first representing the faith of Harvard graduates; the second that of Illinois graduates, the third that of Wesleyan graduates.

In each case the unshaded segment represents the proportion of those sending in replies who expressed no conviction or left the question open. In general, the vertical-lined segments represent those who believe in the older traditional, or orthodox, views; and the slanting-lined segments represent those who cling to faith or hope, but who feel that they have no basis in certainty. The horizontal line segments represent those of liberal and radical sympathies who still call themselves Christians. The black segments represent those who reject the beliefs in any interpretation.

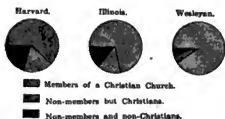


DIAGRAM 1.—CHURCH CONNECTIONS.

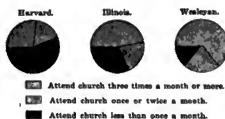


DIAGRAM 2.—CHURCH ATTENDANCE.

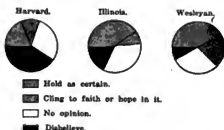


DIAGRAM 3.—PERSONALITY OF GOD.

The whole inquiry was conducted in confidence. Signatures were commonly given in initials, or even omitted altogether. Each one was free to express his deepest convictions, and disinclination to avow unpopular opinions can hardly have been felt. In view of these facts, Professor Drake finds it interesting to note that there were just four men in all, two from Harvard, and one each from Illinois and Wesleyan, who indicated disbelief that "God" represents some important reality, and is to be retained in our thought and speech. Only about five per cent. of the men

for the whole order of things; they see in God merely "the power that makes for righteousness." Only twenty-three per cent. have an assured belief that the doctrine of the Trinity is in its original and literal sense true; but of the forty-five per cent. who positively disbelieve it "in its original and literal sense," considerably more than half—twenty-eight per cent. of the total number—hold that "it may well be retained as referring to God as transcendent, God in Christ, and God—the Holy Spirit—in human nature."

The divinity of Christ thirty-nine per

tains a great revelation of God and remains preeminent among religious books." Four per cent. deny this preeminence to the Bible.

In regard to prayer, most of the replies take an affirmative attitude. Twenty-five per cent. are convinced that it "avails to change the sequence of natural events, in addition to its effect on him who prays." Eleven per cent. more "cling to faith or hope" that it does. Thirty-eight per cent. frankly disbelieve that it does.

Immortality, "a continuance of personal life after death," appeals to

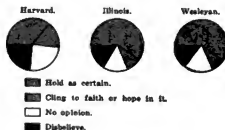


DIAGRAM 4.—IS GOD OMNIPOTENT?

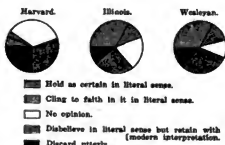


DIAGRAM 5.—THE TRINITY.

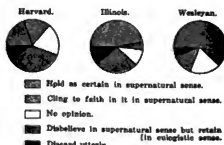


DIAGRAM 6.—DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

were agnostics. Atheism would seem to be, among mature college graduates, almost extinct. Eighty-eight per cent. enrolled themselves as Christians, and seventy-five per cent. declared themselves to be members of some Christian church. Forty-seven per cent. attend church pretty regularly, and sixty-six per cent. attend, on an average, once a month or more. Only thirty-four per cent. are regular stay-at-homes.

After following so remarkable a showing on the side of religion, it is surprising to learn that less than thirty-five per cent. of the graduates feel assured that God is a conscious person. Twenty-three per cent. positively deny divine personality. Nineteen per cent. find it impossible to believe in God's omnipotence and ultimate responsibility

cent. hold as certain. Thirty-three per cent. disbelieve that he was "divine in a supernatural sense, that is, as no mere man can conceivably be." Out of the thirty-three per cent., twenty-five per cent. hold that he was "divine in a eulogistic sense," that he "stands preeminent among men, but in no way to which other men might not conceivably attain." A bare four per cent. deny him even that preeminence.

As to the Bible, twenty-one per cent. are convinced that it is "throughout inspired, the word of God, authoritative," while sixty-four per cent. deny this, holding that it "contains untruths, inconsistencies and outgrown moral and religious conceptions." Of the sixty-four per cent., however, by far the greater number believe that it "con-

thirty-nine per cent. as reasonable. Twenty-seven per cent. more "cling to faith or hope" in this matter. Twenty-three per cent. are non-committal. Eleven per cent. take a negative view.

One result of this inquiry seems to Professor Drake noteworthy, namely, that "altho all sorts of opinions, ultra-conservative and ultra-radical, were expressed, there are very few who do not call themselves Christians, and still fewer who call themselves atheists." He adds: "The gist of the result may be summed up, perhaps, by saying that there is a general loyalty to the name Christianity and to the church, but a widespread tendency to abandon many beliefs which have hitherto been supposed to be essential to both."

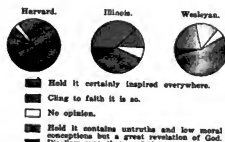


DIAGRAM 7.—INSPIRATION OF BIBLE.

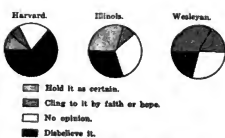


DIAGRAM 8.—CAN PRAYER ALTER OUTWARD EVENTS?

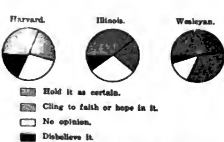


DIAGRAM 9.—SURVIVAL OF PERSONALITY BEYOND THE GRAVE.

IS WHITE SLAVERY NOTHING MORE THAN A MYTH?

WHEN two federal judges, one in California and the other in Kansas, give diametrically opposite rulings in the interpretation of that portion of the Mann Act that has come to be known popularly as the Mann White Slave law, we have some evidence of the conclusion that exists not only regarding this statute (under which there have been virtually five hundred convictions since its passage in June, 1910) but in the very idea that the term "white slavery" embodies. It now remains for the Supreme Court of the United States to interpret the law finally and to give more definite meaning to that nebulous term "white slavery."

In the meantime, the "white slave" continues to be a popular theme on the stage and in current fiction, and a sort of slogan used in awakening the endeavors of social reformers. "The white slave traffic has reached the appalling proportion of more than 350,000 women in the United States in the haunts of sin," so said Mrs. Kate W. Barrett, president of the Florence Crittenton Mission, recently. "More than 20,000 fresh victims are added every year," she adds, "the children of our own people. And more than 5,000 men live on the proceeds of this vice."

One is naturally surprised, therefore, at the statement of a discouraged rescue worker that "this white slave joke is certainly the biggest that was ever invented," and at the claims of an investigator in England, who, in the pages of the *English Review*, asserts that white slavery, in England at least, is for the most part a myth.

The emphatic affirmation that there is no such an institution as white slavery in America comes from the pen of A. W. Elliott, President of the Southern Rescue Mission, and editor of the *Young Woman's Magazine*, in the last and final number of which he confesses his failure, after six years' work among prostitutes, to discover the over-advertized "white slave." In refuting the statement of Mrs. Barrett quoted above, Mr. Elliott says: "It certainly shows how little some people know about a business they have engaged in for years and years, or else how they try to fool the public." He continues:

"We frankly say that there never was a joke of more huge proportions perpetrated upon the American public than this white slave joke. There is scarcely a simmering of truth in the various stories of so-called white slavery. I will admit, carefully tho, that when the subject was being so vigorously agitated a year or so ago I fell right in line with the rest of them and, without making scarcely any

investigations or using any common ordinary sense, told the public that thousands of girls were being held in the toils of white slavery; but I now beg pardon and am sorry of my hasty conclusions. I surely do not believe that there are a dozen girls in America to-day that are in houses of ill fame that could not walk out if they wanted to. They love that kind of life and will scoff at the reformer and even kick him out if he does not get out when asked to. There have been a few girls lured into places and outraged and then murdered; but that is not white slavery, that is cold-blooded murder by an assassin of the scarlet type."

In explaining his reasons for dissolving the Southern Rescue Mission at Jacksonville, Florida, Mr. Elliott expresses his belief that rescue homes throughout the United States are doing more harm than good, as they do not attempt preventive and educational work, but merely deal with disastrous after-effects. During his career as a rescue worker he claims to have offered help to at least fifteen thousand girls, and reformation of one only was all that was accomplished. His pessimistic confession goes on:

"I could go into detail writing hundreds of pages of my various efforts to redeem them, but it would be useless waste of time; it is only necessary to tell you, very frankly, that women of the underworld will not reform, and there is positively no use in wasting your money on them. I have positively entered at least two thousand and five hundred houses of ill repute and talked face to face with possibly fifteen thousand of these women, and I pledge you, truthfully, that I know them just as you know your own little children, and I do not hesitate to tell you that they are wedded to their ways and that they laugh at and make fun of those who try to help them. I would have no reason whatever to deliberately lie about the matter, but, on the other hand, I feel that I am honor-bound to confess the truth about this class of people. I do not think that it is right for the public to be exploited by this, that and the other organization under the pretense that these organizations could save any appreciable number of these women if they had the funds. It is possible that the combined efforts of the various institutions could redeem a few of these women if continuous effort is made, but they are so few and the cost so great that I am convinced that work along other lines would be far better. For instance, I think to help the good girls hold themselves up and to teach them the worth of a pure life would be a hundred times better than reformation after they are down.

"All of this legislative reform and social reform, and all other kinds of reform that this, that, and the other organization tries to force upon men and women in their fanaticism to bring themselves into

public cognizance is very amusing, to say the least.

"You can not legislate good morals into the bodies of corrupt men and women. It must be born there, and then carefully nurtured and constantly guarded by parents. This process must be kept up constantly for generations before any appreciable result will be noticeable."

Teresa Billington-Greig charges English rescue workers with the faults that Mr. Elliott confesses—of raising a hue and cry about "white slavery" without taking the trouble to investigate conditions or to interpret them correctly. The English Criminal Law Amendment act, she asserts, was carried by the unfounded stories of the trapping and drugging of girls.

Mrs. Billington-Greig presents the results of a careful investigation of these stories in Great Britain. They seem to indicate that prostitution is reinforced by others than the so-called outraged "white slaves." The conclusion of this investigator (in the *English Review*) is an emphatic one:

"These dabblers in debauchery by word of mouth have given us a shocking exhibition of unlicensed slander. They have slandered men only to slander women with the backward swing of the same blow. They have discredited themselves. That this exhibition has been possible is due in no small measure to the Pankhurst domination. It prepared the soil; it unbalanced the judgment; it set women on the rampage against evils they knew nothing of, for remedies they knew nothing about. It fed on flattery the silly notion of the perfection of woman and the dangerous fellow notion of the indescribable imperfection of man.

"The cases of criminal assault upon children are quoted to give an air of credibility to this general condemnation. But there can be no fair comparison between the two classes of crime. In the one case an impenetrable degenerate is passion-driven into the sudden commission of an atrocity; in the other, there is a cold-blooded, calculating deliberation which reduces the matter from bestiality to the worst possible devilishness.

"We have achieved nothing for the victims of exploited prostitution by this panic and punitive act. Those responsible for it may have obtained ease of mind, the selfish satisfaction of having accomplished something. But that is merely the measure of their folly. For the rest they have given emphatic justification to those who question the responsibility of women in public affairs; they have provided arms and ammunition for the enemy of women's emancipation. The Fathers of the old Church made a mess of the world by teaching the Adam story and classing women as unclean; the Mothers of the new Church are threatening the future by the whitewashing of women and the doctrine of the uncleanness of men."

Literature and Art

PUBLISHING—THE WORST OR THE BEST BUSINESS IN THE WORLD?

THE opening pages of Robert Sterling Yard's new and stimulating book on "The Publisher" (Houghton Mifflin) include the diverging statements that the publishing business is the "poorest" and the "most fascinating" in the world. Both statements, Mr. Yard assures us, are true. If a man is looking mainly for financial returns from capital invested, he should keep out of the publishing business. But if a man is genuinely attracted by the thought of handling intellectual values and is willing to work hard for his profits, he cannot do better than become a publisher. Mr. Yard speaks with the authority of the expert. He was associated for several years with one of the leading publishing houses of the country. Then he went into publishing with a partner. At present he is editor of *The Century Magazine*.

It would take only two or three minutes to name over all the general publishers in America. "It might take you only two or three seconds," observes Mr. Yard, "to name the publisher who got rich out of general book-publishing alone; but it may take you two or three years—or forever—to discover him. For, as the countryman exclaimed on seeing his first giraffe, 'Thar ain't no sech critter!'" Mr. Yard writes further, using fictitious proper names but obviously referring to well-known publishers now in the business:

"Mr. Smith is a distinguished general publisher, but he also owns a highly profitable magazine, a highly profitable schoolbook business, a highly profitable subscription business, a retail business, a rare-book business, and several other minor businesses in books built up around his central publishing business and supporting it like chapels around the cathedral choir, each dovetailed into each other and into the central core, making a business edifice beautiful in proportions and a fortress for strength.

"And Mr. Jones's general publishing business is supported by three handsomely profitable magazines, besides a score of minor undertakings which make, all together, for huge, aggressive power. Besides which, Mr. Jones is himself his own business genius—a great merchant who would have wrung wealth and power out of any business he had chanced into.

"And Mr. Robinson inherited a great business, founded in simpler days upon a great English publishing house, and to-day consisting of a union of general publishing with importing and text-book publishing on a large scale—the whole driven forward by a will of steel on a scale of expense so low as to be the wonder even of the publishing world.

"And Mr. Jackson's is not a general publishing business at all, tho most folks think it is, but a highly specialized and developed business in higher text-books, assisting and assisted by a general publishing department which, thus assisted, is profitable because of its quality and

pears; and, the nearer perfect the surrounding wheel, the greater the possible speed."

Mr. Yard goes on to divulge more of the secrets of the publisher's calling. The profits made out of so-called "best-sellers," he says, are almost always exaggerated. Moreover, those houses that make a success of fiction do so after long study and the most careful development of their opportunities. "The Century Company's amazing popular dollar series, beginning with 'Mrs. Wiggs' and running down through 'The Lady of the Decoration,' 'Uncle William,' and others to 'Molly Make-Believe,' is the result of the most careful and thoughtful study of the first chance success." The publisher's real prizes, Mr. Yard continues, are books you have scarcely if ever heard of.

"They include, for example, that book on shade trees which your next-door neighbor bought and no one else in your whole acquaintance, tho you knew twenty who bought the same publisher's best-selling novel; and the book on the philosophy of religion to which your minister referred in last Sunday's sermon—a book fourteen years old at that; and the little book on right thinking that you remember seeing several years ago on Mrs. Jones's table; and the Betty and Katharine books—a whole series—which your little daughter waited for her birthday; and the book on winter life in India, the review of which interested you several years ago and which you always meant to buy; and the biography of an American woman educator that your friend across the street was enthusiastic over—hundreds, yes, thousands, of books on every subject on earth apparently, and scarcely a score of whose titles you ever heard."

The real compensations of the publisher's career, it seems, are not to be measured in dollars and cents. "He sees," Mr. Yard reminds us, "many questions besides profit—questions of art, of literature, of reputation, of personality, of list dignity, of house influence, for example; and his decisions are often slowly reached—which your plain business man finds unreasonable—and when reached are often utterly beside the premises as your plain business man conceives the premises." Hence he is often regarded as "queer"



HE DIVULGES THE PUBLISHER'S SECRETS

Robert Sterling Yard, editor of the *Century* declares that publishing, "the worst business in the world," becomes one of the best when it is propped up by specialized departments or by periodicals.

because of the careful skill with which it is handled.

"The point becomes as clear as sunshine.

"The 'worst business in the world' becomes one of the best in the world when it is propped up on every side by specialized departments sucking in profit from outlying markets; or when it is combined with periodical publication, each department materially assisting the other. It is naturally the hub of any publishing combination in which it ap-

or "not wholly normal"—in short as a crank. Mr. Yard writes in this connection:

"The publisher is not only a crank—he is also a shrewd, keen-witted, farsighted, many-sided business man; he is an enthusiastic cultivator of literature for its own sake; he is an ardent encourager and helper of artistic effort for the sake of the man that he is; he is at times a preacher, at times a self-sacrificing teacher, and many times—at heart always, perhaps—a gay gambler, keenly enjoying the winning and accepting outrageous fortune with a grin. If the burden of odds is against him, and the margin of possible gain one that a plain business man would dismiss as ridiculous, what's the difference? To him the game alone is worth a gross of candles."

Nor is this all the publisher's reward. He not only loves the game—he loves the very tools of the game. Every detail of a book delights him—the beautiful type page, the well-proportioned margins, the clear printing, the neat, precise binding. Even the disappointment over the failure to sell a book of much promise is tempered by his satisfaction in having planned and brought into being so beautiful, so fit, so noble a volume.

One of the greatest of the publisher's sources of happiness, one of the largest items on the profit side of his book of life, is the position his business gives him in relation to literature, art, learning, the affairs of the hustling, palpitating world, the core of life. Mr. Yard tells us that during eleven years of daily and weekly journalism he used to think that the newspaper afforded the finest facilities—the best reserved seat, so to speak—possible for viewing the game of life. But now he has come to feel that the journalist sees life from too abnormal and distorted an angle, and that the publisher has a better chance to watch the simple, straightforward, normal life of work and order and happiness.

"The publisher puts his shoulder to the wheel and sweats with the rest. He helps; and because his province is helpfulness, he is always welcome. In the studio of the artist, the workroom of the novelist, the laboratory of the psychologist, the study of the historian or publicist, he is a gladly greeted visitor. The returned explorer intrusts him with his discoveries; the statesman lays bare his plans. Everywhere men and women who are making life usher him into the inner chambers and lift the jealous coverings for his sympathetic criticism. He is, in-

deed, in the midst of life in its realest and most wholesome aspects—a helpful agency behind a thousand impulses making for the world's good."

The occasional chance to "discover" genius should not be overlooked. Any man might be proud to foster in their early development careers which give promise of waxing great with the decades and of making good return of profit and satisfaction. The profits of three or four such relationships sometimes amount to a business in themselves.

Finally, there is the building of the publisher's list—a life-work. Mr. Yard says:

"The skilful proportioning of the many parts which join in the making of a library of publications which shall be, as a whole, coherent, sound, self-expressive and profitable, is a work of real creation. Art, biography, history, fiction, sociology, religion, philosophy, science—all the departments of human thought and accomplishment are open to him, and most of the world's workers are at his call. It is for him to choose the design and material of his structure. Its building, brick upon brick, each carefully squared and set with almost painful precision in its place, is a labor of life."

LÉON BAKST AND THE RENAISSANCE OF COLOR

LÉON BAKST is a pioneer in color. He is a revolutionist in color. His secret ideal, we may infer from his admirers, is to change, to reconstruct, the entire color-scheme of the Occidental world. They call him a great lyric poet, a creative artist of the highest type. When his drawings, costume designs, and theatrical settings were first presented to the Parisian public, the critics were shocked and amazed. But in the end Bakst and his Russian colleagues conquered. Now Léon Bakst is to invade America. Anna Pavlova is to present a new Bakst ballet, which will have its *première* in this country, and which has been written as well as designed by the Russian colorist. Equally important is the Bakst exhibition of drawings and paintings, which is to be shown in the galleries of the Berlin Photographic Company in New York, at the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, at the Allright Gallery in Buffalo, at the Museum in St. Louis, at the Art Institute in Chicago, and at the Cincinnati and Detroit museums, as well as in several other important American cities.

Bakst is a Russian Jew. He was born in St. Petersburg forty-seven years ago. His life story, says Joseph Urban in the *Boston Transcript*, has helped to focus international interest

upon his work. He was reared in humble circumstances. Even as an art student, his technique and manner of working differed radically from the accepted standards. One day a Russian



A COMPOSER IN COLOR

Arène Alexandre says that Bakst is the composer of symphonies in color. His aim, it seems, is to stimulate the imagination and the senses through color as the composer does through sound.

grand duchess saw a portrait he had made of "Salomé." She was so impressed that she provided the means for Bakst to continue his studies in Paris. Evidently he returned again to his native city, and succeeded commercially by painting portraits of a somewhat conventional nature, for (we learn from an essay by Martin Birnbaum in the official Bakst catalog) the young painter became an aggressive artistic propagandist by starting a magazine with his friends Somov, Benois and Sérow. Later, says Mr. Birnbaum, he incurred the displeasure of the Academy by sending to an exhibition a realistic portrait of an old woman holding in her arms the mutilated body of her son, representing the Virgin Mary weeping over the body of Christ. Continually in arms against Russian officialdom, Bakst finally left for Paris to continue his creative work in peace.

General recognition came in Paris in 1906, when Bakst and other Russian artists exhibited their work under the direction of Serge de Diaghilev, the distinguished *régisseur*. Bakst's first work for the Imperial Russian theaters under Diaghilev's direction was for the production of Greek plays. His first true introduction to Paris was at the Châtelet in 1910 with the ballet "Cléopâtre," for which he designed scenery and costumes. Since then, Bakst has

remained the most striking and daring figure among the group of Russian artists and decorators who have so deeply and violently influenced European art.

Tho primarily a colorist, we learn, his sketches for costumes and scenery have an innate quality and value independent of their realization in the theater. In this manner Bakst differs from some of his colleagues. A deep and appreciative student of Homer, Bakst is imbued with the Greek spirit. But, as Mr. Urban points out, "Russia faces eastward as well as westward," and Bakst is perhaps first of all Oriental in his predilections. He has the power, according to Mr. Birnbaum, of extracting the poetry hidden in every epoch.

"In 'Cléopâtre' and 'Salomé' he was of course Egyptian. In 'Narcisse,' 'Daphnis and Chloe,' 'L'Après-midi d'un faune,' we saw his Greek inventions. . . . In 'Le Dieu bleu' he treated Annamese and Javanese styles after the same fashion, his prodigious and exotic imagination calling to mind the art of Gustave Moreau and Redon. . . . 'Thamar' is hybrid, showing Transcaucasian and Chinese origins. Then there are a series of ballets, 'Les Papillons' and 'Le Carnaval,' where the costumes do not differ so radically from what any other clever decorator might have designed. Among opera, we have the brilliant rococo setting of

Wolff-Ferrari's 'The Secret of Suzanne' and the superb national costumes and scenery for 'Boris Godounov,' in which the Byzantine note predominates. The medieval period furnished inspiration for D'Annunzio's 'La Pisanella' and the same poet's 'Saint Sebastian. . . .'

Bakst's genius for color, however, has been most freely expressed, according to Mr. Birnbaum, in the ballet "Scheherazade," which is still regarded as his masterpiece and most daring achievement. Mr. Birnbaum describes it in this way:

"The ancient Persians themselves could not have found fault with his marvelous setting. No Frenchman, nor any artist influenced by French ideas would have dared to use such a gamut of brilliant colors at a time when our drab, occidental culture sought appropriate expression in flat subdued tones. Bakst, however, was a Semitic barbarian, and he wanted his colors, like his characters, to sing and shout and to dance with joyous abandon. Fortunately Paris

stood aghast long enough for her discerning arbiters of good taste to win the day for the Russian artist and a renaissance of color set in. Emerald, indigo and geranium, the leopard's spots, and the scales of the serpent, black, rose, and triumphant orange, were all shrieking to be heard, and shrieking in harmony. It was an orgy of color to the last possible tension. Nature was sacrificed by him, tho not so violently as by Van Gogh or the Post-Impressionists, in order to arouse the emotions. The effect of the colors was enforced and exalted by the voluptuous movements of the dancers and the astonishing music which Rimsky-Korsakow had written for this miracle of joint creation. Had the author of 'Les Fleurs du Mal' been present, he would have hailed the colorist as a great epic poet. Haughty sultans embraced their false sultanas, grinning eunuchs like gorgeous speckled birds jangled golden keys while



FROM A BAKST MASTERPIECE

The predominating color in this figure from the "Scheherazade" is black, the natural color of the negro. Ornaments of gold and silver enhance the ebony of his body. The intensity of color recalls the imagery of a Gauguin or a Flaubert.



IS THIS COSTUME A POEM?

Disciples of Léon Bakst claim that his color schemes are symphonies, his costumes lyric poems. Certainly they are designed for decorative rather than practical purposes.

their fate was impending, powerful exultant lovers, black as ebony, whirled the frenzied women about, to the tunes of baleful Hindoo musicians. The maddest desires dwelt in this palace of splendid sins, where eternal agony was the price of the happiness of the poignant, fleeting moment. It was a fascinating dream of brutal sensuality, of regal jealousy. As a French critic pointed out, every color was used by Bakst save white—the symbol of purity and arctic frigidity—to accentuate the warmth of the passions in these ardent lovers. It was sensual, but in a youthful, robust way—like the Song of Songs or a Bacchanale of Rubens."

In a volume entitled "The Art of Léon Bakst" and devoted to the reproduction of his drawings and designs, Arsène Alexandre likens Bakst to a composer. He calls the Russian a creator of symphonies in color. In a book called "Le Ballet Contemporain," M. Valerian Svetlov points out that Bakst is a master of concentrated chromatic effects, or, as Mr. Urban explains in the Boston Transcript, of pure tones so interplayed that the sheen of pure gold seems to be only a proper part of the combination. M. Svetlov elucidates further: "His daring combinations of tones and spots sometimes stagger you. You receive a shock. Yet after the

first moment of astonishment, you not only decide to accept them, but you even feel yourself moved by the inexplicable beauty of a crude but heretofore unrealizable manner of work." Mr. Urban, who is scenic director of the Boston Opera House, is of the opinion that the art developed by Bakst and his followers and colleagues is of vital importance not only for the ballet, but for the other arts as well. He writes:

"The success of Bakst and his Russian contemporaries leads to a hope that the principles for which they stand will not stop with the ballet. They are needed to vivify every kind of dramatic production. They apply—this is a personal opinion—to opera and comedy, in which there is also need of renouncing much of the conventional and stagey. It would be unfortunate if the public were to suppose that only ballets can be made beautiful in Bakst's way. The artistic principles which he has developed belong to all art."

Charles Ricketts, one of the pioneers of the new art of the theater, has

heralded the work of Léon Bakst as a liberating and rejuvenating force in the theater. In an article on stage decoration, recently published in the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. Ricketts writes:

"M. Bakst's rich and composite talent has touched many sources of inspiration, his disregard for reality has a romantic quality, the field that he has explored is that of 'fantastic decoration,' and this is as vast as fancy; his controlling habit or rule is largely an avoidance of realistic shadow or relief, and the use of a pitch in color which would allow for the use of large spaces of gold and silver in the scenery, though he has not done so, and all this might apply to countless styles other than his own."

Mr. Ricketts is of the opinion that Bakst is not essentially a revolutionist in the art of the theater, but an artist who is keenly alive to its present possibilities. Anne Estelle Rice, the American artist, characterizes Bakst (in *Rhythm*) as "the greatest innovator of the pictorial art of modern stagecraft."

His art, according to Miss Rice, is a healthy reaction from the pale, refined art of a Whistler. Her tribute continues:

"A member of the Salon d'Automne, to which Society, together with the Independents, is due the credit of encouraging artists in this movement, regardless of nationality, Bakst has given to the stage the tremendous fullness of expression in line and color, which makes the Whistlerian idea hopelessly empty and inadequate. Bakst takes all colors, every nuance of each color from its extreme brilliancy downwards, and all directions of line and compositions of line, harmonizes everything; and by his simple but fully expressive effect, convinces the spectator of the artist's belief in his power to create, as opposed to the apologetic grovelling of the aesthetic before nature. A painter in line, a painter in movement, a painter in forms, he knows the value of line to give energy and force, the value of a dominant color and shape, the value of daring juxtapositions to create life and movement in masses of color, where costumes, drapery and decorations reverberate to sound, action, and light."

DOES WALT WHITMAN BELONG AMONG THE WORLD-POETS?

THE increasing vogue of Walt Whitman in European countries, and especially in France, leads Prof. Albert Schinz, of Bryn Mawr College, to ask the above question. He calls attention to the "splendid monument" that has lately been erected to Whitman by a young French poet, Léon Bazalgette, not, it is true, in the form of a marble statue or a bronze bust, but in the form of a beautiful appreciation of Whitman and of careful translations of his poems. He repeats Bazalgette's glowing tributes. He recalls the verdicts of European critics to the effect that Poe and Whitman are the most original among the great American writers. Then he proceeds to test Whitman's originality, and to inquire what ranking in world-literature Whitman deserves.

Professor Schinz is inclined to question the claims so often made in behalf of Whitman's originality. "Let us once ask the question squarely," he writes. "Has not Bazalgette, with many others, committed a mistake in considering Whitman a sort of isolated genius, the only and first who ever sang Nature, Humanitarianism, and Democracy, the man of the street and modern industry—in short, all the manifestations of human life in our days? As a matter of fact, has not every one of these themes been sung by others admirably, often better, than by Whitman?" The writer continues (in *Lit-pincotti's*):

"Not to speak of Nature—for it would be grotesque to prove that poets were

found that became interested in Nature before the same thing occurred to Whitman—we have had great humanitarian poets before Whitman who sang the Democratic brotherhood of all men—I quote only Victor Hugo (Bazalgette's great countryman), whose bulky work rests chiefly, and almost exclusively, on that very idea. We have had great visionary poets dreaming of humanity freed from the evils and with good will prevailing everywhere—I quote only Shelley. We have had great poets who, even at a time when it was not so easy to see the remarkable future open to industrialism, celebrated and prophesied the wonders of to-day—I quote only André Chénier, almost one hundred years before Whitman; or Sully-Prudhomme, and again Victor Hugo. It cannot be, surely, that Whitman should be credited with inventing patriotic songs; for if Paul Déroulede is posterior to Whitman, and if Koerner is a German, Bazalgette surely knows of Rouget de l'Isle, or of Béranger. Again, we have had great men who, in prose and verse, have praised the 'common people'; and many before us have shown in Whitman a literary offspring of Rousseau; and what about all the modern realists (I do not say naturalists), and especially men like Coppée, Whitman's contemporary? Of course, Whitman—as all poets—had his own way of singing these various themes, and in some cases he has been more lucky than others; but the only theme where Whitman can be pronounced perhaps original and the one in which he is distinctly superior to others, is the one so well illustrated in the *Responder*, celebrating that form of brotherhood which he himself calls 'virile love,' and which was the expression of his own 'camaraderie' with

the boys in the streets, and especially with the wounded soldiers at Washington."

Yet even if Whitman is not as original as Bazalgette and others have supposed, he is none the less a vital and powerful figure, so Professor Schinz contends. "Whitman remains, with Poe, altho for entirely different reasons, the most interesting American writer of the nineteenth century—Emerson by no means excepted." The argument concludes:

"I say not: the most eloquent, or artistic, or cultivated, or genial, or even the most original; I say: the most interesting. "And if I were asked to state briefly where the interest of Whitman exactly lies, my answer would be that it is chiefly a psychological interest: Whitman shows us how a man having the soul of a great poet will react when thrown in the milieu of modern civilization without having received in his education the solid culture necessary to understand our age. A poet of that type will of course realize the gap between the man of the woods and us, but he will not be able to account for it except in a very crude fashion. And this modern world he will praise in words at times powerful, and by means of unexpected images which may appeal to our fancy; but when we look carefully into what there is back of them, we are bound to find them superficial and childish most of the time. . . . For these reasons, I do not think that Whitman has any special message (to use a stereotyped phrase) to convey to us, but this unexpected apparition does none the less 'interest' us very much and at times stir up our modern minds."

LITERARY CENSORSHIP AND THE NOVELS OF THE WINTER

The "Growing Salacity"
of Our Novels.

THE "conspiracy of silence" in regard to sex matters which has been so characteristic of earlier periods is being succeeded by a marked tendency in the opposite direction. At the present moment, novels and plays may be said fairly to reek with sex. On both sides of the Atlantic, the problem of "indecent" and "unwholesome" fiction and the accompanying problem of literary censorship are occupying space in almost all the newspapers and magazines. One writer, in the New York *Evening Post*, who calls attention to the "growing salacity" of our fiction and to the grave consequences which may ensue for American boys and girls yet in their early teens, draws a parallel between the spirit of our age and that of two previous eras:

"In 1669 was published in France 'The Letters of a Portuguese Nun,' and in 1670 the 'Zayde' of Madame Lafayette. These works are pure—the scarcely *virginibus purisque*. But only he who has perused the novels produced between 1680 and 1800 by authors long forgotten (but now being exhumed in European reprints) can evaluate the flood of 'realistic' fiction which next burst forth. Marital problems came first—for the enlightenment of the innocent," but from

pens far removed from the delicacy of that which had indited the 'Princesse de Clèves.' By 1690 the problem novel was in full swing; justification of marital infidelity followed hard upon the theme of marital martyrdom. By 1710 normal material—if marital infidelity be necessarily normal—had yielded to abnormal studies; and in both France and England 'memoirs, diaries, secret histories, confessions,' paved the way for the matchless depictions of perversities and anomalies by the brilliant Cr—, the shameless de S—, and the analytic Br—. That the literature influenced life is an open secret to the alienist.



MUSIC IS THE THEME OF HIS LATEST NOVEL.

The author of "The Garden of Allah" depicts in "The Way of Ambition" a composer who is influenced by his wife to prostitute his genius for the sake of the world's plaudits.

"Another parallel. From 1800 fiction in France purified itself after the incarceration of de S— by Napoleon, the change lasting until the epoch of Balzac and his successors. Then again there came the treatment of marital problems; and again, within a decade or two, the veering to the study of abnormality. Abominable works from gifted pens (geniuses are often pervers) can easily be cited—coincident, many of them, be it noted, with reprints from the Belgian presses of eighteenth-century pornographic studies. Amid the new flood I mention only Rachilde's 'Monsieur Venus'; it is out of print."

Is it "morbid," asks the writer in the *Post*, to see some meaning in these parallels? "Berlin, Paris and London," he says, "are already paying the penalty for the new fiction; and our danger is so much the greater because of the ease with which the magazine passes our doors."

Anthony Comstock in
the Role of Literary
Censor.

AT ELEVEN o'clock in the forenoon of September 23rd, Anthony Comstock, with a United States marshal and a uniformed policeman, descended upon the publishing house of Mitchell Kennerley in New York. Pointing to one of the clerks in the store, Mr. Comstock said: "That is your man, officer. Serve the warrant." The officer informed the clerk that he was under arrest. Then, turning to Mitchell Kennerley, Mr. Comstock said, "There is your man, marshal," and the publisher was likewise taken into custody. The writ upon which Mr. Kennerley was arrested was issued upon an affidavit made by Mr. Comstock which charged that he "did unlawfully, wilfully and knowingly deposit or cause to be deposited in the mails of the United States for the purpose of mailing and delivering a certain book entitled 'Hagar Revelly.'" The entire edition was seized by the officers. Mr. Kennerley, when arraigned in Court later in the day, admitted that he had published and circulated "Hagar Revelly," and declared that his arrest therefor was ridiculous. Mr. Comstock defended his action by saying: "I insist that the stuff is filth and unfit for circulation. I haven't read the book from cover to cover. I didn't have to. A little of it satisfied me. Against Mr. Kennerley personally I have no ill-feeling, but because a man is a successful Fifth Avenue publisher there is no

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ONE OF THE CENSORED NOVELISTS

Gilbert Cannan's "Round the Corner" was put under the ban of the London censorship for awhile. He is a critic and translator, as well as a novelist, and appears in Bernard Shaw's "Fanny's First Play" as the "vivid, enthusiastic zeal of the theater, full of theories and theorizing, ready to make critical warfare in support of 'his new ideas.'"



THE PENETRATING ANALYST OF BOYHOOD

Compton Mackenzie's new novel, "Sinister Street," is an intimate study of the critical period in a boy's life.

RECENT POETRY

IT IS not the poet's business," writes an English poet, James Elroy Flecker, "to save man's soul, but to make it worth saving." In other words Mr. Flecker does not think that a poem should be a sermon. That is true. The gospel of beauty is itself an authentic gospel, but the higher beauty is indistinguishable from true religion. The most precious utterances of Jesus are finest poetry—the Sermon on the Mount for instance—and the best thing we have from the pen of St. Paul—the chapter on Charity—is essentially poetic. Making a soul worth saving is, in truth, the same thing as saving it, and the saviors of the world have always been the first to recognize the fact.

A poem in the posthumous volume of Julia C. R. Dorr—"Last Poems," Scribner's—might serve as an illustration of this unity of the poetic spirit and the religious spirit at their best. Indeed the whole book might serve as an illustration. It reveals a fine optimism, nobly expressed in exquisite language. This optimism grew stronger and stronger even to the close of her life a few months ago. The following is a supplication, evidently, to poetry, but it might apply almost as well to religious faith:

SUPPLICATION.

By JULIA C. R. DORR.

FORSAKE me not, O light of many days!
Low sinks the westering sun;
An amethystine haze
Flushes with purple all the upland ways;
The shadows lengthen in the twilight glow,
And well I know
That day is almost done!

Thou whom I worshipped when my life was new,
Say not that we must part!
I have been leal and true,
Loving thee better as the swift years flew,
With such pure homage that nor time nor change
Could e'er estrange
From thee my constant heart.

When I was but a child I heard thy voice,
And followed thee afar
In humble, happy choice,
Content in this far following to rejoice;
Didst thou but whisper, heaven and earth
grew bright
With holy light,
Clearer than sun or star.

I dared not kiss thy garment's hem, nor lay
One pale flower at thy feet:
It was enough to stray
In a child's dream of thee by night, by day,
In tremulous ecstasy to feel thee near,
And half in fear.
Half joy, thy coming greet.

For thou wert one with nature. All things fair

Spoke to my soul of thee:
The azure depths of air,
Sunrise, and starbeam, and the moonlight rare,
Splendor of summer, winter's frost and snow,
Autumn's rich glow,
Bird, river, flower, and tree.

Thou wert in love's first whisper, and the slow
Thrill of its dying kiss;
In the strong ebb and flow
Of the resistless tides of joy and woe;
In life's supremest hour thou hadst a share,
Its stress of prayer,
Its rapturous trance of bliss!

Leave me not now when the long shadows fall
Athwart the sunset bars;
Hold thou my soul in thrall
Till it shall answer to a mightier call
Remain thou with me till the holy night
Puts out the light—
And kindles all the stars!

We find in *Everybody's* a fine poem that is none the less a poem from being first cousin to a sermon:

A VERY GALLANT GENTLEMAN.

By FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE.

SO THAT'S the answer, eh? We're only lumps
Of ordinary chemicals—some salts,
Acids, and gases, accidently grouped
In cell-formation? There creation halts,
You say, and what comes next is just what comes
When you put this and that and t'other bit
Of inorganic matter in your tube
And watch the mixture swirl and seethe and spit
Till all its atoms find affinities.

That's all, you say? Then life and love and hate,
Courage and hope and anguish and despair,
The will to strive, the pride of duty done,
The fear of shame that drives the coward to dare
The death he dreads—all these, you say, are one
With your reactions done in Jena glass?

O shrewd philosophers! Your simple plan
To shift the whole responsibility
For all we are and all we hope to be—
How easy! "Here's a compound we call man,
And here's one called a rock, and here's a cliff.
The rock rolls off the cliff and kills the man;
But can you blame the rock? Nor can you if
The man obeys the natural laws that pull
All of us, always, down and ever down,

For if we sink—'reactions'—that absolves,
And if we rise—'reactions'—nothing more."

Pardon me, gentlemen, but—*it's a lie!*

"Reactions," eh? Well, what's your formula
For one particular kind—I won't insist
On proof of every theorem in the list
But only one—what chemicals combine,
What CO₂, and H₂SO₄,
To cause such things as happened yesterday,
To send a very gallant gentleman
Into antarctic night, to perish there
Alone, not driven nor shamed nor cheered to die,
But fighting, as mankind has always fought,
His baser self, and conquering, as mankind
Down the long years has always conquered self?

What are your tests to prove a man's a man?
Which of your compounds ever lightly threw
Its life away, as men have always done,
Spurred not by lust nor greed nor hope of fame
But casting all aside on the bare chance
That it might somehow serve the Greater Good?

There's a reaction—what's its formula?
Produce that in your test-tubes if you can!

Nothing more striking, in the way of poetry, appears in the October magazines than this from *The Independent*:

OLD SIGHT

By EDITH M. THOMAS

THOU never more shall see so clear
As formerly the things a-near,
As when thy two round hills of sight
Caught all there was of heaven's light.

In youth thine eyes, so true, so keen,
One leaf among its brethren green,
Keeping its dance upon the tree,
It was thy pure delight to see.

One blade of grass would catch thine eye,
One rose, 'mid roses climbing high,
Now, know them lively in the mass,
But singly let them blend and pass.

Thine eyes are old, and they are tired;
No longer be of them required
The labor they were wont to do:
Ease them, as servants tried and true.

Still shall they serve, if thou art wise,
With longer span of earth and skies;
But know, all little things that be,
All trivial lines, must fade from thee.

And if the face of thine own friend
In the dense human stream shall blend,
Thine oldened sight, like arrow fine,
Pierces some farther, heavenly sign!

And dimmer still, in life's decline,
Things near thy vision shall dim;
But there shall be no veil, no bar,
Between thine eyes and things afar!

The first volume of poetry to appear from the pen of William Rose Benét—"Merchants from Cathay." The Century Company—is surprisingly full of poetic concepts, some of them fantastic but none of them commonplace. His verse is hard reading. He is fond of the long line, and he plays with words and ideas like a juggler who bewilders rather than edifies. But most of the faults of the book are due to the buoyance of youth that revels in imagination. What we like best is the poem below, which was first published in "The Lyric Year":

PATERNITY

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

NOT only women dream the future's child
Or children, tho such deep desire they bear

For all the rich rewards of motherhood,
They smile in travail; tho each girl un-
grown

Who sings her dolls uncertain lullabies
Sees infant faces, feels soft arms that
cling,
Hears deep within the nursery of her
heart

A medley of small mirth adorable,
And, as she grows, mothers all things she
loves,

Lacking the little head against her breast
And yearning for it, when she cannot
know

Wherefore she yearns. Yet sometimes to
a man,

Roughest and sternest tho he be of men,
Shocked into strength and pondering from
his young

Exuberance and easy joy, there comes
A longing that convulses all his soul;
And, standing in the wind against some
dawn's

Prospect of racing cloud and lightning
sky,

Or hard-beset in battle with the world
Deep in the city's stridence, or at pause
Before some new-discovered truth of life,
Unwittingly his hands go out to touch,
Hold off, and scan the youth of him that
was,

Thrill to that brighter youth it is decreed
Each father shall inherit from his son,
And, if his hands grope blindly, so his
heart,

To hear a young voice at his shoulder
speak,
Know young, elastic strides beside his
own,

Resolve the problems of an unsullied
heart
Flaming to his for counsel. I scarce-
grown

Into my manhood, hovering, hovering
still

Over my boyhood (as the gravest, oldest
Of men doth yet, or is no man of men),
Felt my heart tense, and but a noon ago
Strove in quick torture—for no woman's
arms,

No woman's eyes, but for a questioning
voice

Beside me, and a sturdy little step
In rhythm with mine, A phantom face
looked up,

Trusting, round-eyed, alive with curious
joy;
And all my being yearned: My son! My
son!

The poem following, which we find in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, may be early Victorian in its character, but, if so, there is something early Victorian in many of us that will respond to it and furnish us much delight in the reading of it:

THE LITTLE WHITE BRIDE IN THE PICTURE

By ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD.

LITTLE white Bride in the picture,
Queer is your old-fashioned
gown;
Queer are your slippers and ear-
rings,
And your ringleted hair falling down;
And your bridegroom so truly Byronic—
His white satin waistcoat's a dream;
There was skimmed milk, perhaps, in
your cra,
But you two were surely the cream.

Poor Babes in the Wood, o'er your morn-
ing

Dark lowered the war tempest grim;
He fell 'neath its bolt at Manassas;
Your heart is still dreaming of him;
But gone were the servants and money;
And the babies a stair-steepy crowd;
So you bent your frail back to the burden,
And they even say, dear, that you
ploved.

Your fingers, that scarce could embroider,
Sewed fast when the daylight was
gone,

And the feet that had danced with the
gayest

Were astir with the shivering dawn;
And whatever your burdens and heart-
aches,
You hid them with innocent guile;
So always the path of the children
Was bright with the glow of your
smile.

Oh, long was the heart-breaking struggle;
But your square little chin held its own,
And your dark eyes were steady, un-
yielding.

As you matched the world's strength
with your own;
And you won in the end, as was fitting,
You wonderful, weak-bodied thing!
For—all woman, all wife, and all mother—
Your soul was the soul of a King.

When the gentleman rises from Georgia
In the halls of the Nation to-day
I shall see but your eyes, little mother,
I shall hear but the words that you say;
And I pray, tho the counterfeit throngs
us,

This last of your stamp may ring true,
And prove in the time of his testing
To be worthy his country and you.

In the hands of William Watson, the
sonnet loses all its hard lines and all its
austerity and becomes an easy, natu-
ral form of expression. This, from

The Independent, brings us very close
indeed to the author's soul:

SONNET ON THE AUTHOR'S FIFTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY.

By WILLIAM WATSON.

FOR three things give I thanks this
August morn:

Deep thanks that there hath been
vouchsafed to me

A perfect spouse, pure as the perfect sea;
Deep thanks that unto me of late was
born

A radiant daughter, perilously torn
Out of her mother's woful agony,
Yet joyous as the flowers that fill with
glee

Her gray-blue eyes, or as the festal corn:
Deep thanks that I have now at last re-
gained

That faith in God which I did lose so
long:

The God who ofttimes with bewildering
gloom

Muffled His beams; who darksome sus-
tained

And guided, when I knew not; and from
whom

I had at birth the heavenly dower of
song.

Here is a poem from a successful
writer of fiction. It is better worth
writing than many magazine stories,
even tho they be good ones. We re-
print from *Everybody's*:

HILLS OF HAN.

By SAMUEL MERWIN.

1893.

HILLS OF Shansi, hills of Han,
Slumber on! The sunlight, dying,
Lingers on your terraced tops;
Yellow stream and willow sighing,

Fields of twice ten thousand crops
Breathe their misty lullabying.

Breathe a life that never stops.
Then and always, down the ages,

So it was, so it will be—
Coolies, merchants, soldiers, sages,

Fan and litter, nest and tea,
Spin your chart of ancient wonder,

Fold your hands within your sleeve,
Live and let live, work and ponder,

Be tradition, dream, believe,
So abides your ancient plan—

Hills of Han!

1893.

Hills of Shansi, hills of Han,
What's this filament goes leaping
Pole to pole and hill to hill?

What these strips of metal creeping
Where the dead have lain so still?

What this wilder thought that's seeping
Where was peace and gentle will?

Frantic magic world, a-flying,
Plaze of searchlight in the dark,

Boat of steel where junk was plying,
Spit of turret, crack of spark,

Smoke of mill on road and river,
Roar of steam by temple wall . . .

Drop the arrow in the quiver,
Bow to Buddha—all is all!

Slumber then who slumber can—
Hills of Han!

Finance and Industry

THE GROWING COMMERCE OF THE SEAS

ALL the nations of the world, with the exception of our own, are feverishly engaged in adding to their maritime fleets.

The world's equipment for ocean transportation, according to Edward Neville Vose, editor of *Dun's International Review*, is now increasing at a more rapid rate than at any other time since man first began to go down to the sea in ships. Since June 1909, Mr. Vose explains in *The World's Work*, Lloyd's Register of Shipping shows an almost uninterrupted succession of advances in the amount of gross tonnage under construction in Great Britain. The record for the first quarter of 1913 showed that, excluding warships, there were 563 vessels of 2,063,694 tons gross register then under construction in British shipyards. The world's output of new tonnage, exclusive of warships, last year was 1,719 vessels of 2,901,769 tons gross. Of this total the United Kingdom supplied 1,738,514 tons—a tonnage only twice surpassed, in 1906 and in 1911. The output in Germany amounted to 375,317 tons, which was 57,000 tons more than the previous high record in 1906. The tonnage reported for the United States was 284,223 tons, an increase of 112,000 tons over the previous year, also much below the average for nine years since 1900. The French returns showed a slight decrease as compared with the previous year. Holland turned out almost one hundred thousand tons, Japan nearly sixty thousand, Austria thirty-ninthousand, Italy a little over twenty-five thousand and the British Colonies with, approximately, twenty-five thousand surpassed all previous records. The grand total of all countries combined, we are told, was exceeded only once, in 1906, and then by only 18,000 tons. The present reports of the tonnage under construction indicate that the final output of 1913 will

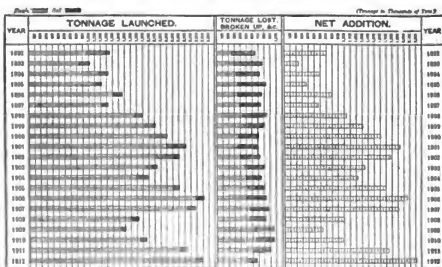
in all probability greatly surpass this record.

Opening Up New Sections
of the World to Com-
merce.

THE immediate cause for this remarkable activity is the fact that shipowners for the last two or three years have been making very handsome profits. If, as Mr. Vose explains, a railroad between two sections succeed in developing a very heavy and lucrative traffic, it would require a long time and the expenditure of vast sums of money before a rival line could tap the same territory profitably. On the ocean, however, the right of way is free to every one, and all that is needed is to provide a carrier. This is the reason why, in the shipbuilding business, periods of great prosperity are usually succeeded by periods of acute depression. We are now in a period of expansion. The Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce recently estimated the yearly volume of international commerce at more than 18 billion dollars, by far the greater part of which is ocean-borne. The development of many sections of the world in recent years has greatly increased international traffic. The United States may claim credit for the increase of Porto Rican commerce and for the increase in foreign trade of Cuba and of the Philippines, which

amounts to several hundred per cent. since the American-Spanish war. An equally noteworthy expansion has taken place in the oversea commerce of South Africa under British control, of Algeria under the French administration, and of the regions colonized by the government of the Kaiser. Stable government, expanding railroad facilities, improved harbors and fast-growing cities have brought about an increase of both inbound and outbound commerce that now requires fleets of steamships to transport it, where a few straggling sailing vessels sufficed twenty years ago.

"The approaching completion of the Panama Canal has unquestionably stimulated steamship building to some extent; and it is responsible for a tremendous amount of planning regarding new routes, and for new services over existing routes that will be more or less modified. The purely coastwise companies, that are protected against all foreign competition, have done remarkably little to prepare for the new route by building new vessels for it. Two fast passenger steamers are under construction at a Philadelphia shipyard that many think are destined for the Canal eventually, but their owners and their purpose have not yet been announced. The other vessels now being built for the American merchant marine are freighters, the largest group of these being eight, of 11,148 tons dead weight capacity, for the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company, under construction at Sparrows Point. This is probably the largest single order for American merchant ships ever given to an American yard."



Courtesy of the *World's Work*

THE GROWTH OF THE WORLD'S TONNAGE IN TEN YEARS

The above table is interesting inasmuch as it shows both the growth in the tonnage launched and the decrease in tonnage broken up. The demand for ships, in other words, has been so great in the last twelve months that ships which ordinarily would have been replaced have been kept in commission.

Transatlantic Commuters.

THE tourist traffic, stimulated by travelogs and moving pictures, has caused shipowners to devote more attention than ever before to meeting the somewhat exacting requirements of this trade. The largest and finest and fastest vessels that sail from any European port are those whose transatlantic destination is New York. And another mighty impetus to the maritime traffic of the world is the vast migration of

(Continued on page 358.)

The Victrola satisfies your love of music

The love of music is born in every one of us, and we naturally come to love the kind of music we hear the most.

In this day of the Victrola it is easy for every one to hear the world's best music—and not only to hear it, but to understand and enjoy it, for this wonder instrument gives to you a thorough appreciation of the master-works of music.

The Victrola opens to you a new and ever-increasing vista of musical delight, as elevating as it is entertaining, and completely satisfies your longing for musical recreation.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from \$10 to \$500.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly demonstrate the Victrola to you and play any music you wish to hear.

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Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal,
Canadian Distributors.



**Victor-Victrola
XIV, \$150**
Mahogany or oak

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month





You are Welcome

If we could induce every one of the hundred million persons in this country and Canada to visit "The Home of Shredded Wheat," and witness the process of making Shredded Wheat Biscuit and Triscuit, we would not need to print this advertisement—or any other advertisement. Nearly one hundred thousand visitors from every habitable portion of the globe pass through this factory every year.

They are impressed with the beauty and cleanliness of the factory. They are convinced of the wholesomeness, purity and nutritive value of

Shredded Wheat

It is the one universal staple cereal food, eaten in all lands, always clean, always pure, always the same. Delicious for breakfast when heated in the oven (to restore crispness) and served with milk or cream, or for any meal in combination with fresh fruits.

The Only Cereal Breakfast Food Made in Biscuit Form

Made only by

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

(Continued from page 356.)

races from the over-crowded East to the broad lands of promise that await them in the West.

"There has been nothing like it in all history—the torrent that surges past the Statue of Liberty to-day, 30,000 in a week recently, a million in a year. This wonderful stream of immigrants bound for our fertile western plains, and to the alluring domains of Canada, is a veritable golden stream for the steamship lines. A similar, altho smaller, stream is setting southwestward to the Argentine, and—there as well as here—a very considerable body of the Italian and other laborers from southern Europe return every winter.

"These shifting bodies of labor are the commuters, as it were, on the ocean passenger routes, only—so far, at least—they pay full fare both ways. The Panama Canal will create a new route from Europe to the Pacific Slope that will attract both the settler type of immigrant and the commuter type."

The Call of the Panama Canal.

THE Panama Canal, no doubt, stimulates the world-movement toward enlarged shipping facilities, but changes are being made, harbors are being improved, and new and larger vessels are being put into service along routes that will not be affected by the Canal. The fact remains that there is hardly a steamship line in the world that is not taking the Panama Canal into its calculations. There is likely, Mr. Vose goes on to say, considerable traffic for tramp steamers via the Canal, or for chartered vessels plying over more or less fixed routes with sailings adjusted to meet varying requirements.

"The West Coast Line, for example, which uses chartered vessels, could readily adjust itself to changed conditions. Its cutward-bound ships, with cargoes for the lower western coast of South America, would probably continue to go by Magellan, and the home trip would very likely be by Panama as cargo is taken on farther north. In the same way the lines of chartered ships running to the far East will probably continue to go by Suez for ports south of Shanghai and will be diverted to Panama for ports north of there. It has been reported that extensive iron ore deposits have been found in Chile and are owned by an American steel company which plans to exploit them extensively, bringing the ore north in huge ore carriers such as are employed on the Great Lakes and in the service from Bilbao, Spain, to Great Britain. No accurate estimate of this traffic is possible, but if tentative estimates of 500,000 tons a year should be realized, a very considerable fleet of chartered vessels would be employed in this service. If the plan of the United Fruit Company should be followed by the steel

company, and efforts made to develop a return traffic in American-made goods along the western coast of South America such as the Fruit Company has built up in the Caribbean region, this line might be productive of vast benefit to American manufacturers and give them a very substantial advantage in the keen rivalry that is certain to take place for the trade of that hitherto only partially developed section."

Needed—A Business Manager for Uncle Sam's \$400,000,000 Enterprise.

THERE is urgent need of a traffic department of the Isthmian Canal Commission. Apart from some very instructive monographs regarding distances and toll rates the Commission, complains Mr. Vose, has left the steamship men to do their own figuring.

"On Beaver Street, New York, not far from the Produce Exchange, is a sign reading 'Manchester Ship Canal Company.' This is one of the two offices maintained by that Company, to interest American shippers in routing their goods direct to Manchester. Their other office is at Chicago, and similar traffic agencies are maintained at other important shipping centers. As a result of this enterprising promotion work the traffic of the Manchester canal has been increased six-fold and Manchester is now England's fourth seaport. Unless a similar plan is adopted with respect to Panama, the new Canal will unquestionably lose thousands and perhaps hundreds of thousands of tons of traffic that might otherwise be diverted to it. This \$400,000,000 enterprise of the United States will soon be a going concern, competing for its share of world traffic just as other enterprises of the kind have to do. It should have a traffic director with a sufficient appropriation for office equipment and for a staff to enable it to take up this great proposition energetically and effectively. For every dollar expended on such an organization the Government would obtain a hundred dollars in increased revenues. This important deficiency in the preparation work incident to opening the Canal should be remedied now."

SHORT CROPS NO BOON TO FARMERS

AGRICULTURE cannot prosper unless the community can afford to eat its produce. A community cannot prosper on dear food. Therefore agriculture cannot prosper on short crops. With these words the *Times Annalist* undertakes to dispose of the fallacy that a minus crop means a money plus. That an individual may prosper at the expense of his community and that one class of people may find temporary profit in the disadvantage of another class need not be denied in order to disprove the contention that a short crop is more profitable than a large



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It is not over-subtle to say that there is a relation between the character of a man and that of his watch. Anything which you consult fifty times a day, which directs your very life, is bound to react on you.

All Waltham Watches have a structural perfection, a downright precision and upright character, that make them superior associates. The Riverside Walthams in particular are recommended for those who appreciate a watch which is a little better than necessary, but not purse-squeezing in price.

There are Riversides in several styles for men and women. Most jewelers have them and will testify to their excellence.

Will you look over our Riverside Book? It will be sent you with pleasure—and our compliments.

Waltham Watch Company
Waltham, Mass.

HOW DO YOU MAKE YOUR LIVING?

This is not impertinence—merely by way of leading up to a point.

The point is that a large number of very intelligent, active and enterprising people make their living by selling magazine subscriptions.

Some people are doing a great deal better than making a living in this line of work—making money fast. Still others could greatly improve their circumstances if they would give up their present employment and take up subscription work. A card addressed as below will bring you full particulars.

CURRENT OPINION

Agency Department

134-140 West 29th Street, New York



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Do your little folks, big folks—all—know the richness and delicacy of Heinz Spaghetti?

A different—*better*—kind of Spaghetti—with a new-found flavor. And *cooked—all ready to serve*. It required years to develop the delicious, *piquant* taste. We use choicest spaghetti, special imported cheese and the rich, appetizing Heinz Tomato Sauce. *That's the secret of the blend.*

Heinz Spaghetti

One of the 57 Varieties

is not only a dish for the epicure, but one of the world's greatest foods. Rich in protein—the food-factor that means sturdy bodies, active brains.

Already it is a leader in popularity among the 57 Varieties.

Get a tin of Heinz Spaghetti today from your grocer under Heinz guarantee of money back if you don't pronounce it the best you have ever tasted.

Others of Heinz 57 Varieties are:
Heinz Baked Beans, Tomato Ketchup,
Euchred Pickle, Tomato Soup, Chili
Sauce, Peanut Butter, Mince Meat, etc.

H. J. Heinz Co.

50,000 Visitors Inspect Heinz Model Pure Food
Kitchens Every Year.



crop. There are instances of this seeming true by the showing of arithmetic; but instinct knows better. In spite of arithmetic, producers continually strive to increase their output. Never is there a disappointment in agriculture, as this year in corn, potatoes, cotton and hay, but the farmers are consoled with the assurance that they are better off because the money yield of their crops will be greater, with less labor and expense, than if the output had been normal. The quantity of the crops for 1913 and 1912 as ascertained by the Orange Judd crop reporting service is crystallized as follows:

	Total value.		Tonnage.	
	Millions dollars.		Millions tons.	
	1913.	1912.	1913.	1912.
Wheat	604	504	23.6	22.3
Corn	1,610	1,530	64.4	87.5
Oats	455	452	17.0	22.7
Cotton	941	824	3.3	3.5
Hay	825	857	55.0	73.0
Potatoes	224	187	8.7	10.9
Minor grains ..	204	207	8.0	10.0
Tobacco	113	110	.5	.5
Total	5,012	4,371	180.5	230.4

Orange Judd's figures seem to bear out the contention of those who look upon short crops as a boon rather than a bane to the farmer. These views, the *Annalist* goes on to say, are doubtless very comforting to such as are so fortunate as to have agricultural produce to sell at "shortage prices"; they will be empty to the unfortunate, and otherwise they are absurd. Wealth consists not in prices but in goods."

The Money Value of Short Crops.

AGRICULTURE, the writer insists, cannot prosper on diminished yield, no matter what the price may be per unit of production. If it could, then the logical practice would be progressively to reduce the yield, say, of corn, until a year's production would be only enough for seed. The seed would be invaluable, to save corn from perishing from the face of the world, but only on the assumption that it would be planted and made to multiply in order that the production might be increased again to normal.

"The 'short-crop' fallacy is more apparent in corn than in other crops, because so much of the corn crop is fed. You may multiply the number of corn bushels raised by the higher price per bushel and show by arithmetic that the money value of a short crop is greater than that of a large crop; but what then of the farmer who, for want of corn to feed, has been obliged to sell his cattle unfattened, as thousands have been doing recently? In that case, do he gets more per bushel for his corn, and possibly more in money for fewer bushels than he got the year before for his saleable surplus, yet when he sells the corn



at the high price and then disposes of his cattle he is, in fact, selling out his capital. Then he sits on a farm denuded of cattle, deprived of a source of profit, and waits for a better corn year, knowing by instinct that he is worse off than if corn were plenty and cheap and he had a surplus to convert into meat.

"As a result of short crops only that farmer is better off who has accidentally fared more fortunately than his neighbors. He does not require to be congratulated. He prospers only by the higher 'money value' of a short crop but by circumstances in the uneven production and distribution of wealth. It may be his turn to come out short the next year."

BARGAINS IN BONDS

ALTHO the prices of many securities are now ranging from five to ten points higher than the level at the meridian of the year, it is not, we are told in *Moody's Magazine*, too late to make investment purchases. The limit of the rise in interest rates has been reached and the long decline in bond prices is probably over now. The time is especially auspicious, in the opinion of that financial authority, for investment in the higher grade bond issue of railroads and other established corporations. Ten years ago such issues were eagerly sought by investors on a $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. basis. In those days bonds like West Shore first 4s guaranteed by New York Central, sold at 116, New Jersey Central 5s sold at 138, Lake Shore $3\frac{1}{2}$ s sold at 112, St. Paul 4s sold at 110. Bonds of this character were really not so secure in those days as they are now; none of them were then protected by equities equalling those of to-day. And yet we now find West Shore first 4s selling at 95, New Jersey Central 5s at 112, Lake Shore $3\frac{1}{2}$ s at 86 and St. Paul 4s at 92. Any investor who buys the above bonds to-day, the writer goes on to say, will almost certainly find, a few years hence, that he is in the possession of real investment bargains. There is a long list of other issues of like general type, selling at remarkably low figures to-day, which can be bought with the same assurance of future appreciation. It is preferable, where possible, to select bonds selling below their face value, if permanent holding is intended, for then, as the issues approach maturity, they will naturally work toward their par values regardless of developments in the general money market. The following railroad bonds, the writer maintains, pass the best investment tests and are nevertheless in the bargain class:

Athlison gen. 4s at 94%.
Atlantic adjustment 4s at 86.
Atlantic Coast Line first 4s at 91.
Atlantic Coast Line—L. & N. collateral 4s at 88%.
Baltimore & Ohio first 4s at 93.
Baltimore & Ohio prior lien $3\frac{1}{2}$ s at 90.



NABISCO Sugar Wafers

A tempting dessert confection, loved by all who have ever tasted them. Suitable for every occasion where a dessert sweet is desired. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.



ADORA

Another charming confection—a filled sugar wafer with a bountiful center of rich, smooth cream.



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An ever-popular delight. An almond-shaped dessert confection with a kernel of almond-flavored cream.



CHOCOLATE TOKENS

Still another example of the perfect dessert confection. Enchanting wafers with a most delightful creamy filling—entirely covered by the richest of sweet chocolate.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



AGENTS A BRAND NEW LIGHTER

Novel watch-shaped lighter. Operated with one hand; gives an instantaneous light every time.
No electricity, no battery, no wires, no explosive; does away with matches. Lights your pipe, cigar, cigarette, gas jet, etc. Dandy thing for the end of your chain. Tremendous seller. Write quick for wholesale terms and prices.

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Semi-speculative Investments.

THE foregoing list contains only investments not only gilt-edged but copper-riveted. Many of the issues are of relatively short duration and, regardless of the general trend of the market, will be quoted higher in the not distant future. Among such may be mentioned the Baltimore and Ohio prior lien 3½, the Central Branch Railway 45, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy joint 45 and the Rock Island General 45. In addition to the bonds of the above type, the writer in *Moody's Magazine* continues, there are to-day many bargains in issues of lower grade. Some of these are in a more speculative position, but where they meet the proper tests as to equities, margins of safety, etc., they are well worth buying around prices approximating the present quotations:

Chicago & Alton 3½ at 54.
Chicago & Eastern Ill. refunding 45 at 68.
Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific refunding 45 at 79.
Erie first consolidated 45 at 87.
Erie general lien 45 at 76.
Missouri, Kansas & Texas second 45 at 76.
St. Louis & San Francisco refunding 45 at 71.
San Antonio & Aransas Pass 45 at 82.
St. Louis & Iron Mountain River & Gulf 45 at 82.
Wisconsin Central general 45 at 87.

These issues, it seems, are of slightly lower grade than those contained in the first list, but they are all well secured and in the true investment field. "They should all sell considerably higher with the establishment of a generally easier money market next year."



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Opportunity Knocks at the Investor's Door.

THE founder of the house of Rothschild once was asked how he made his fortune. "By never trying to buy at the bottom and never selling at the top," was the shrewd reply of the eldest of the Five Frankforters. There may be, probably will be, reactions in the market, but it may be that five months hence the best bargains will have slipped from the grasp of the hesitating investor. The knocks of opportunity, according to the same writer in Mr. Moody's publication, are loudest when she bears in her hands the brass knocker of good convertible issues.

"Perhaps no time since the convertible bond came into vogue has there been so great an opportunity for safe investment combined with the opportunity for appreciation. Nearly all convertible issues are to-day selling on a purely investment basis, without regard to the possible value of the convertible privilege. Thus, where selections are carefully made, the investor is absolutely on safe ground. Even in the event that the right of conversion never again became of real value, he would still have a good investment paying him a liberal yield. While most convertibles are not secured by mortgage, many are protected by such wide equities that their investment position is all that could be desired. Among the most attractive in this class at this time are the following:

- Atchison convertible 48 of 1960 at 96.
- Baltimore & Ohio convertible 4 1/2 at 92 1/2.
- Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul convertible 4 1/2 at 103.
- Norfolk & Western convertible 4 1/2 at 105.
- Southern Pacific convertible 48 at 88.
- Union Pacific convertible 48 at 92.

Gilt-edged Investments.

PROPHECY is always hazardous. No man can foretell the future of the market. The gilt may fade from gilt-edged investments. There are, however, certain fundamental facts of which one may be reasonably sure.

"The Baltimore & Ohio and St. Paul convertible issues seem especially desirable at present prices. For the investor who wishes to put his money out for a period of five or ten years hardly anything could be more attractive than these issues. St. Paul common stock, within the past eight years, has sold almost as high as 200. It will probably never reach this figure again, as to-day the liabilities ahead of the stock are far greater per mile than in the old days, but it is quite logical to expect that St. Paul, in the next bull market, will sell up to at least 140, and perhaps higher. In such an event, the bonds would follow the stock up, giving the holder of the latter the opportunity of adding fifty per cent. to his principal. To a lesser extent, it is probable that Baltimore & Ohio will do the same."

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AN IMPENDING FAMINE OF CAPITAL IN THE WORLD

IS THE world in danger of a famine of capital? That is a question troubling economists on both sides of the ocean. It is not a theoretical question, but one that has a vital bearing on every man, woman, and child. It is intimately connected with the problem of the high cost of living and the cost of high living for individuals, municipalities and nations. The peace in the Balkans has eased the immediate stringency of the money market, but, as the London *Economist* points out, behind the problem of "short" money and discounts lie the still harder problems of the permanent relations between borrower and investor, the world's demand for capital, and the long movements in the rate of interests. Is the borrower to continue for years in the attitude of suitor, pleading cap in hand for accommodation, or shall we see a revival of the old conditions when lenders were pressing their spare capital on semi-reluctant borrowers at 3 and 3½ per cent.? The author of a recent book in England on the foreign exchanges divides the world's financial countries into three classes: (1) Young growing nations, who every year borrow more than they pay out in interest.

(2) Half-developed nations, whose payments of interest more than counterbalance their fresh borrowings.

(3) Further developed nations, who normally have a surplus of money to invest, and import interest on past loans more quickly than they export capital for the new.

The Present Shortage of Capital

THE present shortage of capital, according to the writer in *The Economist*, is due largely to a shifting of the center of gravity—the great increase in class 1, which seems to have been growing more rapidly than class 3.

"In the past fifteen years an enormous development has taken place in a number of young countries which in the nineties were not greatly regarded as fields for investment, but which have since those days employed European capital on an extraordinary scale, and to the great benefit of their own prestige. Fashion has set capital flowing freely in their direction, with the result that enormous sums have been spent in the development of land, railways, industry, and public utilities. Unfortunately, much of the money has gone to waste.

"Of these young countries the most prominent are perhaps Canada, Argentina, Brazil and Mexico, each one of which has had its own advantages and attracted very large quantities of capital."

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London, England.

Europe Grows Cautious About New Investments.

THE development of these new countries, the British authority goes on to say, has been carried on almost entirely with European money, and mainly with savings drawn from the pockets of the British investor. England has been to these countries what the bank manager is to the young energetic trading firm, supplying them with money, watching their growth with satisfaction, and taking toll of their industry or extravagance in coupons. But in the history of young firms, there often comes a time when the bank manager grows less ready to advance, looks rather less favorably at their security, and thinks that he is seeing too much of their paper. The result is often embarrassing to the firm, for important enterprises have been started on the supposition that money can be borrowed at a comparatively low rate of interest. Everybody is apt to feel uncomfortable; the bank manager because his bank's money is at stake; the firm because its development and perhaps its existence are imperilled, and the creditors of the firm because they are deeply concerned with its success. Without being unnecessarily bearish, the writer goes on to say, we may perhaps suggest that the young countries which have been so freely financed by Europe in the last fifteen years, are passing through a phase that corresponds to the experience of the young enterprising firm.

The Money-Troubles of Exotic Republics.

THE promise of Canada, the writer goes on to say, is undisputed, but there is not the same confidence in Canadian promotions, partly because so many fingers have been burned in land companies, or timber limits, or manufacturing corporations.

"No doubt also the borrowing of municipalities has in the past been made far too easy, and as we look back in the light of current rates on some of the issues of four or five years ago, we can only wonder how the English investor ever came to put his money into them. There is, we think, a general feeling that Canada has found finance in London too simple, and that her natural enterprise has been over-encouraged. Argentina is not the popular tune that it was five years ago, mainly because her railways have been less prosperous, and because the English investor now realizes that even in the Argentine it is possible to spend capital without an immediate return of interest. The readiness of British capitalists to supply funds enabled the Argentine Government to set the railways competing for the right to build, and to force the growth of railroad mileage with comparatively little regard for the interests of the railway shareholders. The finance of these Argentine companies is



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On the average, the people of this country pay 49% more today for food, fuel and clothing than they did in 1895. Since then, the decrease in the average rates for telephone service has been more than one-half.

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not likely to become easier in the next two years. In Mexico the illusion of a settled Government has been shattered since the fall of Diaz, and the rate of interest has suddenly jumped to an almost prohibitive figure. The bank manager, to return to our simile, has taken fright, and the country suddenly finds the tap turned off with a jerk."

As confidence returns after the war, the writer concludes, hoarded supplies of capital may come to sight, but it is doubtful whether the important borrowing countries will enjoy again the spacious opportunities of four years ago.

How the World's Capital Is Destroyed.

OUR civilization, in all its material features, is based on the accumulation of capital. The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome, remarks William T. Connors, discussing the exhaustion of the world's capital in *The Magazine of Wall Street*, were founded on the tribute wrung from subjugated peoples. You can't build a Parthenon until you can save money enough to pay for it, and Pericles, Mr. Connors goes on to say, couldn't do it any better than you

can. If capital should cease to accumulate, we should soon find ourselves face to face with decaying civilization. The Panama Canal, our beautiful parks, our art galleries and our zoos, our splendid roadways and our wonderful railway systems, free concerts, public schools and municipal playgrounds are possible only because somebody has first accumulated the capital to pay for them. The Balkan war, with its expense of approximately \$1,250,000,000, furnishes a terrible example of the destruction of capital. The money value of the productive capacity of the 350,000 persons whose lives were sacrificed could hardly be estimated at less than another billion and a quarter dollars. Roumania, Russia, Austria, France, Germany are spending billions on armaments and mobilization, and they are withdrawing millions of workers from the productive industries for purely military reasons. War expenditures represent capital simply burned up; but a similar effect may be produced by capital invested in ways that will make it non-productive for some years. The flood of money that is to be poured into the New York subways will not begin to bring in any returns for at least five years, and the probability is that the rate of interest earned for the following ten years will be small. So far as present conditions are concerned, Mr. Connors insists, all this capital is buried. In the last six or eight years, according to Newman Erb, the railroads have spent over \$500,000,000 on passenger terminals which have not increased earnings one dollar. The same principle applies to many huge personal expenses. Shall the nation's and the world's coffers be ever replenished?

How Capital Is Replenished.

WHILE war, waste, extravagance and unproductive investments are constantly depleting the world's capital, the labor of the world, Mr. Connors says in answer to the questions raised by himself, is busy replacing what has been destroyed. The only new wealth created, however, is wealth saved. The workman who by his labor converts some pieces of leather into a shoe is just as surely creating wealth as the farmer who grows corn. He has added value to the leather, thereby increasing the wealth of the world. But he does not increase the world's capital unless he saves something above his expenditures. Earnings reinvested by companies before the declaration of dividends create new capital.

"The United States Steel Corporation, for example, has during the last dozen years turned back into the property in various ways more than \$500,000,000, the

greater part of which must certainly be reckoned as increasing the working capital of the world. The record of the International Harvester Company is similar, and practically all prosperous corporations adopt the same policy.

"The Pennsylvania Railroad has made it a rule to put a dollar back into the road for every dollar paid out in dividends. This means that half its earnings become capital without ever reaching the stockholder, and unquestionably a very large part of the money actually paid out as dividends is saved or reinvested, thus further swelling the volume of capital. . . .

"Since labor is the principal factor in creating capital, the more efficient labor becomes the more speedy will be the accumulation of liquid capital after a period of waste. That accounts, probably, for the quick recoveries from recent depressions. With the aid of modern machinery, one laborer can produce many times as much as he could fifty years ago. His wages and personal expenditures have not risen in proportion. A much larger fraction of his product is now drawn off into the fund of liquid capital than was the case half a century ago—chiefly as a result of the corporate organization of industry."

Quick Recoveries from Business Depressions.

BUSINESS is more systematically organized to-day than it ever was before. After the panic of 1873 it took us half a dozen years to get going again. After 1893 we recovered in four years. After the panic of 1907, the check to business activity lasted only one year. Doubtless, Mr. Conners goes on to say, 1907 was a different kind of panic from the other two, but even allowing for that difference the indications are that a void in the fund of liquid capital is now much more quickly filled up by new accumulations than ever before in the world's history.

"In a word, then, the world's liquid capital is constantly being accumulated and as constantly being dissipated. When the accumulation is the greater, we have abundant capital and low interest rates; when dissipation is the greater, we get a scarcity of capital and high interest rates. Either condition cures itself, and each condition eventually leads to the other through the operation of natural causes. . . .

"Undoubtedly many of those who talk so lugubriously about the scarcity of capital, waste, extravagance and debt, take an extreme view. There is always waste, extravagance and debt. They are nothing new in the world's history. But also there is continual accumulation. For my part I can see nothing in the present situation that cannot be remedied by a slowing up in the number of new enterprises launched within the next few years.

"This will mean, of course, a period of relative quiet and readjustment, but I see no warrant for the expectation of a prolonged or severe trade depression."



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A similar optimistic point of view is taken by Dr. Edward Sherwood Mead. While he is not blind to our extravagance, both as individuals and as a nation, he proves by the figures of stock exchange sales and other authoritative records that we are, after all, a nation of savers and investors and as such surpass even our thrifty English cousins. The United States, Mr. Mead affirms in *Lippincott's*, is the greatest saving nation in the world, because it is the nation where wealth is increasing most

rapidly. "It is literally true that the American people cannot spend their income. With all their extravagance—with \$300,000,000 estimated waste in the national finances and an equal amount in the State and local government finances; with an estimated cost of seven billion dollars to transport and distribute to the consumer food products for which the farmer receives six billion dollars; with the waste of the liquor traffic; the waste of vice and crime, superimposed upon the rising



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Shows Solid Objects. Owing to the fact that the object holder is on the floor of the light chamber rather than on the wall as in other home instruments, it is possible to show solid objects. The works of your workshop, pieces of jewelry, mineral specimens are all subjects possible to project readily in the Home Balopticon only.

Selective Illumination. The fact that the Home Balopticon is equipped with one of the famous B & L achromatic lenses and that years of laboratory experiment have resulted in a wonderful system of illumination and reflection, accounts in a large measure for the superior clearness and brilliancy of its pictures.

Another advantage is the fact that the device is a portable picture holder and an aluminum coated waller which makes the image many times more brilliant than can be obtained otherwise. That this the best of all home picture machines will be apparent if you compare demonstrations with any other similar projector of any price. *Altogether dealer—nothing more.*

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standard of personal consumption—in spite of all this lavish scattering of the national income, the wealth of America continues to increase. The American people are not using up their working capital. In spite of the utmost efforts to make themselves poor, their riches continue to increase."

PERSONAL CHARACTER AS A FINANCIAL ASSET

SHORTLY before his death, J. Pierpont Morgan declared that the asset which he regarded as most valuable in a borrower was character. Character is also the basis of the so-called Banks of the People—Banche Popolari—of Italy, founded by Luigi Luzzatti, a pupil of Schulze-Delitzsch. There is much that we can learn from the Italian's system, as described by John L. Mathews in *Harper's Monthly*, under that we should remember in shaping our own currency legislation. The Popular Banks of Italy are based on a fact so obvious that it has often escaped detection. For Luzzatti discovered that assets of the small laboring man which had previously been of negligible value in securing credit—namely, character, thrift, the normal ambition to get on—when joined together are no more to be despised than the assets of a Rothschild. Sprung from this idea, there has risen in Italy a veritable army of cooperative savings and loan societies which have given to individual members a credit service previously inaccessible. Three of these banks, in Milan, Padua and Novara, together have in a year a turnover of a billion dollars. Owned and operated by the people themselves, on the most democratic lines, the power is diffused by the single vote which each member wields, irrespective of the number of shares he holds.

"Formed with limited liability, the issue of shares unrestricted—the price not more than ten dollars and often only four—these banks invite the membership of every one, from the line of real poverty to the edge of wealth. The service of the administration boards elected by the general meeting is voluntary and unpaid, tho in some larger banks a sum is set aside out of the profits as an honorarium. The keynote is responsibility of all the units, and business is largely done on personal surety, by the simple indorsement of one or two men for another. Nine hundred such banks to-day are giving to persons or groups of every calling—day laborers, clerks, mechanics, tradesmen, manufacturers, farmers, merchants, and professional men—an enormous convenience in loans and discounts with so small a percentage of loss as to seem incredible."

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precipitate and deposited them. The bank gave up to eighty per cent. of their value and pledged itself to redeem the collateral at par when the war was over, and accept them in deposits and the repayment of loans.

"The communal government met at once and agreed to receive these bonds as currency at full value. The messengers from the big banks came hurrying with bundles of first-class securities; private individuals who had consols or any standard investment that met the terms established by the bank brought them to the little one-room depository. The presses ran day and night turning out the bonds no bigger than an ordinary bank-bill. The panic in Milan was stopped, and they were comparatively prosperous all through the war, the little bonds of the People's Bank passing readily from hand to hand until the foreign troops evacuated Venice and peace was declared. Every afternoon at the close of business the Banca Popolare posted up outside its door its balance-sheet, so that all the people might read it and see that it was sound."

The People's Bank increases its Capital.

IN VIEW of its services in the panic, it is not surprising that new members came to the bank rapidly. The capital of the Banca Popolare increased in the first year of its existence to \$43,000, and its membership to 1,100. Its business during the year amounted to two million dollars, and amounted in eight years to two hundred million. Every year since it was founded the bank has paid a dividend to its stockholders. Organized primarily for the business of short-time loans, usually three months without renewal, and discounts at reasonable rates, it has emptied the terra-cotta vases, previously the savings banks of the people.

"At the general meeting in March, 1913, the officers of the bank reported a membership of more than twenty-seven thousand, a net increase of five hundred in the year, two thirds of whom hold but a single share. With more than two hundred thousand shares outstanding, the

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bank had a capital of two million two hundred thousand dollars. With an aggregate of deposits and savings, pledged on time, and current accounts all amounting to thirty-four million dollars, the greater part of which is used in active operation, the Banca Popolare had a turnover for the fiscal year of six hundred million dollars; an increase of five million, and an average each business day of nearly two million dollars. The reserves amount to one million one hundred thousand dollars.

"Out of its profits the bank has never failed to divert a considerable percentage to divers good causes, either charity or work for civic betterment. It has been foremost in bringing Italian banking out of 'the economic middle ages,' and raising its standard to that of Europe. It supplanted the usurer, and demonstrated that personal surety is good collateral, and commercial papers such as dock warrants, bills of lading, orders on public work, an assignment of one fifth of wages on a contract, are perfectly negotiable for a loan."

Moral Worth as a Negotiable Security.

LUZZATTI, Mr. Mathews points out, was happy in emphasizing a point which Schulze-Delitzsch wilfully ignored—the primary importance of having members of moral worth. Acceptance of each proposed new candidate is given only upon investigation which brings a reasonable assurance of his honesty. The scheme of government for a People's Bank is on the lines of a small republic, with a general meeting which has all the legislative power. This chooses a *consiglio*, or council, to which it delegates its authority for the year. The council elects the director, vice-director, and the cashier, who are permanent officers and salaried.

"The general meeting also elects the committee of discount, the committee of risks, the *Sindaci*, and the *Probitari*. The committee of discount in some banks is only three or four members, but in large banks fifteen to forty, volunteers who take on the duties in turn. With this unsalaried body lies important work, calling for the greatest prudence. They have charge of the secret record, the *castelletto*, often a roomful of card-catalogs and ledgers which contain the 'safe credit value' of every member within which he may borrow without requiring especial consideration of the loan. To the information obtained when he joined the bank are added in the private files comments on his dealings with the bank, general notes offered by other members from time to time, and upon, all this is based the calculation of the sum for which he has the confidence of the bank, sometimes without a surety, but at the outside with only one. Sometimes the committee of risks supplements the work of the discount committee. If the recorded estimate for any member should decline while a loan is out to him or to

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any one for whom he is surety, the debtor is called upon to make up the difference, either by reducing the loan, securing another surety, or depositing collateral with the bank, on pain of the withdrawal of the loan or refusal to renew."

Humble Borrowers at the People's Bank.

ALL loans at the People's Bank are given on simple notes of hand, secured by only one or two signatures. Many borrowers have nothing to pledge which could be called "security" in the ordinary sense. They own neither bonds nor lands, but they appreciate their obligation and repay promptly. In a cooperative institution the stigma attaching to the failure to meet obligations is peculiarly effective. In the light of the varied purposes which the bank constantly serves, the humbleness of the accounts, as illustrated in Mr. Mathews' account, is striking. Nevertheless the collective power of humble borrowers has built roads, bridges and even railroads, enterprises of national importance demanding for their completion millions of dollars.

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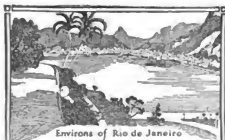
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"UN BOCK BRUN"—A STORY IN WHICH NOTHING HAPPENS

That genial Irishman, James Stephens, whose contributions in prose and verse give peculiar charm these days to the pages of the *London Nation*, is the author of this sketch. He is a master of a peculiar kind of pathos—the kind that amuses but does not sadden, and yet is real pathos. The story of "The Woman Who Thumped Her Lap," in our June number, was one instance of that pathos. The story below is another.

IT WAS now his custom to sit there. The world has its habits, why should a man not have his? The earth rolls out of light and into darkness as punctually as a business man goes to and from his office: the seasons come with the regularity of automata, and go as if they were pushed by an ejector. So, night after night, he strolled from the Place de l'Observatoire to the Pont St. Michel and, on the return journey, sat down at the same café, if he could manage it, at the same table, and ordered the same drink.

So regular had his attendance become that the waiter would suggest the order before it was spoken. He did not drink beer because he liked it, but only because it was not a difficult thing to ask for. Always he had been easily discouraged, and he distrusted his French almost as much as other people had reason to. The only time he had varied the order was to request "un vin blanc gomme," but he had been served on that occasion with a postage stamp for twenty-five centimes, and he still wondered when he remembered it.

He liked to think of his first French conversation. He wanted something to read in English, but was timid of asking for it. He walked past all the newspaper kiosks on the Boulevard, anxiously scanning the vendors inside—they were usually very stalwart, very competent females, who looked as tho they had outgrown their sins, but remembered them with pleasure. They had the dully-polished, slightly-battered look of a modern antique. The words, "M'sieu, Madame," rang from them as from bells. They were very alert, sitting, as it were, on tiptoe, and their eyes hit one as one approached. They were like spiders squatting in their little houses waiting for their daily flies. He found one who looked jolly and harmless, sympathetic indeed, and to her, with a flourish hat, he approached—Said he, "D'nez-moi, Madam, s'il vous plait, le *Journal*." At the second repetition the good lady smiled at him, a smile compounded of benevolence and comprehension, and instantly, with a "Vlà M'sieu," she handed him *The New York Herald*. They had saluted each other, and he marched down

(Continued on page 374.)



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Motoring as you know it, and motoring as the owner of a 1914 Cadillac knows it, are two distinct and different things.

The new Cadillac neither rides nor drives like any other motor car.

It is not that the two speed direct drive axle has changed the principle of the Cadillac engine.

But it has conferred upon it powers which it did not possess without it.

It has altered the performance—changed the character of that performance—and changed the sensations resulting from that performance.

So, those who are within the world of Cadillac ownership, are enjoying luxuries to which you must remain a stranger so long as you are outside that world.

And they are marked, these differences—these peculiar luxuries of the Cadillac.

So marked, that we doubt if you can drive the memory of them out of your mind after a single ride in the Cadillac.

They are not easy to describe—though you will be conscious of them before the car has travelled half a mile.

But, let us see if we can give you an idea. You know what the Cadillac—and the Cadillac engine—were before the advent of this 1914 car.

You know that it was notably free from tremor.

You know that it did not lunge forward, but forged forward, majestically, like a battleship.

These were the natural fruits of Cadillac construction—refined and developed to an extraordinary degree.

And now, new qualities and new functions have been conferred upon it, by means of a second—supplemental—principle.

This other principle—the two speed direct drive axle—takes the Cadillac at its high point of development and extends it.

The new Cadillac axle has two direct drive gear ratios, eliminating all technicalities from the subject, the advantage of the high direct drive gear ratio consists in the fact that through it, a given speed of the engine produces an increase of 42 per cent. in the speed of the car.

Out of this central improvement grow those differences in operation to which we have referred.

Keeping in mind the more slowly moving engine, you sense at once that infinitely greater steadiness must follow.

Holding fast to the same mental picture, you see that vibration must be reduced almost to the vanishing point.

Imagine the car with the low direct gear, operating at an engine speed of 700 revolutions per minute.

The car will travel 21 miles per hour.

Shift the electric switch and pass into the high direct drive gear ratio, and the speed of the car increases to 30 miles an hour with no increase in the speed of the engine.

Unconsciously, when you change gears, you look forward to the apparent effort and labor of the engine to be increased.

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The trembling does not come.

No shock, no disturbance is communicated to the car or its occupants.

The steady pressing onward of the car is uninterrupted—the smoothness is continuous.

You forget the engine, you forget the car. There is only quiet—and a soft swinging through space.

Is it any wonder that Cadillac owners are volubly enthusiastic?

They have this velvety mode of travel of which you have yet to learn.

They have attained it by methods which lower the fuel consumption, decrease friction and reduce appreciably the cost of operation.

They have artistic body designs which make it difficult to suggest any sense in which their beauty could be heightened.

They have progressive, scientific engineering development.

They have the certainty of the Cadillac Delco system of electrical cranking, lighting and ignition.

They have the improved Cadillac carburetor, hot water jacketed and electrically heated.

They have entrance and exit for front seat passengers on either side—right hand drive and right hand control with all of its advantages and no disadvantages.

They have the simple electric switch for shifting from high direct to low direct gear, or vice versa.

They have Cadillac standardization, true alignment and interchangeability of parts.

They have the product of an organization inspired by the highest ideals.

They have the Cadillac glorified and refined.

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(Continued from page 372.)

the road in delight, with his first purchase under his arm and his first conversation accomplished.

Good manners decreed that he should not stare too steadfastly, and he was one who obeyed these delicate dictates. Alas! he was one who obeyed all dictates. For him authority wore a halo, and many sins which his heyday ought to have committed had been left undone, only because they were not sanctioned by immediate social usage. He was often saddened when he thought of the things he had not done. It was the only sadness to which he had access, because the evil deeds which he had committed were of so tepid and hygienic a character that they could not be mourned for without hypocrisy, and now that he was released from all privileged restraints and overlookings and could do whatever he wished, he had no wish to do anything.

His wife had been dead for over a year. He had hungered, he had prayed for her death. He had hated that woman (and for how many years!) with a kind of masked ferocity. How often he had been tempted to kill her or to kill himself! How often he had dreamed that she had run away from him, or that he had run away from her! He had invented Russian princes, and music hall stars, and American billionaires with whom she could adequately elope, and he had both loved and loathed the prospect. What unending, slow quarrels they had together! How her voice had droned pitilessly on his ears! She in one room, he in another, and through an open door there rolled that unending recitation of woes and reproaches; an interminable catalog of nothings, while he sat dumb as a fish, with a mind that smoldered or blazed. He had stood unseen with a hammer, a poker, a razor in his hand, on tiptoe to do it. A movement, a rush, one silent rush, and it was done! He had revelled in her murder. He had caressed it, rehearsed it, relished it, had jerked her head back, and hacked, and listened to her entreaties bubbling through blood! And then she died! When he stood by her bed he had wished to taunt her, but he could not do it. He read in her eyes: "I am dying, and in a little time I shall have vanished like dust on the wind, but you will still be here, and you will never see me again." He wished to ratify that, to assure her that it was actually so, to say that he would come home on the morrow night, and she would not be there, and that he would return home every night, and she would never be there. But he could not say it. Somehow, the words, altho he desired them would not come. His arm went to her neck and settled there. His hand caressed her hair, her cheek. He kissed her eyes, her lips, her languid hands, and the words that came were only an infantile babble of regrets and apologies, assurances that

he did love her, that he had never loved anyone before, and would never love anyone again. . . .

Everyone who passed looked into the café where he sat. Everyone who passed looked at him. There were men with fallow faces and wide, black hats. Some had hair that flapped about them in the wind, and from their locks one gathered, with some distaste, the spices of Araby. Some had cravats that fluttered and fell, and rose again like banners in a storm. There were men with severe, spade-shaped, most responsible-looking beards, and quizzical little eyes which gave the lie to their hairy sedateness—eyes which had spent long years in looking sideways as a woman passed. There were men of every stage of foppishness. Men who had spent so much time on their mustaches that they had only a little left for their finger-nails, but their mustaches exonerated them. Others who were coated to happiness, trousered to grotesqueness, and booted to misery. He thought—in this city the men wear their own coats, but they all wear someone else's trousers, and their boots are syndicated.

He saw no person who was self-intent. They were all deeply conscious, not of themselves, but of each other. They were all looking at each other. They were all looking at him, and he returned the severe, or humorous, or appraising gaze of each with a look nicely proportioned to the passer, giving back exactly what was given to him, and no more. He did not stare, for nobody stared. He just looked and looked away, and was as mannerly as was required.

A negro went by arm in arm with a girl who was so sallow that she was only white by courtesy. He was a bulky man, and as he bent over his companion, it was evident that to him she was whiter than the snow of a single night.

Women went past in multitudes, and he knew the appearance of them all. How many times he had watched them or their duplicates striding and mincing and bounding by, each moving like an animated note of interrogation! They were long, and medium, and short. There were women of a thinness beyond comparison, sheathed in skirts as feebly as a rapier in a scabbard. There were women of a monumental, a mighty fatness, who billowed and rolled in multitudinous, stormy garments. There were slow eyes that drooped on one as heavily as a hand, and quick ones that stabbed and withdrew, and glanced again appealingly, and slid away cursing. There were some who lounged with a false sedateness, and some who fluttered in an equally false timidity. Some wore velvet shoes without heels. Some had shoes the heels whereof were of such inordinate height that the wearers looked as though they were perched on stilts and would topple to perdition if their skill failed for an



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THE NAMES OF A FEW MEALS

Strong Digestible Brainy Meal	Laxative Meal
Weak Digestible Brainy Meal	Soothing Meal
Indigestible Brainy Meal	Curaative Meal for Heart Trouble
Maximum Variety Brainy Meal	" " " Kidney "
Meal Without Brain Nutrient	" " " Liver "
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Blood Purifying Cooling Meal	" " " Average "
Warming Meal	" " " Weak "
Purgant Meal	Vocalist's Meal

Control Your Moods by Foods

Our different moods are under the influence of different meals. Some meals produce great vitality, strong nerves, strong eyes, presence of mind, moral strength; other meals of finest quality (including eggs, almonds, peaches, asparagus, spinach, celery, etc.) are inspirational or favorable to artistic development. Other meals such as tea, fatty, starchy and sweet foods, in excess, make one nervous, shy, low-spirited. Appropriate meals maintain virtue and continence by preference without any restraint. It is only the heat-producing and irritating meals that arouse the lower nature.



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For special stress of mental work **DOUBLE YOUR BRAIN POWER** by eating a maximum brainy meal which yields many times the amount of nerve force that is in an ordinary meal.

Inappropriate meals discount every man 25 to 100 per cent, making some men chronic invalids, who accomplish nothing. Unusable meals produce unsanitary conditions in the body resulting in adenoids, enlarged tonsils, defective hearing, etc. Faulty circulation, imperfect elimination, impaction, congestion and inflammation produce a condition where the surgeon's knife is a necessity unless a radical change to appropriate meals is adopted at once.

You cannot postpone the study of **SYSTEM** in eating. You must learn to **CORRECTLY COMBINE** your foods to prevent fermentation and the formation of poisonous deposits which become the basis of disease.

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The testimony of aged people who have regained health on a Brainy Diet is conclusive because they have practically no reserve force on which to subsist, therefore they depend absolutely on the new nerve force in brainy diet for restoration of health.

Mr. B. L., 68 years, Proprietor of Dyeing Works, writes: "Enlosed find picture of fish which I tramped for three miles to catch. I climbed down rocks 75 feet above water. You know three months ago I was pretty bad; could hardly walk, had an attendant on account of vertigo. The severe neuritis in my arm and the rheumatism was too painful for sleep. Absolutely free from all pains now and it is owing to the Brainy Diet System that I am alive."

Dr. R., a retired physician, 81 years: "Can now use my hand that was partially paralyzed. Can walk straight now and have much more energy."

Mr. C. K. writes that he is 82 years and has used cathartics and enemias for 50 years. "No more headaches since adopting the Brainy Diet System the last six months, and that is wonderful, since I had a headache almost every day previously. Constipation is overcome, I sleep well and my appetite is good."

Mr. F. C., 70 years, Proprietor of Department Store, writes: "As I improved in every respect at 70 years of age, I think there is good prospect for any one else. I was dropsical and rheumatic, have lost over 50 pounds of superfluous weight in two months, lost my rheumatism and have returned to business, something I never expected to do again."

Young People Increase Their Income

The greatest service that old people can render the world is to popularize a brainy diet system among the young, for whom the possibilities are so great under a correct system of arranging their foods, because they have such abundant reserve force to supplement a correct diet.

Mr. T. L., age 22, clerk, who suffered from catarrh and had a weak, hoarse voice, writes: "Voice is clear and strong, head clear as a bell. Have resigned government position and am now making four times as much travelling, something I had the ambition but not the energy to do before. Have fattened up 20 pounds in two months."

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instant. They passed, and they looked at him, and from each, after the due regard, he looked away to the next in interminable procession.

There were faces also to be looked at, round, chubby faces, wherefrom the eyes of oxen stared in slow, involved rumination. Long faces that were keener than hatchets, and as cruel. Faces that pretended to be scornful, and were only piteous. Faces contrived to ape a temperament other than their own. Raddled faces with heavy eyes and rouged lips. Looking at him shyly or boldly, they

passed along and turned after a while, and repassed him and turned again in promenade.

He had a sickness of them all. There had been a time when these were among the things he mourned for not having done, but that time was long past. He guessed at their pleasures, and knew them to be without salt. "Life," said he, "is as unpleasant as a plate of cold porridge." Somewhat the world was growing empty for him. He wondered was he outgrowing his illusions, or his appetites, or both? The things in which other

men took such interest were drifting beyond him, and (for it seemed that the law of compensation can fail) nothing was drifting towards him in recompense. He foresaw himself as a box with nothing inside it, and he thought—it is not through love or fear or distress that men commit suicide, it is because they have become empty: both the gods and the devils have deserted them, and they can no longer support that solemn stagnation. He marveled to see with what activity men and women played the most savourless of games! With what zest of pursuit they tracked, what petty interests! He saw them as ants scurrying with scraps of straw, or apes that pick up and drop and pick up again, and he marveled from what fount they renewed themselves or with what charms they exorcised the demons of satiety!

On this night life did not seem worth while. The taste had gone from his mouth: his hock was water vilely colored: his cigaret was a hot sponch: and yet a full moon was peeping in the trees along the path; and not far away, where the countryside bowed in silver quietude, the rivers ran through undistinguishable fields chanting their lonely songs, the seas leaped and withdrew, and called again to the stars, and gathered in ecstasy, and roared skywards, and the trees did not rob each other more than was absolutely necessary. The men and women were all hidden away in their cells asleep, where the moon could not see them, nor the clean wind, nor the stars. They were sundered for a little while from their eternal arithmetic. The grasping hands were lying as quietly as the paws of a sleeping dog. Those eyes held no further speculation than the eyes of an ox who lies down. The tongues that had lied all day and had been treacherous and obscene and respectful by easy turn said nothing; and he thought it was very good that they were all hidden, and that for a little time the world might swing darkly with the moon in its own wide circle and its silence.

He paid for his hock, gave the waiter a pourboire, touched his hat to a lady by sex and a gentleman by clothing, and strolled back to his room that was little, his candle that was three-quarters consumed, and his picture that might be admired when he was dead, but which he would not be praised for painting, and, after sticking his foot through the canvas, he tugged himself to bed, agreeing to commence the following morning just as he had the previous one, and the one before that, and the one before that again.

SHE KNEW FATHER.

"This here boy," said the proud mother to a neighbor, "do certainly grow more like his father every day."

And the neighbor, knowing the father, inquired anxiously:

"Do he now? And 'ave you tried hev'rything?"

(Continued from page 353.)

more reason why he should be permitted to circulate filth than a poor pushcart peddler on the east side. The book is rotten, and the excuse that it conveys a moral is no excuse at all."

Conflicting Estimates of "Hagar Revelly"

HAGAR REVELLY," the object of Mr. Comstock's animosity, was written by Daniel Carson Goodman about the time the activities of the Chicago Vice Commission were attracting attention to the problem of low wages for women and the possibility of their connection with the white-slave traffic. The story tells of two young girls brought up under nearly identical circumstances and living in almost the same environment. One girl avoids the temptations of her path in spite of her poverty. The other succumbs. "I had a twofold motive in writing 'Hagar Revelly,'" Dr. Goodman tells us. "First, there is the scientific reason which makes it necessary for the innocent youth of the land to be taught the wiles of vice. Then there is the other reason of depicting the great value and the reward of the spiritual life, the value of clinging to high ideals through suffering and want." That passages in "Hagar Revelly" are frank and, it may be, objectionably frank, is widely admitted. Yet the book is treated as serious literature by most critics, and is praised by Ida M. Tarbell. In an interesting critique published in *The New Review* (New York), André Tridon indicts the author for his lack of artistic skill rather than for his subject matter. "Good-

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man," he says, "is not yet a master of atmosphere. His types live and act in a vacuum. He is not connected in any way with the buzzing, humming and throbbing of the circumambient world." Yet Tridon finds much to admire in the author of "Unclothed" and "Hagar Revelly." On the other hand, the *New York Times* comments:

"It is easy to see in the novel which Anthony Comstock has charged with immorality, and which the Boston Public Library has excluded, the reasons for the legal step taken for its suppression. Mr. Comstock has not achieved his reputation as a literary critic, but in their literary character some of the scenes described in this book are inessential and ill done, red-light plays which, having a veneer of the novel is of the same class with the moral purpose, invite the deeper inspection of the morbid and the curious."

Literary Censorship
in England.

THE instinct of literary censorship, it would seem, is deep-rooted. England has no Anthony Comstock; but it has its Libraries Association. When a book appears that is considered objectionable, the Association refuses to list it. Many of the books of the best-known writers have fallen under the ban of its displeasure. "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," by Hall Caine, was for a time boycotted. W. B. Maxwell's "The Devil's Garden," and Gilbert Cannan's "Round the Corner" have both been disapproved. Yet the last two named are stories conceived and executed with rare literary skill; and the chief result of a library boycott seems to be to increase the sale of the book discriminated against. In Bernard Shaw's opinion, the committee

the love for his mother there lurks the same unhealthiness. At the end of the book, when she is dead, 'Mother!' he whimpered—'mother!' In that verb, Mr. Lawrence confesses Paul Morel. . .

"What is the outcome—what the star to which this fictional wagon is hitched? Is it the glory of the motherhood of sons? Yet would not one say from reading this that for a young man to be 'full of the sense of his mother' is to destroy him? And since such is the cumulative effect, the book, for all its beauty and power and imagination, is decadent."

"The Way of Ambition."

THE lack of a guiding principle sufficiently strong to counteract the relatively cheap allurements of life is the theme of Robert Hichens' new novel. "Mr. Hichens," remarks the *New York Times Review of Books*, "has ever been able to present vividly and intensely the conflict of differing characters, the quarreling of opposed ambitions and strong passions; his pen has lost none of its skill in 'The Way of Ambition (Stokes)'" The *London Outlook* says: "'The Way of Ambition' is not another 'Garden of Allah,' but that does not prevent it from being a sound and picturesque piece of work." The atmosphere in the new story is musical. The action shifts from England to Africa, and from there to America. A musical impresario sketched in the book bears obvious resemblance to Oscar Haumerstein. The conflict of motive is all between a woman who picks a shy composer for her husband and tries to make a popular success out of him, and the husband who allows himself for a time to be dominated, against his better judgment. The failure of the opera that he writes to please her is what brings them both



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to their senses. The "moral" of the story is well conveyed by the Scriptural question: What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Mr. Hichens shows himself, as always, an excellent craftsman. He knows the musical world; he knows the musical "hangers-on"; and he knows the "artistic temperament." His grasp of situations is as sure as is his eye for atmosphere and local color. When he writes of the operatic fiasco in New York, his words in their fierce excitement almost tumble over one another.

An Indiana Girl.

ONE of the best American novels of the season is "Otherwise Phyllis" (Houghton Mifflin) by Meredith Nicholson. Here is a true "Hoosier chronicle," healthy and untoured by the dark currents that

are staining so many English stories. "Phil" Kirkwood—"Otherwise Phyllis"—is the tomboy of Montgomery, Ind. "Her general effect was of brownness. Midwinter never saw the passing of the tan from her cheek; her vigorous young cheeks were always brown; when permitted a choice she wore brown clothes; she was a brown girl." To everyone in town she is known as Phil. She throws snowballs with the boys; she goes gyping with her dreamy father; and she insists on writing her high-school graduation address on "The Dogs of Main Street." There are other characters in the book—uncles and aunts and brothers—but everything finally comes back to Phil. "She dominates the story," as Samuel Abbott puts it, in the *Boston Traveler*, "from the hour when we find her dancing in the moonlight, with the man who is to love her and win her watch-

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For politeness this little girl should take first prize.

"Thank you," said he. "I am sorry to give you so much trouble."

.....

A young man timidly approached the father of the girl of his choice and asked for her hand in marriage.

"Well," replied the young man, reflectively. "Perhaps you haven't had the same

Bessie and Bertie were at a loss for a game to play.

"Oh, let's play being 'at home' and have 'a day,'" suggested Bessie.

"A day?" queried Bertie. "What does that mean?"

"Why, don't you know?" said Bessie, wisely. "All the fashionable people have

'days,' God's day is Sunday, and mother's is Tuesday."

An enterprising young man in a row-boat in one of the small towns in the Middle West called out to the man on

the roof of a one-story building afloat in midstream: "You people who live on the lands along here know that this river overflows its banks every spring. Why don't you move?"

"Ain't I movin', you durn fool!" answered the man on the roof.

The Saturday supplement of the N. Y. *Evening Post*, belonging to a very intellectual paper, seems to run, in its jokes, to those due to crass ignorance. Here are several of that sort:

Simmons had returned from his vacation.

"I certainly enjoyed the husking-bees," he said to a young woman. "Were you ever in the country during the season of husking-bees?"

"Husking-bees!" exclaimed the girl; "why, of course not! How do you husk a bee, anyway, Mr. Simmons?"

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1. All the issues of The Companion for the remaining weeks of 1913, including the Holiday Numbers. —2. The Companion Practical Home Calendar for 1914. —3. All the issues for the 52 weeks of 1914, until January, 1915—all for \$2.00. 52 times a year—not 12.

X178

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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Agency Department

CURRENT LITERATURE PUBLISHING COMPANY

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NEW YORK CITY

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

Uncle Jake was employed around the house in various capacities, including that of valet to the master of the place. Came once from the city some friends of the master, with riding togs of all sorts. One gentleman in particular had a pair of riding boots, and upon retiring he placed these outside his door to be blacked. Careful of their shape, he put long wooden "trees" in them. Uncle Jake dutifully, if amazedly, collected these boots and cared for them. The next morning he was very solicitous for the owner, and sought to aid him when he mounted his horse. The rider vaulted easily into the saddle.

"Well, suh," exclaimed Jake admiringly, "you certainly gits about powerful easy for a gemman with two wooden laigs—yas, suh."

COMPANY TO DINNER.

"The housekeeper who has known what it is to have unexpected guests," said the Governor Carroll, of Iowa, "would have sympathy at the plight of a woman whom I knew in a Western town.

"Her husband had asked her to show some kindness to a young officer of the militia to whom he had taken a fancy. She decided to do so at once, and dispatched a note to the gallant civilian soldier in the usual form in such cases. It ran thus: 'Mrs. Potter requests the pleasure of Captain Clafin's company at dinner on Wednesday evening.'

"The answer came back promptly. Here it is verbatim:

"With the exception of the men who regret they have other engagements, Captain Clafin's company will dine with Mrs. Potter with pleasure on Wednesday evening."

THE ACTOR'S PREFERENCE.

Here is one of Raymond Hitchcock's new stories of a fellow-actor:

While on a motor tour of the White Mountains, the young men who formed a touring party stopped at a village hotel for dinner. One of the party gazed at his second course for a moment, and then asked the waiter:

"What do you call this leathery stuff?"

"That is a filet of sole, sir," replied the waiter.

"Well, you may take it away," said the man, after attacking it with his fork, "and try and get me a nice, tender piece of the upper, with the buttons removed."

The Los Angeles Times has one of the best collectors of humor to be found anywhere. We could fill pages of our magazine out of its weekly assortment and they would all be worth while. Here are some of those it has gathered from various sources:

CANDOR GONE MAD.

Victor Grayson, the English Socialist and ex-M.P., denied in New York that he advised murder as a strike weapon.

"Such advice on my part," said Mr. Grayson, "would be candid, indeed, wouldn't it? It would be candor gone mad. It would be like the well-dressed lady in the department store who approached the floor-walker and said candidly:

"I have kleptomania. What would you advise me to take for it?"



To the Investing Public



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The articles appearing in this department are written by an expert in financial matters. Their aim will be to give conservative, reliable and instructive information.

The information bureau conducted in this department is for the benefit of our subscribers. We shall be pleased to answer to the best of our ability any inquiries relative to investments. Write us.

THE INVESTORS RESERVE FUND

The Federal Reserve Act, or what is more commonly known as the "Currency Bill," provides that every banking association which shall have subscribed for stock in a Federal reserve bank, shall be required to establish and maintain a reserve. In the case of a country bank, it shall maintain a reserve equal to twelve per cent. of its deposits and in the case of a reserve city bank, it shall maintain a reserve equal to twenty per cent. of its deposits.

This would be a good rule for the private individual to follow.

Suppose that John Brown, at the age of thirty is earning twelve hundred dollars a year. He has his living expenses to pay from this sum, but John Brown has determined to maintain a twenty per cent. reserve fund, so when he draws his one hundred dollars at the end of each month he puts aside twenty dollars in his reserve fund. At the end of one year John Brown has two hundred and forty dollars in his reserve fund. He then decides to transfer this to a surplus fund, and invests his two hundred and forty dollars in securities on which he receives five per cent. interest. We will assume that John Brown's earning ability will increase one hundred dollars each year, so that the next year he will be earning thirteen hundred dollars and will receive in addition twelve dollars interest which he puts back in his surplus fund. At the end of the second year he will be able to transfer two hundred and seventy-two dollars from his reserve fund to his surplus fund, which will then amount to five hundred and twelve dollars.

Suppose John Brown marries at the age of thirty-three. He is then earning fifteen hundred dollars a year, three hundred of which he transfers to his surplus fund at the end of the year together with his interest of forty dollars and eighty-eight cents, which increases his surplus fund to one thousand and one hundred and fifty-eight dollars and forty-eight cents. When John Brown is forty years old he is earning two thousand two hundred dollars a year and at the end of the year his surplus fund amounts to four thousand six hundred and ninety-two dollars and thirty-five cents. At the age of forty-nine he is earning three thousand one

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Printed matter fully describing both forms of Bonds, map of New York City, etc., will be sent on request.

American Real Estate Company
Founded 1888 Assets \$27,202,824.19
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hundred dollars, but as he is putting six hundred and twenty dollars of this amount into his surplus fund at the end of the year, he is spending two thousand four hundred and eighty dollars.

Now when John Brown is fifty years old he is earning three thousand two hundred dollars, and if he put twenty per cent. in his reserve fund, it would leave him with two thousand five hundred and sixty dollars for his expenses, but he decides that he can live comfortably on two thousand five hundred dollars and determines to put all above that into his surplus fund at the end of each succeeding year. When John Brown is sixty he decides to retire from active work at the end of the year. He has educated his children, and his sons are now self-supporting. He retires with thirty eight thousand eight hundred and seventy dollars of invested funds which will return him an annual income of one thousand nine hundred and forty-three dollars and fifty cents. He might, from time to time, have been induced to invest in promising business enterprises, just as many other men have done and in the vast majority of which cases the enterprises have failed for one reason or another. Really safe investments cannot be counted upon to yield such returns as the average so-called "Business Opportunity" usually promises. The times are most propitious for investment in safe and profitable securities of recognized merit.

The most important development which has taken place during the past month is the passage of the tariff bill at Washington, and all attention is centered on the effect it will produce on the business of the country. For some months past business interests have been putting their houses in order and buying from hand to mouth while contemplating the progress of the bill.

Between \$60,000,000 and \$70,000,000 of goods were held in bond at the warehouses pending the outcome of the bill, and houses are now commencing to restock under the new schedule of rates.

Whereas it will take time for business to adjust itself to the lowering of prices and threatened foreign competition, the fact is we are now not only supplying our own needs with the products of our country, but are shipping a good surplus abroad in competition with foreign labor.

The Currency Bill has not had the rapid progress toward finality as the tariff bill, and it looks as though it would not be passed at this session.

Since the panic of 1907 when currency was unobtainable in large quantities and was selling at a premium, we are aware that we are in sore need of a currency reform, which will prevent a repetition of the state of affairs then existing, but this is a subject which requires careful consideration and should be weighed in the balance by all parties interested, both politicians and bankers.

The act as it now stands is to provide for the establishment of Federal reserve banks, to furnish an elastic currency, to afford means of rediscounting commercial paper, to establish a more effective supervision of banking in the United States, and for other purposes.

A brief outline of the salient features of the bill is as follows:

The Reserve Bank Organization Committee, composed of the Secretary

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It is not necessary to make deposits before any specified time. You do not lose interest if you take your money out before any stated period. Interest accrues daily. That is if you purchase

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of the Treasury, the Secretary of Agriculture, and the Comptroller of the Currency, shall designate a number of reserve cities to be known as Federal reserve cities, and shall then proceed to organize in each of the reserve cities a Federal reserve bank. Every National bank within a given district shall be required to subscribe to the capital stock of the Federal reserve bank of that district to the amount of twenty per cent. of its capital, that the National bank shall receive dividends at the rate of five per cent. on the paid-in capital stock, that one-half the net earnings of the Federal reserve bank, after dividend claims have been paid, shall be paid into a surplus fund, until such fund shall amount to twenty per cent. of the paid-in capital stock of each bank, and of the remaining one-half sixty per cent. shall be paid to the United States, and forty per cent. to the member banks in the ratio of their balances with the Federal reserve bank for the preceding year. As regards rediscounts, the bill reads in part: Upon the indorsement of any member bank, any Federal reserve bank may discount notes and bills of exchange arising out of commercial transactions, that is, notes and bills of exchange issued or drawn for agricultural, industrial, or commercial purposes, or the proceeds of which have been used for such purposes, the Federal Reserve Board to have the right to determine or define the character of the paper thus eligible for discount within the meaning of this act. The act further states that any national banking association not situated in a reserve city may make loans secured by improved and unencumbered farm land for a period of time not longer than twelve months, nor for an amount exceeding fifty per cent. of the actual value of the property, and such property shall be situated within the Federal reserve district in which the bank is located.

A great deal of objection has been raised by bankers to the currency bill as it now stands. They do not feel that banks should be subject to any sectional or political color, or that it is necessary to have so large a number of reserve banks as provided in the act.

What is needed in a currency reform is a method whereby cash can be provided in sufficient quantities at critical times when and where needed, a farmers' credit may be good, but when he is harvesting crops he needs cash to pay his hands, he cannot pay them with credit, he must get cash with his credit at the bank by having his note discounted. When he has marketed his crops he gets cash for them and can then pay off his note. The cash goes back into the bank and thence back to its ordinary channels.

Under existing conditions a bank keeps a certain amount of cash in reserve in proportion to its deposits, the balance is loaned out or invested in securities. When in a time like the panic of 1907 the banks in New York were suddenly called upon to pay out an abnormal amount of cash to their anxious depositors, they found themselves, though financially sound, unable to meet the demands for cash, as they could not immediately convert their assets into currency.

If it had been possible to issue emergency currency against the assets of the banks, the money would soon have found its way back into the vaults of the banks and the confidence of the people would not have been shaken—real panic would not have arisen.

EDWARD D. REEVES.

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To Our Subscribers and to Investment Houses

It is our purpose in the Financial Department to give the most conservative, accurate and helpful suggestions relative to investments. We invite our subscribers to apply to us freely for information on this subject. All letters will be carefully answered.

To bond and investment houses we would say that only advertisements from the very best houses will appear in this Department.

Financial Department, Current Opinion, New York



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MIXED METAPHOR.

"Sir Arthur T. Quiller-Couch, since he accepted the chair of English literature at Cambridge, has blossomed out as a very witty lecturer," said a Chicago editor.

"I attended one of Q's lectures the last time I was in Cambridge. I still remember an anecdote wherewith he illustrated the rottenness of fancy or bifalutin writing.

"He condemned first the fancy phrases so common in the magazines and popular novels—and then he said that these phrases were as absurd to cultivated ears as the telegram that the babu sent from Bombay to announce the death of his mother.

"The babu's telegram ran:

"Regret to announce that hand which rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket."

NO WONDER.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, at a luncheon at the Colony Club in New York, was good-humoredly arguing the suffrage question with a prominent suffragist.

"Now, doctor," said the suffragist, "there's one thing you must admit. A woman doesn't grow warped and hide-bound so quickly as a man. Her mind keeps younger, fresher."

"Well, no wonder," Dr. Abbott retorted. "Look how often she changes it!"

CHANGE OF NAMES.

"Harry Thaw sees a good many amusing things in his retreat," said a Pittsburgh man. "He recounts some of these things in his really well-written letters home.

"He told me in a recent letter about a visitor to Matteawan who asked an inmate his name.

"My name, the inmate answered proudly, 'is Andy Carnegie.'

"Is that so?" said the visitor. "Why, the last time I was here your name was Theodore Roosevelt."

"But that," said the inmate, 'was by my first wife.'"

MENTAL MEDICINE.

Dr. Edward Sanger, who has abandoned his post as assistant to a celebrated Chicago specialist because he dislikes the latter's methods, said in New York:

"We should not announce cures unless they are real cures. Imagination plays too great a part in a patient's feelings.

"Imagination must always be reckoned with in medicine—sometimes as a friend, sometimes as a foe. I know a doctor who treated an old woman for typhoid, and on each visit he took her temperature by holding a thermometer under her tongue. One day when she had nearly recovered, the doctor did not bother to take her temperature, and he had hardly got two yards from the house when her son called him back.

"Mother is worse," said the man. 'Come back at once.'

"The doctor returned. On his entry into the sickroom the old woman looked up at him with angry and reproachful eyes.

"Doctor," she said; 'why didn't you give me the jigger under me tongue to-day? That always done me more good than all the rest of your trash.'"

EDITED BY
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Northwestern University,

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In the "That Reminds Me" department of the *Ladies' Home Journal* we find many choice morsels, old and new. For instance:

HE LEARNED HOW IT WAS DONE.

Elihu Root tells a story about himself and his efforts to correct the manners of his office boy. One morning the young autocat came into the office, and, tossing his cap at a hook, exclaimed:

"Say, Mr. Root, there's a ball game down at the park to-day, and I want to go down."

Now the great lawyer was willing that the boy should go, but thought he would teach him a little lesson in good manners.

"James," he said, "that isn't the way to ask a favor. Now you sit down in my chair and I'll show you how to do it properly."

The boy took the office chair, and his employer picked up his cap and stepped outside. He then opened the door softly, and, holding the cap in his hand, said quietly to the small boy in the big chair:

The Concise Oxford Dictionary

described by the New York *Sun* as a "miracle of condensed scholarship, and the most satisfactory and practical work of its kind in the language." The latest, most scholarly and most authoritative dictionary for home and office use—an abridgment of the monumental Oxford Dictionary now nearing completion. Contains 1,041 pages; defines over 70,000 words; bound in exceedingly handsome red, flexible sheep-skin, with the title and arms of Oxford University stamped in gold on the back and front cover. An invaluable work and an exceedingly handsome book. Price, \$1.50, express charges prepaid.

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Slip One
In Your Pocket

"Please, sir, there is a ball game at the park to-day; if you can spare me I would like to get away for the afternoon."

In a flash the boy responded:

"Why, certainly, Jimmie; and here is fifty cents to pay your way in."

TUT, TUT.

She frowned on him and called him Mr., Because, in fun, he merely kr.

And then, in spite.

The following night,

The naughty Mr. kr. sr.

NINE POINTS IN HER FAVOR.

The lovely girl, having lingered a minute in her room to adjust her transformation, change the angle of her Grecian band and make sure that her skirt fitted like the peeling of a plum, descended to the parlor to find the family pet ensconced upon the knee of the young-man caller, her curly head nestled comfortably against his shoulder.

"Why, Mabell! the young lady exclaimed: "aren't you ashamed of yourself? Get right down."

"Shan't do it," retorted the child. "I got here first."

WHY HE WEPT.

He was a hard-looking ruffian, but his counsel, in a voice husky with emotion, addressed the jury.

"Gentlemen," said he, "my client was driven by want of food to take the small sum of money. All that he wanted was sufficient money to buy food for his little ones. Evidence of this lies in the fact that he didn't take a pocketbook, containing fifty dollars in bills, that was lying in the room."

The counsel paused for a moment, and the silence was interrupted by a sob of the prisoner.

"Why do you weep?" asked the judge. "Because," replied the prisoner, "I didn't see the pocketbook."

THAT WAS THE ONE.

Father was on the warpath when he came across Willie in an old corner of the garden. "Willie," he demanded, "have you eaten any of those pears I left in the cupboard?"

"Pa," replied Willie, "I cannot tell a lie. I have not touched one."

William, senior, eyed William, junior, wrathfully. "Then how is it," asked the parent, "that I found these three cores in your bedroom, and there is only one pear in the cupboard?"

"Father," said Willie, calculating the distance to the gate, "that's the one I didn't touch."

THE INGENIOUS NEIGHBOR.

"Have you examined my piano?" asked the young lady.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the pianotuner.

"What's the reason it won't make a sound?"

"Some one has lowered the soft pedal and nailed it down."

HIS IDEA OF IT.

"George Washington," read the small boy from his history, "was born February 22, 1732, A. D."

"What does 'A. D.' stand for?" inquired the teacher.

The small boy pondered. "I don't exactly know," he hesitated. "After dark. I guess."

ONE BLESSING AT LEAST.

Casey had been ill, more than a week, when his wife met Mrs. Murphy on the street and the following conversation ensued:

"Mrs. Casey, and how is your husband getting along?" asked Mrs. Murphy.

"Ah, indeed, Pat is a very sick man," said Mrs. Casey.

"Sure, and what is the matter with him?" inquired Mrs. Murphy.

"'Tis the gangrene, the doctor tells us, Mrs. Murphy."

"Ah, that's bad," said Mrs. Murphy; "but let's praise the Lord for the color."

Here is a budget of jokes made up from half a dozen different papers:

HE KNEW POLITICS.

Lord Dufferin delivered an address before the Greek class of the McGill University about which a reporter wrote:

"His lordship spoke to the class in the purest ancient Greek, without mispro-

nouncing a word or making the slightest grammatical solecism."

"Good heavens!" remarked Sir Hector Langevin to the late Sir John A. Macdonald, "How did the reporter know that?"

"I told him," was the Conservative statesman's answer.

"But you don't know Greek."

"True; but I know a little about politics."

A COLORADO VERDICT.

Some years ago in a western mining town a man was found dead in his hotel room, hanged to a bedpost by his suspenders. The jury of miners brought in the following verdict at the coroner's inquest: "Deceased came to his death by coming home full and mistaking himself for his pants."

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

A Kentucky colonel of the old school had made a proud boast that he hadn't drunk a glass of water in twenty years. One day as he was riding to Nashville on the old L. & N., the train was wrecked while crossing a bridge and plunged into the river. They pulled the colonel out by a boat-hook, and when they got him on shore one of his friends rushed up, crying, "Colonel. Are you hurt?"

"No!" he snorted. "Never swallowed a damn drop!"

CAUSTIC SARCASTIC.

If you want undistilled sarcasm, read this anecdote related by Henry Miller, whose performance in "The Rainbow" is so convincingly strong.

"We were going along at an awful speed," he said. "I didn't see the dog, but I heard his 'ki-yi,' so I ordered the chauffeur to stop. Going back, we found an irate lady standing over her dead dog—one of the ugliest dogs you ever saw. She met us with a tirade of remarks, telling us in no uncertain terms what she thought of us and automobiles in general, finishing up by calling us the murderers of her dog. It was then that I thought I would pacify her. 'Madam, I said, 'I will replace your dog.' 'Sir,' she said, in a freezing tone of voice, 'you flatter yourself.'"

REVENGE OF A VEGETARIAN.

A party of vegetarians paid a visit to the country, and after a few hours' ramble in the woods and fields proposed to finish up their hitherto pleasant outing by a picnic tea party.

After getting comfortably seated to the spread on the grass they were slightly disturbed.

A bull made his appearance in a rather hasty manner, spreading confusion among the party, each trying to get over the stile first.

One old lady ran, panting, behind, reaching the stile only just in time to save herself by scrambling through it and falling in a heap on the other side. On regaining her feet she turned to the bull and breathlessly exclaimed:

"That's your gratitude, is it? I haven't eaten a bit of beef for the last two years; but I'll make up for it now, you ungrateful creature!"

DISTANT RELATIONS.

Upon being introduced to Pat O'Reilly, a man asked him if he was related to Tim O'Reilly.

"I know a College Graduate who is a Dunce"

Elbert Hubbard

"I know a man who is fifty-five years old. He is a student. He is a graduate of three colleges and he carries more letters after his name than I care to mention, but this man is neither bright, witty, clever, interesting, learned nor profound. HE'S A DUNCE! And the reason is that he cannot remember. Without his notes and reference literature he is helpless," writes Elbert Hubbard.

A Perfect Memory Is The Key To Success

Thousands of intelligent men and women remain obscure because they cannot remember important things. The demands of commercial and professional life are becoming so exacting in their details of facts and figures to be remembered, that to succeed or even hold your own you simply must possess a good memory.

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"Distantly," replied Pat. "Tim was my mother's first child and I was her twelfth."

MUST HAVE BEEN REAL.

The late James McCrea, ex-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, had a happy knack of illustrating a statement with a story.

A Philadelphia reporter once asked Mr. McCrea about a certain rumor, and the railroad magistrate replied:

"It's false, as false as Jake's diamond. 'Jake, you know, went from Cinnaminson to New York for a holiday, and on his return displayed in his tie a diamond of enormous size.

"Jake wore the diamond on all occasions. It lighted his way for him like an automobile lamp. He treated all inquiries as to its genuineness with contempt and scorn.

"His employer, after basking in the diamond's rays for several weeks, said to Jake one day:

"'Jake, is that stone real?'
" 'Well,' said Jake, 'if it ain't, I've been cheated out of 75 cents.'"

THE FINDER NOT FOUND.

William M. Wood, the head of the woolen trust, said in Boston, apropos of the new tariff:

"It listens good, as the slang phrase goes, but will it listen good to the very end? Won't the end be a dismal surprise, like the tale of the lost coat?"

"A country minister, driving to church with his new overcoat on the seat beside him, lost the coat en route, and announced his loss from the pulpit.

" 'Dearly beloved,' he said, 'I met with a sad loss this morning. Somewhere on the River road, while driving to church, I lost my fine, new, silk-lined overcoat. If any of you find it, I hope you'll bring it to the parsonage.'

" 'It's found, doctor,' said a voice from the back of the church.

" 'Bless you, my friend! Heaven bless you!' said the minister, beaming on the speaker gratefully.

" 'It's found, sir,' continued the voice. 'I came along the River road just after you, and it wasn't there.'"

HARD TO SPELL BY EAR.

Joseph P. Tumulty, secretary to President Wilson, tells of a former member of the Jersey City Board of Education, who, upon a visit to one of the schools, took a reader from the teacher's hand, and addressed the nearest little girl.

"My dear, can you spell 'egggit'?" he said.

The little girl didn't recognize the word, but was willing to take a chance, so she said:

"E-g-g-p-i-t."

"Erroneous—can anybody else spell it?" the inquisitor asked, looking over the room.

Other children tried. Some spelled it with one g; others with two t's. Still wrong. The member of the board had his big finger on the word, and knew. He turned to the teacher:

"Of course, ma'am, you know how to spell it?"

The teacher blushed and confessed that, while she was not familiar with the word, she would expect it to be spelled as it sounded—"e-g-g-p-i-t."

"Not familiar with it!" roared the guardian of the public instruction. "Not familiar with it—it's right here in the book!"

The teacher looked, and saw the word—EGYPT.—N. Y. Evening Post.

CURRENT OPINION



EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: LEONARD D. ABBOTT,
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A Review of the World

ELECTION RESULTS SEND CHEER TO THE OCCUPANT OF THE WHITE HOUSE

NONE of the elections held last month—except the New York City election—would ordinarily have attracted more than passing attention. But in the present turbulent condition of politics any old election becomes the object of national interest. It may be the election of a university regent in Michigan, or a judge in Illinois, or a mayor in Louisville, or a special election for a congressman in a remote district in Maine. No matter. At once it becomes an affair of national import and is subjected to searching analysis to determine what is shown by it—whether the Progressives are gaining or losing, whether public sentiment is back of Wilson or beginning to break away, whether the Republicans are coming back, whether the Socialists show an alarming increase. Politics today, like modern art, has a distinct "futurist" quality—one can read into it almost any kind of meaning.

The First Election
Since the Tariff
Was Revised.

ONE thing that gave peculiar interest to the recent elections was the fact that they were the first to be held since the Democratic revision of the tariff. In the last fifty years no party has ever before revised the tariff without paying a heavy price at the next election. But the curse seems at last to have been lifted. There are no signs in the returns last month of Democratic reverses. There are obvious indications of a contrary kind. In Massachusetts, David I. Walsh, the

administration candidate, was elected governor by a plurality of more than 50,000, the largest ever given a Democrat for that office, and, for the first time since the Civil War, the Republicans lost control of the legislature. In New Jersey, James F. Fielder, the Wilson candidate, wins, despite the defection of certain Democratic bosses, by about 30,000. In Maryland, where the first real contest for the direct election of a United States Senator was held, Blair Lee, the administration candidate, was elected "by the largest majority," according to the *Baltimore Sun*, "given a Democratic candidate in a score of years." Into each of these three state elections national issues, especially the tariff, were injected and national leaders participated. But a still clearer verdict, perhaps, comes from the special election held in the third congressional district of Massachusetts. Here, in what has been a protectionist stronghold, a few weeks after the most sweeping tariff revision downward seen in half a century, the Democrats made a gain of 1,000 votes over that of a year ago, while the Progressive vote remained stationary (just two less), and the Republican vote fell off 1,918. "The essential meaning of the elections in the various states, considered as a whole," says the *Springfield Republican* (Ind.), "is a vote of confidence in the President of the United States and his friends and supporters in Congress." There is little difference of opinion on this point. The result, so *The Outlook* rather grudgingly admits, "does form an encouragement to the Administration."

The Democrats Remain
a Minority Party.

YET while it is generally conceded that the result of the elections is distinctly encouraging to the administration, the fact that President Wilson still has behind him only a minority party is emphasized in much of the comment. The division of the opposition, which alone made Wilson possible as President, also makes Walsh and Fielder possible as Governors. The *N. Y. Times* points out that where the Progressives lose votes they lose not to the Democratic but to the Republican party. For Mr. Wilson's triumph to be complete, says the *Times*, "those wandering Progressives ought to have been attracted to the Democratic camp. . . . The returns show that party relations are unstable, and that the Democrats must walk warily if they are to retain their rule as a minority." In Massachusetts, despite their victory, the Democrats are in a minority of 80,000, and in New Jersey the combined opposition vote was larger last month than it was last year. The division between the Progressives and Republicans, therefore, alone gives a lease of power to the Democrats. That division shows, in many of the election returns, signs of healing. In New Jersey, where Roosevelt beat Taft last year by 145,000 to 88,000, Colby, the Progressive candidate for Governor this year, failed to carry a single county, about 60,000 of the Progressives voting, apparently, for Stokes, the Republican candidate. In Maryland, in the direct election of a Senator, the Progressives polled but 10 per cent. of their Roosevelt vote. In Massachusetts, Bird, the Progressive candidate, took second place, with 126,-



CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

—Rogers in N. Y. Herald



THE PIED PIPER

—Rogers in N. Y. Herald

ooo votes, while Gardner, the Republican candidate, with 116,000, took third place; but on the other state offices, the Republican candidates led the Progressives by from 49,000 to 67,000.

The Progressives Are
Playing "A Waiting
Game."

BUT the Progressives, if at all discouraged by the election returns, are far from admitting it. Governor Hiram Johnson, of California, declares that the only clear-cut contest between Progressives and Republicans was in Massachusetts, and he builds high hopes on the vote for Bird. The Springfield *Republican* thinks the results in New Jersey and Massachusetts are so contradictory that they may be said to neutralize each other: "the deadlock continues and the country must await the congressional and state elections in the fall of next year for more decisive developments." In the next New York legislature the Progressives claim to have 24 members (most of whom, however, were endorsed either by the Democrats or the Republicans), and in the next Massachusetts legislature they have 17 members, who appear to hold the balance of power. In the Louisville mayoralty election, they increased their vote by 5,000, while the Republicans lost 2,000. Says the *Emporia, Kansas, Gazette*, a

Progressive paper, edited by William Allen White:

"We may as well be entirely frank. This is a waiting game. So long as the Democratic party continues under its present progressive leadership there is no chance for the Progressives, and so far as that goes, we don't care for the offices while the Democrats carry out the principles of the Progressive platform. On the other hand, when the Democratic patronage gives out, probably the progressive leadership of the Democratic party will begin to crumble. The Democratic standpat will begin to appear. Then when the progressive leadership of the Democracy fails, the Progressive party will be in a position to offer a decent home to the progressive Democrats. That may be next year. It may be the year after; it may be in 1916, or it may be in 1920. It will take time to wreck the Democratic party on the same rock of standpatism on which the Republicans went to pieces. But surely the wreck will come."

Democratic Rejoicing
Over the Defeat of
Tammany.

THE peculiar distinction is ours to-day," said the *N. Y. Evening Post*, speaking of the New York City election, "of being almost the only large city to win against a machine." The Republican machine in Philadelphia routed the fusion forces by 30,000 plurality, a result "especially disheartening" in view of Blankenberg's

good record. Hunt was defeated in Cincinnati by the Republican machine — his first defeat after a series of brilliant victories. In Pittsburgh the contest lay between the Penrose organization (Republican) and the Flinn organization (Progressive), the former winning by a close margin. In Indianapolis, Taggart's candidate won in a triangular partisan campaign, the non-partisan movement being unable to accomplish anything, tho it elected mayors in four other smaller cities in Indiana. But New York City, in electing Mitchell mayor by 121,000, and the entire Fusion ticket, gave the friends of non-partisanship in municipal elections glory enough for one day. Altho Judge McCall was the regular Democratic candidate for mayor, the Democratic press of the nation rejoices in his defeat. "For that result," says the *Atlanta Journal* (Dem.), "all good Democrats will return much gratitude. Tammany has masqueraded under the colors of Democracy during many years of power." Says another Democratic paper, the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*: "The people of New York elected John Purroy Mitchell Mayor of New York yesterday, but they did more than that. They dealt to Tammany, sunk to the lowest depths of degradation it has known since Tweed's day, the most terrible blow it has sustained since Tilden smashed it into a pulp."

The Congressional Insurrection That Failed.

BUT the most important result of the elections took place not in New York City, nor in Massachusetts, nor in New Jersey. It took place, if the Washington correspondent of the *N. Y. Times* is correct, in Washington itself. He proceeds to tell "the underground story of the insurrection that failed." It seems that the Democrats of the House and Senate, exasperated by the delay in putting Democrats into federal offices, had the plot all arranged for teaching President Wilson a lesson. The revolt was scheduled for the week after election. Senators O'Gorman, Reed and Hitchcock were to be the leaders in the Senate; Bartlett of Georgia, and Ben Johnson, of Kentucky, in the House. The first lesson was to be in connection with the currency bill; but there were to be other lessons later. Hitchcock is exasperated because the Nebraska patronage is all going to Bryan. Reed was sore because of the President's refusal to appoint his man postmaster in Kansas City. "There isn't a doubt that the House of Representatives was perfectly prepared to blaze out into a roar of opposition against President Wilson."

Law of diminishing returns—candidate, candid, canned.—*Wall Street Journal*.

One of Old Billy Sulzer's faithful friends says: "He made some mistakes, but his intentions were all right. Exactly so; it was the market that went wrong.—*Houston Post*."

So neither Mr. Sulzer nor Mr. Murphy would accept Anthony N. Brady's money. Perhaps it was from the shock that Mr. Brady died.—*Syracuse Post-Standard*.

Billy Sulzer says he has no ax to grind. Apparently, the other fellows had the ax and the result shows it didn't need grinding.—*Houston Post*.

Wilson's Domination of Congress.

THEN came the elections, and after looking over the returns from New Jersey, Massachusetts and Maryland, the leaders of the revolt were stricken mute. Senator O'Gorman, who had said privately not long before that in his opinion "the honeymoon period of this administration has just about passed," immediately "came into camp" on the currency bill, "and voted for everything that President Wilson wanted." The disgruntled Congressmen are to-day "eating out of the President's hand." Hitchcock alone is left to carry on the revolt, and he "is negligible because of his personal animus." How true this story is in details we can not say. But the personal domination of the President has undoubtedly been strengthened. "As things stand," Sam Blythe wrote several weeks ago in the *Saturday Evening Post*, "he is the actual Government of this country—not merely the executive head of the nation by virtue of his presidency, but the actual Government. And the reason for that is he knows more than the men in association with him. He knows he knows more, and so do they. Thus his power is complete."

We suppose when Sulzer gets back into the legislature his punishment may be said to be complete.—*Houston Post*.

This much may be said for Bill: He is the first man that ever got up and tackled the steam-roller after it had passed over him.—*Florida Times-Union*.

The Tammany cry for economy was evidently misinterpreted by the voters, who took it to refer to ballots instead of dollars.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

The donkey is in clover; but the tiger will have to learn to eat thistles.—*Washington Post*.

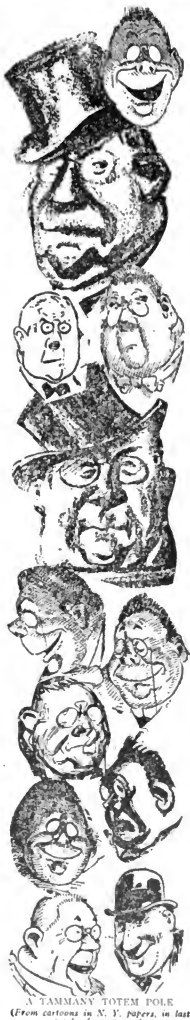
SHIFTING THE LINE OF BATTLE ON THE CURRENCY BILL

SINCE the currency bill was passed by the House and has been in the hands of the Senate committee, a striking change has come about in the line of battle. The main point of attack was at first on the entire control, by presidential appointees, of the federal reserve board. In the last few weeks it has shifted to the alleged "new greenbackism" to be found in the provision for treasury notes. The old war-cry of "fiat money" that has been heard in nearly every great currency contest of the nation has been resounding again. For a while it looked as tho the contest this time was to be on matters of detail: The number of regional reserve banks; the amount of capital stock to be subscribed by the national banks, the right of the banks to a minority vote or at the least an advisory voice in the proceedings of the Reserve Board. The provision for

a new form of treasury notes, to be issued as asset currency, was not overlooked, but it was at first touched upon lightly. Now all the twelve-inch guns of the opposition are seen converging upon that one point in a strenuous canonade. Or, as the *Springfield Republican* puts it, "the ghost of irredeemable paper is trotted out to frighten business interests."

The "New Greenbackism."

JUST who it was who first succeeded in shifting the line of assault can not be said; but Senator Aldrich, Frank Vanderlip, A. Barton Hepburn and A. Piatt Andrew have all had a hand in it, and the *New York Sun* has been, of all the papers, the busiest in focusing attention on the new point of assault. But there is one striking thing observable about this



A TAMMANY TOTEM POLE
(From cartoons in *N. Y. papers*, in last week of campaign.)

charge upon "the new Greenbackism." It is boldly proclaimed and ably led; but many of the "sound-money" advocates who have always heretofore been quick to respond to such a call to arms are to-day raising their voices not in response but in protest. If it is indeed Greenbackism that the new currency bill contains, then there never before was a time when Greenbackism had such sturdy defenders in the ranks of the financially orthodox. Jacob H. Schiff, Charles A. Conant, John V. Farwell, Jeremiah W. Jenks, and such papers as the *N. Y. Evening Post*, the *N. Y. Journal of Commerce* and the *Springfield Republican* refuse to join in the charge and deprecate the appeals that are made as misleading and mischievous. This is the most notable thing in the developments of the month at Washington. We have seen the old battle-cries that stirred the blood in the past on the tariff question grow strangely impotent this year. Apparently something of the same sort is happening to the battle-cries of the past on the money question.

Senator Aldrich Rings
the Tocsin of Alarm.

THE proposals with reference to note issue," said Senator Aldrich, speaking several weeks ago before the Academy of Political Science, "are radical and revolutionary in their character and at variance with all the accepted canons of economic law." He was speaking of the Owen-Glass bill. He admitted that "in a majority of cases" it proposes remedies built on sound principles. Then he proceeded to cull from the history of the world instances to show the peril arising from paper money issues. Coming



PINIONED

—Robinson in *N. Y. Tribune*

down again to the pending bill, he declared that "there is no limitation in the bill of the amount of commercial paper that a reserve bank may rediscount or purchase," and therefore "no substantial limitation" to the amount of treasury notes that may be issued. No provision for the retirement of such notes appears, and we may expect that, by the operation of the Gresham law, they will become a permanent and constantly increasing addition to our currency. Another form would be added to the seven forms of currency which we already have, and possibly five different forms might be added, giving us twelve in all. Senator Aldrich continued:

"It is not too much to say that the proposals in the bill came to the country as an absolute surprise. There had been no suggestion that an attempt was to be made to revive the greenback heresy, or to adopt in legislation the rejected theories of the Populist party. The Democratic candidate for the Presidency was silent upon the subject during the last campaign; and he has not, so far as I am aware, up to this time, publicly expressed his approval of Mr. Bryan's ideas with reference to note issue. The large majority of the American people who favor sound money believed that the question of further greenback issues was settled permanently by the elections of 1876 and the following years. If the House bill should be enacted into a law, Mr. Bryan will have achieved the purpose for which he has been contending for a decade."

Bryan's Hand in the
Currency Bill.

THIS reference to Mr. Bryan appears over and over in the criticisms of the bill. The *N. Y. Sun* harps upon it continually. This note provision, it says, "is the triumph of William J. Bryan, who for twenty

years has sought vainly until now to make his monetary delusions prevail." It quotes from a recent address by him in Waterloo, Iowa, as follows:

"By the provisions of the new bill the Government loans money without requiring bonds. This enables the Government to put into a community more money than it takes out. The Government asks in return something that every banker should be willing to concede, namely, that the Government should issue the money itself. Why let the banks issue the money in times of peace, when the Government must issue in time of trouble? The President has taken the position that the Government should issue the money, and I think he is right. I also believe the banks will have to concede this point whether they want to or not."

The treasury notes, the *Sun* points out, are promises to pay; yet Mr. Bryan calls them money. They are secured not by gold alone but by gold "or lawful money,"—that is to say, by gold or other promises to pay. "Could anything," it urges, "be more effectively devised to start the country on the road to fiat money and make popular delusion prevail than the device which Mr. Bryan is already expounding to the people in the amazing terms just cited?"

Vanderlip Sees Peril
in the Government
Printing Press.

THE same line of argument is followed by Mr. Vanderlip, formerly of the Treasury department, now president of the National City Bank of New York City. In fact, he says, the treasury notes based on commercial paper are a fiat money issue, having no gold to cover them and no adequate means of redemption so far as the Government is concerned. The safeguards thrown about the banks that issue



"I RETURNED HIM THE \$25,000"

—Macaulay in *N. Y. World*

them are such, he admits, as would enable us to go on under such a system perhaps for a long time without difficulty. But—

"That very fact, however, would lead the general public to see that currency turned out by a Government printing press, and loaned to a bank to be re-loaned by them, seemed successfully to be performing all the functions of money, and there will certainly be a political faction quick to demand a short cut by the way of the loaning of such money direct to the people without the intervention of a bank. There is danger in the Government assuming this unnecessary obligation, but the really grave danger lies in the leading the public to accept the fallacy that the Government can print paper for which it provides within itself no metallic means for redemption, and have that paper successfully perform all the functions of a proper circulating note."

The system which Mr. Vanderlip drew up, at the request of members of the Senate committee, provides for a central bank, which shall be entirely controlled by the Government, and the stock of which shall be owned by either the Government or the people. It would be authorized to issue notes secured by 100 per cent. of rediscounted commercial paper and 50 per cent. of gold. Like the present bank notes, they would be the obligation of the bank, not of the Government, and there would be no other restriction on their quantity than that imposed by the provision for gold and commercial paper to cover them. Such a central bank, with branches in many sections, would take over into its vaults, under government custodianship, all the gold now held against the greenbacks and gold certificates, redeeming these as presented, until in time there would be but one kind of paper currency besides the silver certificates—the notes of the Bank of the United States secured by the greatest mass of gold that exists anywhere on earth. This central bank seems to be the rallying point for the opponents of the "new Greenbackism."

"An Unbelievable Folly
in This Day and
Generation."

ANOTHER emphatic protest of the same sort against the note provision of the new bill comes from A. Piatt Andrew, formerly assistant secretary of the treasury. The provision, he says, allows the government to issue hundreds of millions of its own notes, and against these it is not only not required but not even allowed to hold any reserve whatever beyond a five per cent. gold fund. No other gold reserve is required to be held even by the reserve banks, for the "lawful money" which they must hold to the extent of 33 1/3 per cent. may consist entirely of silver or greenbacks. Says Mr. Andrew:

"The proposal seems to be 'on all fours' with the greenback and free silver proposals of earlier decades and to have been inspired by the same erroneous theories. . . . No lesson of our history is plainer than that the Government ought not to jeopardize its own credit and the people's standard of value by the issue of new obligations that are not covered dollar for dollar by gold. To attempt it with only a 5 per cent. gold reserve in the Treasury such as the House bill proposes but does not even require would be an unbelievable folly in this day and generation."

Greenbackism a Dead
Bogey of the Past.

THE language used by Mr. Andrew, Mr. Vanderlip, Senator Aldrich and others is emphatic. But their statements are sharply challenged, as we have said, by others whose "sound money" views have never been questioned. These others admit, in nearly every case, that the language in the note provision of the bill is a concession to Mr. Bryan and his followers; but they maintain that nothing



BEWARE!

—Weed in N. Y. Tribune

ing vital is conceded. Jacob H. Schiff, the eminent banker, says that, as a matter of principle, the proposed note issue should be made an obligation of the banks, not of the government; but this, he adds, "under the provisions and limitations of the pending measure is in effect more a matter of form than substance." The proposed bill, he adds, "is so nearly what we need that it would be most imprudent to defer action on it in the hope that the Senate would adopt a proposal for a central bank." Charles A. Conant, former treasurer of the Morton Trust Company, who was sent by the federal government to the Philippines to reorganize the monetary system of the islands, writes to the N. Y. *Evening Post* to defend the note issue of the present bill. The menace of Greenbackism, he insists, is a thing of the past and need no longer be feared. He writes:

"The real dividing line between safety and danger in the issue of paper currency is, who has the initiative in making new issues? If the power lies with the business community through the banks, the system is sound, provided it is surrounded by proper safeguards. If the initiative, however, lies with any Government official, for the purpose of employing the paper to pay the current expenses of the Government, then the Pandora's box of evil is opened, and all the devils of men-



"SO THIS IS TAMMANY HALL!"

—Weed in N. Y. Tribune



"HAS HENNESSY GONE YET?"

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

ace and ruin fly out which were so graphically depicted by Senator Aldrich."

Mr. Conant is unable to see any reason to fear the results of the proposed note issue. No system, he thinks, can be tested by its extreme possibilities.

Defenders of the Treasury Note.

WHILE the N. Y. *Evening Post*, always a "sound money" paper, admits that the language of the proposed note provision is "highly mischievous in its implications" and was inserted "as a means of placating unsound thinkers of the Bryan stripe," it derives great comfort from the fact that "the government cannot of its own initiative or through its national board add a dollar to such circulation." The directors of the regional bank, not the government, decide when new circulation is required and how much it should be. "Not a single traditional attribute of government-forced loans," it thinks, "attaches to the notes." The N. Y. *Journal of Commerce* takes a similar view. It also sees the hand of Bryan in the bill; but, nevertheless, it does not think it is fairly open to any such slashing attack as Senator Aldrich has made upon it. The note provision violates sound principles; but under the safeguards imposed it would conform much more nearly to a genuine bank currency than to a government currency. The Springfield *Republican* sings in the same key. It is idle, it maintains, to compare these proposed note issues with the greenbacks.

"They are really bank notes, issued in the first instance by the treasury to the banks, in response to the needs of com-

merce and not in response to the needs of the government, which is a vital distinction between an elastic bank currency and fiat money. The notes are to be fully protected by commercial paper and bank reserves, and will be a genuine asset currency. The government's guaranty reinforces the system. It is a mixture of theories as to the issue of paper money, but we have yet to see a conclusive demonstration that the currency would be dangerous in practice, in any respect whatever."

Since most of the foregoing discus-

In his memorandum concerning Mrs. Pankhurst, Commissioner Caminetti says she has "no occupation"; but he can't make the British authorities believe that.—*Manchester Union*.

The department of agriculture has come out in defense of the crow. Is the administration already getting ready to put it in the menu?—*Philadelphia Star*.

sion was held, the Senate committee, by a vote of 8 to 4, has dropped the phrase "lawful money" from the note provision, leaving the proposed notes redeemable in gold alone. This, the N. Y. *Sun* admits, will, if the action is finally sustained by the committee and then by Congress, be "a tremendous gain for the economic welfare of the United States." The N. Y. *World* is more positive: "It will rob the charge against the bill of fiatism of all reasonable force."

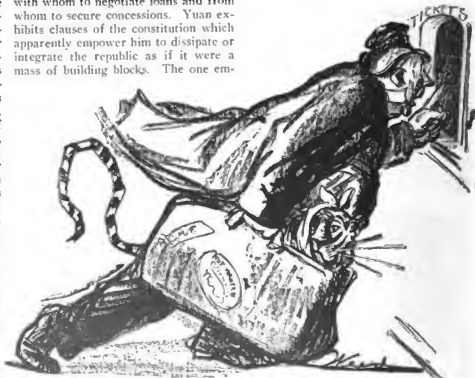
President Wilson's announcement that the United States will never take another foot of territory by conquest looks like a deliberate slap at Champ Clark's program to grab Canada.—*Boston Transcript*.

Colonel Roosevelt was charmed with Rio, where people drink three and four cups of coffee at a stretch.—*Syracuse Post-Standard*.

YUAN SHI KAI EXTINGUISHES THE CHINESE REPUBLIC

BY THE time Yuan Shi Kai had finished the wholesale arrests of senators, representatives, judges and journalists which have made the month so lively in Peking, there was practically nothing left of the Chinese Republic except himself. The capital, in the light of the latest despatches, has become an armed camp. His War Minister is a mere clerk, the foreign office is Yuan's desk, and the only treasury is his private purse. A few score intimidated natives of China, some in frock coats, assemble now and then as a sort of constituent assembly. With this situation, observes the *Paris Matin*, the great powers are far more satisfied than ever. There is someone with whom to negotiate loans and from whom to secure concessions. Yuan exhibits clauses of the constitution which apparently empower him to dissipate or integrate the republic as if it were a mass of building blocks. The one em-

barrassment to him is the existence of so large a revolutionary element in the southern provinces. Patriots have taken refuge in large numbers in provincial cities inland from the great river. Conspiracy is everywhere. It is promoted by the existence of predatory bands roving hither and thither in quest of plunder. Every provincial capital has its regiments of unpaid soldiery abandoned to pillage, to murder and to revolution. In Peking for the moment prevails an armed truce, the despotism of Yuan being mitigated only by the diplomatic corps. The interior grows more and more familiar with the anti-Yuan flags raised by this rebel and that over a rank and file anxious to risk their lives for any cause and any leader.



MURPHY: "EUROPE! ONE WAY"

—Weed in N. Y. Tribune

Yuan Expects to Raise

Many More Millions.

FINDING himself master of the capital, Yuan told the diplomatic corps that he needed a hundred million dollars. Arrangements are in progress to provide him with this vast sum, according to the Peking correspondent of the London *Telegraph*, who has proved very well informed hitherto. Repeated meetings of the five-power group have been held in the Chinese capital. Its members can not be too peremptory with Yuan because he got such large instalments from them when he was crushing the southern rebellion last summer. If the financiers stop his subsidies, Yuan may never be able to pay them anything, a point of which he makes much in every conference. He gave them no vouchers, no bonds, but vague and indefinite receipts. However, he will regularize everything for a hundred millions more and he is just now the government. If Yuan were less liable to get money for ships and spend it upon bribes he would be easier to deal with from the European point of view, thinks our contemporary. The difficulty is that he may be assassinated or disappear in a Manchu restoration or succumb to a revolution, leaving the five-power group with nothing but memoranda as security.

China's Troubles and the Departure from Dollar Diplomacy.

WHEN it pleased Woodrow Wilson to turn his back upon "dollar diplomacy," he brought on unwittingly the series of misfortunes that have led to the present deadlock in Peking, it would appear from what the Berlin *Post* says. The aims of this dollar diplomacy were legitimate, according to the Berlin organ of high finance. The United States government sought to employ its influence to secure advantages for American trade in all parts of the world. It made use of financial corporations and firms to strengthen the prestige of Washington diplomatically. In the far East during the past few years the United States, under the guidance of Mr. Taft and Mr. Knox, has played an active part. After some friction, Germany, France and Great Britain reached an agreement which made them sharers in providing capital for the construction of railroads in central China. Mr. Taft decided that his countrymen must not be excluded from this enterprise. He wrote a personal letter to Peking, insisting on the right of the United States, by virtue of an old agreement, to share in the work of building Chinese railroads. The other nations were thus forced to revise their plans. The four-power group came into being. It became a six-power group through the inclusion of Japan and Russia. President Wil-

son came in and made it a five-power group by eliminating Washington. Since then all has been confusion. America had thrown Chinese finance into a melting-pot.

A Defense of Yuan's Napoleonic Attitude.

IN repudiating all Napoleonic intentions while he held Peking down with the bayonet, Yuan Shi Kai acted in strict accordance with his character, observes the Paris *Figaro*. After each new display of his autocratic propensity, the dictator of China professes devotion to the republican constitution. He has done only what wisdom dictates, we are assured by the London *Post*. It agrees with a writer in the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung* that the hopes of all who have the real welfare of the empire or republic—"whichever it is"—at heart are centered upon Yuan. He knows his countrymen. "Long before this passion arose for aping the political systems of the West, he was engaged in the work of reform. He will guide the nation towards those ideals which are now finding incoherent

expression among the half-educated and visionary patriots who can not be brought to understand that a republic in the western sense is impracticable until the nation has been educated up to a higher plane." Yuan has not the slightest comprehension of what the word republic means in any modern sense, according to the Peking correspondent of the London *Post*, who knows Yuan intimately. The Chinese statesman's idea of the presidential office has been that of a benevolent and velvet-gloved dictator. "If he has made any mistake, it has been in attaching too much importance to conciliation and compromise, chiefly because he has not felt strong enough to strike." However, he has been quietly but persistently preparing for the inevitable crisis. The only uncertain factor in the existing situation is the loyalty of his troops. Efforts have been made to tamper with them. His purse may prove unequal to the task of meeting their demands. He is now fighting for his life, for the very existence, as this competent observer thinks, of China as a nation.

Mr. Bryan says the world has become better. But perhaps it has only seemed better since the four of March.—Philadelphia *Star*.

As a growing civilized power, Mexico appears to have entirely too many shooting pains.—Baltimore *American*.

Felix Diaz says he fears the death of the Mexican Republic. Huerta seems to fear the birth of one.—Houston *Post*.

Mrs. Pankhurst will sail for home November 26. And the next day will be Thanksgiving.—Boston *Herald*.

You may lead a Mexican to the polls, but you can't make him vote.—Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.

As we understand President Wilson's Mexican policy, Mexico is to have a set of morals even if we have to shoot it in.—Detroit *Free Press*.

AMERICAN WARSHIPS TURN THEIR PROWS TOWARD MEXICO

AS the days pass by, the strain that grows out of the Mexican situation becomes increasingly evident not only in Mexico and the United States but in Europe as well. By the middle of last month the United States had seven battleships, two cruisers and a gunboat on the east coast of Mexico, under the command of Rear Admiral Fletcher; and on the west coast there were three armored cruisers, a gunboat and a supply ship, under Rear Admiral Cowles. Last summer President Wilson issued orders that no move should be made by the army or navy that would give an impression that hostilities were being prepared for. Yet to-day fifteen American warships are hovering off Mexican ports, in spite of the fact that the permission granted by the Mexican Senate for American warships to remain in Mexican waters for six months expired over a month ago. Germany despatched two cruisers to Vera Cruz last month. England has had ships there for weeks. Japan has a warship on the way. In Mexico itself, nine

more or less distinct revolutions have been going on at once. On the last day of October, the Huerta government had to defer the weekly payments to the clerks in a number of departments. A week later it issued a decree making bank bills legal tender for any amount, and the next step expected is the demand that the banks exchange the gold and silver of their reserves for government bonds.

Growing Impatience Over the President's Mexican Policy.

AS the weeks have dragged on, with Huerta still in the saddle, with the recent election a fiasco, with the Mexican Congress summarily dissolved and a hundred members imprisoned on the charge of conniving with rebels, public sentiment in the United States has begun to manifest some impatience with the policy of our own state department. The Baltimore *Sun* spoke month before last of "the almost complete absence of criticism" of that policy. That is not as true now as it was then. Gradually the feeling is

finding expression that, as the *Charles-ton News and Courier* puts it, "the problem which faces us now seems to be not the avoidance of intervention but the performance of intervention at as small a cost of blood and treasure as possible." The *N. Y. Journal of Commerce*, anything but a *Jingo* paper, attributes the present "aggravated complication" to a wrong start on the part of our government. We have taken the stand that there must be a free and fair election in Mexico before we can recognize its government. Says the *Journal of Commerce*: "Such an election has never been held in that republic. There is no means within it capable of bringing such a thing about. How can the United States accomplish it unless it asserts a protectorate and takes charge of the election machinery?" The *N. Y. Tribune* sees chaos ahead, and our attitude of neutral moral pressure, which "promised so well at the outset," has now, it thinks, "failed to do its work" and will probably have to be modified. The *Topeka Capital* sees the country "steadily drifting toward responsibility and trouble," due to the fact that the administration "apparently has no policy." The *Detroit Free Press* sees humiliation for all American citizens in our passive course. "All that can save the nation from disgrace," it said recently, "is a sudden stiffening of the administration backbone and a sudden widening of the administration outlook."

Wanted: A Real Foreign Policy for the United States.

NOT the press alone but prominent individuals as well have lately broken that "profound silence" which the *N. Y. World* said a few weeks ago had "fallen upon Mr. Wilson's critics." Dr. Hannis Taylor—authority on international law and President Cleveland's minister to Spain—says that events in Mexico are rapidly driving us into the same attitude we were forced to take toward Cuba:

"Exhausted by civil strife, torn by a grave and far-reaching agrarian question, deprived almost entirely of the reign of law, with her financial and economical life in serious disorder, with a large section of her Congress in prison, Mexico is moving rapidly along the path of self-destruction. Under such conditions the capitalists of many European countries have already suffered severely and that suffering must increase as the unfortunate land draws nearer to anarchy.

"Only the blind or infatuated can believe that if nothing is done by us to aid in the restoration of order the European nations will continue to bow forever to an overlordship in the New World which declares at once its supremacy and its impotency."

Senator Borah sees in our position toward Mexico defects that characterize our entire foreign policy, and especially our policy toward the republics of the South. After a sarcastic comparison between the strife in Mexico and our own recent campaign in New York City, he goes on to say:

"I am not speaking of Mexico alone, but generally, when I say that as a Government and as a nation we are without a foreign policy. I do not now refer particularly to the Administration, but I refer to our attitude as a people. Our foreign policy is nebulous, hesitating, undefined. There was a time when the Monroe Doctrine had a definite meaning. As Monroe announced it, and as it was then thoroughly understood, it was a wise, useful, and definite policy. But its modern additions, and, what is worse, its modern possibilities, leave us in doubt, and every Central American country in dread. We apparently have reached the point where we are going to say just what kind of government the different people of Central America shall have, so people can feel easy while another people are talking about establishing protectorates over them, or while there is talk of

censoring their governmental ambitions. "No one can doubt for a moment, who is familiar with the situation, that our standing with the other countries of this continent is greatly in peril."

President Wilson's Ideals for This Hemisphere.

ONE evident reason for the fretfulness that is making itself apparent is the repeated disappointment of the public in receiving no authoritative declaration of purpose on the part of the administration. The press led us to look for one as soon as John Lind reached Mexico City. It was not forthcoming. Two or three times since we have been keyed up with the same expectation, and with no result. A dispatch from Mexico City last month, to the Associated Press, told of an ultimatum just received from President Wilson. The reporters at once, before it was printed, rushed to Secretary Bryan for confirmation. He made no sign until after it had gone broadcast over the country. Then he denied that there was any ultimatum. On but one point has the public been able, as yet, to fix itself with any certainty: President Wilson will not recognize Huerta. That he has declared in positive tones both publicly and privately. Beyond that, the nearest we can come to a definite statement of his policy is in his two speeches made last month, one in Mobile, the other in Swarthmore. In the latter place, in a eulogy of William Penn, he expressed himself in the following words:

"But the extent of the American conquest is not what gives America distinction in the annals of the world. It is the professed purpose of the conquest, which was to see to it that every foot of that land should be the home of free, self-governed people, who should have no government whatever which did not rest upon the consent of the governed. I would like to believe that all this hemisphere is devoted to the same sacred purpose, and that nowhere can any government endure which is stained by blood or supported by anything but the consent of the governed."

In his speech in Mobile, before the Southern Commercial Congress, President Wilson again referred to our relations with southern neighbors:

"The United States will never again seek one additional foot of territory by conquest. She will devote herself to showing that she knows how to make honorable and fruitful use of the territory she has. And she must regard it as one of the duties of friendship to see that from no quarter are material interests made superior to human liberty and national opportunity. The future is going to be very different for this hemisphere from the past. Those States lying to the south of us will now be drawn closer to us by innumerable ties, and, I hope, chief of all by the tie of a common understanding of each other."



CARRANZA AND HIS CABINET

Carranza claims to have a Constitutional army of 80,000 men and to have de facto control over the greater part of the territory of Mexico. He asks for recognition and removal of the embargo on sales of arms and ammunition to his followers.



HUERTA AND HIS CABINET

"What kind of a government have you in New York?" Huerta asked an American recently. "I see your governor is impeached for perjury and larceny. They tell me your police officers steal and murder citizens on the streets. What do you come down here for, anyhow, to preach to us about clean government?" And the American failed to find an adequate reply. Huerta went on to tell how he once rode on railway trains all the way from El Paso to St. Louis without paying fare simply by keeping conductors supplied with good cigars. "Don't talk to me!" he said; "you have plenty of corruption of your own."

Financial Starvation as a Cure for Mexico's Ills.

BUT if President Wilson is determined not to recognize Huerta, if Huerta is equally determined not to step down, and if we are fixed in our purpose not to attempt armed intervention in Mexico, then what is the answer? The N. Y. Times correspondent at Washington says the answer now being tried is "financial starvation" for Huerta's government. Already inquiries have been made among the moneyed nations with this end in view. France has notified her bankers that it would be better for them not to advance any further funds to Mexico City. England has denied the report that her capitalists were about to finance Huerta for a month. All this is, as yet, unofficial newspaper talk, but that some move in conjunction with other nations is on foot receives general credence. On November 10 the ministers of Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Salvador, Honduras, Guatemala and Panama called in a body on Secretary Bryan, at the latter's invitation, to receive a communication on Mexico. This reminds one of the suggestion made several months ago by John Barrett, head of the Bureau of South American Republics, that we invite the other American republics to join with us in intervention in Mexico for the purpose of restoring law and order. The suggestion was ridiculed at the time; but that was when intervention of any kind was looked upon as more remote than it now seems. Since then Mr. Barrett's suggestion has been endorsed by nearly 300 papers published in South America and Central America.

A Concert of Powers for Mexico.

AN agitation, led by the N. Y. Herald, for a conference with other powers, European as well as American, to be held by the United States, has attracted considerable attention and support. This, the Philadelphia Ledger thinks, would be the wisest course to follow at this time. It is plain to the Albany Evening Journal that our government can not solve the problem except by such a concert of nations, and that there is nothing in the Monroe Doctrine to prevent it. The Atlanta Journal agrees that that is the way to eliminate Huerta, and the N. Y. World thinks such a course "would kill the false Monroe Doctrine in every turbulent Latin-America state and in this country also." The Washington Post can find nothing in the Doctrine to hinder such cooperation. Congressman Sherwood, speaking in the House of Representatives, went so far as to suggest that one of the courses open to us is to establish, with the other powers, a joint military protectorate over Mexico, until a stable government is established; but this, the N. Y. Sun insists, would not be tolerated by public opinion for a moment. Senator Borah not only endorses a concert of powers, but he believes that if we do not adopt such a course, then "blind adherence to the distorted idea of Monroe Doctrine responsibilities now prevailing in this country will leave us as the only alternative the necessity of taking possession of Mexico and Central America—that is, clear down to the Panama Canal." Colonel Watterson again raises his voice against the Monroe Doctrine, as an historic relic that is no longer

of any use. What we should perhaps have done, the Colonel thinks, was to recognize the Huerta government when the other powers did. "How he got there was no concern of ours. The Portuguese murders were as heinous as the Mexican murders, yet we recognized the new régime in Lisbon without delay."

Americans in Mexico Call for a "Square Deal."

THE point of view held by Americans resident in Mexico is set forth in a pamphlet entitled "A Square Deal for Mexico." It is signed by twenty-three Americans who have resided in Mexico from six to thirty-two years. It will take many years, they maintain, to make a real democracy out of Mexico. For fifty years after the Spanish yoke was thrown off the country was continuously torn by revolution, and the government never was changed except by force. There is no strong body of property-holding people of moderate means. The peons constitute three-fourths of the population, and, we are assured, their political capacity is below that of our Southern plantation negroes. Less than two per cent. can read and write. Millions have no home but a blanket. Their ignorance, superstition and improvidence are beyond belief. "A large percentage are dirty, immoral or grossly immoral, and savages at heart." They have "not the vaguest conception" of the duties of citizenship. When Madero was elected President only 23,000 votes were cast out of a total population of fourteen millions. If there could be a full and free election, "there



STRAINING THE ENTENTE CORDIALE

—McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune

is not a shadow of doubt" that the leading bull-fighter, Gaona, would be overwhelmingly elected President. Peon domination, it is asserted, would be far worse than ex-slave domination in the South. The Southern negroes have been disfranchised, and President Wilson does not raise a hand for a 'full and free' election there!"

A Defense of Huerta by Americans in Mexico.

AS for Huerta, we are told by these American residents of Mexico, he remained loyal to the established government of Madero until hopeless chaos reigned. The Senate directed him, as commanding general of the forces of Mexico City, to arrest Madero, stop the slaughter and take charge of the government. Madero himself had become "probably mentally unbalanced." In his two years of office eighty million pesos disappeared from the treasury and cannot be accounted for. His private secretary, on a salary of \$480 a month, ran up bills at a single French restaurant of \$3,000 to \$4,000 a month. "Huerta did not seize

the reigns of government; they were thrust upon him," and the signers of this pamphlet from which we are quoting are utterly unable to account for the prejudice against him personally that exists in Washington. To refuse to recognize any man who becomes president of a republic by force is "a sound principle which, unfortunately, is wholly inapplicable to Mexico now. . . . To attempt to hold an election in Mexico now would be a farce; to succeed in holding one 'full and free' would be a crime against humanity. The next President who occupies the Chair in Mexico will necessarily occupy it by force, whether it be the same kind of force used by General Diaz and General Huerta, perhaps extended by the latter for the benefit of his successor, or the force of the United States, unwisely used, to make possible the election of a Gaona." The struggle, we are told, is really one between civilization and savagery, "with the United States, unfortunately, now ranged on the side of savagery." Among the signers of this pamphlet are Paul Hudson, of the Mexican *Herald*, and Major Cassius E. Gillette.

London's Oil Crisis Complicates Washington's Mexican Crisis.

NEITHER the flight of Felix Diaz from Vera Cruz to Havana nor the melodrama of General Huerta's presidential election, not even the comings and goings of Mr. John Lind nor the indiscretions of Sir Lionel Carden, have made the history of the Mexican crisis during the month now closing. Europe, interpreting recent events in the light of world politics, receives assurances to that effect from great dailies in London, Paris and Berlin. General Carranza may lead his constitutional army whither he pleases, President Wilson may recognize whomsoever he likes, Señor Gamboa, Señor Moheño and Señor de la Fuente may appear and disappear in ever so many cabinets and in ever so many presidential elections, but the truth is that if Washington wishes to intervene in Mexico the step can be taken only with the consent of Europe. Upon this point the *London Post*, in such close touch with diplomatic opinion as to be an oracle, is decided and specific.

The Official Mexican Crisis and the Real Mexican Crisis

INSPIRED Berlin opinion, expressed through the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, observes that no great decision can be taken anywhere in the world without Germany and without the German Emperor. From the diplomatic standpoint the crisis has proceeded, we learn from the *Paris Temps*, with perfect correctness. The correspondence is impeccable in its politeness as the British foreign office and the Department of State in Washington develop what to the conservative *London Mail* seems an accentuated difference of standpoint. Technically, no one's relations are strained. Technically, Sir Lionel Carden has not been indiscreet. Actually, the situation is vitally affected by the arrival of the oil-driven battleship in the King's navy. The position of Britain as mistress of the seas is at stake. Oil is king now as cotton was in our civil war. The American people may not have realized this new importance of oil. Europe is awake to it.



THE JILTED ONE

Mexican cartoon representing President Wilson, as Uncle Sam, unable to find a partner in the dance of the nations. Mexico, it will be noted, is paired off with Japan.

—From *El Hijo del Ahinzo*



IN THE SHIRT STORE

Mexican cartoon representing President Wilson asking the storekeeper (the Mexican people) for "a shirt of eleven yards"—the Mexican equivalent for biting off more than you can chew."

—Perez Soto in Mexico City *Multicolor*

"Oil-Driven Diplomacy"
in the Mexican Capital.

BRITISH oil interests may be sacrificed to Standard oil interests in Mexico when "the tug" comes. Confessing its dread of that, the more or less inspired London *Post* notes that "a British pound is as good a thing to stand up for as an American dollar." Now the political and military ferment in Mexico is, it admits, at least supported and subsidized, if not fomented, by rival oil interests. Matters are not mended by the fact that one member of the British cabinet has a son in the employ of vital British oil interests. Another member of the British cabinet has a brother-in-law "in oil." A former member of the Commons, until recently in office, and conspicuous in the Marconi scandal, is a chief negotiator in Mexico and South America for the British oil interests. The British cabinet has gone into the market officially for oil with which to drive the new battleships. It would be absurd to think, insists our possibly inspired contemporary, that British government policy in a matter of foreign affairs would be affected by the close relations of some members of the cabinet with English oil interests. "On the other side of the Atlantic they will not be so confident." That is why the negotiations between Washington and London are "difficult."

Cause of Britain's Oil
Panic Over Mexico.

MEXICO would be less vital just now to Britain's lords of the admiralty, it seems from the London *Times*, if Russia were not threatened with a fuel famine. The reserves in the Apscheron peninsula, richest of the world's oil fields, are becoming exhausted, while the new fields opened in the Ukhta, Tchelekeny and Ferghana as yet give no definite indications for the future. The existence of large oil deposits in the Emba region is still only a presumption. There is no definite corroboration of the existence of oil deposits in the province of Kazan. Meanwhile there is little hope of increasing the output from Baku. Such is the information, as yet little suspected by the world at large, which led Lord Murray originally to Latin America. He is a distinguished Liberal statesman. He did not go as an accredited envoy of the British government, but unofficially he bore the highest credentials. The future of Britain on the seas has been, in a sense, dependent upon him. His successes include, it is said, a contract with the government of Ecuador, to say nothing of what has been done under his guidance with the government of Huerta. The King's navy went in for the oil battleship. "A dog poor country," insists the London *Post*, "with no

great source of wealth in these days can sometimes safely indulge in inefficient government and chronic revolution. A country with oil assuredly can not." Sir Edward Grey will be backed up by British opinion if he responds to "American support of Standard Oil" by energetic defense of other oil.

The Two Sets of Facts
About the Mexican
Crisis.

ON paper nothing could be friendlier than the exchange of views between Washington and London which occurred several times last month on the subject of Mexico's troubles. The circumstance elicits sarcas-



NOW WHAT?
HUERTA: I won't.

—Robinson in N. Y. Tribune

tic observations from the London *Mail* regarding the difference between the official facts of the Mexican situation and the actual facts. When the London *Times* begins an editorial utterance by denying the existence of friction between the American government and the British government, it refers, says the *Kreuz-Zeitung* drily, to the official facts. When the London *Times* adds that Britain has interests in Mexico which she will uphold at any cost, the reference is to the actual facts. "It would be a thousand pities," adds the London *Mail* on the same subject, "if the

sphinx-like silence with which President Wilson and his state officers have enveloped themselves regarding the United States government's plans for solving the Mexican difficulty were allowed to conduct public opinion in the United States any further along the path it has taken." It has pleased President Wilson, says the London organ further, to unbosom himself regarding "concessions" by Latin American powers. For Europe the President's doctrine "possesses only an academic interest," lofty as are Mr. Wilson's ideals;—but, it concludes, "idealists seem fated to stir up trouble."



THE ART OF GENTLE PERSUASION

—Donahay in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Where Wilson Blundered
in the Old World's Eyes.

AN INITIAL blunder in refusing to recognize General Huerta as Mexico's President was committed by Woodrow Wilson through sheer ignorance of the real situation. So runs the story not only in imperialist British organs like the *London Mail* but in Bismarckian prints like the *Hamburger Nachrichten*. President Wilson, according to this European version of his state of mind, would be glad to rectify his error, but his pride of opinion is too great. It being essential that the consequences of the Presidential imbecility be brought home to someone else, Great Britain has been selected as the heavy villain of the Mexican tragedy. It matters not that Huerta is strong enough to bring order out of chaos, that Huerta may have been elected the other day, that Huerta is able and willing to meet Mexico's obligations. His sources of financial supply are to be cut off. His hands are to be weakened. "Will the Germany of Bismarck," inquires the Bismarckian organ of Hamburg, "tolerate further outrages upon Germans in the Mexico that ousted Diaz?" It rejoices at the despatch of Emperor William's pair of warships to these troubled waters.

Possibility of a European
Concert in Mexico.

WHEN it dawns upon the American mind that Mexico to-day stands third among the oil lands of the world—Russia and the United States alone being ahead of her—Washington will be forced to act more "practically," according to the *Berlin Post* and the *Kreuz-Zeitung*. When it was foreseen months ago that Mexican oil would get into world politics, the Wilhelmstrasse suggested joint international action if that proved necessary. The idea found no favor in Washington. When the new administration repudiated the Taft diplomacy, German diplomacy asked what the Wilson policy would be. Berlin bankers had satisfied themselves that Mexico would displace Russia as the oil well of the old world. The Pearson group, of which Lord Cowdray is the head, were hurrying forward their fleet of tank steamers to forestall German enterprize. The British had already effected the defeat of the American oil interests and they were not at all eager to share their Mexican field with German interests. To strengthen their position, the Pearson group admitted a Diaz or two into their inner circle.

Europe Unanimous in Its
Mexican Policy.

HOWEVER the foreign offices of Europe may interpret the Mexican crisis privately, they have come to an agreement officially on a common policy which the *Paris Débats*

as well as the *Paris Figaro* elucidates. Europe wants a stable government in Mexico. She recognized Huerta for that reason. Washington negatives that recognition. Meanwhile Britain wants oil, France wants oil, Germany wants oil, and the price is going up. If President Wilson will not allow Huerta to form a stable government in Mexico, to whom will President Wilson allot the task? This is what concerns Europe, notes the *Paris Gaulois*, but it does not occur to Mr. Wilson, apparently, that his attitude creates new difficulties without removing old ones. This point is emphasized, too, not only in frankly anti-American London papers like *The Saturday Review*, but in friendly organs like *The Spectator*. Only the *London Nation* comes out for Wilson. Even the *Liberal London News*, so firm a friend to President Wilson, hints that he is, without intending it, working for Standard Oil interests. "In the Mexican imbroglio one hears of the Monroe Doctrine," it says, "American commerce, British prestige, law and order; but the real key to the situation is: oil." American oil put Madero in as President, confesses the *London daily*, but British oil keeps Huerta in the dictator's seat.

The Mexican Crisis as a
World Scandal.

MANY weeks will not elapse before the dispute involving the foreign offices must appear to the man in the street nakedly—a struggle behind the scenes of world politics between the Standard Oil Company and Lord Cowdray's clique, the latter with contracts for the supply of oil to the British navy. The prediction is that of the *Manchester Guardian*, one of the most liberal dailies in Europe and a friend and admirer of President Wilson's. It fears that the President of the United States has been led by events into an untenable position. "It is a misfortune that England and the United States are in opposition to each other. If we can not cooperate, let us disagree with a perfect understanding of each other's position, so that there will be no imputation of unworthy motives on either side." Resuming the subject, it says later:

"Mr. Wilson deserts us. If he means no more than that the United States should refuse to recognize a Government which does not satisfy that standard, he is more than justified. The European Powers boycotted the Serbian Government for a whole year after the murder of the last Obrenovitch king, and the United States may surely do as much for



TRIUMPH OF THE CROSS IN THE BALKANS

—Berlin *Kladderadatsch*

a people whose rights are being trampled upon by a tyrant. But the mere refusal of recognition is rarely enough of itself to right a wrong; it may even do an injury to the party it is intended to serve by tainting it with foreign sympathy and the suspicion of lack of patriotism. Or does Mr. Wilson mean that in the last resort the United States are prepared to defend the right by force? But when we begin to talk of force, we are already far from the spirit of William Penn. A war between Mexico and the United States would be hard to justify in the interests of either, and it might inflict injuries on both out of all proportion to the evils of a domestic tyranny. Is there a firm resting-place between the mere boycott of a Government of which one disapproves and active and warlike intervention? In the opinion of our own Foreign Office there is none, and as a boycott is likely to be ineffective as well as dangerous to our own subjects, its practice is to recognize any Government that can exhibit a formal right to the position that it occupies. The American Government does not share this view, and if it can devise means for furthering the popular side in Mexico without war it will have deserved the gratitude of all Liberal Powers. This President Wilson is endeavoring to do, so far, it must be admitted, without success."

Perhaps it would do something to calm Mexican turbulence if the usual process were reversed and water were poured on the troubled waves of oil.—*Indianapolis News*.

The voice of Senator John Works is strong for intervention in Mexico. Let John do it!—*Los Angeles Times*.

If the Philippines are a white elephant, Mexico would be at least a white mastodon.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

Senator Borah says Mexico is as bad as New York, and it doesn't seem as if anything in the world could now keep Huerta from declaring war.—*Philadelphia North American*.

Nobody seems to know what John Lind is doing in Mexico. The only certainty is that he isn't playing a trombone in a brass band.—*Toledo Blade*.

PREPARING STILL ANOTHER WAR IN THE BALKANS

FERDINAND of Bulgaria issued such distracted appeals to the ambassadors at his capital last month to save him from expulsion by his angered people, that Austria's conflict with Serbia over Albania was temporarily lost sight of. Ferdinand sought to retrieve himself for the eclipse of Bulgaria by an alliance with the Sultan at the expense of Greece, according to the inspired press of Athens. The Turks are convinced now that they can reconquer the territory acquired by the fighting King of the Hellenes. Ferdinand offered to help them. The Grand Vizier looked at the state of the Bulgarian forces and hesitated. Somebody's indiscretion caused the tale of these negotiations to leak into the *Vienna Neue Freie Presse* and Ferdinand found that he had added a diplomatic discomfiture to his military collapse. The movement to depose him looks formidable to some French dailies. The past seven weeks have been filled with reports of encounters involving Greeks, Servians and Albanians. The *Noroye Vremya* (St. Petersburg) refuses to regard as "skirmishes" conflicts which involve hundreds of lives and continue from

day to day. The Albanians, it says, are armed with Austrian rifles and Maxims, which are unobtainable anywhere by ordinary purchase. Austrian and Bulgarian officers are said to be leading bands in Albania. Austria-Hungary is charged with organizing and directing an attack on Serbia and the concert of Europe. The unanimity of the St. Petersburg press in condemning official Vienna for sanctioning, in the creation of Albania, a state of things perilous to peace is supposed to reflect Russian policy in the Balkans. The situation, says the *Paris Temps*, is charged with the gravest possibilities.

Willingness of Austria to
Fight Over Albania.

A THEORETICAL Albania exists on a map made by the Vienna foreign office for the integrity of which Austria-Hungary will fight Serbia. This is the new crisis, according to the Berlin *Vorwärts*, the Socialist organ, well informed on such topics. German dailies of the inspired sort are convinced, nevertheless, that the Balkan peace will not be of short duration. It is based on bayonets, to be sure, notes the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, in touch with diplomatic opinion, and it must rest on bayonets for a long time to come. No one imagined in 1871, however, that the peace between France and Germany would be permanent, and yet it has been maintained by bayonets and the aid of alliances. The inspired *Kreuz-Zeitung* ventures to hope that Vienna will see the futility of fighting for her particular map of the Balkans. Germany, it says, is absolutely loyal to her ally, but she is bound to remind that ally of the perilous path now being trod. Austria, in the judgment of the *Vossische Zeitung*, is making a great mistake and Germany, tho Austria's ally, can not be expected to fight for someone else's mistake. Thus are persistent rumors of a serious difference between Berlin and Vienna over Balkan policy countenanced by inspired newspapers.

Austria-Hungary Gets
Her Way in Albania.

SERBIA at the last moment decided to yield to demands from Vienna by evacuating her strong position in Albania. This circumstance, in consideration of a "sort of understanding" between Ferdinand and the Sultan, was hailed in Berlin as assuring peace in the Balkans indefinitely. Quite different are the views set forth in the



THE BALANCE OF POWER IN THE BALKANS

—Stanch Jugend

Neue Freie Presse, reflecting the Ballplatz. It would be the grossest self-delusion to anticipate an understanding between Greece and Turkey. "The situation is still so grave that an unexpected incident, involving measures of expulsion, say, might evoke a crisis. It is regrettable that through the Balkan war the situation there, instead of becoming simplified, is in reality more complicated than ever." The existing situation is impossible—is known to official Vienna to be impossible. The "emancipated" elements in the Balkans would really go back to Turkey before they would endure for long the new conditions made for them. "The position of Turkey herself has become so strengthened as to form the vital factor in the future of the Balkans." These facts have not yet penetrated to the consciousness of Europe, concedes this expert, but they will be known before long—"then the deluge."

The New Hatreds in the Balkans.

FERDINAND holding the Bulgarian throne with difficulty, Constantine anxious to fight for a bit of Albania, Peter sullen because Serbia was cowed by Austria, the Sultan in the hands of the war party, Charles of Rumania holding a pistol to Ferdinand's head—this is the Balkan "peace," says the sarcastic *Independence Belge* of Brussels. The fact that William II. and the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne have been brought to something like a personal quarrel over German failure to stand by the Hapsburgs does not improve the prospect. There has been an unpleasant question of veracity, moreover, between the King of the Hellenes and the Bulgarian sovereign on the subject of atrocities. Constantine hints also that Ferdinand has agreed to pass the Sultan's army through Bulgaria whenever it sets out to attack Greece, an insinuation which Ferdinand has just denied in so pointed a fashion that the issue of veracity, as the *Paris Débats* remarks, seems to rise afresh. That highest of all living authorities on the subject, Doctor E. J. Dillon, altho no pessimist, confesses in the *London Telegraph* that the situation "bears within itself the germs of another Balkan war," a war that may come sooner than the Germans think. Already the Balkan atmosphere is filled with insinuations of mysterious marches by night; of stealthy mobilization of Turkish troops in Asia; of the preparations of King Constantine to fall on King Ferdinand; of the efforts of King Ferdinand to save his throne by falling upon King Charles.



KIEFF

—Robinson in N. Y. Tribune

Why Things Balkan Depend on Bulgaria.

BULGARIA may be forced by lack of money, by lack of troops, by lack of allies, to accept her humiliation. Only on that basis, contends the *Paris Action*, rests the case of the optimist in the Balkans. Bulgaria herself has no idea of remaining in eclipse. She regards the events of the past few months as a turn of fortune's wheel merely. Europe is filled with stories of Ferdinand's intrigues with the Turks, his pledges from this

During his fight for office Hobson has had to call off all his wars with Japan.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Miss Elkins is married at last. There's one international problem off our hands.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

One opinion is that a recent notable wedding was a Hiit and Miss affair.—*Chattanooga Times*.

power and from that. It is impossible not to feel some sympathy with Bulgaria, admits the *London Telegraph*, yet this great British daily, better informed than any of its contemporaries on the Balkan question, gives the unhappy kingdom these suggestions:

"Now her best chance is, after patching up peace upon the most favorable conditions she can obtain, to remain quiet and to develop her own resources, in preparation, it may be, for a happier and more prosperous time hereafter. It will take her about thirty years—practically a whole generation—to recover her strength and establish on a better foundation her financial position. The worst thing she can do is to seek immediate vengeance, especially on Greece, whom she obviously regards as her most persistent enemy. There is a rumor that Sofia meditates some sort of alliance with Constantinople. The recent disturbances at Gumuldjina may suggest the difficulty of keeping order even in the territory which is allotted to her, and it is just possible that she may be tempted to invoke Ottoman help. There could be nothing more unfortunate than this conjuncture for the future of the Balkan Peninsula, nor anything more likely to frustrate European wishes. We do not suppose that Sofia will be deterred by any considerations as to the impropriety of uniting Christians and Moslems in a crusade against fellow-Christians in the Peninsula; but we hope that some of the far-seeing spirits in Rumania, or possibly in Russia, may intervene and prevent the conclusion of so scandalous a treaty."

Last year more than one billion pounds of coffee—almost half of the world's output—came into the United States. And even at that Colonel Roosevelt was unable to get a third cup.—*Rochester Post Express*.

Secretary Bryan says that the new tariff law will lower prices. But he does not refer, of course, to the price of Chautauque lectures.—*Los Angeles Times*.

NICHOLAS II. ON THE EVE OF ANOTHER RUSSIAN CATAclysm

RUSSIA'S fourth Duma reassembled for its second session a fortnight before the acquittal of the Jew Beiliss, at the close of the sensational ritual murder trial at Kieff. The echoes of this episode at Kieff will ring long in the ears of political St. Petersburg, predicts the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, which, like the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, an authority upon everything Russian, observes that the Czar is as strongly inclined to his "pious and patriotic policy" as ever. A very serious view of the immediate future in the dominions of Nicholas II. is taken by the

organ of Prussian conservatism last named. The world is on the eve of events more sensational than anything since the march of the proletariat of St. Petersburg upon the winter palace. Never was reaction more blind, never did a Czar surrender himself more complacently to medievalism. Elected tho the Duma was under the auspices of bureaucracy, it promises a display of parliamentary insubordination worthy of comparison with that states-general which started the French revolution. Governors, chiefs of police, military despots and exalted ecclesiasties are given to an absolutism which

knows no bounds. They set themselves above all law, they rule at their will and pleasure. There is in sight no statesman capable of inaugurating such a policy of reform as might stave off the impending cataclysm. Nicholas II. is said to have no suspicion of the extent to which the ground on which he stands has been undermined by the discontent of his people.

The Dynastic Hope of the Romanoffs

TREMENDOUS was the rejoicing at the Russian court when news of the Czarina's expectations came from Livadia, where her Majesty has been so secluded, to St. Petersburg. Nicholas II. has been assiduous in supplications to St. Seraphim, which, as the Paris *Aurora* observes, are taken far more seriously than is the Duma. His Majesty's patron has promised a son. That promise was made and kept before the Czarevitch was born and the next happy event is expected in the spring at Livadia. The expectation of another prince has made all other considerations of small consequence. The campaign against Premier Kokovtsoff leaves the Czar indifferent. He signs rescripts, decrees, edicts without scrutiny, a fact indicated by the absence of those marginal notes and corrections on state documents to which he was so prone a year or two ago. He took a profound interest in the Balkan war, says the Berlin *Vorwärts*, because a question of religion was involved; but he has lost interest in the far eastern crisis. He is altogether with the reactionary Black Hundred, with whose activities against the Jews he did not interfere last year or this.

How the World is Deceived Regarding Russia.

EXCEPTIONAL as may be the legislation to be forced through the Duma this winter, aggressive as may be the Black Hundred, sanguinary as may be the pogroms of the immediate future, vigorous as may be both police brutality and bureaucratic representation, Russian reaction faces its day of reckoning. The *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels) has no doubt of that, its prediction being verified by reports at first hand in the British and German dailies. The only class in Russia which is tolerably quiet at present is the peasantry. The number of strikes is increasing. The wage-earners are recovering from the blow which paralyzed the proletariat of the cities after the fall of Witte. Rosy as may be the reports in the London *Times* and the Paris *Débats* of the present state of Russia, they leave out of account facts known to Doctor Theodor Schiemann, Emperor William's expert on foreign affairs, to



INNOCENT!

Medil Beiliss, the humble Jew whose trial in Kieff for "ritual murder" has awakened a storm of protests from all over the world, was declared not guilty after two years of confinement in a Russian prison.

Doctor Dillon, of the London *Telegraph*, to President Rodzianko, of the Duma, and to M. Gutchkoff, who speaks for the commercial interests. The high finance of Europe is satisfied with things as they are in St. Petersburg, we read in the Berlin *Tageszeitung*; but no one else is, except the court circle. Even the *Noroye Iremnya* of St. Petersburg comments measily upon the "coming storm," remarking that "our society is ill at ease." The nation, it adds, "is seized with a feeling of dissatisfaction at the course of Russian political life" and is passing through a mood which vividly reminds one of that which prevailed eight or nine years ago. The revolutionary elements are once more gaining the upper hand, it fears, and altho "a revolution may be distant, it would be idle to shut one's eye to the dangers on the road we are traveling." The reactionary sheet writes thus to justify further repression, comments the London *News*; but "the diagnosis is sound, just the same." As revolt rears its head higher in Russia, it becomes increasingly difficult for the censor to keep the truth from Europe.

The Jew in Russia to be Harried Afresh.

SELDOM has the Jewish population in Russia faced an ordeal like that now before it, in the opinion of the Socialist Paris *Humanité*, which confirms the gloomy prognostications of the Manchester *Guardian* on the outlook. It would be a mistake to suppose, says the latter, that the authors of the present agitation against the Jews are animated by motives of religious fanaticism. They base their calculations solely on the ignorance and latent bigotries of the crowd of pious Russians. They are attempting to corrupt for base purposes the best that is in the Russian peasant, his religious instinct. This instinct is the strongest pillar of the throne. To a certain extent, the anti-Jewish campaign has been a success, despite the fiasco at Kieff. Even in St. Petersburg, where there are comparatively few Jews and where the Semitic question has nothing of the acuteness it possesses in the south, the legend that the Jews slay children for their ritualistic purposes is circulated in the gossip at church doors, at the small shops and markets and in the streets. In Kieff and in southern Russia generally the feeling is far more intense, and some deputies in the Duma reflect the feeling in their constituencies when they say Beiliss was guilty.

What the Kieff Sensation Really Means.

BEILISS, the humble Jew, embodied what may, the London *Times* says, prove a final fight for existence on the part of the innermost powers of reaction—"the old unyielding party; the now almost isolated extreme right"—against all the modern forces in Russia. Once it loses its hold over the mind of the Czar, the extreme right is defenceless before the fury of an aroused nation. Knowing this, Nicholas II. is kept in a tutelage rendered easy by his mysticism, his fear of assassination and his distrust of new forces, new faces and new ideas. His mind is mirrored in the St. Petersburg *Zemstchina*, which clings to the ritual murder agitation in spite of everything. "A challenge has been thrown down," it says, among other things. "The Jews think to crush Russia by the weight of gold watered with the blood of Christian children. Let them remember that there are still many brave defenders of Holy Russia to whom death for their Czar and their country is dear. Let them remember that Russian youth is rising for a struggle against the Jewish horde. Forward, brothers, with courage for the salvation of our dear country." This paper is immovable in its conclusion that the boy Yushinsky was a ritual-murder victim. Not one champion of the theory that Jews commit ritual murder seems to have been influenced by the outcome.



IT TOOK TWENTY TONS OF DYNAMITE TO MAKE THIS PICTURE

This is the scene when Gamboa dike was blown up, and the last remaining barrier separating the waters of the Pacific Ocean from the Panama Canal was removed. The spark that fired the blast was set in motion by the tip of President Wilson's forefinger, touching a button in the White House more than two thousand miles away.

What the Roman Catholic Priest Said at the Kieff Trial.

IN SPITE of the eagerness of exalted ecclesiastical dignitaries in communion with Ronie, including cardinals and archbishops, to protest against the charge of ritual murder against Jews, one of the conspicuous figures at the trial of the prisoner in Kieff was a Roman Catholic priest, Father Justinus Elisejevitch Pranaitis. He is a master or teacher of theology and a diocesan of the Turkestan province, an authority on Hebrew literature, aged about fifty and, we read, "an intellectual man with fine features." He was summoned as an expert witness and he based his testimony, as he claimed, on arguments in the Talmud, the writings of learned Jews and the reports of medieval trials. Here are his deductions, as given in the *London Standard*:

"1. The Jewish religion not only does not prohibit the killing of Christians, but, on the contrary, permits, encourages, and recommends such murders.

"2. The Jewish religion ascribes symbolic, magic, and curative properties to the blood so derived, especially if the blood be that of a male.

"3. The Jewish religion even permits the partaking of such blood.

"4. From a long series of quotations from Jewish books it is clearly shown to be possible that the blood offerings practised in the Temple at Jerusalem until the seventieth year after the birth of Christ have been replaced since the destruction of the Temple by the offering of the blood of non-Jews. . . .

"With these premises as a foundation, and taking into consideration the historical facts as to ritual murders, I am forced to draw the following conclusions:

"(a) Ritual murders of Christians by the Jews are not fictions, but actually do take place.

"(b) These murders are the outcome of fanaticism, that is to say, of the carrying to absurd lengths of deductions logically drawn from the Jewish religion and its prescriptions. To judge from the essential facts, from the circumstances of the murder, the lack of motive, the character of the crime, the mode of torture

employed, the number, nature, and situation of the wounds, the loss of blood from the body, the absence of blood traces on the clothing, on the body, and at the place where the body was found, and, finally, the period at which the murder was committed (near the Passover), the murder of the boy Yushinsky at Kieff possesses all the characteristic features of a typical ritual murder, at least until some other hypothesis can be demonstrated."

King Alfonso heroically asserts that if Spain declares for a republic he will be among the first to offer it his sword. "If we can't lick 'em, we'll jine 'em."—*Boston Traveler*.

If England persists in her attitude of friendliness toward Huerta, we might retaliate by recognizing the belligerency of Ulster.—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

JOHN REDMOND IS THREATENED WITH POLITICAL RUIN

NEW and strange as is the face just put upon the Ulster crisis by the seriousness with which Prime Minister Asquith now takes the "civil war," the effect upon the position of John Redmond seems stranger still. That hero of the long parliamentary struggle for Home Rule had staked his career, his very political existence, upon the fate of the measure which has brought Belfast to her open breach with the law. Mr. Redmond, as his faithful *Freeman's Journal* is forever repeating in Dublin, carries on the parliamentary tradition of the great Biggar and the greater Parnell. Mr. Redmond is for parliamentary action. He has frowned upon Fenian tactics, upon Sinn Feiners, upon that breed of Irish patriots who insist that parliamentary methods must be abandoned in favor of "direct action." The introduction of a Home Rule bill by the Liberals, its progress towards enactment

and the constant assurances in London Liberal dailies that Ulster's civil war is the idlest mummery combined to keep Mr. John Redmond in the seat of his power. He has suppressed the irreconcilable element with the iron hand. "The Sinn Fein leaders themselves," notes a well-informed observer in *The Dublin Review*, "have expressed their willingness to give parliamentarianism one last chance and have deliberately refrained from action during the past few years." Ulster's civil war, to quote the *London Saturday Review*, turns out suddenly "no laughing matter." Belfast does openly what Dublin dare not attempt by stealth. A great Conservative statesman, Mr. F. E. Smith, pledges his party's support to Sir Edward Carson, organizer of Ulster's civil war. Finally comes the announcement that the ministry may "except" Ulster, and may go the length of holding a fresh general election at this eleventh hour.

How Mr. Redmond
Keeps His Party's
Courage Up.

SERENE as is the deportment of John Redmond while, as the *Yorkshire Post* observes, the ground is boiling under his feet, his followers are represented as in a state of chronic panic. Their agitation results from the sensational offer of Winston Churchill, strongest pillar of the Asquith ministry next to Lloyd George, to leave Ulster, or the Protestant part of it, out of the Home Rule bill. Mr. John Redmond heard from his people at home immediately. He saw the Prime Minister. In another week, Winston Churchill made another speech. The offer to exempt northeast Ulster was withdrawn—that is, the *London Spectator* says it is withdrawn; but the oracular character of the speeches on the crisis by Liberal statesmen during the past six weeks lends itself to many interpretations. Mr. John Redmond has had to say plain things to Mr. Asquith about a possible transfer of the Home Rule fight from Westminster to the hill-sides of Ireland. The Sinn Féiners have talked of taking a leaf from Ulster's book—of setting up an independent provisional government in Dublin. Only Mr. John Redmond remains perfectly calm. His Dublin organ declines to take Ulster seriously. His speeches are full of the coming Irish parliament and the Irish executive responsible to it.

England Deals Home
Rule a Great Blow.

IN HIS anxiety to avoid even an appearance of division among Home Rulers just now, Mr. John Redmond refused to fight a parliamentary vacancy in Cork, where his enemy, Mr. William O'Brien, is so strongly entrenched. Mr. O'Brien, while a Home Ruler of the "conciliation" school, makes no concealment of his belief that Mr. Redmond has got Ireland up a blind alley. He has paid a heavy price to Mr. Asquith for goods which that statesman is unable to deliver. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Joseph Devlin and other brilliant Home Rulers were still on tour, predicting the establishment of an Irish parliament in Dublin before the new year ends, when the great English constituency of Reading, safely Liberal in five successive elections, went over to the opposition in an almost unprecedented political overturn. The successful candidate had placed the Home Rule issue to the fore at every stage of the furious campaign. He takes the seat vacated by the elevation of Sir Rufus Isaacs, of Marconi scandal fame, to the post of Lord Chief Justice. "I ask you," said Captain Leslie Wilson, the unionist candidate, in every speech, "to give a decisive vote against the Home Rule bill." How uneasy the Prime Minister was at the prospect is demonstrated to the Union-

ist *London Times* by the efforts of such Liberal organs as the *Manchester Guardian* and the *London Westminster Gazette* to make it appear that the Irish question was subordinated at Reading to the Marconi affair, involving the present Lord Chief Justice in one of the greatest political scandals in English politics. The supreme martyr of the Liberal defeat to the *London Telegraph* is Mr. John Redmond. Roman Catholic Ireland begins to tremble for Home Rule. There have been defeats at by-elections in recent months, but none other that disconcerted Mr. Asquith so completely, unless the Unionist organs deceive themselves.

How Prime Minister
Asquith Would Meet
His Irish Crisis.

IF THE Prime Minister can have his way, the Home Rule bill will be put on the statute book in short order and parliament will be dissolved immediately. Such is the policy according to the well-informed *London Telegraph*. It is "silly," according to Augustine Birrell, who advises the Liberal ministry on such points, to think of a general election before Ireland is given her Dublin parliament. Yet the Prime Minister is thinking of just that, observes the *London Mail*, and the *Dublin Independent*, eager for Home Rule, fears the pressure upon Mr. Asquith just now. He had high hopes regarding those sweeping proposals for land reform just formulated by Mr. Lloyd George in a desperate effort, as the *London Times* deems it, to divert the minds of the English from Home Rule and from Ulster. This is merely the view of what to Lloyd George himself is "the landlord press"—the *London Post*, and the *London Telegraph*, among others. The new ministry of land, the breaking up of great territorial estates, the adoption of something more or less like a single tax—all features of the scheme commend themselves to the *London Chronicle* and the *London News*. They predict the subsidence of the Irish crisis as unreal compared with the economic importance of the agrarian revolution undertaken by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But he is simply using "the cottage question" because his hour of reckoning is at hand, sneers the *London Telegraph*. "A spectacular display of good intentions towards agriculture has long been recognized as the electioneering expedient which ministers were holding in reserve against such a situation as confronts them now."

Religious Issues Complicate the Dublin Strike.

DUBLIN has practically completed the third month of her great strike, with Mr. James Larkin, the agitator, at odds with the Roman Catholic priests. The issue be-

tween them reached the breaking point when he involved himself in efforts to send children from Catholic Dublin to Protestant Belfast. A crowd of Hibernians, headed by several priests, surrounded the children and their escort and kept them from the train. The effect has been favorable to the strikers. The Archbishop of Dublin, despite the persistent refusal of the employers to hire any one connected with Mr. Larkin's combination of the unskilled, has besought the capitalists to waive at least their refusal of a conference. James Larkin himself, the son of a Fenian but born in England, has been organizing proletarians from Belfast to Cork for the last five years. He claims to have a divine mission to make men and women discontented. His activities in Dublin brought on a street-railway strike, then a dock strike, then a factory strike. The Dublin papers denounce him as a syndicalist, a socialist, an anarchist and an atheist. Even the trade-union press has no use for this man who has just been freed from a jail, *The Toiler* (Dublin) deeming him irresponsible. The interference of the priests with the trip of the strikers' children to Belfast, however, has incensed the men of Ulster and lighted afresh the fires of Drogheda.

The Rival Races in Ireland Dividing England.

BEHIND the report of a compromise on Home Rule, the Sinn Féiners suspect the conciliatory tendencies of Mr. John Redmond. Ulster would have been "excepted" with his consent, surmises the *London Spectator*, but for the determination of his lieutenant, Mr. Joseph Devlin. It may be that Prime Minister Asquith shrinks from the task of suppressing a sanguinary insurrection in the north of Ireland. His only alternative is the suppression of a sanguinary insurrection on a larger scale in the south of Ireland. This dilemma has, it seems, actually been "put up to" the head of his Majesty's government. Mr. John Redmond has intimated that he begins to find the task of holding patriotic Ireland like a hound in leash somewhat of a strain. Ulster in the capacity of a "bluff" amused Dublin, but an Ulster taken seriously rouses the fighting blood of the Hibernians. Thus does it become more and more certain, as the *London Post* confesses, that Ireland is the home of two races, distinct, opposed, implacable in their mutual hostility. The situation tends rapidly to get out of hand. Cool observers in the *London Times* refer anxiously to the accident that may precipitate a tragedy at any moment. Ulster, primed for civil war, would be a small affair compared with Dublin realizing that she had been dished. The first victim, says our contemporary, would be John Redmond.

Persons in the Foreground

HENNESSY, THE STAR PERFORMER IN THE ANTI-TAMMANY CAMPAIGN

IF YOU are interested in the fate of Tammany Hall, you should be interested in the story of John A. Hennessy. For Hennessy is the man who, almost overnight, changed the betting odds from 5 to 4 in favor of McCall to 2 to 1 (and later 4 to 1) in favor of Mitchel in New York's mayoralty election last month. Hennessy was the man who "got down to brass tacks" in his attacks upon Tammany. Sulzer gyrated and orated and dealt in glittering generalities. But Hennessy particularized, naming names, giving dates, specifying sums. He was a Gatling gun, revolving on a pivot, and raking the whole Tammany field of operations from Brooklyn to Buffalo. None of his cartridges were

blank, and there was no Maxim silence to deaden the noise of the explosions. Everybody in New York City knows that the most sweeping defeat Tammany Hall has ever sustained and which may even result in its dissolution was due to two events—the death of Gaynor and the advent upon the scene of a man practically unknown—John A. Hennessy.

Hennessy's work did not end on Election Day. His facts and figures were not the sort that evaporate when the campaign is over. The district attorney, Whitman, has already started a Grand Jury investigation, and Governor Glynn is looking for a man to resume the graft inquiries suddenly suppressed by the legislature when Sul-

zer was impeached. Hennessy is supplying the material for both investigations. Something as historic as the jailing of Tweed may yet grow out of it all.

Hennessy—don't be surprised!—is an Irishman, a red-headed Irishman at that. He was born 54 years ago in Waterford, Ireland, but came to this country before he was of age. His father, John C., soon became city editor of the *N. Y. Times*, and John Aloysius himself came to the assistance of the same paper as an office boy. Then he became a cub reporter on *The Mail and Express*. He made good and in the course of a few years found himself at the city editor's desk on the *Press*. When the last-named paper was sold to Frank A. Munsey, several years ago, John A. Hennessy had become its managing editor. He remained in that position after the sale, but he didn't remain long. Munsey had an idea about every five minutes, and called Hennessy up on the telephone to tell him what to do about it. Being red-headed and lacking the invincibly placid nature of Bob Davis, Hennessy became restive. One day he informed his staff that he was quitting. Every man and boy of them, we are told, reached for his hat and coat to quit with him. He dissuaded them from such a course, but he was deeply touched by their exhibition of personal loyalty.

Before this, however, Hennessy had been active in politics in Brooklyn. He helped smash the McLaughlin machine. He helped put Gaynor on the bench and send John Y. McKane to prison. He was elected to the Assembly two or three times and organized a group of progressive Democrats who defeated the insurance lobbyists long before the Hughes investigation began. He got himself arrested, with fifteen other assemblymen, by the sergeant-at-arms for his over-zealous pugnacity in a good cause. It was at this time he and Sulzer first met, and Hennessy came to be known then as "Sulzer's mentor." But the McCarren machine, which succeeded the McLaughlin machine in Brooklyn, ended Hennessy's official career, and he returned to journalism.

Since severing his relations with Munsey, Hennessy has had his hands full. Mayor Gaynor at once made him chairman of a commission to investigate *The City Record*, New York's



A WELL-DISGUISED MAN OF PEACE

John Aloysius Hennessy was named after two saints and he is a member of the advisory council of the American Peace Society. But when he started on his anti-Tammany campaign, he looked like a combination of buzzsaw, bulldog and Gatling gun. In a few hours he changed the betting odds from 5 to 4 in favor of McCall to 2 to 1 in favor of Mitchel.

municipal paper. When he had cleaned out a few Augean stables there, Governor Sulzer called him to Albany to probe into the records of the state architect, the highway department, and the barge canal contracts. The material he acquired in these investigations is the material he used so effectively in the recent campaign. It cost Hennessy \$1,800 of his own savings to acquire it. When his probe began to reach the Tammany contractors, the legislature withheld any further appropriations. That didn't stop this red-headed Irishman. He raised ten or

twelve thousand dollars from private sources and added to it from his own bank account. That information reaches the public not from Hennessy himself but from his friend, Henry L. Stoddard, editor of the *N. Y. Evening Mail*. Hennessy rendered great service to Sulzer in his impeachment fight; but before it was over, he confided to Quinn, editor of the *Daily News*, his disgust with Sulzer, who, he said, couldn't tell the truth. "Sulzer," he said, "is absolutely crazy, and if they don't put him out they will have to establish a regency."

Hennessy is of medium height and stocky build. He was educated in the Union schools of Ireland, in Maynooth College, and in the law school of the New York University. He was pictured during the campaign as an Irish terrier, but that, he says, gives a false impression. An Irish terrier wants to scrap all the time, and Hennessy declares himself a man of peace. He is even a member of the advisory board of the American Peace Society. Finally, he disclaims any desire for office and asserts that he will not accept one if it is offered to him.

MURPHY, THE TERRIBLE OGRE OF AMERICAN POLITICS

IN POLITICS men are apt to revert to the style of the fairy books and dramatize virtue and vice in the face of individuals.

We are sometimes short on political heroes who embody all the virtues, but we are seldom short on political ogres who embody all the vices. Back as far as the memory of living men reaches, Tammany Hall has furnished the favorite specimen of ogre found in the country. Other ogres might fail us in time of need by shamelessly displaying some redeeming qualities, especially after an election; but we have always fallen back upon the big chief of Tammany Hall, whoever he might be, with unshaken faith in his diabolical wickedness. He is the real monster who never grows good. And of all the Tammany ogres, none other since the days of Tweed has filled the rôle so well as Murphy has filled it. Croker took the part pretty well, but he was too good-looking a man, in spite of the bulldog qualities in his face, to inspire the due amount of horror. But Murphy is not good-looking. His outstanding ears, his thick lips, his dull, unrevealing eyes, his large chops, assist the imagination. One may easily read into his rather formless features whatever one's fancy dictates. Yet, as a matter of fact, according to Robert Adamson, manager of the fusion forces, Murphy is fifty per cent. better than Croker was. Not Murphy but the Tammany system, says Adamson, is the real peril to good government.

No other man in America is so much talked about and so little known. None other has had thrown at his head so many charges with so few specifications. For more than ten years he has been the Tammany chief and never until now has there been talk of having him indicted. Hennessy is the first man to make his charges specific, and if they are proved in a court of law, Mr. Murphy may soon find the climate disagreeing with him. The offense with which he is charged—re-

ceiving campaign contributions and not accounting for them—is now a criminal offense in New York State, made so by a law passed only two years ago.

What was the early life of Charles Francis Murphy? Very little seems to be known by the newspaper and magazine biographers. He used to drive a street-car in the streets of New York, it is said. His two brothers, John and William, ran a saloon at one time, and rumor has it that Charles, the younger brother, tended bar. But no one speaks with assurance as to his early activities. "Who's Who In America" gives to his career just five and one-half lines. He was born in New York City

fifty-five years ago. He was educated at the public schools. Being Irish, the three Murphy boys were all Tammany adherents before they could vote, in those early days when Tammany Hall was a sort of Irish clan. William was a Tammany leader when Charles was still in knickerbockers. By a natural process Charles developed into an office-holder, becoming commissioner of docks and ferries. As far back as 1892, when he was but 34 years old, he became chairman of the Tammany Hall Democracy, Croker then being chief. When Croker stepped out in 1902, Lewis Nixon went in to make a new Tammany, but gave up in despair after a few months. A triumvirate



NOBODY LOVES HIM NOW, NOT EVEN SULZER

Charles Francis Murphy, for ten years Chief of the Tammany tribe, has led his party into the most disastrous defeat it has encountered since the days of Tweed. The hungry tiger, seeing no food in sight for four years, is beginning to eye its trainer with gleaming eyes.

was selected to govern, of which Murphy was a member. "Two-spot," "Joke," and "Sport," Devery derisively called the three men. Murphy was "Sport," and in a few more months his ability to keep his mouth shut and his success in not making personal enemies secured him the undisputed chieftainship. The truth is Tammany was all at sea as to a leader. No man seemed to have the qualifications, and after waiting as long as they dared, the braves rallied around Murphy for his negative virtues. He was not elected. No one is ever elected chief of the Tammany tribe. Croke once explained the process as follows: "A leader in Tammany is not made. He is like Topsy—he just grows. It is this way; the district leaders come to regard one of their number as most competent to lead and naturally they defer to him. The executive committee does not select any one. It may select an assistant for a leader, and he may develop into a leader, but there is no actual election of a leader."

For ten years Murphy has reigned with a fair degree of success. He was wary. He did not pick out typical Tammany men for his leading candidates. After a hard struggle, he extended his power to Brooklyn. He extended it to the state organization. He won elections, but he had to nominate men he could not control in order to win them. He nominated Hearst for governor, a man whom he hated. He nominated Dix, who was not a Tammany man, and Sulzer, who was, but whom he could not control. He elected McClellan and Gaynor to the mayoralty and they both kicked over the traces. When he picked McCall for mayor this year, a reliable Tammany man, everything indicated his election. The sudden death of Gaynor, a little later, and the tremendous crash attending Sulzer's impeachment upset all calculations. No Tammany leader since Tweed has faced such a débâcle as Murphy now

faces. He has lost nearly everything and lost it not for two but for four long years. With four lean years just behind him and four more lean years just ahead of him, the situation looks more desperate not only for him as leader but for the very existence of Tammany Hall than ever before since the famous organization was formed. He has lost control of the state government, and the Democratic President is picking out his enemies for federal offices. Franklin D. Roosevelt, leader of the anti-Tammany Democrats in the legislature, has been given a high post in the federal government. McAdoo is secretary of the treasury. John Purroy Mitchell was selected for collector of the port. There never was such a chance to give the tiger his death-blow as there is to-day.

Still Murphy sits silent and sphinx-like. Still he whispers and nods. "Of all leaders in political organization life," says one writer, "he talks the least and listens the most." He listens but he does not comment. He has few intimates—not more than half a dozen men, perhaps, to whom he will talk without reserve. A writer in the *Chicago Tribune* gives us this description:

"Murphy has a big desk at Tammany Hall—a big, impressive desk—upon which he leans, but does not write. He does not believe in writing. During a campaign he is there every day. One by one his organization leaders are admitted and invited to sit in the chair drawn close to that of the boss. Then the two of them put their heads together—ear to lip and lip to ear—and whisper. Tammany is probably the greatest organization of the most expressive noddors in politics. Likewise one of the most expensive. A nod from Murphy—and kingdoms fall. During these conferences he never takes a note. Whatever goes into his head stays there. Perhaps forever and aye. Perhaps for only so long as it will take him to pass it on to the proper divisional aid."

Most of his followers must see him, if at all, at Tammany Hall. A chosen

few, however, see him at Delmonico's, where he has a private room and a private table. He has a town home at 305 East Seventeenth street, a country estate at Good Grounds, private rooms at the Oakland golf course, a room at the Shinnecock golf course, and he takes time pretty regularly each year to go to Atlantic City and to Hot Springs.

Everywhere he goes he carries his privacy and reticence with him. Even to a state convention Murphy goes in a private car surrounded by a few of his henchmen, and when at the convention he remains invisible to all but a few in his hotel apartment. "Seldom does he show himself in public. Now and then he may be seen for a moment or two in the lobby of the hotel, but usually when he leaves his room it is to go to some quiet, secluded eating place where he may be surrounded by his friends and where, unwatched by the curious, they may get their heads as close together as the size of the table and the assembled food permits, and there settle the hash of the people as well as that of the proprietor."

Where does he get his money? Bourke Cochran, who was for years an insider in Tammany Hall, declares that Murphy has amassed a private fortune of \$15,000,000. Says Cochran: "Sulzer merely made the great mistake of supposing that his nomination entitled him to prey as the inside circle of select bosses always has preyed. Now I know that for every campaign a fund large enough to run six campaigns has been raised, and that this fund has largely gone by secret channels to swell the \$15,000,000 of Mr. Murphy's private fortune."

We shall probably know more about Mr. Murphy's sources of income in the near future. Mr. Hennessy's charges and specifications are in the hands of District Attorney Whitman, and a special panel has been ordered for a Grand Jury.

ALFONSO COSTA: THE MOST EXECRATED RULER IN EUROPE

DESPITE that unexpected failure to blow Premier Costa of Portugal to pieces, which is a source of such chagrin to the royalists of Europe, there seems little doubt that the great republican's life is in dire peril. The female members of his household would not, at last accounts, let him out of their sight. He drinks nothing unless it is first tasted by one of his nieces. When he goes to bed the room is searched for bombs. Even the linen of the household is no longer sent to the laundry, lest one of the

doctor's shirts be returned with a deadly coat of some subtle poison on the bosom.

Never was mortal more serene than Costa as he dedicates himself to liberty in the shadow of death, we read in the *Lisbon Mundo*, his own inspired organ, altho the less friendly *London Post* pictures the man trembling behind the lines of bayonets between him and the vengeance of mankind. His eyes—furtive and cruel, according to the *British daily*, but frank and benevolent in the character sketch of the Portuguese paper—wear themselves

out nightly over fresh decrees for the extension of his country's liberty. What is left of his hair grows whiter visibly with every fresh attempt to slay him, notes the monarchical *Gaulois* (Paris). He is thinner than he was. The scholarly stoop of the shoulders is accentuated. The mouth quivers when the dictator is striving most to conceal his agitation. For a man in his prime, he walks slowly, tottering. The expression of the typically Latin face is stern, almost forbidding. The old smile is gone.

The brain of Costa is as keen as ever,

perhaps more subtle. In asserting so much, the *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels) adds that the premier of Portugal is one of the very clever men of this age. Destiny has pent him up in a parish, but he has the genius to rule a world. Few men have his intimate knowledge of the sciences, his insight into human character, his brilliance in speech. He took charge of an invalid republic when it seemed doomed and he has foiled royalists who were rich when he could not pay his own troops. In a land of illiterates he has set a school system on its feet. His sway over a fussy and talkative parliament has been absolute. He is to-day the most execrated of mankind, no doubt, but that circumstance is the royalist tribute to his personality, his efficiency. He has exemplified the will to rule by striking terror into the foes of the republic. The Church is against him, the powers distrust him, high finance will not recognize him, and conspiracy plans one attempt after another upon his life. He makes the most daring Socialistic experiments. He defies his own followers to unhorse him. He lives in a chronic financial and political crisis. He gets on in spite of everything. The triumph, we read, is one of personality alone.

The foundation of Costa's character, says the French daily, is its decision. He has the precious gift of knowing not only what to do but when to do it. The adamant firmness of his determination goes with a softness of speech, a sweetness of manner and a readiness to listen which impart to this man of iron many of the aspects of a dressed doll. He has the neatness and newness of look of a dressed doll with his well-brushed boots, his impeccable linen and the American crease in his trousers. How different that right-hand man of his, Doctor Brito Camacho—all republican leaders in Portugal are doctors—so careless of dress, so brusque in speech, so averse to society! Costa is politeness itself, his most cutting sarcasm being expressed in terms of a very polished courtesy. His readiness at retort, by which he saves difficult situations, is deemed miraculous. When his kitchen blew up one day as a result of fresh royalist attentions, he remarked to the guest in the dining room: "I have escaped another attack of indigestion." His stomach is not strong. That is why he lives so much on fruit. But his self-control is perfect. The last time he was poisoned he superintended the working of the stomach pump cheerfully.

Altho Costa is denounced in the



THE PORTUGUESE FREETHINKER WHOM THE ROYALISTS CALL A MONSTER

Doctor Alfonso Costa, Prime Minister of the republic set up when Don Carlos was slain, is a hero to his friends, a man of sorrow and of virtue, but he is accused of cruelty to aged nuns and of planning a wholesale massacre in Lisbon.

clerical press of Europe as an atheist, denying God and worshipping reason in the French revolutionary manner, it seems from the Belgian daily just named that he believes in a supreme being. Like so many of the revolutionists in Lisbon, he has read Comte with admiration. He has the modern mind, going in for eugenics, disarmament and political equality of the sexes. His scientific interests keep him still in his laboratory, where he loves to make experiments with agar preparations and with stained bacteria. His knowledge of medicine is vouched for as wide and practical. He has the professional unction of the Latin medical man and the catlike tread of one used to the sick-room. He has the Portuguese head, finely rounded, with the romantic dark eye and poetical melancholy of expression due to the intimacy of former contact with the Moors. Quick as are Costa's gestures, they are always perfectly graceful, even aristocratic. He takes pains to conceal that through one of his grandfathers he is a descendant of a court-favorite under King John. Costa is most anxious to be deemed self-made and plebeian. He is a trifle vain of his rise to greatness under difficulties.

All the intimates of Costa deny the "blood lust," the sanguinary moods, the love of cruelty of which so much is made in the London *Post* and other conservative European dailies. They paint him as a monster, lurking for the well-born, inventing tortures for men and women of noble birth in dungeons. He is accused of turning Roman Catholic faith into a mockery

by gross allusions to the mystery of the immaculate conception. His talk has been described as a string of blasphemies. The sight of a priest, we read in one or two monarchical pamphlets, makes Costa froth at the mouth. These impressions of the man, according to the Socialist *Avanti* of Rome, and the radical *Chronicle* of London, are caricatures. He is neither bloody nor blasphemous and there are lines in the *Lusiad* which he can not read without tears. His love for children is conspicuous, as the boys and girls of the Lisbon schools can attest. He led a crusade against child labor at a time when under the monarchy powerful vested interests threatened him with a loss of his livelihood. His favorite reading, it is added, includes the book of Job, Doctor Costa having a remarkable familiarity with the text of the Scriptures.

Only the exemplary patience of a Costa could contend, says the Italian Socialist daily, with the turbulence of the men he manages. There is Doctor José d'Almeida, for instance, the passionate, the impulsive, the eloquent, another right-hand man of the Premier's. He, like Camacho, is a pillar of republican radicalism, and he, like Camacho again, is for war to the hilt against reaction, for death to priests, for the immediate emancipation of Portuguese everywhere and a redistribution of wealth. Camacho is the champion of the workman. Between them, they keep the executive, the legislature and the judiciary, in a turmoil, they organize strikes and they make wholesale arrests of the enemies of liberty. Each time a fresh attempt is made upon the life of Costa, the pair of publicists order more death warrants for political prisoners. There are hasty interventions by the Spanish minister, the French minister, the British minister. At the crisis of the negotiations, a royalist bomb explodes under the floor again.

Now, we read in the *Avanti*, Costa is most himself. Extracting a splinter from his cheek, he urges his followers, as they stream in, to retain their presence of mind for the sake of the republic. If he is injured enough to be forced to bed, he ponders matters of high policy and relieves the monotony with the writings of the sublime thinkers. His philosophical resignation to circumstances, his high courage in the face of death, his noble scorn of the reactionary and the tyrant and his disinterested devotion to the Socialistic ideal thrill our anticlerical contemporary, which, nevertheless, is suspicious of his politeness to the Por-
tuguese

gueuse bishops. At the risk of his own life, when he had a high fever, Costa, wounded, got up from his bed when last the royalists under arms invaded the soil of the republic. Even then, the daily from which we copy these details must remind us, the spirit of Costa made the episode imperishable. "Why," asked Senhor José, "is the pretender risking his life here in this fashion?" "If he stayed in Spain any longer," replied Doctor Costa, "he'd have to get married." Whether the Portuguese statesman actually says the witty things put into his mouth or not, observes our authority, those who hear him talk agree that he has cleverness enough for a playwright. In his early days he picked up a precarious livelihood by writing for the flash gazettes. The republican manifestoes reflect, we are asked to believe, the qualities of a florid but effective rhetoric for which he is famed.

The fundamental defect in Costa, according to a writer in the *London Times*, is his extremism. He has the

mind that can not compromise. He is surrounded by a handful of doctrinaires, a set of fierce radicals, who think themselves divinely appointed to usher in an era of universal happiness on earth. These men have made a cipher of the kindly Senhor Arriaga, their puppet president. When he was at the point of death recently, they left him inadequately fed in a badly ventilated dining hall of the palace, to die or get well, as he pleased. Costa, with grave face, signs decrees for the confiscation of church lands, for the redemption of the national debt with waste paper. If he took himself too seriously, the assassin, hired by the secret society now in power, would stab him to the heart. The efforts to slay Costa, it is hinted, are not all royalist. The Carbonarios sent him a floral wreath on his last birthday. The wires were an ingenious bomb. Costa was too subtle to handle the gift, too subtle to avow his suspicions when it exploded on the dining-room table. His admirers in Oporto were so indignant at the

trick that they set up a life-size statue of the Premier in Oporto made of silver. He is given a calm attitude on a pediment from which the three freedoms—of conscience, of speech and of the press—stretch forth hands of appeal to their savior.

Dom Manoel, meanwhile, is held responsible by the *Lisbon Mundo* for the impression that Costa is a fiend in human shape. The royalists have a press agent in every large capital whose business it is, apparently, to describe the premier of Portugal upon the model of Suetonius sketching a Caesar. Costa is denounced now as a cold and cruel executioner, like Robespierre, again as a fierce fanatic, like Danton or Marat. He is painted against a background of ensanguined streets through which maidens are dragged from aged parents' arms. He is said to enrich himself constantly from the spoil of patrician estates. The world is warned to beware of the voice of slander by the *Mundo*, to which Costa is all that Brutus was to Plutarch.

MR. SMITH: THE MAN OF THE HOUR IN ENGLAND'S POLITICAL CRISIS

N OBODY in England took the civil war in Ulster too seriously until Mr. Smith announced that he would fly to arms with Sir Edward Carson. The situation thereupon, as the *London Spectator* observes, changed over night. All that had looked theatrical at Belfast grew real. Even the liberal London dailies, finding Mr. Smith serious on the subject of Ulster, ceased to take her as a jest. To all of them, nevertheless, Mr. Smith embodies what they loath—the England of aristocracy and privilege, of territorial magnates and superior birth. They sneer at Mr. Smith as one left over from the early Victorian period—an English gentleman who goes most regularly to church, who sits in parliament through the family influence, who holds his Oxford degree because it is so proper, and who dines regularly with royalty itself because his social position is so good. Mr. Smith is the spoiled child of a caste system that must be swept away by Mr. Lloyd George.

How differently one sees Mr. Smith through the medium of that *London Post* to which he is the hope and pride of the English aristocracy, or that *London Times* which hails him as the man of the hour in a great crisis! The wisdom of a Burke, the eloquence of a Gladstone, the popularity of a Lord Randolph Churchill, are all his. The one political leader in the Commons whom Lloyd George dreads is Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith, moreover, is shaking the hold of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald

upon the working classes and robbing Augustine Birrell of his fame as the wittiest speaker in the Commons. Amazing tho it is to the *London News* that so ordinary an individual as Mr. Smith should be the most conspicuous figure in politics for the moment, the *London Mail* can not comprehend why so compelling a genius as his was not recognized before.

He received at his baptism the names of Frederick Edwin, but he is always referred to as "F. E. Smith." He is forty and has been in the Commons seven years. He is an Oxford Don and a barrister, with a wife and two young children. He is an authority on the literature of Greece and Rome and an expert in international law. The family is an old one and rich. This exhausts the life of Mr. Smith in the reference-book sense of it, and, as the *London Telegraph* remarks, suggests anything but a brilliant person. "Brilliant," we read in the *London World*, however, is the epithet universally applied to Mr. Smith, altho often in a bad sense. He aches, they say, to shine, to reveal the felicity and freshness of his epigrams and the incomparable grace of his gestures while making a speech. The essential characteristic of Mr. Smith to his admirers is in the combination he embodies of the fire and passion of Lloyd George, the brilliance of Mr. Asquith and the subtlety of Balfour, with the sound common sense of the ordinary man. This is the trait which lifts Mr. Smith inevitably to the leadership of the Conservative Unionist party

and leads him to the highest political honor of all. He is, again, candidly opposed to the spirit of the politics now uppermost. The throne, the lords, the landed peerage, are precious to him and he says so to the vast audiences of workmen whom he loves to set laughing and cheering by turns. He is Tory to the core.

Another of his charms is that he looks so much younger than he is. Indeed, laments the *London World*, Mr. Smith compromised himself when he came first into the Commons by having his hair so well brushed and his fingernails so well manicured. He brought from Oxford many a pretty mannerism of speech, many a classical quotation and epigrams so original that he was set down as a humbug. He made matters worse by readable comments on great poets in the French manner and by an impeccable courtesy to his opponents. In a word, we read, he behaved as would some upstart Liberal like Asquith or Birrell, anxious to prove that he is a scholar and a gentleman. Bonholders and blackguards must edit Greek plays when they get into parliament, for the sake of the intellectual respectability of that sort of thing. A well-born English gentleman like Mr. Smith need not be dazzling. For want of a little good advice on this point, Mr. Balfour at first failed. He went in for philosophy, like Haldane, another upstart. He wrote about Samuel Johnson, thus placing himself on a level with Morley.

Mr. Smith had too much intelligence

to be too clever. He made no more speeches like that famous maiden effort of his, which contained allusions to history, to philosophy, to the ancients. "The question remained," says the *London World*, "whether the new member was more than a brilliant dilettante, a sort of Arthur Balfour with more sparkle and less character." He was actually advised to turn to the Liberal side, where his versatility, his fancy, his fluency, belonged. Three weary years of obscurity went by. Mr. Smith eschewed epigram. He was not once eloquent. He ceased to read the masterpieces. He became capable of staring blankly when Plato was mentioned in his presence and he evoked derisive laughter in the Liberal ranks by pretending to have forgotten his Latin. His position was so improved by the time it devolved upon the Conservatives to select a leader of the opposition that he narrowly missed the prize. In the end it went to Mr. Bonar Law, who has the necessary lack of imagination and the indispensable freedom from any taint of brilliance.

Undaunted by failure, Mr. Smith, observes our student of him, strove more unflinchingly than ever to become the average Englishman. He produced reports on the condition of the working classes that seem insufferably statistical. He talked to the Commons about London port duties and Egyptian cotton. He insisted that he has a plain, blunt mind and that the Prime Minister is above his comprehension. By the time Mr. Smith began to impress himself upon the public as heavy and important, he floundered into the indiscretion of a sarcasm at Lloyd George's expense that set the house in a roar or relieved himself of a speech at Liverpool that recalled the sublimity of his Oxford days. The difficulty is that Mr. Smith can not be dull. He is not an average man. He should throw off the mask and be himself. He is perpetually betraying his true nature in the gleam of humor with which his keen eye lights up, in the gay laughter with which he crushes some heckler. Destiny denied him the histrionic gift and he is too poor an actor to seem as dull as Bonar Law.

He is accused of much addiction to the classics that he loves when he goes to the country. Now and then he pays a clandestine visit to the dons at Oxford for a long talk on the philosophy of history. The necessity of concealing these intellectual dissipations is held to be responsible for his activity with the automobile and his energy in drilling a force for home defense. He is not at all an outdoor person, apparently, and there is a touch of amateurishness about his golf. His fox hunting is denounced as a bit of pretense for the sake of the effect upon the Conservative party. He keeps an excellent table and entertains lavishly.



THE ENGLISH POLITICIAN WHO CAN NOT HIDE HIS BRILLIANCE

So ingrained is the conservative prejudice against shining ability that F. E. Smith, the best orator on the opposition side in the Commons, was passed over in favor of the commonplace Bonar Law when a leader was chosen. Now Mr. Smith, whose face here meets the eye, is the man of the hour in English politics.

The only really English trait in Mr. Smith is his incapacity to appreciate good music. He loves pageants and color, a trait exemplified in his neckties.

Not being at all industrious, Mr. Smith deserves praise for the amount of committee work through which he toils, as the *London World* tells us. He has no staying power. "He is a dangerous destructive critic but too volatile to carry things through." He has the intelligence to perceive the necessity for steady work but not the perseverance to accomplish it. Life's triumphs came too readily in his youth. He never formed the habits he tries so desperately to acquire in middle age. He wants to grow up but he can not, and is so tremendously effective as a spoiled child of destiny that his ambition to be anything else is tragical. The brilliant leader of a stupid party, Mr. Smith has already failed in politics, according to the Liberal press. The intimacy of his friendship with Winston Churchill tends to compromise them both.

Had the Ulster crisis not become so acute, if Lloyd George were less menacing in his land campaign, Mr. Smith might not have become the man of the hour. The Conservatives had gone in for dulness and common sense with Bonar Law, but that estimable gentleman seemed inadequate. He was obliged more and more to enlist the qualities of Mr. Smith, who could intervene at the crucial moment in a debate with roars louder than those of Lloyd George, sarcasms more invective than those of Birrell, withering

more excoriating than even Winston Churchill's. The idea that Mr. Smith was too brilliant had to be revised unless the Conservatives were willing to see the peers stripped of their acres and Ireland surrendered to the Home Rulers. The past two months have witnessed a revival of the Mr. Smith of seven years since—lithé of aspect, rich in metaphor. He hurled himself upon Ulster as if he were a tempest, tossing an arm to heaven in the O'Connell manner, says the *London Mail*, and summoning the Orangemen to arms. He returned to England and broke over the constituencies in tones of thunder.

The easy self-indulgence of the Oxford days has been put aside like an old garment. Mr. Smith is up as early in the morning as is Lloyd George himself. He affects the rose at his buttonhole, the English morning coat and stick. He clings to the silk hat in a London somewhat Americanized as regards men's attire, and he is not afraid to wear spats. He accentuates his conservatism in such details as gloves, we read, and his accent is very conspicuously English. He lifts his eyebrows and draws in his upper lip in the Israeli manner. Mr. Smith is accused by all who would belittle him as keeping the career of Israeli ever in mind. When he is a little surer of himself he will exploit that fine wit of his and cease to prose. He is weary of his drabness, his austerity. The tory clans dread all such brilliance as that of Mr. Smith; but they must take him for their leader unless, as the Liberal dailies insist, they want to go down before Lloyd George. Mr. Smith is arriving loudly.

Music and Drama

THE "SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE" UNLOCK THE GATES OF FUN

IN the "Seven Keys to Baldpate," a comedy based on a novel by the same name, by Earl Derr Biggers, George M. Cohan, prince of American entertainers, surpasses himself. He makes fun of himself and fun of his audience and, nevertheless, to borrow from the rich vocabulary of slang, "gets away with it." The first lesson that Professor Baker conveys to his pupils in the dramatic nursery of Harvard is the iron necessity of taking the audience into one's confidence. No playwright since the days of Aristophanes has disobeyed this rule, save to his own hurt. Cohan violates it not once but twice, and yet, so cleverly is his tale put together, so dexterous is his handling of his technique, that his bold departure from the fundamental rule of his craft is gloriously and hilariously vindicated.

Baldpate is the loneliest spot on earth—a summer resort in winter. Quimby, the caretaker, and his good wife arrive at Baldpate Inn late at night, instructed by a telegram from Mr. Bentley, the owner, to prepare a room for a guest. Through the drifting snow appears young Magee, author of melodramatic thrillers such as "The Scarlet Satchel." "I'm here," he explains, "to write a story, a story of Baldpate Mountain, laid in this very hotel, perhaps in this identical room. I am to complete this task within twenty-four hours, starting at midnight to-night. That is the wager which has been made between Mr. Bentley and myself. He claimed it couldn't be done. I claimed it could. Five thousand dollars' worth of his sporting blood boiled and he dug for his fountain pen and his check-book." Bentley verifies Magee's statement by telephone. Quimby and wife shake their heads. They turn over the key to Baldpate—the only one in existence, so Quimby declares—to the young novelist. They tell him that no one has ever entered Baldpate in winter except once, several years ago, when a reform wave struck the neighboring city of Reuton and a crooked politician hid his graft money in the safe that stands in the corner. The only person who lives within a mile is Peter the Hermit, a deranged misogynist who loves to frighten the people in the village below by playing at ghost of a night. After the departure of the Quimbys,

Magee puts the key in his pocket, tries the lock, and hurries upstairs to his room. The sound of his typewriter is heard. The stage is darkened for ten seconds to indicate the passage of time. A short pause of absolute silence ensues, then a young man, sinister in appearance, but surnamed Bland, is seen at the entrance to the Inn. He calmly unlocks the door and enters the room, rubbing his hands to get them warm.

Bland. A log fire! Who the devil built that? (*Thinks, snaps finger, then goes to phone and puts in plugs*) 2875 West. Hurry it along, sister. (*Magee enters from room on balcony and stands listening.*) Hello, is that you, Andy? This is Bland... Yes, Baldpate... yes, damn near frozen—Oh, awful! I thought you said Mayor Cargan would meet me here... No, no, I can't stay here all night, I'd go mad... Listen, I'll hide the money here in the safe and meet him at nine o'clock in the morning and turn it over to him then... There isn't a chance in the world of anything happening... The money's safer here than any spot on earth... I'll lock the safe as soon as I put the package in... Mayor Cargan knows the combination... My advice is to let it lay here a week. It's the last place they'll look for it. Besides, how could they get in? My key to Baldpate is the only one in existence. (*Magee, on balcony, takes out his key and looks at it.*) They don't figure we'd take the chance after the other exposure. I tell you I know best... I'll be back in town by one o'clock... I've got the president's machine waiting at the foot of the mountain... All right, goodby. (*Hangs up receiver, takes out package of money from his pocket, looks at it and around room, then goes to safe and deposits it therein. Magee starts slowly and stealthily downstairs. Bland closes the door of the safe, turns the handle and then comes down to fireplace, warming himself. As he turns his back to fire he comes face to face with Magee. Bland's hand goes to his pocket for gun.*)

MAGEE. (*Cool and collected.*) Good evening, or perhaps I should say good morning.

Bland. (*Keeping his hand on gun as he goes slowly toward Magee.*) Who are you?

MAGEE. I was just about to put that question to you.

Bland. What are you doing here?

MAGEE. I rather think I'm the one entitled to an explanation.

Bland. Did you follow me up that mountain?

MAGEE. Oh, no, I was here an hour ahead of you.

Bland. How'd you get in here?

MAGEE. (*Points.*) Through that door. Bland. You lie! There's only one key to that door and I have it right here in my pocket.

MAGEE. My dear sir, I was laboring under that same impression until a moment ago, but as your key fits the lock, and my key fits the lock, there are evidently two keys to Baldpate instead of one. (*Shows Bland key.*) See?

Bland. You mean to tell me that's a key to Baldpate?

MAGEE. Yes. That's why I became so interested in your arrival here. I heard you telephone your friend just now and declare that your key was the only one in existence. (*Laughs.*) It sort of handed me a laugh.

Bland. You heard what I said over the telephone?

MAGEE. Every word.

Bland. (*Pulls pistol.*) You don't think you're going to live to tell it, do you?

MAGEE. Have no fear on that score. I'm not a tattle tale, nor do I intend to pry into affairs that do not concern me, but I should like your answering me one question: where did you get your key to Baldpate?

Bland. None of your damned business. I didn't come here to tell the story of my life.

MAGEE. Well, you might at least relate that portion of it that has led you trespassing on a gentleman seeking seclusion.

Bland. Trespassing, eh? Who's trespassing, you or I?

MAGEE. My right here is indisputable.

Bland. Who gave you that key?

MAGEE. None of your damned business. If I remember rightly that's the answer you gave me.

Bland. You've got a pretty good nerve to talk like that with a gun in front of your face.

MAGEE. Oh, that doesn't disturb me in the least. While I have never experienced this sort of thing in real life before, I've written so much of this melodramatic stuff, and collected such splendid royalties from it all, that it rather amuses me to discover that the so-called literary trash is the real thing, after all. You may not believe it, but really, old chap, I've written you over and over again. (*Laughs heartily and slaps Bland on shoulder.*)

Bland. (*Up close to Magee.*) Say, I killed a man once for laughing at me.

MAGEE. That's my line! I used it in



HOLD-UPS ARE ON THE REGULAR MENU OF BALDPATE INN

Every scene in George M. Cohan's "Seven Keys to Baldpate" is shot with thrills and punctuated with laughter.

"The Lost Limousine." 400,000 copies. I'll bet you've read it.

BLAND. (Pointing gun.) If you don't tell me who you are and what you're doing here, I'll kill you dead as a door nail. Come on, I mean business, who are you?

MAGEE. Well, a name doesn't mean so much, so you may call me Mr. Smith.

BLAND. What are you?

MAGEE. A writer of popular novels.

BLAND. What are you doing here?

MAGEE. Trying to win a bet by completing a story of Baldpate in 24 hours. (Gets up.) A few more interruptions of this sort, however, and it's plain to be seen I'll pay the winner. (Goes close to Bland.) You can do me a big favor, old man, by leaving this place to myself for the night. I give you my word of honor that whatever I've seen or heard shall remain absolutely sacred.

BLAND. (Sneeringly.) You must think I'm an awful fool to swallow that kind of talk.

MAGEE. Very well, if you don't believe I'm who I say I am, and you doubt that I'm here for the reason I gave, go upstairs (Points to room above on balcony, Bland looks up) into that room with the open door and you'll find a typewriting machine, several pages of manuscript scattered about the floor, and a letter on the dresser from the owner of this Inn to the caretaker, proving conclusively that all I've told you is the truth and nothing but the truth, and there you are.

BLAND. (Up close to Magee.) And you're not in with the police?

MAGEE. No, I wish I were if the graft is as good as they say it is.

BLAND. You say you have a letter from the owner of the Inn?

MAGEE. Yes, wait a minute, I'll get it for you. (Starts upstairs, but is stopped by Bland when half way up on first landing.)

BLAND. (Shouts.) Come back!

MAGEE. What's the matter?

BLAND. I've been double-crossed before, young fellow. I'll find it if it's there.

MAGEE. (Nonchalantly.) Oh, very well, if you prefer to get it yourself, why, go right along. (Magee turns from Bland. As he turns, Bland "fons" him for gun. Magee turns, surprised, then, as he understands, he laughs.) You needn't be alarmed, I never carried a gun in my life.

BLAND. But you keep one in your room, eh?

MAGEE. If you think so, search the room.

BLAND. That's just what I'm going to do. I guess I'll keep you in sight tho. Go on. I'll let you show me the way.

MAGEE. All right. (Starts toward stairs.) If that's the way you feel about it, certainly. (Goes upstairs, followed by Bland, who keeps him covered. Magee starts into room, but Bland stops him.)

BLAND. Wait a minute, I'll peek around that room alone first. You don't look good to me, you're too damned willing. (Goes up to door of room. Magee stops outside.) You wait here, I'll call you when I've satisfied myself you're not trying to spring something.

MAGEE. Very well. If you don't trust me, go ahead. (Bland disappears into room with his eyes on Magee. Magee stands thinking for a moment, then turns and slams door quickly, locks it and runs down to phone. When he is half way down Bland starts hammering on door.)

BLAND. (Yells and hammers on door.) Open this door! (Hammers.) Damn you, I'll get you for this!

MAGEE. (At phone.) Hello, I want to talk to the Asquewan Police Headquarters. That's what I said, police headquarters. (Bland again pounds on door. As Magee sits waiting for connection,

Mary Norton appears at door outside. She unlocks door and enters. The cold blast of wind attracts Magee, who jumps up and yells. First pulls out plugs.) Who's there? What do you want?

MARY. Don't shoot, it's all right. I'm harmless.

MAGEE. How did you open that door.

MARY. (Down to Magee.) Unlocked it with a key, of course.

MAGEE. (Half aside.) My God!

Mary is accompanied by her chaperone, Mrs. Rhodes. She refuses to reveal how she obtained the key, but admits that she is a reporter who, having heard of the five-thousand-dollar wager, has been commissioned to write up the story for her newspaper. She asks Magee's permission to remain overnight with her friend. He grants her request and tells her of what has transpired. She is intensely interested, for it appears that her friend, Mrs. Rhodes, is engaged to be married to Mayor Cargan. Magee takes a great liking to Mary. Nevertheless, he returns to his work. Meanwhile Bland has disappeared through the window. Magee has hardly resumed his work when a scream calls him downstairs again. Enter a ghost—with a key. The ghost turns out to be Peter the Hermit. "I beg your pardon," Magee politely asks Peter, "but have you any idea how many keys there are to this flat?" Peter ignores this question.

PETER. What are these women doing here?

MAGEE. How's that?

PETER. I don't like women. (Mrs. Rhodes and Mary scream and run to foot of stairs.)

MAGEE. It's all right. Ladies, he's not

a regular ghost. I know all about him. He's in the picture postcard business.

PETER. (*Gruffly.*) What!

MAGEE. (*To Peter.*) Just a minute, Bosco. (*To ladies.*) If you ladies will step upstairs in my room for a few minutes I'll either kill it or cure it. (*Bath go upstairs and stand on balcony.*)

PETER. (*Gruffly.*) What!

MAGEE. (*To Peter.*) See here, that's the second time you've barked at me. Now don't do it again, do you hear? (*To ladies.*) Go right in, ladies. (*They disappear into room, closing door.* *To Peter.*) So you're the ghost of Baldpate, are you?

PETER. How'd you people get in here?

MAGEE. (*Laughs.*) You're not going to pull that only-key-in-existence speech on me, are you?

PETER. What!

MAGEE. You know there are other keys besides yours.

PETER. They're all imitations. Mine's the real key. The old man gave it to me the day before he died.

MAGEE. What old man?

PETER. The father of that scamp who wastes his time around those New York clubs. You know who I mean.

MAGEE. Then you're not particularly fond of the present owner of Baldpate?

PETER. I hate him and all his men friends.

MAGEE. You don't like women, either, you say?

PETER. I despise them.

MAGEE. How do little boys and girls strike you?

PETER. (*In disgust.*) Bah!

A shot is heard. Another key is turned in the door. Myra, the new arrival, tells Magee that she is the wife of Hayden, President of the Asquewan-Reuton Suburban Railway Company. She has come to Baldpate with the "only key," like the others, to save her husband from the consequence of his permitting his employee Bland to deposit in Baldpate Inn the graft money for Cargan. "For God's sake," she sobs, "don't tell them who I am. My husband will kill me if he ever learns that I have been on this errand." From Mary, Magee learns that Myra is lying. Hayden's wife, he is told, is a woman of fifty. Mary begs him to give the money in the safe to her to be used as evidence by her paper against the Cargan gang. Unfortunately neither of them knows the combination. Peter the Hermit, however, does. They creep upstairs as he slowly opens the safe. As his trembling hands take hold of the money, the door opens again and Mayor Cargan enters with his man Max. The latter covers Peter with a pistol while Cargan pockets the money.

CARGAN. (*Goes to safe and gets money, then comes down to table. Max reenters.*) By God, we weren't any too soon. Another moment and he'd have had it sure. It would be good-by to the hermit if he ever got hold of a roll like this. (*Flipping bills in his hand. Max is back of table.*) Two hundred one thousand dollar bills!



HOW MANY KEYS ARE THERE TO BALDPATE?

That is the question which agitates Wallace Eddinger in the play in which he interprets a writer of melodramatic fiction.

MAX. Is it all there?

CARGAN. I don't know, I'll see. (*He sits at table counting. Max leaning over him. Magee comes downstairs and crouches between safe and desk.*) You seem surprised that I found the money here?

MAX. What do you mean—surprised?

CARGAN. (*Comes in front of table, eyeing Max suspiciously. Max comes to front of table of Cargan.*) I'm going to tell you something, Max. I didn't trust you all day and I didn't trust you tonight.

MAX. What do you mean—you didn't trust me?

CARGAN. I'll be truthful with you. I thought you were going to double-cross me. I thought you were going to beat me to the bankroll through this woman Thornhill.

MAX. Myra Thornhill?

CARGAN. Yes, Myra Thornhill. Oh, don't play dead, you knew she was around. You'd had secret meetings with her during the last 48 hours. I know every move you've made. I've had you watched. You've worked with her before—(*As Max makes a motion of protest.*) You've told me so. I had my mind made up to kill you, Max, if this money had been gone, and that's just what I'm going to do if you ever double-cross me, do you understand?

MAX. (*In a hang-dog tone.*) Yes, I understand. (*Magee, who has been crouching between safe and desk, now stands up, takes aim and fires at wall. At the sound of the shot the women come out on balcony and stand watching.*)

CARGAN. My God! I'm shot! (*Reels against table. Max drags back.*)

MAGEE. (*Turns on lights quickly.*) No, you're not. I just put a bullet in the wall, and I'll put one in you if you don't toss that package of money over here. Come on, hurry up, I mean business. (*Cargan hesitates, then throws money to Magee. Magee picks it up and puts it in*

his pocket.) You see, being a writer of sensational novels, I'm well up in this melodramatic stuff.

MRS. RHODES. (*On balcony, watching Cargan.*) Jim Cargan!

CARGAN. (*Looks up and sees women. Max also looks up.*) What are you doing here? (*Mrs. Rhodes doesn't reply, but continues staring at him.*)

MYRA. (*From balcony.*) Max, are you hurt?

MAX. No, I'm all right.

CARGAN. (*Sees Myra.*) Myra Thornhill, eh? (*Turns slowly to Max.*) So you were trying to cross me, you snake! (*Smashes Max. Women scream.*)

MAGEE. I must insist upon orderly conduct, gentlemen. No rough-house, please. (*To Max.*) Young man, be good enough to put that gun on the table. (*As Max hesitates.*) Hurry now, (*Max puts his gun on the table.*) Now kindly remove that gun from Mr. Cargan's pocket and put it on the table also. I'm sure he has one. He might want to take a shot at you, and I'm trying to protect you. Hurry, please! (*Max takes Cargan's gun and puts it on table.*) Now, Mrs. Rhodes, will you kindly ask the street-car president's wife to step back into the room, then lock the door and remove the key? Thank you. And now, Miss Norton, will you kindly step down here (*Mary starts downstairs*) and take those two revolvers from the table and place them in the hotel safe and then turn the combination? (*Mary places guns in safe, turns combination and remains up near desk.*) Thank you very much. Now, gentlemen, I must insist that you step upstairs to the room on right on the balcony.

And Mrs. Rhodes, will you please step over there and lock the door when these gentlemen are on the other side? (*Mrs. Rhodes crosses balcony, goes to room, unlocks it and stands aside for the men to pass in.*) I shan't keep you there long, gentlemen, I'll release you as soon as I've transacted some important business with this young lady. Lively now, gentlemen, lively!

The little group would not be complete without the appearance of Hayden, the local street-railway magnate, with the sixth key to Baldpate. He, too, is covered by Magee's pistol.

HAYDEN. Confound it, sir, do you know that I'm the president of the Reuton-Asquewan Street Railway Company?

MAGEE. I wouldn't care a damn if you were the president of the National League. Sit down. (*Hayden sits, indignant. Magee sits in chair front of phone, facing them all, and covering them with the gun.*) Now we're all going to stay right here till that 'phone bell rings and I get word that Miss Norton is safe and sound in Reuton. That may mean three hours, or it may mean six hours, but we're all going to stay right here together no matter how long it takes, so get comfortable and sit as easy as you can. (*All more uneasy.*)

CARGAN. (*After a pause, to Max.*) So you tried to cross me, eh? The chances are I'll kill you for this.

BLAND. (*After a pause, looking at Hayden.*) I'm afraid I made a mistake in bringing you up here, Guv'nor.

HAYDEN. (After a slight pause.) You're always making mistakes, you damned block-headed fool!

MAX. (After a pause, to Myra.) I'm sorry I got you into this, Myra. (No reply from Myra.) Oh, Myra, I say I'm sorry I got you into this.

MYRA. (Turns and looks at Max.) Oh, go to hell!

PETER. (After a pause.) I hope to God you're all sent to prison for life.

MAGEE. (After a pause.) This is going to be a nice pleasant little party, I can see that right now.

When the curtain rises again the little company is still assembled. The atmosphere is somewhat strained. Piece by piece, character is revealed. Secrets are bared. Myra betrays Max. Max, it seems, tried to double-cross Cargan. Cargan tried to double-cross Hayden. Myra tried to triple-cross both. Suddenly the telephone rings. Mary telephones from the Commercial House to Asqueman that she has lost the money. Myra transmits this message while Magee holds the gun over her. As he disbelieves her, he goes to take the message himself, entrusting the pistol to Peter, who has no love for any one present. Peter at once loses his head. He points his gun at Cargan and is grabbed by Hayden. In the scuffle that follows Cargan gains control of the gun and, with it, of the situation. "I'm the schoolmaster now," he exclaims, forcing Magee to retreat to his room. He tells Mary, through Myra, over the 'phone, to speak to no one of what has occurred and to return at once to the Inn.

HAYDEN. Now, what's the next move, Cargan?

CARGAN. We're going to get that money if she's got it on her.

BLAND. You don't think she's fool enough to bring it back with her if she's trying to get away with it, do you?

HAYDEN. What are you going to do with it if you find it on her, Cargan?

CARGAN. Keep it, of course.

HAYDEN. It's my money.

CARGAN. Our agreement holds good. You people will get the franchise, don't worry.

HAYDEN. Why, you've just openly declared that you were going to rob me of the money.

CARGAN. O, because I was mad clean through. Wasn't I being accused right and left? I didn't mean a word I said, Hayden, I don't even know now what I said.

HAYDEN. (Goes to Bland, who is sitting on table.) What do you think, Bland?

BLAND. Don't ask me. You balled me out once to-night, that's enough.

CARGAN. (To Max.) I haven't forgotten what you said to me, Mr. Max.

MAX. (To Cargan.) I don't want you to forget it. I want you to remember it all your life. I wouldn't care if you had six gibbs on you. Cut out that wild talk—I ain't going to listen to it any more. Why, you're nothing but a cheap coward,

Cargan. (Max crosses to Myra.) So you tried to double-cross me, eh?

MYRA. (Turns and faces him.) Why, certainly. Who are you?

MAX. Why, damn you, I—! (Raises his hand to strike her.)

BLAND. Here, wait a minute, Max, nothing like that while I'm around.

MAX. Maybe you want some of it. Why, I—! (Raises his hand to strike Bland. Bland grabs Max's arm and throws it back.)

BLAND. Now, behave yourself. The same speech you just made to Cargan goes for me. I want you to cut out this wild talk. I'm not going to listen to any more of it. I'll put you on your back if you make another bluff at me.

HAYDEN. Gentlemen, gentlemen, please!

BLAND. (Looks at Max and then at Hayden. Max goes near safe.) You keep out of this, Hayden. You'll get all you're looking for if you don't. (Raises his hand to strike Hayden.)

HAYDEN. Put it down! Put it down, do you hear me! What do you mean by raising your hand to me. Why, damn me! for two pins I'd take and wipe up the floor with you! I can whip a whole army of cowards like you. Now get away from me! Get away from me before I knock you down. (Bland, surprised at Hayden's attitude, goes up near door. Hayden goes to Myra. Max goes to safe and begins working on combination.) Now, madam, what do you mean by claiming to be my wife? I demand an explanation.

MYRA. (Turns to Hayden.) Now let me tell you something, old man, you can scare these three little boys, but I don't want you to annoy me, because I've got a nasty temper. So go on, get away before I lose it. (Hayden stares at Myra dumbfounded, then goes. Myra sits in chair again after Hayden leaves her. Max, by this time, has worked combination of safe, and at this point the door flies open and he grabs gun from safe, and slams door shut. Cargan, who has been standing at foot of stairs looking up at room, turns as he hears safe door slam, and crosses quickly, catching Max at safe door. Bland crosses Cargan.)

CARGAN. Get away from that safe! What are you doing there?

MAX. (Flashes revolver. A cry rises.) Oh, you needn't be afraid. I ain't going to do anything, only I— (He has come in front of desk during these words and now takes deliberate aim at Myra and shoots. She screams and drops into chair.)

BLAND. (Rushes to Myra.) God!

CARGAN. What's the matter, Max, have you gone crazy? (Puts gun in his pocket.)

HAYDEN. Now we're in for it. Is she hurt?

MAX. I couldn't help it! It was an accident! I didn't mean it. I tell you. (Magee raps on door upstairs. All look in that direction.)

MAGEE. (From upstairs.) What's wrong down there? (Raps, again.) What's happened? (All stand rigid.)

BLAND. (In a low voice.) Put out the lights.

CARGAN. (Tiptoes up stage and turns out lights, leaving only the reflection of the burning logs on Myra's face. He then tiptoes back.)



HIS PLAYS HAVE A "GO" TO THEM

In an interesting exposition of the "Mechanics of Emotion," Mr. George M. Cohan describes in detail how he obtains his "thrills."

HAYDEN. Anything serious, Bland?

BLAND. You're a damn good shot, Max. You got her all right. (Is feeling Myra's pulse.)

MAGEE rushes down the stairs. Every one, including Hayden, protests that Myra's death was self-inflicted. "You can't crawl out of it, gentlemen," Magee scornfully exclaims. "It's murder in the first degree, and I'm going to make you pay the penalty."

MAGEE. It's the outcome and result of rotten politics and greed. I'll swear to every word that's been uttered here to-night. I've had my car against the crack of that door for the last five minutes. I overheard every word that passed between you.

CARGAN. I'm afraid you're in wrong here, young fellow. (Peter sneaks across balcony, and listens to next few speeches hidden behind post on balcony.) I'm sorry for you. From the bottom of my heart I pity you. (Magee does not reply, simply looks at Cargan, then at Bland.)

BLAND. (After a pause.) She's dead. You killed her all right. (Magee looks Bland in the eye, then looks at Cargan.)

HAYDEN. Better plead insanity, old man. It's the only chance you've got. (Magee stares at Hayden, then crosses

over and looks Max straight in the eye. Max stares back at him.)

MAX. (After a pause.) Bad business, this carrying guns. Who was the woman, your wife? (Peter exits into room on balcony, closing door.)

MAGEE. (Turns, sees the three staring at him, smiles.) No, no, gentlemen, you can't get away with it. It's good melodrama, but it's old stuff. I know every trick of the trade. I've written it by the yard. You can't intimidate me. I won't be third-degreed. You work very well together, but it's rough work, and it isn't going to get you anything. Besides, you forget I have a witness in Peter the Hermit. (All turn and look at room upstairs.)

CARGAN. (Looks up at room, then to Bland.) Bring him. Get him down. (Goes up to foot of stairs as Bland goes upstairs.)

BLAND. (Runs up and looks into room, then comes out on balcony.) He's gone! (Hayden looks at Max, then back at Bland.)

CARGAN. Gone! Where!

BLAND. He probably found a way. He knows the place better than we do.

CARGAN. (To Magee.) I saw you when you fired. You shot to kill.

BLAND. I tried to knock the gun from your hand, but I was too late.

HAYDEN. I didn't witness the shooting myself, but I heard the shot and turned just in time to grab you before you got away.

MAX. But you shouldn't have choked her, that was the brutal part of it.

MAGEE. (Starts for Max, who backs away to fireplace, frightened.) Why, you dog, I—! (At this point Chief Kennedy appears outside of door and pounds on it. All characters on stage stop abruptly, look toward door.)

CARGAN. (Loudly.) Who's there?

KENNEDY. (Yells through door from outside.) Open this door in the name of the law!

MAX. The police!

Kennedy, the chief of police, made suspicious by Magee's first telephone call, has surrounded the house and now takes possession of it. He is told of the murder, but the search for the body reveals that it has mysteriously disappeared. Peter the Hermit has carried it into the cellar by a secret passage known only to himself. Mary returns, but without the money. Suspicion now turns upon Mrs. Rhodes. Chief Kennedy telephones to the hotel, and hears that the widow has deposited a parcel with the hotel clerk. The parcel is sent for at once. Mrs. Rhodes arrives. She admits that she stole the money to save Cargan. Now, in anger, she demands his arrest for conspiracy.

MAGEE. Conspiracy and murder.
MRS. RHODES. (Startled.) Murder!
KENNEDY. What have you got to say to this, Mr. Cargan?

CARGAN. Nothing at all—I'm through.
MAX. So am I. I can't stand this any longer, I'm going mad! I want you to know the real truth. 'Twas I killed that woman upstairs. I shot her down like a dog. I know I haven't got a chance, but

I don't want to be sent to the chair. I'll confess. I'll tell the truth. I'll turn State's evidence—anything, but for God's sake, don't let them kill me. (Kneels at Kennedy's feet.)

KENNEDY. (To Max.) Get up. (Max rises. Kennedy takes handcuffs from pocket.) Come on, you'll have to wear these, young fellow. (Puts handcuffs on Max. Mrs. Rhodes goes to foot of stairs.)

BLAND. (Throwing up his hands.) There we go!

HAYDEN. (To Cargan.) What are we going to do, Cargan?

CARGAN. No less than ten years, I'm afraid.

KENNEDY. (To Max.) Go on, get over there.

MRS. RHODES. (Going to Mary.) Can you ever forgive me?

MARY. (Giving Mrs. Rhodes her hand.) I didn't understand. I do now.

KENNEDY. (To Magee.) And you came here to write a book, eh?

The package arrives and, behold, it contains the money, in two hundred one-thousand-dollar bills. Kennedy calmly seizes it and telephones to his wife to get ready to go to Canada. A wild scramble ensues. In the midst of this, Peter the Hermit snatches the money from the Chief and hurls it into the burning fireplace. Myra suddenly awakes, apparently, from the dead. "A ghost, a real ghost," cries Peter frightened. "Let me out of this place. It's a graveyard!" yells Kennedy. At this moment a click is heard. The Owner of Baldpate enters with the Seventh Key to Baldpate.

THE OWNER. (At door.) I'm the owner of Baldpate Inn. Two policemen refused to allow me to pass and I shot them dead. (Magee comes down.)

ALL. What!

MAGEE. This isn't true! It can't be true! I'm a raving maniac!

THE OWNER. I just arrived, Billy. I motored from New York. I expected to find you alone. (Looks around at people.) Who are these people? How did they get in here? Have they disturbed you in your work? How are you getting on with the story?

MAGEE. How am I getting on? Great heavens, man, to what sort of a place did you send me? Nothing but crooks, murderers, ghosts, pistol-shots, policemen, and dead people walking about the halls. Hundreds of thousands of dollars, and keys and keys and keys. You win—I lose. Twenty-four hours! Why, I couldn't write a book in twenty-four years in a place like this. My God! what a night this has been! (Hearty laughter from all. Magee stands and stares at them in utter amazement.)

THE OWNER. I'm not going to hold you to the wager, Billy. I just want you to know it isn't real.

MAGEE. What isn't real?

MRS. RHODES. (Steps toward Magee, smiling.) I'm not a real widow. (Crosses to foot of stairs. Mary comes down. The owner goes up to desk laughing.)

CARGAN. I'm not a real politician.
KENNEDY. I'm not a real policeman.

PETER. This isn't real hair. (Takes off wig.)

HAYDEN. These are not real whiskers. (Takes off whiskers.)

BLAND. That wasn't real money that was burned.

MAX. These are not real handcuffs. See? (Breaks handcuffs.)

MYRA. (Appears on balcony.) I'm not a real dead one. (Hearty laughter from all.)

MAGEE. (To Mary, after looking around in amazement. Goes to her.) Are you real?

MARY. Not a real newspaper reporter.

MAGEE. I mean a real girl.

MARY. (Smiles.) That's for you to say.

MAGEE. (To Owner.) Well, for heaven's sake, don't keep me in the dark. Explain. Tell me what it all means.

THE OWNER. It means, old boy, that I wanted to prove to you how perfectly improbable and terrible those awful stories you've been writing would seem if such things really and truly happened. I left New York an hour ahead of you today. I got to Reuton at nine o'clock to-night; went directly to the Empire Theater; told the manager of our bet; framed the whole plan; engaged the entire stock company; hired half a dozen autos; shot over to Asquewan after the performance, and we arrived at the top of the mountain at exactly twelve o'clock. Since then you know what's happened. I've been watching the proceeding from the outside, and if it were not for the fact that I'm nearly frozen stiff, I'd call it a wonderful night. (Laughs from all.)

MAGEE. You did this to me?

THE OWNER. (Laughs.) You're not mad, are you? I've at last convinced you that this sort of trash you've been writing isn't real.

MAGEE. (Rubs his head.) I'm afraid you're right.

THE OWNER. Of course, if you want to go through the bet, why—

MAGEE. No, thanks, the bet's off. I've had enough of Baldpate. Me for the Commercial House until the train is ready to start. (Over to Mary.) Is your real name Mary? (She nods affirmatively.) Well, Mary, the shots in the night; the chases after fortunes, and all the rest of the melodrama may be all wrong, but there you help me prove to this man that there is really such a thing as love at first sight? (All show interest.)

MARY. How can I do that?

MAGEE. Don't you know?

MARY. Well, you don't want me to say it, do you?

MAGEE. (Whispers in her ear. She nods "yes.")

After this surprise, the author turns the tables a second time on the audience. A dark drop falls. When it rises, the click of the typewriter is heard again from upstairs. When the clock strikes twelve, it ceases. The caretakers reappear to take the manuscript in charge, as agreed upon in the wager. The whole story of the play has taken place only in the author's brain. He calls up his friend in New York to tell him of the completion of his task. He has won his bet!

IS THE AMERICAN THEATER DETERIORATING?

IS THERE a marked deterioration of the American theater? Are we in need of a censor? These and other questions were raised by the alleged refusal of the Stratford players to "defile" Shakespeare's art by appearing in New York. The metropolis read the reported statement of Mr. Benson, leader of that band of players, with mild amusement. There are few critics in this country who seem to agree with him, in view of the fact that at the time when this bold challenge was issued Southern and Marlowe were playing Shakespeare to fifteen thousand people a week at the Manhattan Opera House and Forbes Robertson was playing to crowded houses in "Hamlet." One critic who seems to be in general sympathy with the attitude of the Stratford players is Mr. William Winter. The drama, he declares, in "The Wallet of Time," a charmingly flavored book of reminiscences, just published by Moffat, Yard and Company, is becoming a "brazen portrayal of the depraved." It is undeniable, he claims, that the moral tone of the capital of the Western World is low. The drama, not only in New York but throughout the country, Mr. Winter affirms, is subservient to the nod of an illiterate bully and deferential to the nod of a theatrical janitor, who, speaking of his theaters, boasts that he keeps a department store. Yet even Mr. Winter is not in favor of dramatic censorship. With Brander Matthews he believes in education rather than in compulsion. In other matters, however, he is the antipode of the distinguished Columbia Professor. For Brander Matthews declares that the American stage to-day is better than ever before.

When doctors disagree, the patient is apt to pay the bill with his life. The American theater and the American drama are, however, lusty infants who may survive to disprove this adage. Mr. Winter, in his book, applies the lancet pretty vigorously to what he considers the cancer of the stage. "Everybody not a fool," he exclaims, "knows the difference between right and wrong, and certainly the theatrical audience in general stands in no need of information as to either the Revised Statutes, the Ten Commandments, or the Sermon on the Mount. The notion that the theater is expected to provide moral instruction has led, in our time, to a theatrical display of mental obliquity and physical disease in comparison with which the gross, rubicund, libidinous, and monstrous plays of the Restoration are innocence itself; for the dramatic moralist thinks that he is at perfect liberty to exhibit any sort of enormity if only, after three hours of

his putrid show, he tells you to avoid evil. Delirious inebriates, sick harlots, lump-backed, spavined, pock-marked, splay-footed, scorbutic cranks, male and female, some of them from France, some from Norway, some from Germany, some from Italy, and—sad to say!—some from England, have swarmed over our stages till at last it has sometimes become difficult for the spectator to determine whether he is in a theater or a hospital; and, strangely enough, the purveyors of this tainted trash proclaim that it is representative of ideas!" Mr. Winter continues his castigation:

"Rank plays have long existed. It needs no ghost come from the grave, nor any itinerant actor come from London, to tell us that. Degeneracy in the drama is not a modern movement. It is notable, however, that from the time when Pinero's play of 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' was launched upon our stage the dramatic current has been running steadily and with renewed force toward a literal, brazen, shameless portrayal of depraved persons, iniquitous conduct, and vile social conditions. Pinero is a dramatist of brilliant ability. His incursions into the social sewers have been attended by ample pecuniary success. Other writers, American as well as English, speedily followed his example. The list of impure plays that have seen the light would be a long one. The stage has been disgraced by the putrescent 'Sapho' of Mr. Fitch, the monstrous 'Salome' of Oscar Wilde—commingling mania with foulness—and Eugene Walter's photographic abomination of 'The Easiest Way.' Vileness has crept in where it could least have been expected. Even in the New Theater—an institution which, it was promised and understood, would be devoted, exclusively, to the best dramatic art—a crude, pointless, useless, tainted play called 'The Nigger,' a tissue of impertinent prattle about the terrible subject of miscegenation in the Southern States of the Union—took its place in the regular repertory of the house, and was received as a mere matter-of-course incident."

No person naturally virtuous, Mr. Winter insists, requires enlightenment as to rectitude of principle and chastity of conduct. No person naturally vicious, he thinks, was ever redeemed from that condition by the theatrical presentation of a frightful example. The real red-light drama which has made scarlet the theatrical season of the current year, was not yet open for public inspection when Mr. Winter completed his "Wallet of Time." What the critic would say to "The Lure" and "The Fight" can be gathered, as the New York *Times* gently points out, from his remarks on the mild forerunner of these two plays, "Mrs. Warren's Profession."

"Aside from the question of remedy

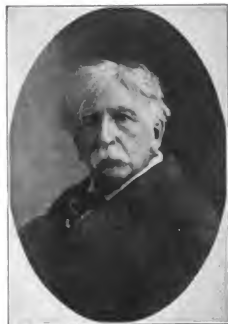
for what is called 'the social evil,' the theater is not a fit place for the 'discussion' of that subject or any subject like it. That prostitution exists and flourishes; that prostitutes sometimes suffer terribly; that their existence, and often diseased condition, is a terrible menace to public health; that the regulation and, as far as humanly possible, the extirpation of that dreadful profession is a crying need—all that and much more relative to the subject is known, and widely known.

"But the public discussion of those subjects, in as far as public discussion of them is necessary, concerns social philosophers—organizations such as Dr. Prince A. Morrow's 'Society for Sanitation and Moral Prophylaxis'—doctors, legislators—persons who bear the burden and responsibility of government and who are competent to instruct and discuss them under the right conditions and in the right way.

Professor Matthews takes a more cheerful, less moralistic view of the condition of the theater and the drama. Notwithstanding the protest caused by two or three recent plays in New York, he declares, in the New York *Sun*, the stage as a whole in the United States, barring exceptional productions, is far better, far truer to life and artistic ideals, far more authentic in every way than it has been at any previous period in American dramatic history. Those who regard our drama as decadent, Brander Matthews goes on to say, fail to consider the stage as a whole, and really fix their attention on one or two plays unwisely exploited.

"There can be no question that the stage to-day is far better than at any previous period in the history, certainly, of the United States. Fifty years ago the drama of the English language was simply contemptible. There was at that time a sharp division between literature and the drama. So bad were conditions then that respectable people were driven away from the theater except when they went to see a great actor—Booth, Kean, Cushman—for example. In those days respectable and discriminating people never went to the theater to see pictures of contemporary life, for such pictures were not to be found on the stage. For pictures true to contemporary life people read novels.

"At that time our stage was mainly filled with adaptations from the French drama. These, bear in mind, were deprived of their original value and meaning as picturing existing life in France because they had to be warped into conformity with British or American life. Therefore these French plays, adapted for the English-speaking stage, lost their integrity, and as a result the English and American theater became an unreality. At that time there was no international copyright law protecting the dramatist. The native dramatist of England and



STILL AT IT

The no longer dramatic critic of a daily paper, William Winter still thunders in the index and still denounces the modern drama

America had to compete with stolen goods brought from France, and even these were so disfigured that they lost their original value."

Changed conditions confront us today. The foreign playwright is protected, and the American playwright need no longer fear competition with

stolen goods. Twenty-five years ago people generally went to the theater to see an actor or the company of an actor. Now, Professor Matthews goes on to say, an increasing majority go to see what Shaw or Barrie or Thomas has to say.

"The time has come when the divorce between drama and novel has ceased. Plays are written to be acted, and also are published to be read in the library. The playwright is beginning to be more conscious that he is truly a man of letters; he is trying, more sincerely and ambitiously than before, to get closer to life within the conditions that exist. As a result of these various causes, we now have a body of men—in Great Britain and in the United States especially, a body of young men—who have mastered technique of the stage; who can tell a story; who have something to say and know how to say it.

"It is not my intention to express the opinion that we now are writing great dramas, but I do want to say that the English spoken drama is alive on both sides of the Atlantic. Whether there are any men or women of genius among our modern playwrights, or whether the plays they are producing bear comparison with the old comedies and will survive, we cannot decide, for we lack the perspective of time and must leave such judgment to the next generation. We may not have the tall trees—of that we cannot say definitely—but we have got the underbrush to protect the tall trees.



BRANDER MATTHEWS IS AN OPTIMIST

Amiable, smiling, the distinguished Columbia Professor declares that the American stage today is on a higher plane than it has ever been in the past.

"What is particularly hopeful about the young men referred to is that they are not trying to be literary. They are trying to be interesting, and most of them are trying to be truthful. By 'literary truth' I do not mean portrayal of the external facts of life, but fidelity to the inner life; and it is this inner life that the younger men are trying to get."

WHAT IT COSTS TO PUT ON A DRAMATIC PRODUCTION

THE show-business, according to the admission of a prominent manager, who, however, conceals his identity, is a business of false and inflated values. Reputations, receipts, salaries, expenditures, cost of production, losses on failure—everything is inflated. The so-called \$100,000 production, this manager indiscreetly reveals in *The American Magazine*, probably cost \$60,000, out of which, in case of failure, there was a salvage of \$10,000. The "\$50,000 production" can easily be duplicated for \$30,000, and many a dramatic production has been made for \$6,000 or even \$4,000, that in the published figures represented an outlay of \$25,000.

There are, this anonymous manager goes on to say, 20,000 plays written annually in the United States. The plays written by acknowledged professionals number no more than two hundred, and frequently less than that. The first expense to be considered is the royalty to the author. If the author is new, the manager pays him as little as possible to bind the bargain and promises nothing. As little as ten dollars has tied up a manuscript for a year or more. On the other hand, es-

tablished playwrights like Augustus Thomas drive very hard bargains. Thomas demands \$1,000 or \$2,000 on acceptance. Pinero will not consider writing a play until he has received a bonus (apart from royalties) of £1,000. Broadhurst, Sheldon, Klein, and many other American playwrights are content to gamble on the result, but they demand some advance for the work they have done or promise to do in preparing the play for production.

The customary royalties stipulated in the contracts with playwrights of some experience bind the managers to pay the author 5 per cent. of the gross receipts up to \$5,000, 7½ per cent. up to \$10,000 and 10 per cent. of all over that. Many playwrights gamble with their own plays. That is, they will take a part of the show, a sixth, a third, a fourth, or possibly a half interest. The author's interest is usually to be paid from his royalties. He generally stipulates that in case of failure he shall not be held responsible for any greater loss than was covered by royalties due him. Forbes, Broadhurst, Klein, Veiller and others have cleaned up fortunes through such arrangements. But the figures usually given in this con-

nection are, so to speak, the stock quotations of the show-business, dangled before the eyes of the fascinated public. If we go behind the figures, we shall find that out of fifty producing managers, forty are practically "broke." Wagenhals and Kemper made the biggest "get-a-way" in the history of the American stage because they quit \$1,000,000 to the good. Erlanger, Cohan, Harris, Woods, all are wealthy men, but their fortunes are not tied up entirely in the show-business. Belasco, with all his success, is not a rich man.

With the play accepted and the contract signed, the next step is to assemble a competent company at the least expense compatible with the quality of the production to be made. The manager, in his estimate, allows to each character a weekly salary of \$100 per week. If there are fifteen characters in the cast he figures on a pay-roll of \$1,500. He knows that he will have to pay his leading man \$200 or \$250, but he knows also that there are several small characters he is going to fill for \$40 or \$35. Of course, if he counts on a star, his figures at once assume a much more swollen proportion. Lau-

rette Taylor could not be tempted by less than \$600 and a percentage of profits. Helen Ware holds out for \$750. Jane Cowd demands at least \$600 a week. Wilton Lackaye will not look at less than \$500. Dixon's price would be \$500 a week. George Nash could be had for \$350. The rest of the cast, the writer goes on to say, is comparatively easy. Here follows an average estimate of expenses:

Leading man	\$250
Leading woman	150
Juvenile	125
Ingenu	100
Heavy (male)	100
Heavy (female)	125
Character old man	75
Character old woman	75
Comedian	125
Butler (and stage manager)	60
Maids	35
	\$1,450
Electrician	\$35
Property man	35
Carpenter	40
Manager with company	65
Advance agent	75
Office expense	25
Producing manager	100
	\$375

One hundred dollars the manager pays to himself. For the rehearsals a stage director must be engaged at a

salary of \$150 to \$350 a week. The scenic artist is now called into play. Scenery is the only thing needed for a play that costs less to-day than it did formerly. This reduction is offset by an increased elaboration. A set of scenes that cost \$1,500 ten years ago can be duplicated to-day for less than \$1,000. The most expensive of all scenic settings is the exterior. To have the blue sky run all around the back of the stage will add \$1,000 to the expense of that particular set. The scenery for a four-act comedy will cost \$3,500 if bought new from the studio. Tho one storehouse in New York has no less than \$1,000,000 of discarded scenery, not one set in twenty can be used again in view of the swift change of fashion.

The press agent and the printer's expenses are next to be considered. When it finally comes to the actual production, we learn that in big cities the producer must divide his gross receipts evenly with the theater. The theater, in turn, agrees to spend certain specified amounts for advertising,

bill-boards, etc. If a new play can stay in New York and play to average receipts of \$6,500 a week for twenty weeks, it may not only be counted a success but its owners may figure on two years of continued success on tour, tho it does not always follow that a New York success will be a success on the road, or vice versa. If a play leaves New York there are traveling expenses running ordinarily \$10 a head per week.

The manager, by way of proving his assertions, affords us a glimpse into his ledger. He gives us the actual settling account of a New York failure. The play in question was tried up-state for four performances, brought into New York the succeeding Monday and sent to the store-house the following Saturday. It was written by an author with a reputation second to none, competently staged and acted, and handled as economically as a play can be handled. The figures prove that it is possible to give a play a chance in New York for less than five thousand dollars.

THE CLASH BETWEEN MONEY AND MUSIC IN THE POPULARIZATION OF OPERA

OPERA in America seems to be in an inexplicable degree bound up with finance. The excellence of a voice is too often determined by the salary of the singer. The experiment of presenting opera in English at the new Century Opera in New York seems to have resolved itself into the question whether the music-loving public of New York will patronize cheap opera. Such at least is the view of the critic of the *Nation*, presumably Henry T. Finck. The real question, he says, is "whether a New York audience can be persuaded to listen to good music which labors under the disadvantage of being offered at moderate prices." He characterizes the situation in scathing terms, saying that the American public and especially the New York public is essentially snobbish. This is an attitude that must be fought:

"Perhaps as good a way as any is to keep on citing Munich and Budapest, until native complacency is stirred to the point of confessing that Munich and Budapest are neither of them 'one-horse' towns, and that opera which is good enough for them may be worth listening to, after all. So let us hope that Munich and Budapest will continue to be flung at our reluctant public. But another good way, good because direct, is to mince no words at all about this stupid snobbishness which rejects the beautiful things of life because beauty is not always to be had in its 'sweetest' and most expensive form. 'Custom is often imposed on the many people in New York, people of simple

tastes and right aspirations, who, because they cannot have the best, would be happy with the next best if they were not ashamed. They are the victims of an expensive and shoddy standard, created by the comfortably rich and supported by the eighteen-dollar-a-week clerk who thinks that 'life' means two-dollar seats in the theater for himself and his best girl. Why should it be necessary to quote the example of Munich and Budapest? Among New York city's five millions there must be Munichs and Budapests and Milans and Dresdens; large population-groups, that is, of honest provincial taste, who, if they followed their second-class opera and a second-class seat at a good play; but they are terrorized by the traditions of the great American spender. That terror, we imagine, is on the decline. The opera will thus have a significance extending beyond its special field. It will be the index of a wholesome change in the general attitude of the people towards the things of life that are worth while."

At the same time, there is possible the fallacy that cheap opera must necessarily be good opera. Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, whose opera house may be opened within a month, claims that it is impossible to present opera adequately at low prices. The first opera presented at the Century were, however, evidently pleasing to the public and the critics. They were Verdi's "Aida," Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," and Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffman." But in presenting Richard Wagner's "Lohengrin," many inadequacies became apparent. That opera in English at popular prices still has many problems to

solve is the opinion of the penetrating critic of the New York *Morning Telegraph*, Algernon St. John Brenon. In reviewing the century performance of "Lohengrin," he comments pertinently:

"It would be difficult to enumerate all the errors and deficiencies of the representation; but this much is evident that there is no one at the Century qualified by experience, taste or authority to make a production of 'Lohengrin.'"

"The list of the directors of the Century Opera Company contains the names of a number of estimable gentlemen who have been connected for some eventful years with the giving of opera on a scale which is the theme of a general and merited admiration. It is also understood that they have put at the disposal of the present managers of the venture many of the valuable resources of the Metropolitan Opera House, its costumes, its scenery, to say nothing of guarantees of very handsome sums of money. All this being so, the directors, I mean those experienced in these matters of the Century Opera Company, owe it to themselves that opera be performed in such a way that they, as the sponsors of the whole idea, should not be put at a disadvantage in the eyes of the general public."

"Who is it that brought these and other artists from mine and forest, from church choir and organ loft, from studio and concert platform, to try their amateurish hands on a melodious and familiar opera? And who, when they are assembled, is there to train and drill them into a tolerable state?"

"The material, crude as it was, was not negligible or contemptible. There are good voices among the principals."

Science and Discovery

AN ANATOMICAL STUDY OF THE SPANISH BULL-FIGHT

POWERFUL, as are the efforts of the humanitarian organizations of England and France to suppress the "horse tragedy" during a Spanish bull-fight, it is not evident to the London *Lancet* that progress results. Spanish anatomists have been drawn into the discussion and there rages some debate, from the surgical standpoint, over the "science" of the matador. The contest from start to finish is defended as "applied science," no more cruel, necessarily, than the technique exploited in a Chicago abattoir. The killing of a bull in a Spanish "ring," observes the anatomist who discusses the subject expertly for the London *Post*, presupposes in the matador dexterity and a strong wrist. The critical stroke is difficult to make successfully. Its proper accomplishment calls for the preliminary cooperation of trained and "scientific" assistants. An idea prevails among the opponents of vivisection who are campaigning against the national sport of Spain that the matador "piths" the bull. This is erroneous. The fatal stroke carries the sword into the bull's heart or into the big vessels at the base of the heart. From the standpoint of surgery, the operation is exquisite. In order to kill the bull according to the best traditions of the ring and to the satisfaction of the critical spectators, the sword should traverse the narrow space between the neck of the first rib and the transverse process of the vertebra with which the head of the bull articulates. Our expert proceeds:

"In order to reach this area of fate the sword passes over the bull's horn, and the animal's head must be low to permit the stroke. In order that the interspace may be as wide as possible, the matador plays with his victim, aided by the red flag, so as to get the two forefeet close together. The flag-play which precedes the fatal stroke is not a performance to irritate the bull but a necessary proceeding to induce him to stand in the position which is required for the satisfactory reception of the 'scientific stroke.' When the bull is in the proper position the guide to the critical spot is the anterior border of the right blade-bone. The sword should enter a little to the inner side near the upper angle of this bony landmark."

We may now study the manner in which the matador's colleagues assist him in preparing the bull for the final sacrifice:

"The first act of a Spanish bull-fight belongs to the horsemen. They are mounted on worn-out horses, placed near the barrier, and the eye of the horse toward the arena is blindfolded. Each horseman, or picador, is armed with a stout pike, which has a short, blunt-pointed steel spike. When the bull goes the horse its horn often becomes entangled for a few seconds, and in this brief interval the picador thrusts the point of the pike frequently and vigorously into muscles at the root of the bull's neck near the withers. Sometimes the bull kills the horse at once by driving a horn into the chest; often the bull gets the horse fairly on its horns, and throws horse and horseman to the ground. It is extraordinary how the picadors escape injury in these encounters, and they fully deserve the name of 'indiarulber men' imposed on them by Spaniards. The strength of the muscles in the bull's neck must be enormous, for a horse and picador weigh twelve or thirteen hundredweight. When the bull has badly wounded or killed two or three horses, and the president considers that the 'honor of the horse' is satisfied, a trumpet call announces the end of the act."

The condition of the bull at this stage of the fight is worth notice. He has been rushing about the ring at great speed, chasing banderillos, who have been flaunting red cloaks, goring and overturning horses and receiving repeated prods at the root of the neck from the metal pikes of the picadors. The powerful muscles belonging to the complexus and splenius group, which enable the bull to raise its head, are attached to the tall spines of the anterior set of dorsal vertebrae. When the picador forcibly prods the bull with his pike, these muscles are badly damaged and this assault on the poor brute's withers gives him something more than a stiff neck. The object of the "horse tragedy" in a Spanish sense serves the purpose of tiring and weakening the powerful muscles which elevate the head. This is a very important matter for the final act of a bull-fight.

It has been necessary to discuss the horse performance because the part it

plays is seldom understood in countries not Spanish. For instance, in such an admirable book as the Century Dictionary a picador is described as "one of the horsemen, armed with a lance, who commence the combat in the arena by pricking the bull to madness with their weapons, but purposely avoid disabling him." This would be highly unscientific from an anatomical standpoint and the Spanish bull-fight is first and foremost a display of applied science.

The second act in the ring belongs to the banderillos, some of whom worry the bull by flaunting red cloaks. Another approaches the bull, and as the animal charges endeavors to plant a pair of banderillas in the bull's shoulders, one on each side of the withers. A banderillero is a sort of javelin or barbed dart with "vanes" of colored paper. When a banderillero succeeds in implanting a pair of banderillas dexterously and neatly, the agile performer wins great and deserved applause.

Meanwhile, from the very beginning of the fight, the matador has been keenly studying the bull.

"He also watches the efforts of the picadors, a matter of great importance to him. The condition of the bull, when the matador takes him in hand, varies considerably. Sometimes the bull is tired out, usually weakened and occasionally tamed, but often he is vigorous, active, and extremely dangerous.

"The matador (*espada*), armed with a sword possessing a flat heavy blade, and the *muleta*, a small red flag mounted on a short staff, now engages the bull. By passes with his red flag he plays the bull until the animal assumes the requisite position, standing with his forefeet together and the head drooping. Occasionally a banderillero sticks in the way: this he knocks out with the sword. As soon as the bull stands in a position favorable for the stroke the *espada* administers it by holding the sword horizontally, and, glancing along it, steps quickly forward and thrusts it into the bull's chest, and as he makes the strike his arm passes over the bull's horn. If the stroke has been correctly made the bull may sink on the sand at once and die in a few seconds. The stroke is often made correctly, but the bull survives many seconds; but so long as the sword is driven into the bull's chest at the correct spot

it is no discredit to the *espada* whether he dies in thirty seconds or in ten.

"As the matador thrusts the sword into the bull he releases the handle and, if the stroke is correctly made, the sword blade is seen deeply and firmly implanted in the bull's chest. The condition of the bull is sufficient indication of the accuracy or otherwise of the stroke, for if the sword enters the bull's flesh and does not penetrate the thorax at the correct spot he will attack the matador and occasionally succeeds in goring him, sometimes fatally. The most skillful *espada* often fails to kill the bull at the first stroke, and sometimes half a dozen strokes are

made before the correct stroke comes off. Not infrequently, with inexperienced matadors, the killing becomes a dreadful bungle, and the bull, bleeding from repeated sword thrusts, sinks exhausted under the barrier, and is pitched by the *pantillero* with his short dagger. When a matador bungles the killing he is hissed by the spectators, for every Spaniard is an expert in the rules of the bull-ring; but when he kills a very brave bull with a brilliant stroke he is acclaimed with enthusiasm, which may be described as hysterical, whilst a triple team of mules, gaily caparisoned, drags the carcass of the bull from the arena."

The feature of the bull-fight which arouses the hostility to it of the humanitarians is the "horse tragedy." They think it unnecessary and cruel, regarding it as a torment without design. A study of the principles underlying the science of bull-fighting, insists our expert, makes it clear that unless the neck muscles of the bull are exhausted by the goring and overturning of horses, and damaged by the pikes of the picadors, the correct and often masterly stroke of the *espada* in a combat with the bravest bulls would be impossible of execution.

AN AVIATION EXPERT'S VIEW OF PEGOUD'S AIR FLIGHTS UPSIDE DOWN

NOT Pegoud the spectacular, but Pegoud the pioneer deserves the serious consideration of all who feel interest in the future of human flight, declares that renowned aviator, Gustav Hamel, himself the winner of more than one great race with flying machines. The spectacular nature of the upside-down flights of Pegoud has led the world to misjudge him, says our expert. For, above all, Pegoud is a pioneer with a great lesson to teach. His aim is not that of the showman. Denunciation of Pegoud for setting an example of recklessness in the air seems to M. Hamel quite pointless and most unscientific.

Pegoud's looping of the loop, his upside-down flights, his general acrobatic feats in the air, notwithstanding the statements of his critics, are affirmed by M. Hamel to be of the utmost value to pilots throughout the world. Proof of this will be forthcoming in due time. Meanwhile, Pegoud has shown what can be done with the modern flying machine of the aeroplane description. In his first attempts to fly upside down he courted death. Like all pioneers, he was taking liberties with an unknown element. No man before him had attempted the feat. It is true that men have been upside down in the air, but they were turned over by sudden gusts of wind and in most cases were killed. In his first flight, Pegoud faced the unknown. He proved the feat possible. By repeating it frequently, he has proved its practical value. Herein lies the undoubted value of his flights. Pegoud himself declares they are simple.

The renowned aviator's machine is the original monoplane in which André Beaumont won a fifty-thousand-dollar prize. To quote from M. Hamel's article in the *London Mail*:

formation of the wings has also been slightly altered and the warp increased. M. Bleriot is of the opinion, and I agree with him, that the majority of monoplanes will be so strengthened in the near future, with other alterations, such as the strengthening of the tail.

"In addition, arrangements for straps are fitted so that Pegoud can be tightly fastened in his machine.

"Pegoud, after being strapped in, soars steadily upward. When he reaches sufficient altitude he pushes the nose of the machine downwards. Great gentleness is required in handling the controls. Any jerky action would at once upset the equilibrium of the machine and possibly spell disaster. He continues to push the nose down gently and evenly until it points direct to earth and the monoplane is perpendicular in the air. Then with the same even movement he raises the nose of the machine until it is in a hori-

zontal position—upside down. When upside down the machine planes as easily as in its normal position. Naturally this is done with the motor cut off.

"By this time he has completed the first half of the figure S. . . .

"He rights the machine here in exactly the same way as he turns her over. The same gentle and easy movement of the controls is required when he 'loops the loop' and comes down nose first. In this case he keeps the engine running as long as gravity will allow.

"In these singular movements Pegoud is all the time rehearsing accidents and showing how easy it is for a pilot to recover equilibrium providing he remains perfectly calm and clear-headed. Any one of his extraordinary positions might be brought about by adverse elements.

"It is quite conceivable that a sudden gust of wind might turn the machine completely over. Hitherto any pilot in



PIONEERING

Pegoud, flying upside down, is no reckless acrobat, according to the experts, but a serious scientist.

"Supports have been strengthened above the planes to take the strain when the machine is flying upside down. The

"This attraction governs the periods of the planets and these periods fix the wave lengths of the light emitted by the atom. It is because of the self-induction of the currents formed by the moving electrons that the atom so formed has an apparent inertia which we call its mass. Besides these captive electrons there are others which are free and subject to the ordinary kinetic laws of gases and which render metals conductive. The second class are like the comets which circulate from one stellar system to another, establishing thus an exchange of energy between distant systems. . . .

"Then it must follow that an atom is a very complex world. It is true that a closed world, at least one nearly closed, would be at the mercy of any exterior perturbations to which we might subject it. Since the atom is subject to this statistical law there is consequently an internal thermodynamics of the atom and we can talk of the internal temperature of it. Put, mark, this temperature has no tendency to get into equilibrium with the temperature without; it is as if the atom were shut up within a perfect shell impervious to heat. It is precisely because it is thus closed, because its functions are

so sharply limited and guarded by this impervious shell that the atom is so individual.

"At first this complexity of the atom does not seem offensive; it seems as if we would not be embarrassed by it. But a little reflection brings difficulties not apparent at first. When we counted the atoms we really did not count their numbers directly but their degrees of freedom of movement, and we implicitly assumed that each atom had three degrees of such freedom. This also accounted for the observed specific heats. But each new complexity must introduce a new degree of freedom and we become troubled in our count of the atoms. . . .

"The most natural explanation seems to be this theory of the atom as a very complex world, one shut up entirely to itself. Exterior events have no relation to what passes on within, nor does what happens within affect the exterior world. That can not be strictly true or else we would be utterly ignorant that there is anything within and the atoms would appear as simple material points. The truth is that we can see what happens within only as through a very small window, and there is practically no exchange

of energy between the interior and what is outside; there is consequently no tendency to equipartition of energy between the atomic world and that without."*

But we have not yet come to an end. Beyond the atoms Poincaré saw the electrons and beyond the electrons he pointed to the magnetons. They are, he said, atoms of magnetism. But what in reality is a magneton? Is it a simple thing? We can not be specific. The investigations open out endlessly. The certain thing is that each new physical discovery brings additional complexity to the atom, which remains a closed world and a reservoir of energy upon which we can not draw, as yet. Shall we ever? Poincaré did not tell us, says a writer in *Paris Cosmos*, because he found himself outside a dead wall. The treasure house of energy is locked and no genius has found the key to let us in. The opening of the door is perhaps but a matter of time.

*Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution. Washington: Government Printing Office: 1913.

THE EARTHQUAKE PERIL AT THE PANAMA CANAL

RECENT earthquake shocks at Panama were sufficiently serious to alarm the native laborers there from the West Indies, used as they are to such tremors, observes *The Scientific American*. Colonel Goethals reports, however, that not the slightest injury was done to the canal itself. The large number of tremors instrumentally recorded every month in the zone is evidence that slow adjustments are constantly taking place, writes the able geologist of the canal commission, Professor Donald F. Macdonald. He insists, however, that no great accumulations of stress that might later culminate in a big shock are possible. The absence from the Isthmian region of high mountains and of geologically recent volcanic activity is evidence in favor of the absence of earthquakes, especially as such high mountains are a striking geological feature of the whole Central American earthquake belt. The presence of numerous small "faults" and of the faulted-down condition of such volcanic cores as Gold Hill and Contractors' Hill is evidence that adjustment here has progressed well on toward the establishment of normal conditions of equilibrium. The tensile strength of the majority of the rocks within the canal zone is quite low and they would "shear" with comparative ease, thus preventing any relatively great accumulation of stress which might result in a comparatively intense shock. However, experience teaches that where earthquakes happen,

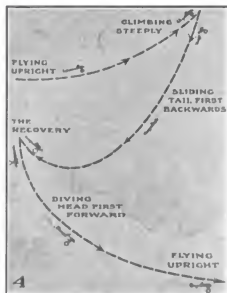
maximum destructive effects on buildings occur where they are built on loose and friable material. This consideration might thus subtract a little from the saving benefits of the yielding and preventive qualities of the canal zone rocks.

Over three hundred years of earthquake observation show only two shocks of considerable magnitude, notes Doctor Macdonald, and there is every reason to believe that the severest of these would not have seriously damaged even the most delicate parts of the canal. That many small and harmless shocks will traverse the canal zone in the future is certain, but that the canal itself is liable to be seriously damaged by earthquakes is contrary to all the evidence. He writes:

"Within the Republic of Panama there are few, if any, mountain ranges, properly so called; but there are high mountain groups. The older geographies informed us that the North and South American Cordilleras were practically one continuous chain from Alaska to Cape Horn. This is quite incorrect, for the mountains of Panama, Costa Rica, and some of the other Central American republics are younger than are the great ranges of the western States, and are units quite distinct geographically from the greater northern and southern continental ranges. Furthermore, they have had a different origin, for they are not due to folding by lateral pressure, as the mountains of western America chiefly are, but originated from intrusions of volcanic rocks, as necks, cores, masses and irregular dikes. These intrusive rocks are of five

broad types, which, given in the order of their importance, are: basalts, diorites, andesites, granodiorites, and rhyolite.

"There are only two peaks within the Canal Zone that reach up to elevations of approximately 1,000 feet, and there are no peaks within thirty miles of the canal that are higher than 2,000 feet. Not within one hundred miles could one find mountains over 4,000 feet in elevation. Therefore the canal is far removed from the great mountain masses, the seeling and adjustment of which might cause cumulative stresses, that would culminate in rock ruptures great enough to give destructive earth vibrations."



SWEEPING THE SKY

Pegoud has seemed at times to be sliding up and down the clouds as the boys on sleds go uphill and down.

HOW THE MATHEMATICAL IDEAS OF OUR PARENTS ARE GETTING OUT OF DATE

IN the readjustment of our ideas to the new and revolutionary physics of the past ten years and in modifying our notions of life itself in accordance with the new psychology and the chemical conception of disease, the anarchical state of the mathematical sciences tends to be overlooked. How many of the laity understand the issue involved in the controversy respecting those rival geometries which tend more and more to distract as well as to bedazzle the mathematical experts of our time? In the reply we make to such queries must be found, too, some satisfaction for the average student of science. The progress of knowledge is bringing him more and more into collision with ideas of which he can not comprehend the relevance owing to the general ignorance of the new mathematics. The task of popularizing knowledge is made additionally difficult as well. Most people live in a mental world presupposing the accuracy of the assertion that two and two are four. We all more or less suspect that whatever may have happened to physics or to medicine or even to biology, the arithmetic of our grandfathers remains intact.

It is an old view, for instance, says Professor H. F. Baker, the eminent English mathematician, whose paper in *London Nature* we follow, that geometry deals with facts about which there can be no two opinions. Given a straight line and a point, one and only one straight line can be drawn through the point parallel to the given straight line. Thus runs the axiom. Again, according to the old view, "the natural man" would say this is either true or false. And, indeed, many and long were the attempts made to justify it:

"At length there came a step which to many probably will still seem unintelligible. A system of geometry was built up in which it is assumed that, given a straight line and a point, an infinite number of straight lines can be drawn through the point, in the plane of the given line, no one of which meets the given line. Can there, then, one asks at first, be two systems of geometry, both of which are true, tho they differ in such an important particular? Almost as soon believe that there can be two systems of laws of nature, essentially differing in character, both reducing the phenomena we observe to order and system—a monstrous heresy, of course! I will only say that, after a century of discussion we are quite sure that many systems of geometry are possible, and true; tho not all may be expedient. And if you reply that a geometry is useful for life only in proportion as it fits the properties of concrete things, I will answer, first, are the heavens not then concrete? And have we as yet any geometry that enables us to form a con-

sistent logical idea of furthestmost space?"

Nothing surprises the layman, adds Professor Samuel M. Barton, of the University of the South, so much as to hear for the first time that one of the most famous axioms of Euclid is not necessarily true. Even the mathematics of the college student is largely deductive. He but faintly realizes the important part played by intuition, observation and imagination in the realm of the higher mathematics. When mathematicians began to doubt the "parallel" axiom of Euclid, arose non-Euclidian geometry. This new geometry is based on the assumption that through a given point a number of straight lines can be drawn parallel to a given straight line.

It is to be noted, observes Professor Barton, that the straight line of one geometry is not the straight line of another, but in all the three leading rival geometries it is the shortest distance between two points. Such straightest lines are "geodesic" lines. It will perhaps be evident now why in a sense the discovery of the non-Euclidian geometries was a stepping-stone to the consideration of hyperspace, although we should bear in mind that the two conceptions are entirely distinct, neither one being dependent upon the other. The logical conception of non-Euclidian geometry is far more difficult than the abstract notion of the fourth dimension. The study of the results arrived at by those brilliant mathematicians Lobatchevsky, Bolyai, Riemann, Beltrami and others forced men to think of "spaces." Doubtless the stimulus given to "high thinking" of this nature gave rise to the hypothetical acceptance of a fourth (or any higher) dimensional space. But what of hyperspace? This is space of any dimension above three, but for convenience and simplicity Professor Barton confines himself to fourth-dimensional space. To quote from *The Popular Science Monthly*:

"To get any clear notion of the fourth dimension, one must make up his mind to exercise much patience, perhaps reading and re-reading many times articles by various authors. In this exposition of the subject, I would warn the reader against supposing that any attempt is here made to convince him of the possibility of the existence of fourth-dimensional space. He is not even asked to believe in a material space other than our common, every-day three-space. Fortunately a comparison with lower dimensional geometries furnishes so many analogies that the subject can be very fully explained in a non-mathematical way. Only let me say just here that the geom-

etry of the fourth dimension is a perfectly logical system of theorems and proofs entirely independent of these analogies.

"We, the dwellers in 3-space, can best realize the reasonableness of conceiving of a fourth or higher-dimensional space by considering as best we may what would take place in lower-dimensional space did such exist.

"Consider a pipe of indefinite length with a bore of diameter as small as you please, and suppose that there dwell within this pipe 'worms' of such diameter that they just fill the pipe. We can not conceive of anything with no breadth or thickness, but let us consider for sake of the illustration that this one-dimensional animal (which for brevity I shall call a *unodim*) has only length. Of course these *unodims* may vary in length according to age or family traits, perhaps. Now it is evident that a *unodim* can never turn around. He may move forward or backward, but one *unodim* can never pass another. If he possesses an eye in front or behind he can see a neighboring *unodim* as a mere point. His world is a very limited one.

"Again, we might imagine a two-dimensional animal, taking hold of a *unodim*, turning him around in his (two-dimensional) space and putting him back with his 'tail' where his 'head' was before. Evidently the *unodim* would be ignorant of the cause of his reversion, for he has no knowledge of a two-dimensional space, and the two-dimensional animal is invisible to him. . . . While this would be an impossible feat for a *unodim*, a two-space animal could readily do it.

"Now is one-dimensional space may not be 'straight' (that is, of zero curvature); but it may be the space that we should get by bending the pipe around in the form of a circle. In such a case, as his body would be constantly bent in the same direction and by the same degree, we may suppose that the *unodim* is totally unconscious of any curvature. It is well to note that in an exactly similar way our space may be curved without our being conscious of it."

Now let us consider two-space. Assume a two-space being, which Professor Barton calls a *duodim*—that is, a flat being (theoretically with no thickness) with length and breadth and confined to a surface having length and breadth but no thickness. Such a being could move to the right or left or forward or backward, we will say, but neither up nor down from the surface. In fact, he knows neither up nor down. The surface is his world. Now our *duodim* has a far more extended space than the *unodim* and can do many things that the *unodim* is totally ignorant of. His space may not necessarily be one of zero curvature—it is perfectly consistent with our idea of two-space for it to be the surface of a sphere, of an ellipsoid, of an egg-shaped figure or what not. It is to be noticed that if the

space has constant curvature (including no curvature) a body may be moved from any place to any other place on the surface without changing its shape.

Let us next direct our attention to three-space, an inhabitant of which we might call animal, but which, to continue the nomenclature adopted, we may speak of as a tridim. Here freedom of life is much more augmented, even more so than in passing from one-space to two-space. For here we have added the up-and-down motion to the right-and-left and the forward-and-backward motions.

"Now we know of 2-space only as a section of 3-space, and a *duodim* is purely an imaginary being to us; and we know of 1-space only as a section of 2-space (and therefore of 3-space), and the *unodim* is imaginary. We have seen that a *duodim* might interfere with life in 1-space, but the *unodim* would not know at all what had caused the interference. We have also seen that a *tridim* might in a similar way interfere with life in 2-space. The important point to observe is that in either case the inhabitant of the lower space would not understand what had caused the change.

"A *duodim* could lock up his treasure in circular or polygonal vaults, safe from 2-space intruders, but a *tridim* could help himself to anything he pleased without breaking the sides of the vault. By anal-

ogy, a 4-space being could do many things in 3-space impossible to man and entirely inexplicable to him. No 3-space safe or vault would be secure from a 4-space burglar. He could get a ball out of a hollow shell without breaking the surface, he could get out the contents of an egg without cracking the shell and enjoy the kernel of a nut without the use of a nutcracker."

We may see now why "Alice in Wonderland" is so clever a bit of nonsense at the expense of the students of four-dimensional space. Fortified, however, by the observations we have taken, let us revert to hyperspace. To begin with, freedom of movement is greater in hyperspace than in our space. The degrees of freedom of a rigid body in our space are 6, namely, 3 translations along and 3 rotations about 3 axes, while the fixing of 3 of its points, not in a straight line, prevents all movement. In hyperspace, however, with 3 of its points fixed, it could still rotate about the plane of those 3 points. A rigid body has to possible different movements in hyperspace, namely 4 translations along 4 axes, and 6 rotations about 6 planes, while at least 4 of its points must be fixed to prevent all movement.

In hyperspace a sphere of flexible material could without stretching or tearing be turned inside out.

"Two links of a chain could be separated without breaking them.

"Our knots would be useless.

"In hyperspace, as we have seen, it would be entirely possible to pass in and out of a sphere (or other enclosed space).

"A right glove turned over through space of four dimensions becomes a left glove, but notice that when the glove is turned over, it is not turned inside out. . . .

"When mathematicians began to talk of higher space, the spiritualists seized upon the idea as affording a habitation for their spirits. These men, naturally wanting a home for their spirits, were rather too eager to believe in the actual existence of the fourth dimension. It is astonishing with what avidity the advocates of spirit rappings and occult demonstrations appropriated the fourth dimension for the abiding place of their uncertainly beings. This was, of course, unwarranted as are perhaps most of the claims of such people. While somewhat interesting, it is too trivial to claim our serious attention.

"In conclusion, we have no material evidence of a fourth dimension. Our knowledge of the phenomena of 3-space is empirical. Our experience tells us nothing of 4-space, if it exists. But the *conception*, not being dependent upon experience or experiment, is not unreasonable. As a working hypothesis it is not without decided value, as it throws light upon many propositions of our (3-space) geometry."

THE CONTROVERSY OVER THE DISCOVERY OF "DAWN MAN"

RECENT events have made it difficult for those who rely wholly upon what has appeared in print to form any accurate conception of the meaning and importance of the now famous human fragments known as "the Pittdown skull." It is quite certain that they afford the first evidence we have obtained, writes Doctor G. Elliot Smith in London *Nature*, of a hitherto unknown group of the human type so fundamentally distinct from all the early fossil men found in Europe as to be worthy of generic distinction—a "dawn man" of a very primitive and generalized type. Certain features are so cleverly ape-like, insists Professor Smith, who is a recognized expert on the subject, as definitely to confirm the generally admitted kinship to the African man-like apes, as well as to distinguish dawn man sharply and clearly from all other human remains. In other respects, however, there is a closer resemblance to the features of modern man than is found in a specialized group of so-called "Neanderthaloid paleolithic" men. This curious association of features is not paradoxical, as some students assume. The small and archaic brain and thick skull are

undoubtedly human in character, but the mandible, in spite of the human molars it bears, is more monkey-like than human. So far from being an impossible combination of characters, this association of human brain and simian features is precisely what Doctor Smith anticipated in a paper published months before he knew of the discovery of the Pittdown skull. He argued long ago that in the evolution of man the development of the brain must have led the way.

"The growth in intelligence and in the powers of discrimination no doubt led to a definite cultivation of the esthetic sense, which, operating through sexual selection, brought about a gradual refinement of the features." Just as the young child still uses its teeth for purposes of attack, so in the dawn of human existence teeth suitable for offensive purposes were retained long after the brain had attained its distinctively human status and had made the hands even more serviceable instruments for attack.

"That the ape-like conformation of the chin region signifies the inability to speak is surely a patent fallacy. Articulate speech must have come while the jaws were still simian in character; and the bony changes that produced a chin were the result mainly of that process of re-

finement to which I have already referred, to the reduction of the teeth, which was part of the same process, and, quite in a minor degree, to that process of growth and specialization of the *genio-glossi* muscles which resulted from their use in speech.

"A great source of misunderstanding will be got rid of if these obvious facts are, the considerations based upon them be admitted."

After a careful study of the fragments, Doctor A. Smith-Woodward, of the British Museum, ventured to build them up again and thereby to enable us to form at least a tolerably accurate idea of what manner of man this most ancient of Britons was. The evidence of the brain case or cranium, as Professor W. P. Pyecraft writes, allowed no room for doubt as to the human nature of the skull, but the lower jaw presented a stumbling-block, for it presented a most remarkable likeness to that of one of our simian ancestors. It resembled closely that of a chimpanzee, yet the teeth were human.

How was such contradictory evidence to be reconciled?

It has been contended, notes our authority, that in attempting such a reconciliation a mistake was made—

that, as a matter of fact, the brain case is that of a man while the jaw is that of an ape. But no one competent to express an opinion would accept this interpretation, says Professor Pycraft. The remains being parts of a human being, a whole, the problem was to restore them to their original shape. "A little reflection on the remote antiquity of these remains was sufficient to turn surprise back on itself." On the evolutionary theory of man's ancestry, the ape-like character of the jaw was a feature to be expected. The task of reconstruction, then, was simplified, its trend was determined. Here was no imaginary but a real missing link. It remained but to determine the relationship of the fragments to one another and fill up the blanks. This student enlarges on the subject in *The Illustrated London News*:

"Unfortunately, however, the workmen's pick detached just enough from what had been the roof of the skull to leave room for doubt as to the precise position of its middle line; and on this, of course, much depends, since the brain cavity, and thereby the size of the brain it enclosed, is to this extent a debatable quantity. Nevertheless the missing portion is so small as to make it evident that the brain could not have exceeded that of the lowest known races of to-day, and probably did not attain to this.

"This wretched pickaxe added yet another obstacle. It cut off the fore-part of the jaw, bearing the front cheek-teeth, the 'eye' teeth, or canines, and the cutting-teeth.

"Professor Keith's method of approaching the problem differs absolutely from that of Dr. Smith-Woodward. According to the former's restoration, the Piltown man possessed a brain as large as that of the most intelligent among us to-day. And this, one ventures to suggest, is a conclusion which could only be arrived at by ignoring the most important rules which should apply in all attempts to restore the missing parts of extinct animals. One cannot ignore, as Dr. Keith seems to have done, the history of this skull; it is the skull of an extinct animal, with relationship to its lowlier forbears as well as to the human race to-day. It must have, and did, much more nearly resemble those forbears than man as we know him. Time will show that, whatever may be the shortcomings of this restoration of Dr. Woodward's, it is still not far from the truth."

The case for Professor Arthur Keith's reconstruction is set forth by himself in the same British periodical. Some years ago he was taken to task by the celebrated French anthropologist, Professor Boule, for venturing to give a provisional reconstruction of the skull of the Heidelberg man, of whom only the lower jaw and teeth were known. Yet the reconstruction had, it seems, a just basis. The lower teeth

gave a definite indication of the upper teeth and palate, just as certainly as one blade of a pair of scissors gives a clue to the opposite blade. In such a case as that just cited, the reconstruction is largely a matter of inference and there is room for difference of opinion. In the case of the Piltown skull, so large a part of the brain case was recovered that the reconstruction of the major part is not a matter of inference, says Professor Keith, but of simple anatomical fact. The bones which form the brain case of the Piltown skull are almost identical—except as regards their massive thickness—with the same bones in the living man. They must have been joined together according to the laws which hold true not only of human but also of anthropoid skulls. Now in all such skulls a groove, containing a blood channel, runs along the middle line of the roof of the skull from the forehead. Altho a great part of the roof of the Piltown skull is missing, there remains at the hinder part, on the upper angle of the parietal bone, an unmistakable part of this median groove:

"This part must be placed in the middle line of the reconstructed roof—that is its invariable position in all known skulls. In Dr. Smith-Woodward's reconstruction it has been carried over the middle line to the extent of almost an inch."



DAWN MAN'S BRAIN CASE

The reconstruction which centers the great blood-channel and so gives the now famous Piltown man a brain-capacity of 1,500 cubic centimeters, "a really large brain for a modern man" the Keith restoration, rival to the Smith-Woodward from above—the bones of the right and left sides widely separated.



ANOTHER RESTORATION

The reconstruction in which, according to Professor Keith, the great blood-channel has been placed nearly an inch to the right of its proper position, thus making the brain-capacity only 1,070 cubic centimeters: the Smith-Woodward restoration from above—the bones of the right and left sides nearly in contact.

Religion and Ethics

ARE MILITANT SUFFRAGISTS MANIACS OR MARTYRS?

IS Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst mentally unstable? Are she and her followers "wild women," as many hold, or are they martyrs fighting for a cause which as yet we do not fully appreciate? Three striking articles dealing with these questions have appeared almost simultaneously in the American magazines, and altho the writers disagree as to the moral justification and the political effectiveness of suffragist militancy in England, they firmly unite in paying tribute to the heroic quality of its adherents. Samuel Merwin, the novelist and champion of woman's cause, declares, in *Good Housekeeping*, that the fiber of the Christian martyrs is in many of these strange women. Israel Zangwill, no less a champion but keenly critical, accords them, in the pages of *The Metropolitan*, all the honors of a magnificent sainthood. And *The Century* publishes a revolutionary article by Edna Kenton, the feminist writer, entitled, "The Militant Women—and Women," which quite glorifies the subject.

Replying to the ridicule that has been heaped upon the militants, Mr. Merwin writes warmly:

"You can't very well kill a cause with ridicule once its devotees really begin to die for it. Or even if you can, in the heat of the moment, the absurd affair is likely to look a little different a few years later.

"Somehow, it is a long, long time since people have laughed very widely at Martin Luther, even tho he did flaunt the authority and majesty of the temporal and spiritual power of his time. . . . Nor do we laugh at Savonarola. Nor at poor, misguided, tragic old John Brown. Nor at Washington and his property-destroying crew. Nor at Carl Schurz and his fellow revolutionists in Germany. Nor even at the rather ridiculous Wat Tyler.

"Indeed, in our lucid moments, away from the heat and dust of conflict, we have a curious habit of doing reverence to the great rebels of the past. Soberly, each of us knows that whatever we enjoy today of liberty and equality and the right to live has been won for us by our rebels. If ever-widening classes of human beings had not protested, and fought to make their protests good, civilization would not now be what it is. Our own nation was founded on the theory that the right to revolt is an inherent right. A fact it is well to remember in these different times

when some of us find ourselves caught quite unexpectedly on the conservative side."

We are slow of comprehension. For eight years now, Mr. Merwin reminds us, we have been reading newspaper reports (more or less inaccurate) of conflicts between the British militants and the government; of the women's imprisonment, "hunger strikes" and forcible feeding; and, finally, of the smashing of windows, the destruction of a few empty houses, and the finding of bombs which do not explode. But how many of us have stopped to inquire into the underlying causes of these phenomena? We simply condemn the women as crazy or criminal. Women, we say, are quietly and constitutionally securing the ballot all over the world. Why then should this particular little group of English fanatics spoil all by resorting to violence?

The underlying causes of militant

suffragist activity are perhaps best stated by Israel Zangwill in his article entitled "The Militant Woman." Mr. Zangwill is sympathetic and admiring, but he disapproves. "Militancy may not have put back the clock of suffrage," he observes, "but it has put back the clock of civilization." He dismisses as absurd all charges of hysteria or dementia against the fighting women. In them we are face to face with the rare and world-old quality of martyrdom. "Captain Scott, perishing in the Arctic snows for lack of food," this critic writes, "was less essentially heroic and no greater a pioneer than Miss Wallace-Dunlop, the fragile inventor of the hunger strike, starving with luxuries heaped beseechingly around her." He continues:

"It is impossible not to think of the temptation in the wilderness. The thirst strike and the sleep strike push the doctrine of 'Eubekren sollst' to extremes undreamed of by Goethe. In an age of luxury and materialism almost unexampled, amid an epidemic of negroid danger, we have witnessed the miracle of prison doors flying open by force of faith and self-sacrifice. The great saying of Zwinglius, 'You can kill the body, but not the soul,' has received almost incredible illustration. It is not too much to say that the suffragets have enlarged our conception of human nature and of the pitifulness of politics and politicians."

Concerning Mrs. Pankhurst, the spiritual leader of the suffragets, Mr. Zangwill adds:

"Her utter selflessness, the unbreakable energy of that frail body under the Cat-and-Mouse Bill (aptly compared to the Iron Maiden of the Middle Ages, whose iron spikes slowly squeezed out the life of the victim), the noble eloquence which moved the prosecuting Attorney-General, Sir Rufus Isaacs, to tears—these are beginning to tell even on the clergy, always the last to recognize religion in its contemporary vesture."

At the recent Medical Congress in London a Scotch physician endeavored to class suffragist militancy with the dancing and other maniacal epidemics of the fourteenth century. But he only showed, says Mr. Zangwill, that he himself was suffering from "contagious misunderstanding."



Courtesy of the Crafts

"THE VISION"

Thus Antonio Camau, a Viennese sculptor, conveys his sense of the vistas that open before modern womanhood.

Suffragist militancy is distinctly of the brain and not of the fist. It is even too rational to be formidable. "So far from being hysterical, it has been turned on and off like a tap." The militant women either suffer extremely in screwing their courage up to the smashing point, or they are sturdy enough to hammer a window with cool calculation. It is not the hammer and the match-box, but the ballot-paper, which they have in mind. "When I was sent out to throw my first stone, I was sick—*sick*," is a typical testimony. "I didn't think I could go through with it. One woman told me she prayed all the time." We have gradually come to understand that a suffragist is not necessarily an elderly spectacled female. Mr. Zangwill remarks, but the notion that she is a neurotic spinster is "inexpungeable." "It has even survived," he wittily adds, "the discovery that some of the fiercest of the militants are married men." Not hysteria, not dementia, but the "inexorable logic of facts," as Mr. Pethick Lawrence has put it, is the underlying cause of militant activities, in Mr. Zangwill's judgment.

But the work of the Woman's Social and Political Union, the organization of the Pankhursts, which Mr. Zangwill characterizes as the most troublesome institution of modern times, was not at first inspired even by this cerebral militancy. "It was as metaphorical as the Salvation Army." He continues:

"In the overwhelming majority of instances the operations of this unprecedented Union have been devoid of all violence save that inflicted on its members by the government, the police and the mob. Even when it strove to supplement its constitutional agitation by illegal acts, its breaches of law were long merely technical or symbolical, designed to embarrass the government by a plethora of prisoners and to achieve the advertisement denied to a peaceful propaganda."

The famous meetings in Albert Hall at which Mrs. Pankhurst presides like "a general reviewing his troops" (her own description) are in reality the communions of a new religion, according to Mr. Zangwill, that has already "its ritual, its hymnology, its sacred music, its symbolism (the broad arrows of the prison garb its proudest emblem), its pageantry, its martyrology and its dogma of Pankhurst infallibility." Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst is the spiritual leader, but "Christabel, I.L.B." is the political chief of the movement. It is she who proves, says Mr. Zangwill, that woman, not man, is the logical animal. And it is precisely in this youthful and relentless logic of Christabel Pankhurst, with its utter disregard of psychology or consequences, that Mr. Zangwill thinks he detects the weakest spot in the militant armor; not in any hysterical or mani-



Country at Good Housekeeping

MILITANT SUFFRAGISM INCARNATE

Mrs. Pankhurst "fires the hearts of her followers with the same intense conviction that lives in her own," says her biographer, Rheta Dorr. "She makes them care so powerfully that they go gladly to prison, they starve, they endure agonies of thirst and cold and sleeplessness, and come out ready to do it all over again."

acal manifestations. "Since the Children's Crusade of 1212," he declares, "there has been no such blend of the ridiculous and the sublime as the war against England declared by logic-ridden ladies."

The internal conduct of the Woman's Social and Political Union is marked throughout by the relentless logic of Christabel, according to Mr. Zangwill; for with the organization's transition to militancy, it became autocratic. Now it has ceased to elect its officers, and any opinion which runs counter to Christabel's is sacrificed. It is a kind of sanctified tyranny. And the admiring critic concludes:

"Hari-kari, the one resource of the suffragets, turns out to be their strongest weapon. Englishmen are not so brutish that they can bear the sight of martyred innocence. The heroic suicide of a lady of wealth and station on the public doorstep of the Derby is worth a wilderness of fires, and the cross that was borne before her body at the great funeral was a more victorious symbol than the hammer."

"Militancy is only successful in so far as it brings suffering to the militants. If this were a real war, could one say the

greater their casualties the nearer their triumph? In war you menace the enemy with death. Mrs. Pankhurst is menacing the enemy with her own death. Even allowing the Government merely the wisdom of knowing that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church, the fact that she is not allowed to die, even tho ministers are at their wits' ends to keep her and the law alive together, is a comforting reassurance of human progress. Four years ago Mrs. Pankhurst said in the dock: 'Our words have always been, be patient, exercise self-restraint, show our so-called superiors that the criticism of women being hysterical is not true, use no violence, offer yourselves to the violence of others.' Militancy was born out of despair of constitutionalism: out of despair of militancy, Mrs. Pankhurst has come back to the teaching of Corinthians. Crime is now merely a cover for her hunger strike. . . . 'There is no coercive measure within the imagination of either men or devils,' writes *The Suffragette*, 'that the women of this Union cannot withstand, if not living, then dead.' Yes, the Government lies paralyzed and humiliated.

"It is magnificent, but it is not the vote."

The world-wide spiritual militancy of women is Edna Kenton's theme; for whoever considers the English militants to be a variation from the normal, she declares, knows neither human history nor his own times. It is the conservative's attitude towards militancy which is hysterical, and not the militants. "Militancy is based on the logic of causes, as fear of it is not," Miss Kenton writes. "As well stone a thermometer to fragments for registering 105 degrees as to attack militancy in itself as complete or bad." To dismiss the English suffragets, "or women actionists anywhere," as hysterics or pathological specimens who ought to be shut up in asylums, is therefore merely to beg the question.

"After all, it is not the tactics of the English militants that concern us; and their present, single-hearted goal, 'Votes for Women,' is near and insignificant compared with the stretches that lie beyond that simple, first step. Many women of this generation will stop short, in their path to self-realization, with their enfranchisement, calling it a good fight won, and the battle ended. Others will discover, as men have discovered, that the ballot is a clumsy method of gaining what they want, and will seek, as many men are seeking, other and better ways. Our concern is not with militant tactics or with its first goal. But we are greatly concerned with the militant spirit that is developing in these and many other women. For of all the evils in the world the helplessness of women is the greatest; not their material or political helplessness but their spiritual helplessness, upon which all their other ineptitudes gather like barnacles. This spiritual militancy in women is the ringing, singing note of the world to-day, and what lies back of it and what lies ahead may not wisely be ignored."

A SPIRITUAL DIAGNOSIS OF AN AMERICAN VILLAGE

SOMETHING new in the way of eugenic study and of community investigation is offered by *The American Magazine*, which prints in a recent issue a "rough cross-section picture" of a "village of a thousand souls." The investigation was undertaken by Arnold L. Gesell, now a teacher in Yale University, and includes one generation of ordinary village humanity ranging from 1880 to 1913. The village selected is not named, but is located, so we are told, in a prosperous farming district in the Middle West. It contains 220 families. It has every appearance of being typical.

Professor Gesell has gone to the trouble of making a eugenic map in which every house in the village is shown. "Every house has a human story," he tells us, "or, we may say, a story of the human natures which have been associated with it—strong natures, happy natures, feeble, dejected, distraught, vacillating, composed, simple, ambitious natures." He continues:

"We can appraise and classify the families of our Village of a Thousand Souls with reference to certain large characteristics. We can do this with some success without the assistance of a psychological laboratory because, after all, life itself is the most comprehensive test and the token of the character of these villagers. The school, the street, the places of work and business, the yards, the gardens and the playgrounds have been the public stage upon which the lives of the inhabitants of The Village of a Thousand Souls have been manifested."

The investigator proceeds to give the percentage of the different types that he has found. He deals, at first, with the more or less pathological types—feeble-minded, alcoholics, insane, eccentrics and delinquents. He ends with an account of the "mediocre" and the "normal," whose homely virtues, he says, are the ballast of civilized life.

By actual count of the residents in the houses, Professor Gesell gets a total of 37 out of 220 families in which feeble-mindedness appears in one, two, three or four individuals. This is a

proportion of sixteen per cent. Appalling as this percentage is, he is convinced that a thoroughgoing psychological investigation of the people, especially of the school children, for thirty-three years, would have resulted in figures even larger. And what, he asks, is feeble-mindedness:

"Medically, feeble-mindedness is a permanent, early arrest of the development of the nervous system, particularly of the brain cortex, or 'gray matter.' Pedagogically, feeble-minded persons are those who cannot be taught to read, write, or cipher, with any marked advantage to

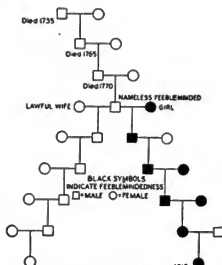
queer old woman who played with a big rag doll; the child who never learned to walk and could not hold up its head."

Next come the alcoholics. The Village of a Thousand Souls boasts thirteen saloons. It is not surprising to Professor Gesell that his census reveals 36 families in which there is alcoholism. This is a proportion of sixteen per cent. These alcoholics are in nearly every case the fathers. For a generation there has not appeared in this village a woman who could be considered alcoholic.

"This latter fact, no doubt, has been a eugenic advantage to the population, because alcohol can poison the embryo through the maternal circulation if in no other way. But we must remember that every new-born babe is the product of the germinal protoplasm of the father as well as of the mother, and that alcohol may undermine his germ plasma to such an extent that an inferior child will be born."

"The hereditary effects of alcohol are many; and 'they are never on the right side.' Our village map shows it in clear association with feeble-mindedness and insanity in thirteen cases at least. We may feel sure that alcohol operates as a contributing, if not as an initiating, cause in the production of defects and deficiency of the nervous system. In men it has been estimated that 24 per cent. of the mental diseases are due to alcohol, which, combined with syphilis, accounts for almost one-half of all the cases of insanity committed to institutions."

"In feeble-mindedness, alcoholism may often be regarded as effect rather than cause. It has been found that in homes for inebriates as high as 60 per cent. of the inmates are mentally defective. They drink because they are feeble-minded. In spite of the large number of saloons in our village (there once were as many as 17) there have been only a few dipsomaniacs, so extreme that they were hopelessly and helplessly given to drink. In fact, none of our alcoholics indicated on the map were also found to be feeble-minded. Many became victims to drink, but none, apparently, from sheer and mere mental deficiency. We have not reckoned as alcoholics those who drink intermittently; that is, those who go on sprees and sober up even if they do it with interesting regularity."

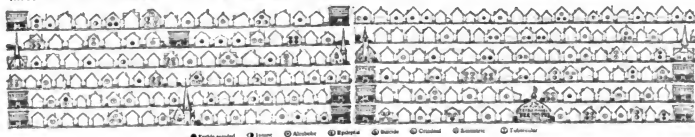


DEGENERACY TRACED IN A EUGENIC CHART

The good and the bad branch of the Kallitnik family. Feeble-mindedness tends to be transmissible, but so does normality.

themselves or society. Psychologically, feeble-mindedness is a condition of permanent, incurable mental retardation limiting the individual to an intelligence less than that of a normal thirteen-year-old child. Sociologically, feeble-mindedness is a condition of relative mental incompetence, dating from birth or infancy, which makes it impossible for the individual to get along in the world on equal terms with his normal fellows.

"The last definition is the most comprehensive and practical for our survey. In the retrospect of thirty-three years what village pictures crowd about the caption 'Feeble-minded!' The grinning simpleton, whom everybody joked; the



"THE VILLAGE OF A THOUSAND SOULS"

A "eugenic map" of a Western community made for *The American Magazine* by Arnold L. Gesell. The village contains 220 families and may be accepted as typical. "Every house," Professor Gesell says, "has a story of the human natures which have been associated with it—strong natures, happy natures, feeble, dejected, distraught, vacillating, composed, simple, ambitious natures."

As regards the mentally unbalanced, our expert has found—including three cases of epilepsy—definite insanity in exactly ten per cent. of the families. This is a finding, he thinks, of eugenic significance. Insanity, however, is not as irresistible as feeble-mindedness. There is not so insusceptible of cure. There are many "manageable" cases of insanity. Going on to speak of the "eccentrics" in the village under scrutiny, Professor Gesell writes:

"This is an interesting group, and we have placed 34 members in it. Others might have placed more. There is no standard that we can have recourse to when we wish to measure the deviation of eccentric individuals; but there have been at least 34 decided deviates in this particular village. The eccentric is a singular sort of person who often is 'on the border line.' Sometimes he crosses the boundary; sometimes he is partly on both sides. In several of our instances eccentricity is associated with marked ability along mechanical, musical, or intellectual lines.

"There is a sound and wholesome kind of eccentricity, which gives the world sparkle and spice; but there is another kind, which has insanity for its uncanny brother or sister. This village has had at least two eccentric druggists, one of whom became insane (his insanity was discovered while he was waiting on a customer). Two other druggists committed suicide, which is an extreme deviation from the normal."

"Delinquency" is too vague a term to permit classification, and in this connection Professor Gesell offers little more than a series of questions. Shall we call the cruel stepmother a criminal? he asks. Shall we designate the shiftlessness of the old man with the seatless wagon as economic moral delinquency? And what about the village girls who had illegitimate children? Professor Gesell confesses himself puzzled by the case of a bigamist who used the fortune which he adroitly secured from his second wife to maintain handsomely the wife and children of his first marriage. Vagrancy is another form of delinquency difficult to tabulate. At least three of the young men of the village wandered off beyond all trace.

Passing on to the positive side of his classification, Professor Gesell notes an encouraging fact. "Heredity," he says, "actually tends to conserve the normal even more than the abnormal." He continues:

"Dr. Goddard's study of the Kallikak family is a splendid reminder of this fact. Our survey bore evidence that special abilities, no less than disabilities, are hereditary. Artistic and business and executive abilities were found to run in families. Some appear to be born leaders, others natural-born humorists, others attorneys, or baseball players of National League caliber.

"This village has sent out more than the usual quota of crack baseball players, and students of normal schools, colleges, and universities. Some of the graduates hold high positions as engineers, lawyers, physicians, and college professors, the number of superior rank being about 14 (number of families 9)."

Heredity, it seems, must also be thanked for a great deal of the world's mediocrity. A rough count discloses that of 110 normal families over half would be rated mediocre. Professor Gesell writes:

"While distinguished talents are not uncommonly associated with some kind of mental defect, mediocrity and mental health often go together. With this mediocrity also are associated those homely virtues of 'sturdy commonplaceness' which are the ballast of civilized life: sympathy, neighborliness, self-sacrifice, industry, respect for law, love of children, and a moderate fund of common sense. The neuropathic figures for this village are appalling enough; but a catholic, optimistic view of the situation must give credit to this healthy core of sound stock. If the countless acts of humanity and

draw their own conclusions, in large part, from this investigation. His object is to present facts rather than theories. But he believes in the possibility of improvement of the human "stock" by better breeding, and he closes his article with the hope that the State will soon make a systematic attempt to secure a registration of the unfit and to prevent the mating of the unfit:

"One element in the progress of the race, and of the village, will be the gradual lifting of the level of hereditary mediocrity. This progress will be accompanied by an improved and increasingly complex environment. Each implies the other. The soundest kind of superiority to-day is equivalent to a harmonious enhancement and refinement of the elements of sturdy commonplaceness. Such superiority is true super-normality, or hyper-normality. There is a kind of pseudo-normal genius, on the other hand, which is in the nature of an eccentric variation from the normal.

"The production of both types can be brought under the partial control of man, whose evolution is becoming more and more conscious. Karl Pearson, one of the pioneers of the eugenic movement, makes an interesting observation along this line: 'In the tenth generation a man has theoretically 1,024 great-grandparents. He is eventually the product of a population of this size and their mean can hardly differ from that of the general population. . . . Among mankind we trust largely for our exceptional men to extreme variations occurring among the commonplace, but if we could remove the drag of the mediocre element in ancestry, were it only for a few generations, we should sensibly eliminate regression, or create a stock of exceptional men. This is precisely what is done by the breeder in selecting and isolating a stock until it is established.' The differential migration of superior individuals from a village tends, of course, to a fixing and even a lowering of the strains of the village mediocrity and dullness, which stay at home.

"No sane eugenist would, of course, attempt to apply the methods of cattle breeding in order to hasten the improvement of village or urban populations; and the premature eugenist will not have the opportunity to do so. There is not even much likelihood that The Village of a Thousand Souls will soon establish a eugenic bureau and issue eugenic certificates to those who desire to publish their bans; but there is a real possibility that the State will soon make a systematic attempt to secure a registration of the unfit and prevent the mating of the unfit. Only the rankest pessimists and believers in non-interference will condone the increase of feeble-mindedness and insanity which is occurring everywhere in the villages of the land. We need not wait for the perfection of the infant science of eugenics before proceeding upon a course of supervision and segregation which will prevent the horrible renewal of this defective protoplasm that is contaminating the stream of village life."



HE CALLS PRISON LIFE SLOW MURDER
Julian Hawthorne emerges from prison in a resentful mood. "I can prove," he says, "that the Atlanta Penitentiary is one of the worst in the world." The portrait above reproduced has been made since Mr. Hawthorne's release.

homely heroism which have sprung from a generation of these plain village people could be massed together, they would swell to epic proportions.

"Mediocrity seems to be an expression of 'the stability of the essential human characteristics.' It has been accounted for on the general assumption that 'an inheritance is a mosaic made up of contributions from a complex of ancestors which, when traced, say, to a tenth generation back, correspond to an average sample of the stock in question.'"

Professor Gesell leaves readers to

NEW REVELATIONS AND CRITICISMS OF OUR PRISON METHODS

TWO unusually interesting "inside" views of our prison system have lately been made public. They issue from Julian Hawthorne, son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who served several months in Atlanta Federal Prison for violation of the postal laws in mining operations, and Thomas Mott Osborne, chairman of the New York State Commission on Prison Reform; who incarcerated himself for a week in Auburn prison for the purpose of obtaining first-hand knowledge of conditions which he hopes to change. As he entered upon his self-imposed confinement, Mr. Osborne was permitted to make an address to the convicts in which he accused himself of a crime which might be laid at the door of many another American citizen. He said:

"In the Court of Conscience I have been found guilty of having lived many years indifferent to and ignorant of what has been going on behind these walls. I expect to begin serving my sentence this week and am coming here to live your life; to be housed, clothed, fed, treated in all respects like one of you. I want to see for myself exactly what your life is like; not as viewed from the outside in, but from the inside out.

"Of course, I am not so foolish as to think that I can see it from exactly your point of view. Manifestly, a man cannot be a real prisoner when he can at any moment walk out; and spending a few hours a day in a cell is quite a different thing from the weary round of weeks, months, years; nor is prison a matter of clothes.

"As chairman of the commission on prison reform, appointed by Sulzer, the superintendent of prisons and Warden Rattigan have kindly given me permission to carry out a plan to determine the psychological effect of the present prison system upon the prisoners.

"I want to find out whether our prison system is intelligent, whether it flies in the face of all common sense and human nature, as I think it does; whether, guided by sympathy and experience, we cannot find something far better to take its place, as I believe we can."

To Mr. Hawthorne, litterateur and man of culture, the Atlanta prison seemed one of the worst in the world. He called it "a living hell" and said that life in it is "slow murder." He declared that the food served is inadequate, and that convicts are cruelly treated for slight breaches of discipline. Not so much the sense of personal torture in his own case as the horror of the whole system of jail management rankled in his mind.

Mr. Osborne expressed himself in milder fashion. "A great many prison abuses have been eliminated in recent years," he told John A. Moroso, in an

interview published in the New York *Times*, "but there is a great deal that can be done for our system of punishment and a great deal that should be done for the mere sake of humanity." He instanced the regulation that a prisoner must have a perfect record for a month before he is allowed to write a letter. "The imbecility of this," Mr. Osborne commented, "is sickening. One intelligent convict told me that it is in the first month of his term that the prisoner needs most to send letters to the outside world." Another thing that, in Mr. Osborne's view, needs reforming concerns the sending of food to prisoners. For example, he said, there were hundreds of ripening pears in his garden at Auburn that were

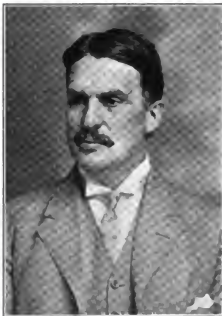
locked up with my slice of bread and cup of water, and knew nothing more of time until 9 o'clock, signaled by the turning out of the lights. The only exercise we got was in marching to and fro from the cells to work, and the morning march of the bucket line. This morning march gave us a breath of air, but it was made regardless of weather conditions, and if it was pouring rain the convicts were compelled to continue through the day in their soaked garments.

"No provision whatever was made for a change of clothes. The convict is given his uniform and cap, one suit of underwear, a pair of socks and a pair of shoes. No night garment is provided. The convict sleeps in his underwear, and you can imagine how it is with the coal heavers and stokers when they go to their cells after a long day of violent work. That is a thing that could be remedied with very little trouble and would mean much for the health and comfort of the convict."

The whole secret of remedying our prison system, Mr. Osborne declared in the same interview, is in treating each man as an individual. To quote his exact words:

"It is the greatest mistake to punish people en masse. I found that the system as it exists to-day is very similar to keeping a man in bed for a long stretch of time as a training for a race. He loses most of his power of exercising both mind and body. When he is turned loose, he has little capacity for accepting the responsibilities of life. And it is a strange thing that 90 per cent. of the men in prison not only mean to be right when they get out but earnestly hope that they will be right. In my talks with them I found that as a whole they admitted they were guilty and said they were willing to accept their punishment, but there was less than 10 per cent. who did not declare that when they get out they would live straight. As a fact, when they do get out they are not equipped to lead the right kind of life and a very small percentage of them make good."

The conditions which brought forth the indictments of Julian Hawthorne and of Thomas Mott Osborne are analyzed in an able editorial in the *Philadelphia North American*. This paper notes exceptions such as Governor West's installation of the honor system in Oregon, the remarkably successful social experiment being carried on in the Indiana State Reformatory, at Lawrenceville, and the prison-farms started by the city of Cleveland and the State of Arkansas; but, it insists, "in the average prison, whether a small town jail or a State penitentiary, men and women are being degenerated rather than regenerated, the regeneration should be the ultimate object of our penal system."



HE WENT TO PRISON TO FIND OUT WHAT IT WAS LIKE

Thomas Mott Osborne, chairman of the New York State Commission on Prison Reform, spent a week recently in Auburn prison. He found many abuses that he feels should be remedied, and he proposes many reforms.

falling to the ground to rot simply because there was no one to use them. Yet the prison regulations would not permit him to send them inside. He contended that the reading of newspapers and magazines should be allowed; that better provisions should be made for bathing; that the coffee should be improved; and that ordinary conversation should be permitted. He continued:

"In my cell in Auburn I had no idea of time. I knew that a New York Central train pulled into the station at 6:30 in the morning, and was generally on time. In that way I knew that it was 6:30, but I was wholly lost from that time until noon when we had dinner. After work ended, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon in my shop, I was immediately

In many State prisons contract labor not only imposes inordinate tasks upon convicts but leads, through greed and graft, to inhuman punishments such as were aired before the world two years ago in the investigation of the Michigan penitentiary at Marquette, and previously by Kate Barnard, of Oklahoma, who uncovered the inhuman treatment of Oklahoma convicts boarded in the Kansas penitentiary at Lansing. The *North American* quotes from a prospectus of the American Fiber Company issued when its president was Leslie M. Shaw, once Secretary of the Treasury:

"The company manufactures fiber and reed furniture with prison labor. Its factories are located inside prison walls and it has, at the present time, 800 prisoners under contract in Maine, Illinois and Kentucky. Prison contracts are usually made for eight years and generally continue indefinitely. This company pays

for its labor 52 cents per man per day; its competitors who employ free labor pay an average wage of about \$2 a day.

"There are no strikes or labor troubles in prisons. This company is supplied, free of rent, with factory buildings, storage warehouses and grounds inside the prison walls, and with free heat, light and power. These are ideal conditions for profitable manufacturing. Dividends of 7 per cent. on the preferred and 10 per cent. on the common stock are reasonably assured."

Mr. Shaw's prospectus, remarks the *North American*, makes no mention of the fact that none of the 52 cents paid for the labor goes to the laborer; nor does it refer to the fact that when some prisoner, weakened by long confinement and the terrible monotony of prison life, fails to finish the required number of chairs or footstools in a day he may be given the "water cure," whereby he is treated to the torments of drowning by having a powerful

stream forced into his mouth, nose and ears. "Yet all this," the *North American* affirms, "could be stated beyond any 'reasonable assurance,' for such punishments repeatedly have been meted out to convicts who did not complete their allotted tasks."

The real task of the future, it is generally conceded, is to make the prison an agency for moral reform rather than a vindictive instrument of punishment. "The time is coming," says William A. Pinkerton, a life-long student of crime and criminals, "when men will come out of prison sounder in body and mind than they went in, and with hands and heads trained to useful and profitable occupations. In this way we shall gradually be able to eliminate the habitual criminal, while better educational methods and a clearer recognition by the state of its duty to the child cannot fail to reduce materially the proportion of first offenders."

THE PERIL THAT LIES IN A "SAFE" THEOLOGY

SAFETY is a watchword of our times. Automatic safety-devices are multiplying on all sides, and are generally accepted as signs of progress. But it is worth while asking, Herbert Alden Youtz, of Auburn Theological Seminary, contends, whether humanity is entirely the gainer by reason of these devices. "I would not curtail," Mr. Youtz tells us, "practical efforts to reduce risks by safety appliances; but I am apprehensive of the results of safety produced at the cost of all human sentiment, and I raise the question whether in the long run it is not possible for the impersonal and the practical to defeat its own ends and suffer a practical revenge." The writer proceeds (in the *Harvard Theological Review*):

"I am not an apologist for the convict, nor for the picturesque, ecclesiastical, mendicant saint; nor yet for the less picturesque and unecclesiastical mendicant sinner. But the point of view of life as an adventure points to a principle of faith—faith and strength and insight born of the needs of the moment—which seems to me a neglected factor in many of our closed and rigid systems of interpretation of life. For every specific spiritual situation as it arises there is a new insight born of the new experience. No standardized interpretation expresses the whole truth of such an hour. Like the manna of the wilderness, if we try to preserve our spiritual truth for days ahead, it spoils on our hands.

"Faith is the only mental attitude that overcomes the world—not security. The voluntary acceptance of life seems somehow to precede and condition our proofs and certainties."

The larger half of Christendom—Roman Catholicism—is organized on the principle that we need an infallible guidance for life. On the other hand, Protestantism is in nominal revolt against external religious guarantees, and avows its purpose to rest life upon faith, which shall win its own certainties. "But alas for the logic of Protestantism," exclaims Mr. Youtz, "there is an unformulated dialectic in human nature which leads straight back to the safety-device." The church has always cherished the intellectual "proof" of God as a buttress and bulwark of her faith, while affirming that God and the soul "cannot be proved with proofs." This has had the effect, Mr. Youtz argues, of weakening religion rather than of strengthening it.

Not merely in theological interpretation, but on the practical side of religious life, a mechanical ideal, in place of a spiritual ideal, can be shown to be a menace to effectiveness. The writer enumerates three points at which he feels that a "safe" theology imperils the interests of the Christian Gospel:

"The Christianizing of the Orient in this missionary age requires a recognition of types of mind and types of meaning which a rigid theological method does not recognize. If Jesus Christ and his message of God's love is to dominate and save Eastern civilizations with their millions of needy people, they must be allowed to reinterpret our blessed Gospel in forms of life and thought which our orthodoxies do not know, and we must recognize the heterodox ways in which God is already manifesting Himself in the hearts of these people. We imperil a world message by parochial thinking.

"Again, a formal and safe theology is ineffective in dealing with the marvelous developments of ethical, social, economic and industrial life about us. Christianity and the church are, measurably at least, losing the most splendid opportunity that history has offered to spiritualize life and bring to it the vision and the power of God in Christ, because we insist that the profound modern movements must conform to our orthodox interpretations of Christianity, formulated under the influence of other social ideals. Thank God for prophetic men in the ministry who get their vision of God and the spiritual meaning of Christ in the life of to-day; whose measure of the divine revelation and redemption is not a safe orthodoxy but the whole range of human need, the whole development of human life. . . .

"There is also a peril to the highest life of the church in measuring its spiritual possibilities in terms of an orthodox theology. I will not speak of the formalism which so easily besets ecclesiastical organizations, but rather of the danger to creative spiritual leadership. In a conception of spiritual truth and of theology which absolves the minister from profound religious thinking upon the deepest concerns of life there is an intellectual menace which must affect also the preacher's spiritual vision and the character of his message. One cannot enter the deep original vision of the meaning of spiritual things without first thinking things through in terms of fundamental principles. We do not require mere dispensers of second-hand visions. We do not need preachers who can demonstrate that God was in the thought and life of the past so much as we need those who can reveal a living God in the thought and life of to-day. These fundamental things are matters of present insight, personally achieved."

AMERICAN REFLECTIONS ON THE "RITUAL MURDER" CASE

ANTI-SEMITISM and superstitions ignorance are responsible for the "ritual murder" trial at Kieff which has lately been attracting the attention of the entire world, if we may judge from sentiments expressed at public meetings in this country and from the tone of both the secular and religious press. At the recent convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York the House of Deputies passed a resolution calling on the archbishops and bishops of the Holy Orthodox Church of Russia to "make formal pronouncement that charges of so-called ritual murders are without foundation or justification in the teachings and practices of the religion of Israel." In this matter the Episcopalians have followed the example of the Roman Catholics, for the authoritative defense of the Jews against the alleged crime is a work by a German Roman Catholic priest named F. Frank, called "The Ritual Murder," and several Popes have issued bulls denouncing the blood accusation against the Jews. During recent weeks, outraged public opinion in America has made itself felt through Congress, State Legislatures and a hundred other channels.

Dr. Morris H. Harris, Rabbi of the Temple Israel of Harlem, New York, addressed his congregation recently on the subject of "ritual murder," showing, by means of historic references and quotations, that in every written record and tradition of the Jews since the most primitive stages of their religion the sacrifice of human blood has been condemned and forbidden. He pronounced the story of Shylock's "pound of flesh" as of one stock with the calumny that Jews use the blood of Christian boys in the celebration of the Passover. "The Scriptures," he said, "are the first literature to condemn the ancient, ignorant and wicked practice of human sacrifice. The story of the rejection of Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac is an illustration of this condemnation." He proceeded:

"Need we go further than the commandment, 'Thou shalt not commit murder'? And how could people who read the Hebrew scriptures charge Israel with using blood in the Matzo when the commandment against drinking blood is so often reiterated in the Pentateuch? 'Whosoever man there be, Israelite or stranger, that eateth any manner of blood I will cut him off from his people.' Rabbinic law, with its usual intensification of Biblical law, added to this injunction."

How, then, it will be asked, did the charge of "ritual murder" arise at all? Dr. Harris replied: "The charge goes back to the dawn of history, when it was intensely believed by half the

world that there was a miraculous power in the blood, which was, therefore, used in the mystic rites of primitive people. What was believed of others was also supposed of Israel, and the earliest anti-Semite Apion said that the Jews sacrificed Greeks in their temple; but he also was the one who said they worshipped a golden-headed donkey hidden in the Holy of Holies. And as much credence may be given to the spiteful Democritus, who said that every seven years the Jews caught a stranger and sacrificed him."

From this beginning, Dr. Harris continued, the charge "was borrowed and revived by the Christians of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, who did not know that the same charge had been brought against themselves in the first century by the Romans, when the Christians were a powerless minority."

"Church doctrine that the blood of their Savior atoned for sin and that wine and wafer taken in the Sacrament became his body and blood gave plausibility to the slander. But the churchman of the dark ages knew little of his own past history and less still of Israel's. To the masses, the Jews, living apart, were a mysterious people; their rites seemed occult; and, because their prayers were in an unknown tongue, all possible things were imagined. Some thought that the Talmud was a man and the Jew a four-footed animal. The ignorant always wanders what they do not understand and the unknown is usually confused with the unlawful."

Those who have read Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" will recall in the "Prioress's Tale" the verse:

O yonge Hew of Lincolne slaine also,
With cursed Jewes, as it is notable
For it n'is but a litel while ago,
Pray eke for us, we sinful folk unstable
That of his mercie God so merciable,
On us his grete mercie multiple
For reverence of his Moder Mary.

This reference to "yonge Hew of Lincolne" had to do with a case of blood accusation which has been preserved in ballad and other literary forms to this day. In the year 1255 a Christian boy of eight years of age was lost. His body was found in a well near the house of a Jew. The man was arrested and promised his life if he would accuse his Jewish brethren of the murder. This he consented to do; yet he was treacherously hanged. Nearly a hundred of the richest Jews in Lincoln were accused of complicity in the murder of little Hugh. Eighteen were hanged in Lincoln. The others were imprisoned in the Tower of London.

The case of Simon of Trent in 1475 forms one of the mainstays of the supporters of the "ritual murder" theory. In that case a child of two and a half

years was murdered on Good Friday night. A graphic account is extant of the tortures, at once refined and prolonged, by which confessions were extorted from the accused. The worthlessness of the confessions is shown by Professor Strack, of the University of Berlin, in his book, "The Jew and Human Sacrifice."

Perhaps the most famous "blood accusation" case in history is that at Tisza-Eszlár, Hungary, in 1882-1883. On April 1, 1882, Esther Solymosi, a Christian peasant girl fourteen years old, was sent on an errand from which she never returned. Two and a half months later a girl's body was taken from the River Theiss. Many who viewed the corpse said it was that of Esther. The mother of the dead girl, however, declared that it was not. During the period that passed between the disappearance of the girl and the finding of the corpse, a five-year old boy, Samuel, the son of the local sexton of the synagogue, had testified that his father had had Esther killed with sacrificial rites, and that he and his brother had held a dish to catch the blood from her neck. On the basis of the lad's story, his father, mother and brother were arrested. The trial dragged on for months. Immense interest was excited throughout the world. At the end, all three of the accused were acquitted. The verdict was the signal for uprisings in Pressburg, Budapest and other parts of Hungary.

All the cases of "ritual murder" of which we have record bear a marked similarity to one another. The general charge is that Jews follow the practice of murdering a Christian annually, or at convenient intervals, the victim (usually, but not always necessarily, a child) being killed for one or more of three purposes, namely: To procure the human blood necessary in some of their religious ceremonies, particularly those connected with the celebration of the Passover. To bring into contempt the circumstances of the crucifixion of Jesus. To procure the materials for magical or medicinal purposes. In America, remarks the *New York Tribune*, it is hardly necessary to show the absurdity of these grounds. "The cases themselves, which have resulted directly and indirectly in the deaths of hundreds of Jews, have usually been based upon testimony obtained under duress and so contradictory in character and so lacking in plausibility that no person not inflamed by the fury of religious prejudice would convict a man upon it. Apparently in all ages the blood accusation has presented a peculiarly well-adapted instrument for the purposes of persecution."

HOW FAR HAS THE WORLD BECOME CHRISTIANIZED?

IT IS a little more than a hundred years ago that William Carey, an English cobbler, had the boldness to inquire at a Baptist assembly if Christ's command to the apostles to go "into all the world and preach the gospel" was not still binding. The president of the convention curtly replied: "Sit down, young man; when it pleases God to convert the heathen, He will do it without your help." At that time there was opposition to the missionary movement outside, and indifference to it inside, Protestant church circles. When the Church Missionary Society of London was organized by a few pioneers, it could find no English clergymen who were willing to take up missionary work in foreign countries. In 1796 the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland passed a resolution that "to spread abroad the knowledge of the gospel amongst barbarous and heathen nations seem to be highly preposterous; whilst there remains at home a single individual without the means of religious knowledge, to propagate it abroad would be improper and absurd." Fourteen years later, when the American Board of Missions was organized, many opposed it on the ground that America had no religion to spare.

From the state of mind revealed by these facts it is a long step to what Carl Crow, a writer in *The World's Work*, calls "the most far-reaching organization the world has ever seen." To quote his exact words:

"We are living now in the militant age of Christianity. An army numbered by the tens of thousands, all pledged to devote their lives and entire energies to extending the borders of Christendom, is stationed throughout the land of the heathen. They are working toward an aim beside which all other world movements appear small, for it is nothing less than the complete Christianization of the world. . . .

"This modern crusade has long since passed the stage of doubt and experiment, and has taken its place among the biggest of present-day world movements. For its support the Protestant churches spend more than \$30,000,000 annually. If to this we add the very large sums devoted to missionary work by the Roman and Greek Catholic churches, and the many private enterprises of various kinds, we find that the annual amount expended is not far from \$100,000,000. With the present increasing interest, it is not improbable that this sum will be doubled in a few years, as it has been doubled many times since the work was begun."

The history of missionary activity, Mr. Crow claims, is a history of constant advance in secular as well as in religious fields. We owe to missionaries, he says, "practically all of our present

knowledge of foreign languages." The vast extent of their work along this line can be gauged by the fact that the Bible is now published in more than 600 tongues. It was a missionary who first explored Africa and gave the first impetus toward the development and enlightenment of the Dark Continent. Within the last few months a missionary made the first complete ascent of Mount McKinley. An American missionary manufactured the first set of movable types for the Chinese, thereby making possible the development of the Chinese newspaper. The "jirrikisha" used in Oriental countries was invented by a missionary. Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who organized the successful revolution against the Manchu dynasty of China, received his first training in a medical missionary station.

But missionaries, it seems, no longer hope for brilliant and immediate success. Each one goes to his station prepared to spend a lifetime there. He finds that at first he is mistrusted and that he must live for years in a place before he can win the confidence and support of the natives.

"In the end the missionary has always won against the opposition or indifference of the heathen. The present King of Uganda and the chief of Bechuanaaland are Christians. The Christians in India are numbered by the millions, and the missionaries in China are now looking forward with a great deal of confidence to the time when they will be able to call that country Christian. In 1900 there was tragic testimony of the success of foreign mission work in China, for during the Boxer outrages more than 30,000 Christian converts chose to be killed rather than deny their faith. A missionary was killed and eaten in the Fijis as late as 1867, but other took up the work, and now the dreaded Fijis are sending their own missionaries to less enlightened neighboring islands. In Japan, where for many years a proclamation was posted in every village forbidding the preaching of Christianity, the number of native Christians has increased 70 per cent. in ten years. They now number about 200,000. Mission work was first started in Korea in 1882. Five years later there were only seven converts, but the Christians in Korea at the present time are numbered by the hundreds of thousands. Indeed, Korea is so rapidly becoming Christian that the rulers of Japan are alarmed over the progress of the movement."

When Carey wrote his famous "Enquiry," he estimated that "the inhabitants of the world amount to 731,000,000, 420,000,000 of whom are still in pagan darkness: 130,000,000 the followers of Mahomet; 100,000,000 Catholics; 44,000,000 Protestants, 30,000,000 of the Greek and Armenian churches, and perhaps 7,000,000 of Jews." According to this estimate, which has been generally

accepted as approximately correct, only 23 per cent. of the world was at that time Christian and about 17 per cent. was Mohammedan. Another estimate, made in 1786, placed the number of Christians at 200,000,000, or 20 per cent. of the total population of the world. A century later, in 1886, the total population of the world was placed at 1,450 millions, of whom 430,000,000 were Christians. Bishop W. Boyd Carpenter says that at the beginning of the nineteenth century there were 200,000,000 and now there are 500,000,000, one third of the total population. "In other words," Mr. Crow comments, "during the century Christianity increased twice as rapidly as the population of the world."

In the sifting of the centuries, only three religions remain unweakened—Christianity, Mohammedanism and Judaism. The coming battle for supremacy, Mr. Crow intimates, will be between Christianity and Mohammedanism. On African soil, Moslems have been more active and more successful than Christians. There are now 50,000,000 Mohammedans in Africa, and Christian missionaries who open up new stations often find that Moslem missionaries have anticipated them. Mr. Crow concludes:

"With the impending struggle between Christianity and Mohammedanism, the divided Christian army is drawing closer together. Indeed, it was not until mission work showed the weakness of divided forces that the various Protestant bodies began to appreciate the necessity of a working agreement between themselves. Minor differences, such as existed between the branches of the Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian churches, have been forgotten in mission work for many years. Now we find all Protestant churches working together in a way that was undreamed of a century ago. It was largely because of the exigencies of mission work that all the leading denominations have agreed to send representatives to a world conference which will consider questions of faith and order. The missionary working with the heathen could not help feeling the handicaps under which he works because of the divided army which he serves. All denominations are represented in the field, but all are not united. They are working in closer harmony every year, but it has not been many years since Roman Catholic and Protestant converts in neighboring villages in China engaged in bloody feuds. As the crusaders have come into sharper conflicts with the Moslem enemy, they have been more and more inclined to forget petty doctrinal differences which divided them at home. Recent developments point toward an early breaking down of seemingly insurmountable barriers between denominations, and many believe that the complete Christianization of the world will accompany the accomplishment of Christian unity."

Literature and Art

The Novel Becoming a Message.

A NOTE of seriousness and, in some cases, of almost painful over-seriousness distinguishes much of the best fiction of the winter. It would seem that the novel is ceasing to be a love-story and is becoming dominantly "a message." Of course there is the sexual novel, but this, as Dorothea Gerard points out in an article in *The Nineteenth Century*, should not be confused with the love-story. "If anyone still doubts that love is going out of fashion," she writes, "a bird's-eye view of the book-market may help to convince him. Once more it is literally crowded with books which call themselves novels, but each of which is so burdened by its 'message' and in such a hurry to deliver it that mere human affections have got to take a second, and third—and sometimes no place at all." The same writer continues:

"Here we have the enthusiastically national, the speculatively philosophical, the social-political, the psycho-pathological, the semi-scientific novel; while the love-story, pure and simple, survives only in isolated specimens, and will at this rate soon be as definitely extinct as any prehistoric monster. In turns we are implored or admonished to change either our politics or our creed, to refuse obedience to our husbands, while exacting none from our children, to live the simple life, or hobnob with our housemaids and coachmen, generally to rid ourselves of prejudices and turn our principles inside out, being promised the agreeable discovery that—much as a turned petticoat—they will wear quite as well on the other side. But as for Romeo and Juliet, Paul and Virginia, and all those other men and women who were lovers first and everything else a long way afterwards—scarcely the mention of their existence."

Miss Gerard's remarks are in the nature of a prelude to a survey of German fiction, but they apply with equal force to the novels now being issued in England and America.

Mr. Wells's Self-Questioning and All-Questionings.

H. G. WELLS'S new novel, "*The Passionate Friends*" (Harper's), is not particularly successful as a story. He has written narratives more picturesque and engrossing. He has created characters more convincing. "The value of the book," remarks

The British Weekly (London), "and it is very real, consists in the full and candid revelation of the author's mind." Mr. Wells is like a cauldron in which the problems of our time seethe and seethe. He employs the hero of his latest story as a vehicle for his self-questionings and all-questionings. Stratton goes from England to South Africa, at the time of the South-African War. He also goes to India, to China and to America. And everywhere he is the brooding philosopher, heavy with thoughts of human destiny. Especially he is distracted between admiration of the mechanical powers of our age and the fear that man will never learn to use them in a fair and righteous way. He inclines to Socialism, and establishes a printing press to forward the idea of a World State in which nationality is to be transcended. "Our real perplexities," he comes to feel, "are altogether psychological." He expresses himself further:

"There are no valid arguments against a great-spirited Socialism but this, that people will not. Indolence, greed, meanness of spirit, the aggressiveness of authority, and above all jealousy—jealousy for our pride and vanity, jealousy for what we esteem our possessions, jealousy for those upon whom we have set the heavy fetters of our love, a jealousy of criticism and association—these are the real obstacles to those brave, large reconstructions, those profitable abnegations and brotherly feasts of generosity that will yet turn human life—of which our individual lives are but the momentary parts—into a glad, beautiful and triumphant cooperation all round this sunlit world."

Assailing Sex Jealousy.

SEX jealousy, in particular, is the object of Mr. Wells's animosity. The heroine of the book, Mary Justin, exemplifies "a sense of fine things entangled and stifled and unable to free themselves from the ancient limiting jealousies which law and custom embody." She becomes this symbolic figure by committing suicide in order to protect the life of Stratton, the man whom she loves and against whom her husband, Justin, is proceeding. In a final scene between Stratton and Justin Mr. Wells conveys his message:

"'Stratton,' he said, 'we two—we killed her. We tore her to pieces between us. . . . I made no answer to this outbreak. 'We tore her to pieces,' he repeated. 'It's

so damned silly. One gets angry—like an animal.' I became grotesquely anxious to assure him that, indeed, she and I had been, as they say, innocent throughout our last day together. 'You were wrong in all that,' I said. 'She kept her faith with you. We never planned to meet, and when we met—if we had been brother and sister—indeed, there was nothing.' 'I suppose,' he said, 'I ought to be glad of that. But now it doesn't seem to matter very much. We killed her. . . . What does that matter to me now?'"

The *London Guardian* sees in all this cheap morals and sordid melodrama. But the *New York World* discerns, under the surface incidents of the book, "the urgency of some social readjustment which shall do much more than place the sexes on an economic and political equality; which shall free the world from the dominance of sex jealousy—from purely animal struggles between men for the mere possession of mates." And *The Athenaeum* says:

"Agree or disagree as we may, we recognize the intensity of the author's interest in what he has to say, and as we lay down the book our thoughts turn once more to the sweet and noble figure of his heroine, unconscious martyr to a cause which has yet to come to the front of life before complete civilization is reached—the making possible of friendship between man and woman—Tamitit' impossible."

Mr. Wells Wants a New Private Literature.

THE *Passionate Friends* is written in the form of letters from a father to a son, and one of the things that the story, incidentally, forecasts is "a time when a new private literature will exist," and fathers and mothers, behind their rôles of rulers, protectors and supporters, will prepare frank and intimate records, to be read, after they are dead, by their children. Stratton asks:

"Why must we all repeat things done, and come again very bitterly to wisdom our fathers have achieved before us? My grandfather there should have left me something better than the still enigma of his watching face. All my life so far has gone in learning very painfully what many men have learned before me; I have spent the greater part of forty years in finding a sort of purpose for the uncertain and declining decades that remain. Is it not time the generations drew together and helped one another? Cannot we begin now to make a better use of the



GEORGE KENNAN CALLS HER A CONTOURIST

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott's new story, "The White Linen Nurse," has led to spirited controversy. Mr. Kennan intimates that her eccentricities of style are almost pathological, while other critics pay tribute to her "unparalleled ability to coin phrases."

experiences of life so that our sons may not waste themselves so much—cannot we gather into books that men may read in an hour or so the gist of these confused and multitudinous realities of the individual career?"

Advice well worth the giving and the taking, comments a writer in *T. P.'s Weekly* (London). And yet, he adds:

"With all due respect to Mr. Wells's knowledge of the human heart, with all admiration of his exquisitely lucid method of setting forth life's most intimate pages, with all sympathy for the sincerity, the feeling and the earnestness with which he tries to share his conception of truth, I doubt if the grown-up son would manage his love affairs any better, would come to a more purposeful scheme of life, or would sail more safely into the harbor of happiness from the perusal of a father's autobiography. Life in its unexpectedness presents its problems every day with new freshness, and with many phases each individual has to make his choice of a solution alone and unaided."

The Tyranny of Conviction.

THE new novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward, "The Coryston Family" (Harper's), is burdened with the same seriousness as that which marks Mr. Wells's story. The leading impression it conveys is that modern life is wrecked by the tyranny of conviction. Every character in the story, as the *London Telegraph* puts it, "sees down the narrow tunnel of his own cramped temperament," and love, chivalry, devotion, and all the higher consolations of life dash themselves to pieces against the impregnable rocks

of prejudice. "Nobody in this world," cries the heroine in a burst of bitter disillusionment, "seems to be able to understand anybody else, or to make allowances for anybody else." Lady Coryston is called by one critic a "Lady Macbeth of the drawing-room." Another says that she treats her family "not so much like a mother but as a Party Whip." She is a keen politician on the Conservative side.

The Magic of Mrs. Ward's Revelation.

THE Coryston Family" is a world in miniature, and affords what Edwin Francis Edgett, of the *Boston Transcript*, describes as "the pleasure that comes from seeing both sides of a question." The family consists of five persons—mother, daughter and three sons. Lady Coryston has been left by her husband in possession of enormous estates. She tries to control the minds as completely as she controls the finances of her children. Needless to say, she fails. One son reacts violently from his environment, and becomes a Socialist. Another son falls in love with the daughter of a radical statesman who represents, in the mother's eyes, the *ne plus ultra* of iniquity. Marcia, the daughter, gets into difficulties on her own account. It is a case of a house divided against itself. The old generation wars with the new. The shrill battle-cries of the outer world create chaos in the home. Mr. Edgett comments:

"Always we see the other point of view, even the every fiber of our own intellectual being may revolt at the ideas and ideals, new or old, to which the people in the story give voice. We see, we understand, we realize that they could not think or do otherwise, that we would do as they, did we believe as they. In all their divergences of opinion, whatever their beliefs, we sympathize with them because of the magic of Mrs. Ward's revelation of their minds. She does not merely put words into their mouths; she unburdens their very souls. That is Mrs. Ward's triumph, a triumph of which few novelists are capable."

The obvious message of the book is that you cannot force people to think as you want them to.

Is Feminine Parasitism "the Custom of the Country?"

THE theme of Edith Wharton's latest novel, "The Custom of the Country" (Scribner's), is the social climber, and its sting lies in its title. Edwin L. Shuman, of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, praises the book as "that rare thing, a vigorous criticism of American life expressed wholly in terms of literary art"; and he asks: "Is it the custom of this country to indulge its women too much, so that out of certain vulgar and master-

ful temperaments we create exasperating parasites such as Undine Spragg?" Mrs. Wharton implies that it is—that American parents let their children rule them—that American husbands keep their wives ignorant of the business problems they should share—and that the result is such selfish, reckless, wealth-devouring women as Undine and the vulgar "society" she represents. The *New York Evening Post* comments:

"The fact that the spending American woman is always turning up in our literature must be taken as a sign that she is to be found in life. The fierce determination to 'get on' in society; the passion for enjoyment which is more correctly to be described as excitement; the utter lack of concern for the father or husband who finances the process of getting on; and the lack of interest in the sources from which the supporting male procures the sinews of war—these are familiar traits which do not grow stale through repetition."

A Shop-Girl Who Becomes an Actress.

A SISTER to Undine Spragg is "Joan Thursday" of Louis Joseph Vance's latest novel (*Little, Brown & Company*). Floyd Dell, in the *Chicago Post*, calls this "the sensation of the season," and says that "it brings Mr. Vance at once into the company of Robert Herrick and W. D. Howells and Mrs. Wharton." Joan, like Undine, is a woman determined to "get on" at any cost. She begins life as a shop-girl living in a tenement. We leave her as a successful Broadway "star." Mr. Vance tells us:

"Her theatrical ambitions had been founded more upon need of money than upon any real or fancied passion for the stage. Other girls had done likewise and bettered themselves; Joan knew no reason why she should fall short of their enviable achievements; but she was innocent of dramatic feeling and even of any real yearning for applause."

The significance of Joan's career lies in a certain cold-blooded selfishness. Four men of widely dissimilar types—a dramatist of fine character, a hard-drinking vaudeville actor, a dissipated clubman and a theatrical manager—come into her life. She loves each one and she uses each one. She is the sort of actress who is drilled by stage directors into an instrument to carry out their intentions. "As a study of the type and its influence upon theatrical conditions of the day," writes Grace Isabel Colburn in the *New York Bookman*, "this picture of her life has more than mere interest for the passing reader; it has the importance of an historic document. . . . Mr. Vance is to be congratulated on his adventure into fresh fields."

"The White Linen Nurse."

A STORY that seems to reflect the neurotic intensity of our age is Eleanor Hallowell Abbott's "White Linen Nurse" (Century). George Kennan occupies two volumes of the *New York Times Review of Books* in castigation of what he calls the stylistic "contortions" of the tale. He accuses its author of being capricious, fantastic and often preposterously absurd, and he says that the framework of the narrative shows everywhere a straining after eccentricity and sensational effect. But Miss Abbott (who in private life is the wife of Dr. Fordyce Coburn, of Lowell, Mass.) undoubtedly understands the values with which she is dealing. Her descriptions of a profane surgeon, who goes for an annual drinking spree to the woods, and of a hysterical nurse who marries him to keep peace in his household, while they are not exactly "pleasant," are true to type. The *Los Angeles Graphic* says:

"It seems to us that the author unquestionably gets her stage accessories accurately placed. But it is more than hospital life she is depicting, it is the spirit of the age she is revealing, of whose tenseness the scenes described are but a segment. The pace of the hospital nurse, of surgeon, of superintendent, is the modern pace set for us all, alas, with so little relaxation, so little time for mental stock-taking and soul-loafing that humanity, in the mass, is ever on the verge of hysteria and expletives. We agree that it is not beautiful, not inspiring, but perhaps it requires a few shocks of the kind . . . to arouse the nation to the folly of its course.

"Look about and sense the tensely of existence. We are all keyed to an unnatural pitch. Mrs. Coburn has handled in a masterly manner one phase of an all too common situation."

"The Dark Flower."

JOHN GALSWORTHY has seldom appeared to better advantage than in his last novel, "The Dark Flower" (Scribner's). He is daring and yet he is absolutely refined. What he sets out to give us is the love life of a man from early youth until maturity. What he seeks to show is the struggles of a man with and against his love for women that he should not honorably love. Like Eugene Brieux, Mr. Galsworthy analyzes the social and personal relations of the sexes; but, "unlike Brieux," observes Mr. Edgett in the *Boston Transcript*, "it is the psychical and not the physical question that interests him. His problems are problems of the soul and not of the body, and he propounds them for the esthetic satisfaction they give him and may give their readers, and not for the sake of studying their ethics and providing a remedy for social ills." The story throughout is informed by a delicate spirit that never becomes

mawkish or sentimental. The author's aim seems to be to show that all through men's and women's lives come the surprises of passion which may be transmuted into strength and beauty, or which may become a curse and a corruption. "Love!" he cries. "A strange, haphazard thing so spun between ecstasy and torture! A thing insidious, irresponsible, desperate. A flying sweetness, more poignant than anything on earth, more dark in origin and destiny!"

The Dangerous Age in Man.

NOT so long ago, Madame Karin Michaelis, the Danish novelist, was telling us of "the dangerous age" in woman's life—the age at which she loses her poise and becomes fevered and unbalanced. Mr. Galsworthy, in "The Dark Flower," deals with the dangerous age in man's life, and indicates that there is never a period in the masculine psychology that has not its own dangers. "Spring," "Summer" and "Autumn" are the three sections into which the book is divided. Love is the ruling force in each. The hero, Mark Lenman, is a sculptor, and we read, first, of his boyish love for a woman of thirty-five. She is the wife of an Oxford tutor, and she strives to snatch at a gleam of passion before youth has entirely faded. Next is a tragic interlude, involving a married woman and culminating in her death. Between husband and lover the woman dies, "they two crouched at her head and her feet, like dark creatures of the woods and waters over that which with their hunting they had slain." Then comes marriage. Mark is reasonably happy, but the dark flower does not blossom in the garden of his married life. For the last time, the fragrance of love is borne to him. The appeal is made by a girl of seventeen. He is sorely tempted. But he realizes that whatever of renewed life it might give him to pluck that flower, it can only mean bitter and endless sorrow to his wife. The end of the third part is the sacrifice of youth.

"Youth to youth, summer to summer, falling leaf to falling leaf"—this is the message of the story.

Dostoyevsky's Ideal Russian.

DOSTOYEVSKY'S novel, "The Idiot," which, in the opinion of the *London Nation*, was the great Russian realist's one finished book of final experience, is now rendered into English for the first time by that expert in translation, Constance Garnett. It is the second volume in a complete and worthy edition of his colossal works (Macmillan). Dostoyevsky's best-known novel, "Crime and Punishment," which is still procurable only in an inadequate translation, reveals him as



AN AUTHOR OF "BEST SELLERS" WHO IS NOW WRITING LITERATURE

Louis Joseph Vance makes a big stride forward in "Jean Thursday." This novel, according to one critic, brings its author at once into the company of Robert Herrick, William Dean Howells and Edith Wharton.

the writer who, above all others, has divined the most perplexing secrets of criminal life. In "The Brothers Karamazov," he appears as the psychologist—the "grand inquisitor" of the Russian people. But in "The Idiot" he will survive to the great mass, not only of Russians, but of all mankind, says his English biographer, J. A. T. Lloyd, "as the novelist of pity, of compassion, of inalienable tenderness." "The Idiot" is the most personal, and, at the same time the most universal of Dostoyevsky's works. The ideals of its hero, Prince Myshkin, the so-called "idiot," Mr. Lloyd says further in his admirable analysis, are those of the author himself—"simplicity, compassion, the genius of the soul as opposed to the genius of the intelligence." Prince Myshkin, moreover, is the ideal Russian as Dostoyevsky conceived him. Nevertheless, a writer in the *London Times* thinks it will be very difficult for readers of the western world to understand such a character. We shall fail of comprehension, he declares, because we should not recognize Prince Myshkin if we met him in real life, so alien is he to our ideals and desires. To continue:

"We test everybody by some kind of success in this life, even if it be only the success of a just self-satisfaction. But Myshkin has not even that. He is unconscious of his own goodness, and even of the badness of other men. People who meet him are impatient with him and call him 'the idiot' because he seems to be purposeless and defenceless. But we do not feel that the novelist has afflicted them with incredible blindness, for we know, as we read, that we too should call Myshkin an idiot if we met him.

Indeed, his understanding has never been trained by competition or defence; but that is the reason why now and then it surprises every one by its profundity. For he understands men's minds just because, like Dostoyevsky himself, he does not see them in relation to his own wants, and because his disinterestedness makes them put off all disguise before him."

The Master of Contemporary Realism.

WHETHER or not we fail to appreciate Dostoyevsky, his influence is profound on contemporary fiction. Arnold Bennett, speaking for the new school of English realists, does not hesitate to apply the adjectives "unapproachable" and "sublime" to his work. The most dis-

tinguished group of French realistic writers, including Marguerite Audoux and the incomparable Charles-Louis Philippe, acknowledge Dostoyevsky as their master. "I have read 'The Idiot,'" Philippe records in one of his recently published letters. "It is the work of a barbarian. Every human problem is agitated in it with passion." And he adds: "Anatole France is delightful; he knows everything, he explains everything, he is even erudite; but for this reason he belongs to a race of writers that is ended. . . . *Maintenant il faut des barbares.*" Aside from his simplicity and passion, however, and the tremendous size of his work, there is another most essential quality by virtue of which Dostoyevsky with

Tolstoy towers above the younger generation of novelists. They are both "remorseless realists," yet they "escape pessimism," according to Simeon Strunsky in the New York *Evening Post*. "This has been their extraordinary merit—that they can face the bitter facts of life and still believe. . . . Dostoyevsky, like Tolstoy, is vividly conscious of the vast numbers of patient, inarticulate Russian men to whom faith and the sense of human brotherhood have remained very real things." This master realist lacks both the artistic form of Turgeneff and the "conscious moralism" of Tolstoy. But he is greater than either in what Mr. Strunsky rightly describes as his "sudden terrific bits of concrete reality."

TOYOKUNI: THE JAPANESE FATHER OF FRENCH POST-IMPRESSIONISM

NOT until the nineteenth century was well within the shadow of the twentieth, did certain French artists—among whom Degas and Monet are most conspicuous—succumb to the sorcery of the Japanese color

print. The spell of those decorative effects in one plane which immortalize Hokusai and Harunobu, above all their serene ignorance of a third dimension and the laws of a strict perspective, dazed the dreamers in the Paris studios. So much is made clear

by that high authority, Edward F. Strange, to whom it appears that the history of the most emancipated art on the continent of Europe is a sequel to the history of the most conventionalized art in the isles of Nippon. In its own home, the color print is extinct. The art perished there gloriously. It has been born once more ingloriously in other places as post-impressionism, as futurism, even as cubism. The parent might be inclined to repudiate the progeny, which legitimates itself, none the less, in many a flash of that true divinity one discerns in Toyokuni.

The line of transmission is through Toyokuni. He, it

seems from Friedrich Succo's study, was the last of the Mohicans of Japanese art. He had been corrupted esthetically by contact with European art. He gave birth to a hybrid. He acquired the tendency to a fatal perspective, imparting to his best work a combination of the most bizarre in Harunobu with the most unreal in Watteau.* The net effect was something offensively like a poster in the loudest bill-board style. The defect was Toyokuni's, not that of Japanese art. For an explanation, let us cite Bolton Coit Brown, who has studied the topic long and carefully:

"With these people art is not confused with visual imitation. An artist, there, draws what is in his mind—the mental residue of an infinity of impressions, a composite of what is most memorable. Technically a master of his craft, he does not strain its powers but works well within their limitations. His desire is to create on a surface of paper or silk something in the way of an arrangement of lines and colors, something that shall be beautiful.

"This surface of paper or silk he does not deny or destroy by deceptive devices, but frankly avows, for his design covers but a part of it. In the same way he avoids illusory perspective, because his purpose is to beautify a surface and never to create the illusion of an aperture.

"The Oriental deals with the essential and the permanent. Therefore he does not paint shades and shadows, for these are accidental and transient. His design is based on the forms of the edges of things—not shadows—and his color is purely local color. These are the permanent elements and the ones the mind stores itself with. And these suffice.

"In such an art, handed down to the Japanese from the blue haze of Chinese antiquity and perfected by millenniums of practice, originated Japanese color-prints."

* TOYOKUNI UND SEINE ZEIT. Munich, Piper. COLOR PRINTS OF JAPAN. By E. F. Strange. Scribner.



A SHOGUN'S KNOCKOUT

Toyokuni loved the actor in his great moments, as he impersonated some great personage of the past, and here we see him at his very summit, artistically.

The color printer "pulled" rough proofs. When these reached the artist, he put red on one, yellow on another, blue on a third, and so on. The engraver turned out blocks to correspond. When the printer in his turn went to work, each block was inked and applied to the paper by successive processes. The entire design was accumulated.

Using the process as a means of attaining striking visual effects, Toyokuni, we read, rushed at the spectator's face with splashes of color based upon a peculiar angular style. He attained his greatest vogue a little over a hundred years ago. His figures have an impossible length. His faces were rounded into a long drawn oval. He could not resist the fantastic. He introduced the bluish red which lends such a staring quality to his most characteristic prints. To measure the extent of the decadence one would have to compare Toyokuni, the impressionist, with that greatest master of Japan, Sharaku. In the opinion of Friedrich Succo:

"Toyokuni's period was that of the decadence. The native, heroic style of the primitives lay far in the past. The one thing that could be assimilated from abroad, the Chinese ideal, brought over by Harunobu, was given up, abandoned. Self-expression upon the basis of sound native models, flourishing in Kiyonaga's style, had become a fixed convention under Shunsho. Something new had to be found in form as in color.



THE GHOST IN A FLAME

The part is important on the Japanese stage, Toyokuni treating the theme in red, violet, yellow and black, to communicate to the spectator the overflowing emotions incident to the crisis of the play.

"The new era brought Sharaku and Hokusai, naturalism and realism. This was the one development possible. The native spirit of Japan has repudiated both of these artists. Sharaku is condemned. Hokusai is despised. That is to say, they were. To the masters of the early eighteenth century there was nothing left but a reaching out in the direction of what had been and a spiritual combination of such elements into new creations.

"Thus Eclecticism was born.

"Toyokuni was an eclectic. Hence his never-ceasing quest of fresh color and fresh form. The tints reflected a more nervous type of sensibility, whether the composition were delicate or strong. The figures tended more and more from the natural to the fantastic, at times even to the bizarre."

Where Toyokuni revealed his genius was in that process of redeeming his maze of lines from their original chaos. The decadents of the European schools can, indeed, produce an original chaos. They have not the knack of straining this chaos into an intelligible order. They succumb to the magic of a method by striving for its effects, rather than perfecting themselves in its technique. A picture by Toyokuni is discernible at a glance, which is more than can be said of the work of many of his contemporary imitators.

The efforts of Edmond de Goncourt to popularize the Japanese color print in France are directly responsible, it seems, for the failure of the European public to appreciate the importance of Toyokuni.* The French critic was seduced by the charms of Hokusai, who is, in consequence, the one Japanese artist with what we may call an international reputation in the popular sense of the term. There is an excuse for De Goncourt. Widely divergent views, as Howard Mansfield notes in *The Outlook*, have been held with regard to a

* JAPANESE COLOR PRINTS AND THEIR DESIGNERS. By Frederick William Gookin. Japan Society: New York.



MERE ACTING

The parts are those of contending heroes, but the life in them springs from Toyokuni's art. Give him India ink, brush and a sheet of transparent paper, and he would immortalize himself in ten minutes.

place and rank for Japanese color prints among works of art. He adds:

"In Japan the connoisseurs, who rightly regard painting as the highest form of native art, have generally—at least until quite recent times—treated the color-prints as creditable products of clever artisanship rather than art creations of high rank. This view has probably been influenced largely by the circumstances of their origin and character. Arising outside the recognized schools of painting and dealing with subjects that were ordinary, vulgar, or sometimes ignoble—depicting actors, courtesans, fashions, wars for sale, and scenes in the every-day life of the common people—these highly colored sheets, issued in considerable numbers to meet the demands of members of the despised commercial class and the scorned frequenters of the theaters, could find but scant favor with the upper classes under the feudal system. Yet the fact that the reasons for the issue of these prints and their peculiar subjects were apparently so uninspiring should really make the prints appear the more remarkable as works of art. For, in spite of their purpose and character, they display qualities of composition and line, rhythm and color, which have really no parallel in pictorial art anywhere."

WHAT IS TO BE THE FUTURE OF FUTURISM?

IT is just five years since Marinetti of Milan launched the first Futurist manifesto and started a movement destined to affect every department of present-day activity. Its effect upon painting and sculpture has been indeed so pronounced that the literary origin of the movement has been overlooked by many who do not know that, as the *Fortnightly Review* says, Futurist pictures are only part of a living scheme which has serious claims to be considered as a substantial movement, artistic, literary, economic, sociological and, above all, human.

Back of its literary beginnings, according to Horace B. Samuel in the review quoted, is the fact that the current of electric energy, that has been galvanizing northern and central Europe to more and more strenuous activity, has flowed in Italy no further south than Milan. And Milan, the real capital of Italian vitality and commerce, is irritated that the official capital is still Rome, "august shade of a once living Empire, aureoled with its hybrid halo of majesty and malaria." The past, for which Rome stands, has hung like a dead weight on the progress of United Italy. The great heresies of the Unification could not see the crying economic needs of their own time because they were dreaming of restoring the ideals of the medieval republics. The bureaucrats who succeeded these naive idealists did worse than try to revive the past—they deliberately exploited it, with the result that Italy is for the most part a country of museums, ruins and *cicconi*, where the tourist industry has been developed at the expense of leaving vast regions unforested, unfarmed, unirrigated, and uneducated. Progressive Italians feel that their country is in the degrading position of living on the memory of past grandeur and using it as an excuse for calculated pauperism. The tourist is the foe of progress: if a fire-engine passes along the Appian Way he resents it because it gets between him and his dream. He complains that business men when asked the way to the Coliseum reply: "But have you seen the new railway station?" So began a determined attack, from Milan, the stronghold of the future, upon the whole power of the past: Marinetti in his review *Poesia*, and the energetic young men who surrounded him, issued a manifesto that called for the destruction of all museums and libraries, crying "Long live the living—let us kill the dead!"

Futurism goes further; it denounces the past ideals of Italian art and literature as sensual and enervating. Don

Juan has been the national hero long enough; they want to substitute Wilbur Wright. They have had quite enough of the contemptuous preoccupation with women that D'Annunzio added to the gallantry of Italy from the literature of France. "*Méprisons la femme!*" ("Scorn woman!") is one of their watchwords; more healthy than it looks when taken out of the context. Sex-preoccupation has made of much Latin civilization a pestiferous swamp; instead of sterile pleasure they glorify the "sublime male fury of creation of artistic and scientific masterpieces." "Burn the gondolas, those swings for fools," says Marinetti in one of the 200,000 multicolored manifestoes flung down in the Piazza San Marco to the citizens of astonished Venice, "and erect up to the sky the rigid geometry of large metallic bridges and factories with waving hair of smoke; abolish everywhere the languishing curve of the old architectures . . . cure this rotting town, magnificent wound of the Past, and hasten to fill its fetid canals with the ruins of its tumbling, leprous palaces." Futurism was at the start a sign of the growing pains of New Italy. Naturally, it extols patriotism and war as the world's only hygiene. It would prefer, of course, war with Austria, and urged it so strongly that an Austrian journal actually called on the Italian Government to suppress the movement root and branch, but the Tripolitan War did very well as one of the "periodical baths of blood" that they

believe was needed for the sanitation of a country. And it gave Marinetti a chance to produce the most picturesque and apparently the most unstudied piece of literary expression that the movement has offered, for it is unfortunately true that for all his three volumes of verse, two novels and one play, besides the many shorter pieces by him and his followers, their really impressive productions have been their various manifestoes. "The Battle of Tripoli" first appeared in the French review, *Vers et Prose*; it is prose in its clear, direct descriptions of an actual modern battle, verse in the swift spring of its phrase. It is futurist in that his vision is not "obscured by a mist of souvenirs"; warfare is a new business nowadays, and must be sung with a new song.

Lying on the desert sands before Bumeliana, he awaits the dawn before the battle:

"Stars, color of danger, you whom I have so often envied for your bright insolence and your warlike adventures, now I am proud of our strong friendship, for we are worthy of you at last, we the nightwalkers who now can play at death beneath your gaze. How far seems now the time when you crawled over the roofs of peaceful cities, lighting the multicolored gardens of light women's hats! You prefer, no doubt, these thickets of bayonets? Poised now upon the prow of our pride, offering the breast to the crafty flight of projectiles, we dominate with you the ironic desert of human pleasures, while our cheeks burn with the sublime passion of danger!"

It will be seen that Marinetti has once more made friends with Sirius. They had been on bad terms for some years. His first manifesto ended: "Erect on the pinnacle of the world, we hurl forth once more our defiance to the stars!"

The sailors from the battleship are lying in the sand; Savino rages under his breath at a surreptitious cigarette. There is a rain of falling stars; one of a brilliant rose falls towards Gargesch; is it a signal projectile from the enemy? An anguished wait for the attack to begin—it was only a star, after all. Dogs howl from the desert where they tear the corpses of the fallen; all the cocks cry at one o'clock; the soldiers curse, but Savino says: "Excellent, these African cocks; we'll have one for luncheon!" Sleep relaxes the tension; in the dawn comes the noise of a distant fusillade—"Cro! . . . crocro . . . cro! cro! crocro!"

"How beautiful! What fortune! A delirious joy clutches at my throat! I feel, I feel within me that all that infinity of dreams is overpast! . . .



RESTLESSNESS

Léon Bakst's symbolic representation of the modern woman.

Away with prudence! To get behind a palm tree would only let you count your chances of death by the crack of the bullets that strike it. As I have only a revolver in my hand, I may as well put in the time examining the celebrated metaphors of military literature." Some of them have to be reconstructed: shells do "miau," as French writers say, but only when they are thwarted in their flight. Then they twirl over and over, looking back to see how much damage they have managed to make, zigzagging spitefully and weeping like lost cats. But generally they have the lazy, mocking whistle of boys going back to school.

The battle grows furious. Franchini calls to his men: "Don't look at the dead and wounded; those who fall, after all, won't have to take the trouble to stand up!" Through the marvelously transparent atmosphere the watcher can see on the horizon the tawny undulations of the silent desert, and above, high in air, long black columns of insects, their calm movements undisturbed by the whirl of the shrapnels. The sun begins to throw its descending rays through the battle smoke, "its supple and pompous rays become little by little the musical chords of the atmosphere and already resound under the swift pizzicati of the shot." The vast symphony passes from the minor note of the evening breeze to the major plain-song of the cannon. "I raise my head instinctively; I hear the shot overhead mingling their song with the twittering of the sparrows in the branches. Never was my ear so fortunate as to distinguish the real birds from the illusion." The scent of distant fields begins to mingle in the night wind with the odors of the battle.

This description is one of the most characteristic examples of Futuristic blending of the terms of one art with another. So ends the first day of the first Futurist battle-piece; on the second there is a glorious flight of shells, and the poet's heart leaps to join them in mid-air, in their infernal joy. The climax is reached in the flight of Piazza over the field in his military aeroplane, represented by a chant that the aviator is supposed to sing as he flies. And Marinetti ends with a word of appreciation of "that Futurist hen of Bumeiana that perched on the highest branch of an olive-tree during the battle and peacefully laid an egg in a caisson full of shrapnels."

Evidently the promoters of the recent International Art Show in America did not play fair with us. We were put off with the bourgeois regularity of Mlle. Pogany, the trite prettiness of that arrangement of blocks called "The Kiss"; Paris is getting the real thing. In the Rue La Boétie crowds have been going to see Boccio's "plastic ensembles," bits of plaster adjusted one upon the other,



EXPRESSING SPRINGTIME SARTORIALLY

Léon Bakst has turned his attention to the creation of modern dresses. "I was led to this subject," he says, "from having to design the costumes for Debussy's new ballet, 'Les Jeux,' which, being the music of the future, tries to express the ideas of the future. . . . I wished to express sartorially the springtime of the earth."

that it appears represent "muscles in action," "a spiral expansion of muscles in movement" or "the development of a bottle in space." "But nothing moved me more," said the critic of *L'Illustration*, "than a sort of enormous mass of white meringue, in the midst of which appeared a bit of window frame, a pane, two human eyes, and a chignon (of real hair) with the title 'Fusion of a Head and a Window.' That, that is worth seeing." "I hear it said," he goes on, "these people are laughing at us. I do not believe it. Do people who have appendicitis lack sincerity? Not at all. They are simply attacked by a disease no one knew about twenty years ago and that can be cured now that it can be recognized. Just so, Futurism appears as a new malady of the spirit, which we need not doubt that the neurologists will settle, unless, after having attacked certain intelligences, it disappears of its own accord from our climate."

The climates of France and Italy are still the best for Futurism; in England the movement has had no closer connection with literature than through the brilliant review *Rhythm*, organ of literary insurgency, succeeded by the

vastly more regular *Blue Review*. *Rhythm* opened in the true manner with a manifesto, and lived up to it through two glowing volumes; its successor had just the increased respectability that cut edges have over rough ones. There are swarms of Futurists in Russia; the *Russkaia Misl* describes two schools, the Ego-Futurists of Petersburg, whose organ is the Petersburg *Glachatai*, and the Moscow school, who fight by pamphlets. The first has the cult of egoism: "adoration of egoism; the unity-egoism; the divinity-egoism"; which upon examination reveals a consoling likeness to Whitman's "Song of Myself." "Divinity is the shadow of man in the mirror of the universe," they go on, and dropping into the latest anti-syntax style, add: "God Nature. Nature hypnosis. Intuition medium." The Moscovites are more violent: "We are the visage of the present epoch. The past is obscurantism . . . more incomprehensible than hieroglyphics. Throw Pushkin, Dostoyevsky, Tolstoi, etc., under the wheels of the social locomotive."

It is a Russian, Léon Bakst, the famous scenic artist, that has brought futurism into Paris fashions. His influence on dress in the capital has been immense, through his costuming of the plays in which Ida Rubenstein and D'Annunzio divided attention, and now that he has definitely come out for Futurism of the most lurid Russian type, and expressed it in a series of designs for a French fashion journal that employs celebrated artists to create its models, there is a cry from Parisian designers that this business has got to stop somewhere, and it might as well be right here. But it has gone on into cookery; Jules Maincave, chef of one of the leading restaurants of the Grand Boulevards, has been converted by Marinetti, and says, according to a despatch in the *New York Times*, that it is his mission to set the whole art of eating on a new basis. "Futurist cookery has for its principal object the blending of food-stuffs now kept separate, and will provoke absolutely unheard-of sensations." It seems a little rash to predict that blending things hitherto kept carefully apart, like pickles and milk, for instance, should produce unheard-of sensations; it may be a sensation as old as infancy. However, this chef has gone no further yet than herring with raspberry jelly, whipped cream on tomatoes, and veal, cooked in absinthe.

Papini, the former young Italian pragmatist, has outlined a vigorous and somewhat reactionary program for futurist politics in his organ, *La Cerba*. Madame Anna Pavlova is introducing into America not only the futurist ballet but futurist gowns as well, and the sketches and designs of Bakst are being exhibited in many American cities.

RECENT POETRY

THE vitality of the poetic art is seen not in its wide popularity but in its persistence year in and year out, under circumstances peculiarly discouraging from the commercial point of view. One secret of its hold upon its devotees is explained by a writer in the *London Tablet*. "There is no fellowship," he says, "quite so close as the fellowship of Song. It is the language of licensed intimacy such as the closest friends hardly permit to each other in prose. It peoples the life of the lonely, and to him who goes a dull day round and is gagged thereby it brings healing. It is the complementary world in which we all need to live if we are to escape the doom of those who are merely automata."

No one has done more, in recent years, for poetry as a living art in America to-day than has been done by Jessie B. Rittenhouse, secretary of the Poetry Society of America, in her little anthology, "The Little Book of Modern Verse," just published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company. It contains 158 poems by seventy American poets, nearly all of whom are living and writing to-day. No more convincing proof could be given of the present vitality of the art. It is a splendid showing Miss Rittenhouse gives us and it ought to silence all the croakers who think that poetry died with Tennyson.

An instance of "licensed intimacy" of poetry may be found in the following poem. It is not new, but the recent publication of Mrs. Meynell's collected poems gives a good excuse for its appearance here. A "heart-shaking little lyric" is what one reviewer calls it:

AFTER A PARTING.

By ALICE MEYNELL.

FAREWELL has been said; I have forgone thee;
I never name thee even.
But how shall I learn virtues and
yet shun thee?
For thou art so near heaven
That heavenward meditations pause upon
thee.

Thou dost beset the path to every shrine;
My trembling thoughts discern
Thy goodness in the good for which I
pine;

And if I turn from but one sin I turn
Unto a smile of thine.

How shall I thrust thee apart,
Since all my growth tends to thee night
and day—

To thee faith, hope and art?
Swift are the currents setting all one
way;

They draw my life, my life, out of my
heart.

Five poems were selected by a committee of the Poetry Society of America as the best five appearing in the

October magazines, and were read at the October meeting of the Society. The first on the list was Percy Mackaye's long and fine narrative poem in the *Forum* entitled "School." The second on the list was the following from the *Atlantic*:

EVOE!

By EDITH M. THOMAS.

"Many are the wand-bearers, few are
the true bacchanals."

MANY are the wand-bearers;
Their windy shouts I hear.
Along the hillside vineyard,
And where the wine runs clear;
They show the vine-leaf chaplet,
The ivy-wreathen spear,
But the God, the true Iacchus,
He does not hold them dear.

Many are the wand-bearers,
And bravely are they clad;
Yes, they have all the tokens
His early lovers had.
They sing the master-passions,
Themselves unsad, unglad;
And the God, the true Iacchus—
He knows they are not mad!

Many are the wand-bearers;
The fawn-skin bright they wear;
There are among them menads
That rave with unbound hair.
They toss the harmless firebrand—
It spends itself in air:
And the God, the true Iacchus,
He smiles—and does not care.

Many are the wand-bearers.
And who (ye ask) am I?
One who was born in madness,
"Evoe!" my first cry—
Who dares, before your spear-points,
To challenge and defy;
And the God, the true Iacchus,
So keep me till I die!

Many are the wand-bearers.
I hear with me no sign;
Yet I was mad, was drunken,
Ere yet I tasted wine;
Nor bleeding grape can slacken
The thirst wherewith I pine;
And the God, the true Iacchus,
Hears now this song of mine.

Another of the five poems mentioned above was this from the *Smart Set*:

THE DOTAGE OF DUNS SCOTUS.

By DONN BYRNE.

DUNS SCOTUS came to his
school,
And, fumbling at the latch,
He caught from a roystering
blade
The troll of a soldier's catch.

A lullaby of women and wine,
Of war and the whirring of swords,
And the heart of him went out
To the call of the merry words.

And he marked how the long sword
clanked

Against the warrior's hip.
And he followed to hear the catch
Of winecup and maiden's lip.

And he marked the laughing of girls
To the laugh in the soldier's eye.
And he marked how the cheeks of them
flushed
At the sight of sword on thigh.

He said: "My scholars are sitting
Within on their well-worn bench.
When a fighting man would be drinking
In a wine house with a wench.

"And where is the wisdom of sitting
With pencil and paper and tome,
When the wandering minstrel is gayer
Than the Holy Father at Rome?"

Duns Scotus came to his school,
And his heart was broken in two
At the thought of the soldier's song
And the youth he never knew.

No cynic ever wrote a meaner thing than the poem which Thomas Hardy publishes in the *Saturday Review*. It is so forthright and audacious in its cynicism that it is positively enchanting:

"AH, ARE YOU DIGGING ON MY GRAVE?"

By THOMAS HARDY.

AH, are you digging on my grave,
My loved one?—planting rue?
—"No; yesterday he went to wed
One in the prime of lustilhood.
'I cannot hurt her now,' he said,
'That I should not be true.'"

"Then who is digging on my grave?
My nearest, dearest kin?"
—"Ah, no; they sit and think, 'What use!
To what will planting flowers conduce?
No tendance of her mound can loose
Her spirit from Death's gin.'"

"Put some one digs upon my grave?
My enemy?—prodding sly?"
—"Nay; when she heard you had passed
the Gate
That shuts on all flesh, soon or late,
She thought you no more worth her hate,
And cares not where you lie."

"Then, who is digging on my grave?
Say—since I have not guessed!"
—"O it is I, my mistress dear,
Your little dog, who still lives near,
And much I hope my movements here
Have not disturbed your rest?"

"Ah, yes! You dig upon my grave. . .
Why flashed it not on me
That one true heart was left behind!
What feeling do we ever find
To equal among human-kind
A dog's fidelity!"

"Mistress, I dug upon your grave
To bury a bone, in case
I should be hungry near this spot
When passing on my daily trot
I am sorry, but I had quite forgot
It was your resting-place."

This is a tender and beautiful poem which the *Century* gives us. The note of wistfulness in it, especially in the last few lines, is charming:

TO ELSA, WITH A VOLUME OF
"THE ARABIAN NIGHTS."

By GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

WHEN first your dimpled foot
shall press
The enchanted carpet, who
can guess

To what unhallowed crescent coast
It may transport you; to what host
Of turbaned aliens, clamoring,
Abandon you; or to what king?
A lure beyond the silken sea
Of amber light and ivory,
A porcelain tower, a gilded wall,
A low, monotonous bell to call
You inland from the smiling strand,
And, oh, it might be Samarkand!
But wandering, a child alone,
Whose hand would comfort you, my
own?

You are so little, who would heed
To give you sweetened milk at need,
Honey, and dates, and let you taste
Pistachio-nut and almond-paste,
Citron and fig and magic myrrh,
And bathe you all in rose-water,
And see you shod in sandalwood?
If only bells you understood,
What voice would soothe your drowsy
hour,
My just-unfurled pomegranate-flower?

When first that swift steed, raven-black,
Bears you to Bagdad on his back,
Nor keeps the ground, but soars in air,
And prances gloriously there,
Will you forget me in your glee?
For he has fed on sesame
Until he dares forbidden things;
And feeling you between his wings,
What if he fled beyond the sun
And stars with you, my golden one?

Or seaward-swept at sunset, while
He heeds your laughter, some lone isle,
Bound with great waves, may bid him
rest

Upon its opalescent breast.
You could not see the darkening world
Within his elon vans close-curved,
Or know their blackness from the night;
But if impatient for the light,
He shook them free and sought the air
To meet the earliest dawning there,
Who would befriend a baby girl
Or find my island-prisoned pearl?

Nay, wait a little while, my sweet,
Lest all too soon your questing feet,
Threading the palace, pause before
The one desired, forbidden door;
The thieves that Ali Baba knew
Would leave the treasure, seeing you,
And lock you in their cave from me,
Deaf to my "Open sesame."
I fear the curious-voweled speech
Of those veiled women, and the reach
Of the dread caliph's arm. Oh, where
All is most beautiful, beware!

And when Aladdin bends to hear
What you would whisper in his ear
(For he the wondrous lamp must hold
That you may rub its tarnished gold),

Smile, darling little sorceress you.
And say: "Sir, if my wish come true,
Your jewel-garden I would see.
And may my mother go with me?"

From *The Craftsman* comes this very
pleasurable little poem:

THE HEAVENLY ROAD.

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

THERE was no milky way of stars,
But just a field of green
With daisies by the pasture bars
All radiant and serene!

There were no angels in the air,
Nor raptured seraphs wise.
But up the noontide's sunlit stair
Trooped gorgeous butterflies!

There was no river of pure gold,
But dancing in the breeze
A laughing brook forever rolled
Beneath the arching trees!

There were no shining jasper walls,
Nor azure baldricked dome,
But just a house with friendly halls,
And quiet peace of home!

We hardly know whether to classify
Mr. Lindsay's lines in *The Forum* as
poetry or humor. So on the principle
of when the editor's in doubt let the
readers decide, we reprint two of the
five parts of this curious production.
The "Kallyope," it appears from the
first part, which we omit, is the popular
name for Callopie.

THE KALLYOPE YELL.

By NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY.

(Loudly and rapidly, with a leader, col-
lege yell fashion.)

I am the Gutter Dream,
Tune-maker, born of steam,
Tooting joy, tooting hope.
I am the Kallyope,
Car called the Kallyope.
Willy willy willy wah hoo!
See the flags: snow-white tent,
See the bear and elephant.
See the monkey jump the rope,
Listen to the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope!
Soul of the rhinoceros
And the hippopotamus
(Listen to the lion roar!)
Jaguar, cockatoot,
Loons, owls,
Hoot, hoot.
Listen to the lion roar,
Listen to the lion roar,
Listen to the lion R-O-A-R!
Hear the leopard cry for gore,
Willy willy willy wah hoo!
Hail the bloody Indian band,
Hail, all hail the popcorn stand,
Hail to Barnum's picture there,
People's idol everywhere,
Whoop, whoop, whoop, whoop!
Music of the mob am I,
Circus day's tremendous cry:—
I am the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope!
Hoot toot, hoot toot, hoot toot, hoot toot,
Willy willy willy wah hoo!
Sizz, fizz . . .

Born of mobs, born of steam,
Listen to my golden dream,

Listen to my golden dream,
Listen to my G-O-L-D-E-N D-R-E-A-M!
Whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop!
I will blow the proud folk low,
Humanize the dour and slow,
I will shake the proud folk down,
(Listen to the lion roar!)
Popcorn crowds shall rule the town—
Willy willy willy wah hoo!
Steam shall work melodiously,
Brotherhood increase.
You'll see the world and all it holds
For fifty cents apiece.
Willy willy willy wah hoo!
Every day a circus day.
What?

Well, almost every day.
Nevermore the sweater's den,
Nevermore the prison pen.
Gone the war on land and sea
That aforesaid troubled men.
Nations all in amity,
Happy in their plumes arrayed
In the long bright street parade.
Bands a-playing every day.

What?
Well, almost every day.
I am the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope!
Willy willy willy wah hoo!
Hoot, toot, hoot, toot,
Whoop whoop whoop whoop,
Willy willy willy wah hoo!
Sizz, fizz . . .

We like the poem by Percy MacKaye
in the October *Forum* more than any-
thing we have ever before seen from
his poetic pen. It is long and we have
to omit several stanzas; but that is
the usual thing in narrative verse.
It moves on swiftly and interestingly and
ends splendidly:

SCHOOL.

By PERCY MACKAYE.

OLD Hezekiah leaned hard on his
hoe
And squinted long at Eben, his
lank son.

The silence shrilled with crickets. Day
was done,
And, row on dusky row,
Tall bean poles ribbed with dark the gold-
bright afterglow.
Eben stood staring; ever, one by one,
The tendrils tops turned ashen as they
flared.

Still Eben stared.

O, there is wonder on New Hampshire
hills,
Hoing the warm, bright furrows of
brown earth;
And there is grandeur in the stone wall's
birth;
And in the sweat that spills
From rugged toil its sweetness; yet for
wild young wills
There is no dew of wonder, but stark
death,
In one old man who hoes his long bean
rows.

And only hoes.

Old Hezekiah turned slow on his heel.
He touched his son. Thro' all the cark-
ing day
There are so many littlish cares to weigh
(Continued on page 456.)

Finance and Industry

THE PROBLEM OF BILL-BOARD ADVERTIZING

THE American bill-board is a failure. We have been told that by many reformers. The late Mayor Gaynor's bill-board commission declared that "the public has as much right to have its eyes protected from the sight of ugly sign-boards as its ears from unbearable din or its nose from foul odor." The Brooklyn Eagle even calls upon the Boards of Health to deal with the "nuisance." "That board," declares the Eagle editorially, "should protect the eyes at night from the barbaric glare of the colored lights which make up so many of the electric signs. In the meantime there are people who make their own protest by refusing to buy the things they see proclaimed by offensive bill-boards." The number of these, the Eagle admits, is a trifle small for reform purposes. The American bill-board, commercially, one must admit, is in a healthy and flourishing condition. Had the efforts of associations of civic and municipal and landscape art been of avail, surely the bill-boards would have been a relic of the past before this. But that a revolution in the style of bill-board advertizing is impending now seems certain. For the advertizing specialists themselves are becoming the sternest critics of the American bill-board. They are awake to its ugliness, its waste of effort, its lack of a direct and simple appeal. Quality is needed as well as quantity. In *System*, writing on "What Makes Advertizing Pull?" W. C. Holman advocates simplicity and a direct appeal. The lawyer who wrote the sign: "Stop! Look! Listen! Railroad Crossing," he claims, had the secret of outdoor advertizing.



MINIATURE POSTERS

The new German advertizing stamps are nothing else than posters in color and design.

Advertizing Artists in Germany.

IN *The Poster* (Chicago) we find an explanation of the aims of the great German advertizing artists, Klinger and Bernhard. Arthur F. Wiener quotes an article of Klinger in which he attempts to harmonize art and advertizing in the true sense. Says Klinger:

"We try not only to find the best interpretation for the work the merchants want us to execute for them, but we add to these every-day productions a certain idealism by trying to satisfy our sense of form and of color-effects. This endeavor to convince the merchant was and still is associated with the severest struggles on our part. That it has cost us unspeakable sacrifices everyone knows who has fought with us and is familiar with the in-



AN AGENT OF PUBLICITY

A stamp like this one is distributed by the million.

ner workings of our art movement. The success of our work will show itself after a slow and difficult evolution. To-day the merchant still comes to us, tells us his wishes, and we must submit only too often to his ideas. Our doubts and desires are ignored and so very frequently our results are unsatisfactory to us. This, however, I do not feel as a source of danger. It is really not a vital issue as compared with the importance of the whole movement. We must try to advance steadily in our art work, always to forge ahead, striving for something better doing our duty, even if once in a while a creation of ours does not come up to the standard. In time the merchants will realize where we are right, as we have learned to recognize that the merchant was justified when he suppressed our overzealousness to show our art and our too esthetic ambitions."

The Bill-board "To Be Seen, Not Read."

INTERPRETING the new German advertizing artists, Mr. Wiener claims that the poster, to advertize and convince, ought to leave as much as possible to the imagination. He explains:



AMERICAN VARIATION

This is one of the first American advertizing stamps.

"What good does it do for a man to embody in his poster, as an attribute of his product, 'The Best in the World,' if his neighbor calls him 'The Leader of the World'? A prospective purchaser is not caught by superlatives. They are meaningless to most of them. For persuasive copy the advertizer has other media than the poster—the newspaper, the magazine, and all his business literature, such as folders and catalogs. To use the poster for such purposes is to ignore its first principles. If the design is snappy, if the coloring puts atmosphere on the sheet, these will speak much more loudly and impressively to the prospective buyer than all the words, clever as they may be. This is one of the ideas which we have carefully tested and to which we strictly adhere, because we have found that we are correct in our conclusions. We even believe that this fact is one of the reasons why our way of creating posters is making headway, and finds more and more recognition all over the world. Type and design should always form one complete whole. How can this be so if the advertizer wants a long story of fifty or more words, telling all that his design ought really to display? 'A poster ought to be seen and not read' is one formula which governs the modern German poster artist."



ART

This illustrates the German position for originality in small things.



These great artists come to your home Christmas with the Victrola

You can search the whole world over and not find another gift that will bring so much pleasure to every member of the family.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate to you the wonderful Victor-Victrola.

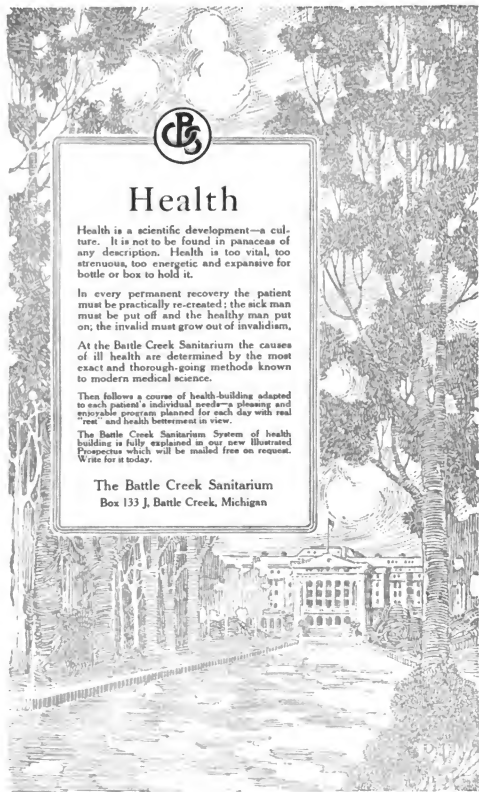
Victors \$10 to \$100. Victrolas \$15 to \$200.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.



New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month



Health

Health is a scientific development—a culture. It is not to be found in panaceas of any description. Health is too vital, too strenuous, too energetic and expansive for bottle or box to hold it.

In every permanent recovery the patient must be practically re-created; the sick man must be put off and the healthy man put on; the invalid must grow out of invalidism.

At the Battle Creek Sanitarium the causes of ill health are determined by the most exact and thorough-going methods known to modern medical science.

Then follows a course of health-building adapted to each patient's individual needs—a pleasing and enjoyable program planned for each day with real "rest" and health betterment in view.

The Battle Creek Sanitarium System of health building is fully explained in our new Illustrated Prospectus which will be mailed free on request. Write for it today.

The Battle Creek Sanitarium
Box 133 J, Battle Creek, Michigan

The Stamp as an Ad-
vertizing Medium.

IF THE Germans are taking the lead in successful bill-board advertizing, they have not overlooked the possibilities of the stamp as a medium. Their Reclame-Marken, or advertizing stamps, have had an enormous success, and have developed in such an artistic and interesting fashion that they are collected by connoisseurs. They were originally designed to serve the very ordinary purpose of advertizing plumbers' supplies. The first stamp was without artistic quality. Henry T. Parker tells us in the *Boston Transcript*—merely a chance advertizing device that the firm stuck on its bill-heads and used to seal its letters and packets. "Quickly came the discovery that these stamps were a novel and interesting form of advertizing that caught the public fancy and gave the firm that used them a touch of distinction." Mr. Parker traces the development of the advertizing stamp as follows:

"If a firm could use Reclame-Marken so to advertize its wares, why should not the management of exhibitions, which are always epidemic in Germany, use them to make known their shows? To see the opportunity was to seize it. The Nurembergers, for example, were preparing an 'International Dog Show.' Or Munich was about to open a summer show of the products of Bavarian industry."

Then began the evolution of the stamps, first as something to be collected and next as something to be made as artistic as possible. If Reclame-Marken were to herald the Munich exhibition to Germany and to the world, it was necessary that all Munich should buy them and stick them on its letters and bill-heads and parcels.

"Hitherto, the Reclame-Marken had reposed in the desks of mailing-clerks in private offices. Now they were distributed through all the stationers' and booksellers' shops to catch the public eye, to be sold singly or in sheets, and to be used, as circulars and paragraphs in the newspapers prompted, as propaganda for town and show! Cities without exhibitions could use them to proclaim their 'permanent attractions' and loyal Rambergers, for example, were invited to purchase little rectangles that showed their minster and hinted at its connection with the old legends of the cruel emperor Henry and his pious spouse Kunigund. . . .

"The posters ran in feet; the Reclame-Marken go in inches and half-inches. The 'artistic' poster relied on broad effects, the artistic Reclame-Marken seeks effects that tell because they are so sharp and fine and delicate. Collecting posters was costly and cumbersome. Collecting Reclame-Marken is inexpensive and amusing. No wonder that the Germans believe that the Marken and the collecting of them will go round the civilized world. In less than two years they have traversed and engrossed all Germany, and the end is by no means yet. Wait, the Germans say, till the Americans discover them—in business and for collecting, both!"

WHITING-ADAMS
CELEBRATED
BRUSHES

Always Suit—Never Fail

JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO., 609 to 710 Harrison Avenue, Boston, U. S. A.

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS FOR OVER 100 YEARS

Over 10,000 Kinds
and Sizes of
WHITING-ADAMS

Paint, Varnish, Artist, Hair,
Toilet, Shaving, Household,
and other Brushes made.

ONE WHOLE CITY BLOCK

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK
FOR 1914

IN spite of clouds appearing on the commercial horizon, captains of industry, on the whole, seem to have no fear that the ship of prosperity will be wrecked in 1914. At this time last year, remarks the editor of *The World's Work*, in the introduction to a symposium on the business outlook for the ensuing year, the panic superstition was alive. The "liquidation of labor," the reduction in railroad dividends, the Balkan War, Mexico, the Tariff, the currency, were, enumerated as influences against prosperity. And yet we have had a good year. In some activities it has been a phenomenal year. This year we are once again troubled by rumors of depression, but the authorities consulted by the writer sound an optimistic note in their forecasts. Times are normal. We have neither "boom" nor depression. There is not much reason, thinks George M. Reynolds, President of the Continental and Commercial National Bank, Chicago, to fear further heavy draughts upon our gold from abroad. The trend of the foreign exchange markets is toward the point where gold importations are possible. There has been great deterioration of crops, but most comparisons are being made with the harvest of 1912 which was, in nearly everything except cotton, the largest in the history of the country. In the principal crops this year's promise of 2,351,000,000 bushels of corn, 1,066,000 bushels of oats, and 12,500,000 bales of cotton is really only scant as to corn, and the record-breaking returns of that cereal in 1912 assured a generous carry-over. Wheat is establishing a new high point at 754,000,000 bushels, and as this cereal and cotton make up the great total of our exports of farm products, our foreign trade balance will be materially enhanced by the money value of wheat and cotton sold abroad.

No Need for Acute
Pessimism.

THE marketing of our crops and the return flow of merchandise to agricultural states, Mr. Reynolds goes on to say, coupled with other freight, ought to afford enough tonnage to warrant the railroads in employing the average number of men and in making normal outlays for maintenance and equipment.

"There are, of course, sharp differences of opinion regarding the ultimate effect of the tariff bill, but all agree that merchants, jobbers, and manufacturers have postponed operations so far as possible, awaiting the time when they might know what articles may be imported free and what duties will be



Waltham Automobile Timepieces

Details

Timepieces of chronometer construction similar to jewelers' chronometer and to the marine chronometer purchased from us by the navy.

Adjusted for temperature, neither heat nor cold will affect its running quality.

8-day movement with an indicator on the dial which shows a red warning signal three days before the timepiece runs down.

Can be had either alone or in combination with standard speedometers.

Choice is offered of a raised dial or dial flush with the dash.

Most desirable model costs \$25.

For the first time you can get an automobile timepiece designed especially for automobiles. This instrument is a summary of Waltham mechanical resources and skill, and in spite of hard road work it will render orthodox Waltham accuracy. In fact it will run so accurately that you can regulate your pocket watch and house clocks from it.

Now that you can get a timepiece which in accuracy and beauty of appearance corresponds with the other fittings of your car, we believe that you will be quick to do so.

If you have any difficulty obtaining this Waltham Timepiece, please let us know.

Waltham Watch Company
Waltham, Mass.
Manufacturers of the famous Waltham "Riviera" Watches

POEMS AND SONGS WANTED FOR PUBLICATION

We will compose music to your verses, publish, advertise, copyright in your name and pay you 50 per cent. of profits, if successful. We pay hundreds of dollars a year to amateur writers. Send us your poems or melodies to-day. Acceptance guaranteed if available. Examination and advice FREE.

REUBEN CO., 236 Dupont Building, Washington, D. C.

Sell Your Ideas

MOTION
PICTURE
PLAYS

Our free illustrated book gives full details. Good plots sell from \$25 to \$100 each. No literary experience necessary. Fascinating work. We will show you how. Send now for free book.

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collected on others. This has resulted in
empty shelves, and the accumulation of
orders must be very considerable. A
gap has been created that must sooner
or later be filled. This will be done
in part through importations, but a very
large share of the orders will be placed
at home. This means that factories
must be operated, and here again there
will be employment for labor.

"Much depends upon the reform of
our banking and currency laws. The
proposed measure aims at some of the
worst defects of our present system; and
tho the plan offered by the Adminis-
tration has some serious faults, there are
hopes that it will be so amended as to
make it workable. . . .

"All things considered, what is ordi-
narily termed a 'boom' is no more to be
expected than desired during the next
few months; but with the tariff settled,
and given an adequate banking and cur-
rency law, there is no reason why every
man who goes about his affairs with that
combination of conservatism, sagacity,
determination and energy that is charac-
teristic of Americans should not con-
tinue to transact a normal volume of
business. The normal requirements of
upward of ninety millions of our own
people, coupled with what we can com-
mand of the trade of the world, ought to
prevent acute pessimism."

Prophets of Pros-
perity.

ANOTHER contributor to the sym-
posium of the *World's Work*, W.
W. Finley, of the Southern Rail-
way Company, declares that, taking
into account the increased acreage, it
is not improbable that this year's South
Eastern corn crop will exceed all pre-
vious records. Henry Wallace, of
Wallace's Farmer seems to be little
put out by the diminished harvests.
For, as he cheerfully remarks, the con-
sumer rather than the farmer will suffer
the loss of short crops. "Alto-
gether," he continues, "I look for mod-
erate business, sanely conducted; a
slight lowering in the cost of cloth-
ing; no increase in the rate of wages;
and a cessation of speculation." E. C.
Simmons, Chairman of the Board of
Directors of the Simmons Hardware
Company, basing his opinion on weekly
reports from five hundred traveling
men and official sources of information,
is decidedly optimistic. I do not be-
lieve, he remarks, that the public real-
izes how favorable business conditions
are, when you come to sum them up
carefully.

"I have not yet met one intelligent
merchant who has not said that *his* busi-
ness was good. And I believe business
is going to be very good for the next
six months, and that it will get better
every month.

"This, however, is in a certain sense
a 'waiting' period. The masses of the
people have been waiting upon three
things: The passage of the tariff bill, a

settlement of the currency legislation, and the adjustment of the troubles in Mexico.

"As these three 'waiting problems' are cleared away, it is my judgment that business will take on new life, new force, and activity to a degree that perhaps will cause some people to believe that it is a small 'boomlet' or forerunner of a 'boom'—but that I do not anticipate."

The Doubtful Temper of Business.

THE temper of business, as ascertained by the New York Times *Analyst*, with special reference to the new tariff, is not entirely in accordance with the cheerful views expressed by Mr. Simmons. For several months the enactment of the tariff bill, substantially as it is, was a thing foreseen. Some degree of preparedness on the part of business was to be assumed. It is not as if the event had been in doubt and men had not been able to plan ahead. And yet, remarks the editor of that brilliant financial journal, in all discussions of effects, uncertainty predominates. Clearly, it is not a matter of mere arithmetic.

"There are many factors to be considered. The extent of foreign competition over the lower tariff barrier will be governed by conditions existing in competitor companies. If, thro the operation of other causes, depression should appear in the affected industries, much might be blamed on the tariff which had been bound to happen in any event. That would not be a new experience. For instance, in the steel industry prices already have been falling, owing to a potential production greater than the demand. From the highest prices of this year steel products have declined \$2 and \$3 per ton. The demand had not yet appeared, and a further decline might have been necessary in any event; but now, steel people are saying, a further decline of \$2 or \$3 is inevitable, and its being so may be either a coincidence or an effect of the tariff changes, or both."

The replies to the inquiries of the *Analyst* disclose less anxiety than disagreement and uncertainty. "We do not expect a very good business in 1914," frankly replies A. F. Huston, President of the Lukens Iron and Steel Company. Irving T. Bush, President of the Bush Terminal, on the other hand, has no fears except for unforeseen international complications or unwise interference with business on the part of Congress. William M. Wood, President of the American Woolen Company, a militant opponent of tariff for revenue only, fears a European trade invasion. He nevertheless insists that no part of the great American market will be surrendered to foreign manufacturers without resolute and determined effort to retain it. Charles R. Whelan, President of the United



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Cigar Stores, thinks business will decline. C. O. Bartlett, engineer, and Charles Hulburd, President of the National Watch Company, both expect a decrease of wages in their respective industries. Mr. Ford, of the Ford Motor Company, declines to play the part of prophet. Others have no hesitation to express themselves as pleased with the outlook.

• Hobble-Skirts of Prosperity.

NEVER before in the history of the country, exclaimed Judge Gary in a speech before the American Iron and Steel Institute, has the opportunity for commercial progress and success been as great as it is to-day. He quotes statistics of national wealth, national railroads, average incomes, etc., and comes to the conclusion that the people of this country have a decided advantage over the people of every other country, if we do not force prosperity to walk in a hobble-skirt. There is, he claims, too much demagoguery and too much mud-slinging. "Capital, always timid, has been seriously affected by this unreasonable and uncalled-for agitation and attack. Indeed, it is becoming frightened. Confidence has been shaken. It is becoming almost impossible," Judge Gary goes on to say, "to secure, on fair terms, on good security, and at a reasonable rate of interest, the necessary capital to equip or liberally maintain going and successful properties, to say nothing of the additions and extensions which the interests of this great and growing country demand."

"The stability of business, which is essential to its proper and reasonable growth and success, has been interfered with. Our great and growing population can use our products; it needs food and clothes and material to build; and it is willing and anxious to buy them. It is in need of railroads and ships with the best equipment to carry these products from one point to another, and it is willing to pay fair rates for the service. Laborers are willing to work at a reasonable wage, and employers are anxious to furnish work and to pay liberal compensation. The carrying companies are desirous of providing necessary facilities for adequate transportation. Producers in all departments of industry wish to satisfy the demands for their products at fair prices, and to that end they would make the necessary increases in capacity. And those who are able are quite ready to furnish the necessary capital provided they can be certain of protection against loss or risk.

"In short, gentlemen, this country, though hesitating, is eager to do business. The volume of business at this time, although large because the country is so vast, is not half so great as it ought to be or as it could be. It is high time for all of us to wake up to a realization of the

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Sugar beets are money getters. They produce a heavy tonnage here, with high sugar content, and the premiums paid increase the profit.

Chicken raising and dairying pay well, and you will understand why when you see the prices Arizona miners pay for butter, eggs and poultry.

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This is a valley of homes, with schools and churches. Land with water rights cost about \$200 an acre, but you will agree such land is worth it.

If you want to know more about the "Salt River Valley" write for our new Arizona folder. I'll be glad to answer specific questions, also tell you about the Housekeepers' Excursions, the first and third Tuesday of each month.

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fact that we are in competition with other countries, which, by every means in their power, are striving for supremacy; that it is not difficult for us, by good management, to reach the greatest measure of success in competition with other nations of the world, and yet that it is just as easy to fail if our vision is narrow or if we act without due regard to the results."

WAGING WAR ON THE HIGH COST OF BEEF

SINCE the beginning of 1907, the number of beef cattle in the United States has decreased from fifty-one millions to thirty millions, and the number of sheep from fifty-three to fifty-one millions. In the same period, remarks Honoré Willis in *Harper's Weekly*, the population has increased by ten millions. The great ranches of the West are abandoning cattle-raising. Cattle-ranches are giving place to farms. "What shall we eat?" panic-stricken housekeepers ask. Most of the efforts of the people who have seen the menace of a beef famine have been toward inducing the farmer to return to cattle-raising. This is fundamentally a good policy; but, Mrs. Willis goes on to say, Dr. Alsberg, the successor of Dr. Wiley as head of the Bureau of Chemistry, views the problem from another angle. "Why always beef?" Dr. Alsberg questions. "Is there no other food, easy to obtain, as valuable as a food? Why not fish?" Every pound of fish taken from the sea relieves the land of producing a corresponding amount of beef. This releases so many more acres for the production of grain and fruit. Every pound of food produced on land, as Dr. Alsberg points out, uses up some of our soil fertility. Sea food is a net gain to the land and, in addition, it furnishes fertilizer to the land, directly enriching the soil. Ages ago China reached the point where her crowded people could no longer support themselves and any great number of animals. But there is no crowding in the deep. There is no expense in raising fish. Dr. Alsberg's immediate effort will be not only to increase the popularity of fish already used for food, but at the same time to overcome our national prejudice against certain fish that are plentiful and in many cases are used freely by other countries. We rashly put the ban on many fish because they offend our esthetic sense!

"Fish for Beef."

FISH for Beef—this is the battle-cry raised by Dr. Alsberg in the fight against the high cost of living. Just why Americans eat the oyster and spurn the sea mussel, is a

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riddle to Mrs. Willsie. In Europe, she goes on to say, the sea mussel is eaten in huge quantities.

"It is quite as pleasant in appearance as the oyster and it should take no more courage to eat the first mussel than the first oyster. Dr. Alsberg wants America to begin to eat the sea mussel and is planning a campaign to increase its popularity as well as that of several other fish.

"Take the dogfish for example. It belongs to the shark family and its favorite diet is lobster. The dogfish is probably so called because it in no way resembles a dog. It is extremely ugly, but its general features, particularly in profile, are not nearly so depressing as is the sole, one of our favorite delicacies. Nature struck a very fair balance between the lobster and the dogfish, its arch enemy. A female lobster will produce 15,000 eggs while the dogfish produces from four to twelve young. But nature did not count on man. Dogfish and man on our Atlantic coast are so enormously destructive of the lobster that the latter is threatened with extinction, unless—man can be persuaded to eat the dogfish! The flesh of the dogfish is very sweet and delicate and it will cut in steaks like the cod. The dogfish should be used as a direct food, but it so abounds on our coasts that it should be used as a fertilizer also. The oil from its liver is quite as good as that from the cod.

"The swordfish looks vicious and he is notable among sea folk as a stabber of whales. But his flesh is peculiarly tender and well flavored and is eaten in Mediterranean countries. One finds a few of them in our great coast markets where our South Europeans demand them.

"We may be forgiven for disliking the personal appearance of the skate, though he utterly lacks the varied ugliness of our favorite, the lobster. The skate goes against all our preconceived ideas of fish symmetry. He has a triangular figure and a mouth on the under side of his body. But his big pectoral fins are such good eating that great quantities of the skate are sold in England and France and Italy. We are beginning to have him in our New York markets now where the Italians demand them. He grows abundantly on our coasts."

The squid is a soul-terrifying animal, Mrs. Willsie continues, but nevertheless it furnishes a toothsome and nutritious food. The same is true of many dwellers of the sea now banished from our menu.

Rehabilitating the Oyster

THO there be many fish in the aquarium of the deep, the oyster is queen of them all. A quart of oysters, Mrs. Willsie reminds us, contains about the same food value as a quart of milk or as three-quarters of a pound of beef. As regards the relative values of sea foods and meat, the only considerable difference is in fat,

where meat has the advantage. They are equally digestible.

"The wide-spread and growing fear that the oyster is a source of disease and is not a safe food is undoubtedly one of the many factors that adds to the high cost of living. Oysters should be plentiful, cheap and much eaten. Public opinion to the contrary, the great bulk of oysters sold are wholesome. The number of beds where pollution is even possible is relatively small.

"The Department of Agriculture wants to stimulate the production of oysters and is planning a special oyster campaign. Thousands of acres of shallow waters are available all along our sea-boards for oyster beds and the oyster-producing possibilities of the gulf states have scarcely been touched.

"The oyster grower of the shallow reaches of the sea," says Dr. Alsberg, "is as much a producer of wealth as the breaker of new prairie land. But need for developing the new beds will come only when the present distrust of the oyster is overcome and it is restored to the confidence its food value warrants."

"The Department is planning to deal with the oyster situation in a new and constructive way. This policy differs widely from the old one under which shippers of inferior oysters were punished, but nothing was done to help producers keep oysters wholesome. Uncle Sam is about to begin a systematic, sanitary study of the entire question of oyster production. The first thing will be to learn what beds from Cape Cod to Texas are polluted. These will probably prove to be few. The Department will then control interstate shipments from these beds and this publicity will prevent local sales.

"The second step will be to see that the oysters from wholesome beds are handled in a sanitary manner. These two steps should go far toward restoring public confidence in the oyster. The industry will increase and its share toward making up for our beef loss."

The Billion-Dollar Hen
Flies to the Rescue of
the American House-
hold.

ASIDE from the oyster, the hen is the sign by which the American people may be able to conquer the beef famine. The little American hen, as a writer in the *Atlanta Constitution* remarks, is now in the same class with the billion-dollar congress and the billion-dollar cotton crop. W. R. F. Priebe, of the National Poultry, Butter and Egg Association, is the authority for the statement that eggs to that amount are sold annually in America. This does not include the great loss of eggs by breakage in transit. Three years ago the Philadelphia *North American*, realizing the importance of the domestic fowl in the problem that confronts every American household, instituted an annual International Egg-Laying Competition. In the first two

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Car Spaces

years an Englishman, Tom Barron, carried off the prize. This young man has succeeded in breeding a hen that lays from 250 to 283 eggs a year. These figures, remarks a writer in that enterprising Philadelphia daily, may not be impressive to the uninformed. Their significance is seen when we note that the average production of all the hens in the United States is hardly more than 80 eggs a year.

"Now, there are approximately 300,000,000 laying fowl in the country, their yearly product aggregating 2,000,000,000 dozen eggs. If, by the adoption of scientific principles, the average annual production were increased only to eggs, it would add \$40,000,000 yearly to the country's wealth. If the average could be lifted to 120—half the figure Barron easily reaches—the yearly increase would be worth \$160,000,000.

"There was nothing haphazard about Barron's work. Jamie Watt could evolve the steam-engine from watching his mother's tea-kettle; but the day of accidental inventions is long past. Edison works eighteen hours a day. Modern discoveries do not result from chance; they come from the laboratories of tireless experts.

"The Lancashire shoemaker succeeded in his new venture by infinite patience, minute observation and scientific application of the principles of hybridization and heredity discovered by Mendel, an Austrian monk, in 1865, but neglected until long after his death. By these methods the 283-egg hen and the other marvels of production were evolved. . . .

"The world sometimes selects strange objects for its veneration. It looks with awe upon men who have piled up huge fortunes at public expense and dole them back in ostentatious alms, millions at a time; as tho successful acquisitiveness were something admirable. A more discriminating age would see far greater benefit to the race in Tom Barron's improved strain of fowls than in the benefactions of a Rockefeller or a Carnegie."

HOW THE REVOLUTION AFFECTS BUSINESS IN MEXICO

FOR nearly three years the republic of Mexico has been torn by internal conflicts. One would imagine that business life in that distracted country had come to an absolute standstill. This, however, is by no means the case. An inquiry into the subject made by the National Association of Manufacturers from its two hundred and fifty-seven correspondents in Mexico discloses the fact that while, in regions directly under the control of armed rebel bands, business is almost paralyzed, there are other regions where business is more flourishing than ever. The chief troubles, according to William M. Benney and Vicente Gonzales in *American Industries*, are in the northern states on the frontiers of the

United States, where organized opposition to the Government is most easily maintained on account of the distances from the capital, lack of transportation facilities, the comparative ease with which guerilla forces may maintain themselves, and opportunities for keeping in touch with sympathizers outside the country. If Uncle Sam should recognize these rebel states as belligerents, the plight of the Mexican Government would be serious indeed. The Central and South Pacific states appear to have suffered much less in a business way than those of the north, except in the capital city itself, which, being the financial center of the country, is necessarily more sensitive than any other center to business disturbances in any one quarter. The gulf states and particularly Yucatan report business good and in some cases excellent. These conditions, we are told, arise from two causes, one through the development of valuable natural resources, such as the oil wells of Tamaulipas and Vera Cruz and the export of sisal hemp from Yucatan, coupled with the fact that on account of the interruption of communications on the northern frontier a larger proportion of the imports and exports of Mexico have found their way into and out of the country through the ports on the gulf.

Even Revolutionists
Must Eat.

EVIDENTLY political disturbances do not interfere with processes of digestion. Even in the throes of rebellion a country must be clothed and fed. If we glance at the statistics of the export and import trade of Mexico, as found in the official reports of both governments, we find that our imports from Mexico in the year ended June 30th, 1913, were larger than in any preceding year, while our exports to that country were larger last year than in the preceding year, altho considerably below those of two or three previous years. As might be expected from the proximity of the two countries, the writer goes to say, the United States is Mexico's greatest customer, taking about three-quarters of her exports and sending to Mexico over half of the goods which she imports. To quote:

"Glancing at the official statistics of Mexico, which come down to May, 1913, we find that the total imports from all countries in the eleven months ending with May, 1913, amounted to over \$178,000,000, Mexican money, a gain of over \$8,000,000 over the previous year; while the exports for the same period to all countries amounted to over \$278,000,000, Mexican, a gain of \$2,526,000 over the previous year.

"Those figures indicate that the great bulk of the people of Mexico, with their vast territory, rich natural resources, the

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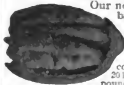
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comparative commercial and industrial independence of the various sections of the country, coupled with the fact that organized rebellion is chiefly confined to one comparatively remote and sparsely settled section of the country, continue to clothe themselves and eat, buy and sell, sow and reap, very much as in normal times, being stimulated or depressed in these operations according to their proximity to organized or disorganized disturbances.

"Leaving out any consideration of the patriotism, or lack of it, of the country's leaders, the consensus of opinions on the part of the correspondents reporting is that if the Mexican Government can secure the necessary financial assistance, it will only be a matter of a comparatively short time before by far the greater part of the country will be quieted and, in some parts naturally more rapidly than in others, resume its normal business course. But upon the matter of the finances of the Government hinges also the course of the foreign trade of the country. If the gold resources do not permit—as they do not at present—of the Government maintaining the Mexican peso at its former exchange value, the Mexican merchant is to that extent hampered in making his purchases from abroad, which must be paid for in gold or its equivalent. He may recoup himself wholly or in part at home as he is doing by raising prices, but raising prices tends to curtail trade."

TANGLES AND SNARLS OF THE INCOME TAX

CONFUSION follows in the wake of the income tax. Bankers are puzzled by its provisions and assert that they can get little light from Washington. But, the Springfield Republican hopes, the difficulties will be smoothed out with a little experience, and all persons obliged to pay a federal income tax will learn what is required of them. It remarks:

"Those who have always opposed this tax are loudest in their criticism of the enforcement of it. Harsh things are said by enraged folks who object to this, that or the other thing. There are probably 10,000 lawyers in the United States looking for flaws in the text of the law and trying to shoot it full of holes, and some of them have clients rich enough and angry enough to start suits to test the constitutionality or the meaning of various provisions. In so far as these will help to clear certain obscurities unavoidable under the variegated American methods of corporation finance, they are to be welcomed, since lasting precedents must be established by court rulings.

There is no prospect, however, that the law in any important part can be nullified by judicial construction, as was that of 1894. It was framed, on the whole, with intelligence and care, in spite of what its critics say. All of the alleged defects and obscurities in the draft as it passed the House were remedied by the Senate so far as possible. The friends

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of the tax, however, will admit that they are exceedingly glad that, at the beginning of the tax's existence, it does not affect very many people. For political reasons, it was wise not to have the tax reach so many citizens as to endanger its life in an outburst of popular impatience over the imperfections of the early administration of the act."

The income tax, in its present form, insists the *Journal of Commerce*, will clearly inflict hardship and cause double taxation, besides being very difficult and expensive to collect. The system adopted by Congress does not, the writer asserts, follow the example of those foreign countries which have been most successful in such legislation. It seems very likely, in view of this fact, that the expected revenue from the income tax will not be realized. There will be, the same authority goes on to say, the necessity and probability of revision of the act in such a way as to render it easier of application. This, in turn, would mean a renewal of discussion and fresh effort on the part of radicals to incorporate into the measure extreme ideas.

Regulations that Conflict with the Law.

THE Income Tax law, according to many, conflicts with the Constitution. It divides the population into classes which are taxed accordingly, infringes the freedom of contracts and imposes hardships. Aside from these considerations, the rulings of the Treasury Department interpreting its provisions, are said to be in violation of the law itself. This opinion

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is voiced by the *Manufacturers' Record* and is reprinted throughout the land. The Department has issued two primers for the instruction. If, as one paper remarks, you have a bond or two, you will be interested in two or three columns of the primer. If you really want to master the instructions, you will have to read the primer several times. But how can an ordinary citizen be expected to understand the complex provisions of the law when the great trust companies, the lawyers and the bankers, are in a quandary? "The

regulations of the Treasury Department for the collection at the source from the interest on bonds, instead of clarifying the situation," the manufacturers' organ asserts, "have only made it more obscure and have emphasized the importance either of amending immediately the law so as to bring it within the domains of the Constitution and common sense, or of hastening steps for the review of the law by the Supreme Court." One paragraph of the primer, we are told, provides essentially for a direct violation in cer-

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Drugs never have cured disease, never can and never will cure. **No foods sold.** Body rebuilt and purified by a suitable diet, free from irritating and indigestible materials.

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An excess of starchy and fatty combinations of foods makes you sluggish; it will give you dull, splitting headaches, lack of memory and concentration, drowsiness and inertia. A complete change to "digestible" brainy foods (suitable meat, game, fish and dairy foods, combined with suitable vegetables and fruits according to the new brainy diet plan) will produce the most marked improvements in a few weeks.

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Another patient, deaf in the right ear, owing to a discharge caused by an excess of mucus-making foods (cream, butter, cheese, etc.), was completely cured of deafness and earache by taking correct combinations of suitable foods.

A case of kidney and bladder trouble of ten years' standing was saved from a surgical operation, and the objectionable discharge cured within ten days, because the loss of control was due entirely to the constant irritation from certain irritating foods and drinks.

A chronic sufferer, weighing 415 pounds, reduced over 150 pounds (in public life, under many witnesses), gaining strength and firmer flesh, and losing rheumatism.

IMPORTANT—Long Personal Experience, Individualized Advice—During fifteen years of personal experiments, I have learned to produce in myself the symptoms of various diseases, each by eating certain wrong foods for a few days or weeks. They are: Rheumatism, catarrh, sore throat, constipation, double chin, swollen glands, kidney troubles, shortness of breath, rough, scaly skin, dandruff, sores, boils, pimples, rash. **AND I CAN RESTORE NORMAL HEALTH IN A FEW DAYS BY CORRECT FOODS.**

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tain circumstances of an unmistakable provision of the law. The *Record* goes on to show that the Treasury Department regulations have made insufficient provisions to enable the holder of bonds to claim his full exemption from the operation of collection of the tax at the source. Another impossibility insisted upon by the Treasury Department is the declaration ahead of the end of the year of what one's net income will be, in order to get the benefit of the exemption from deduction at the source. The writer in the *Manufacturers' Record* says on this point:

"How is it possible for the bondholder to swear or affirm on January 1, 1914, that his gross income for the calendar year 1914 is \$3,200 and his net income

\$2,800 and thus be in a position to claim exemption and to obtain his full interest from his debtor? He cannot swear that he has a certain income until he has it or that he has a claim to deductions on account of taxes, until he has paid the taxes. Yet unless he performs such an impossible feat he can hardly claim safely exemption and his debtor corporation will be compelled under the regulations of the Treasury Department to pay him less interest on his bond than it contracted to pay when the bond was executed."

Yet, according to the authorities, the rulings of the Treasury Department have the same binding effect legally that the law itself has, and the taxpayer is thus left in an impossible situation.

The Troubles of Bondholders.

STOCKHOLDERS, it seems, are safe, individually, from the income tax, whereas bondholders must pay their toll to the government. In the last analysis, however, it will be the stockholders who are hit most. Each corporation will have to pay a tax on its net income. Therefore, the stockholders, collectively, will have to pay the tax from which they are safe individually. In addition to that the tax which should be paid by the bondholders will, in most cases, be borne by the company. In other words, it will be paid out of the dividends of the stockholders. "In the end, after a year's experience with these provisions of the law," remark Hambleton and Company, in their weekly letter, as quoted in the *Wall Street Journal*, "it would not surprise us if every corporation having a bonded indebtedness would annually pay directly to the Government a tax equivalent to 1 percent of the amount of interest paid by it on its debt, and at the same time pay to the holders of such coupons or the registered holders of such bonds the full face value of interest called for by them."

"We anticipate this for the reason that unquestionably some corporations will, as a matter of policy, in order to maintain the stability of their securities and the good will of the holders thereof, pay this tax direct to the Government and also pay all interest charges in full and cash all coupons at face value no matter how presented. With a few corporations adopting this procedure, it would be only

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a question of time when other corporations would realize that they were working great harm to the marketability of their 'paper' by discounting its interest return for the income tax, when the practice was not universal.

"Investors would be quick to appreciate the fact that by buying a certain designated bond or class of bonds they would save 1 per cent. a year upon such income without being put to the annoyance and delay of having it taken from them and then forced to comply with a great deal of red tape in order to obtain the refund. The result of this would be the sale or exchange of volumes of bonds and a consequent decline in the price of the 'paper' of those corporations who did not see their way clear to pay the interest, without deduction, in the same measure as others."

On November 1, pay-day in Wall Street for many coupons, banks and corporations found themselves hopelessly entangled, according to the *New York Sun* and the *Wall Street Journal*. Banks refused to cash coupons except when acting as paying agents. One trust company was threatened with suit because it withheld payment on coupons upon the refusal of the owner to make out the certificates of ownership which the Treasury Department requires. The majority of coupons were not paid owing to the uncertainty of regulations. "The working of the law," remarks the chief officer of a leading trust company in *The Sun*, "has shown that we must have a lawyer to give his opinion on almost every presentation of coupons we received. I predict that a law so intricate as this cannot stand rubbing with the public and has to be simplified most decidedly or else fail. It is impossible as it is."

APPLIED LOGIC.

An onlooker shook his head as he watched a steam shovel bite off earth by the ton. He said: "It throws men out of work; it loads those cars faster than a hundred men with picks and shovels could do it."

But another onlooker answered:

"See here, mister, if it would be better to employ a hundred men with picks and shovels on this job, wouldn't it be better still, by your way of thinking, to employ a thousand men with forks and table-spoons?"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

INTEREST IN ART.

Mabel had gone to the art exhibit. Not that she cared for pictures; but every one went.

A friend saw her and told another friend. Friend Number Two met her a few days later.

"Why, hello, Mabel, I'm awfully glad to see you. I hear you are interested in art."

"Me? Art who?"

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Nature's Method of Purifying The Human System

Did you ever stop and think that everything you possess comes from the Earth? The food you eat, the water you drink; the clothes you wear; the gold in your purse, and the sparkling diamond on your finger are all the generous gifts of the Earth.

Earth not only sustains life but it overcomes disease, restores health and gives life and vigor to the system. Earth is the greatest healing and restoring force of Nature, but its value has been overlooked and has never before been scientifically utilized. The nature of Earth is drawing, healing, absorbing and assimilating. A boy stung by a bee will use clay to stop the pain and draw out the poison. A dog bitten by a rattlesnake will bury itself in a clay bank until the poison is all absorbed.

After years spent in experimenting and testing the various earths, a peculiar blend of earth was found which has a strong natural affinity for the poisons and impurities of the body, and at the same time has great absorbing and assimilating power. *When kept in contact with the body under certain prescribed conditions it draws these insidious poisons from the system and absorbs them. It removes the disease, rebuilds the wasted tissues and restores the health.*

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If you would know more of Mineral Absorption, and learn of the good work which is being done for the relief of human suffering, we will gladly send you our book.

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To Our Subscribers and to Investment Houses

It is our purpose in the Financial Department to give the most conservative, accurate and helpful suggestions relative to investments. We invite our subscribers to apply to us freely for information on this subject. All letters will be carefully answered.

To bond and investment houses we would say that only advertisements from the very best houses will appear in this Department. Read the article on page 458.

Financial Department

Current Opinion, New York

SCHOOL

(Continued from page 439.)

Large natures down, and steel
The heart of understanding. "Son, how
is't ye feel?"

What are ye starin' on—a gal?" A ray
Flushed Eben from the fading after-
glow:

He dropped his hoe.

He dropped his hoe, but sudden stopped
again

And raised it where it fell. Nothing he
spoke,

But bent his knee and—crack! the handle
broke,

Splintering. With glare of pain,
He flung the pieces down, and stamped
upon them; then—

Like one who leaps out naked from his
cloak—

Ran. "Here, come back! Where are ye
bound—you fool?"

He cried—"To school!"

II.

Now on the mountain, morning laughed
with light—

With light and all the future in her face.
For there she looked on many a far-off
place

And wild adventurous sight,
For which the mad young autumn wind
hallooed with might

And dared the roaring mill-brook to the
race,

Where blue-jays screamed beyond the
pine-dart pool—

"To school!—To school!"

Blackcoated, Eben took the barefoot trail,
Holding with wary hand his Sunday
boots:

Harsh catbirds mocked his whistling with
their hoots;

Under his swallowtail,
Against his hip-strap bumping, clinked his
dinner pail;

Frost maples flamed, lone thrushes touched
their lutes;

Gray squirrels bobbed, with tails stiff
curved to backs,

To eye his tracks.

Soon at the lonely crossroads he passed
by

The little one-room schoolhouse. He
peered in.

There stood the bench where he had often
been

Admonished flagrantly
To drone his numbers: now to this he
said good-by

For mightier lure of more romantic
scene:

Good-by to childish rule and homely
chore


Forevermore!

All day he hastened like the flying cloud
Breathless above him, big with dreams,
yet dumb.

With tightened jaw he chewed the tart
spruce gum,

And muttered half aloud
Huge oracles. At last, where thro' the
pine-tops bowed

The sun, it rose!—His heart beat like a
drum.



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It's not made from scraps like ordinary sausage, but from the choicest portions of tender yearling pigs. These pigs are grown on our own farm and are tended with as much care as prize cattle.

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There, there it rose—his tower of prophecy:
The Academy!

III.

They learn to live who learn to contemplate,
For contemplation is the unconfined God who creates us. To the growing mind

Freedom to think is fate,
And all that age and after-knowledge augurate
Lies in a little dream of youth enshrined:
That dream to nourish with the skilful rule

Of love—is school.

Eben, in mystic tumult of his teens,
Stood bursting—like a ripe seed—into soul.

All his life long he had watched the great hills roll

Their shadows, tints and sheens
By sun- and moonrise; yet the bane of hoeing beans,
And round of joyless chores, his father's toll,

Blotted their beauty; nature was as naught:

He had never thought.

IV.

Once more old Hezekiah stayed his hoe
To squint at Eben. Silent, Eben scanned
A little roll of sheepskin in his hand,
While, row on dusky row,
Tall bean poles ribbed with dark the gold-pale afterglow.

The boy looked up: here was another land!
Mountain and farm with mystic beauty flared

Where Eben stared.

Stooping, he lifted with a furtive smile
Two splintered sticks, and spliced them. Nevermore

His spirit would go beastwise to his chore
Blinded, for even while

He stooped to the old task, sudden in the sunset's pile

His radiant Herdsman swung a fiery door,
Thro' which came forth with far-borne trumpeting

Poets and kin—

His fellow conquerors: there Virgil dreamed,
There Caesar fought and won the barbarous tribes,
There Darwin, pensive, bore the ignorant gibes,

And One with thorns redeemed
From malice the wild hearts of men:

there surged and streamed
With chemic fire the crucibles of toil

To save God's soil.

So Eben turned again to hoe his beans,
But now to ballads which his Herdsman sung

Henceforth he hood the dream in with the dung,
And for his ancient spleens
Planting new joys, imagination found him means.

At last old Hezekiah loosed his tongue:
"Well, boy, this school—what has it learned ye to know?"

He said: "To hoe."



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The information bureau conducted in this department is for the benefit of our subscribers. We shall be pleased to answer to the best of our ability any inquiries relative to investments. Write us.

WHEN BONDS ARE BARGAINS

There comes a time about once in five years when bonds are selling far below their intrinsic value. This condition is brought about by the banks and institutions remaining out of the investment field.

The railroads and industrial corporations have new financing to do to take care of expansion of business or to retire maturing issues. The money must be raised and the bonds sold so that if the institutions which usually absorb the bulk of these issues are, for various reasons, not in the market to buy, some other means must be found to sell the securities.

About the only way this can be accomplished is to offer the securities at a very low price so that the income yield will be high enough to attract a small army of individual investors.

This is the case to-day.

A careful study of the investment situation shows that bonds which were selling a few years ago at a price to yield between three and one-half and four per cent. are now selling at a price to yield from four and one-half to five per cent. or more, and bonds which were yielding five per cent. are now selling at a price to yield six per cent. or better.

This is where the investor with surplus money has the opportunity to not only receive a high income return, but also to enjoy an increase in the principal as soon as banks and institutions come into the market again as the large buyers.

As an illustration of the opportunity for enhancement of principal, we will take for example:—Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul General Mortgage 3½%. This bond is legal for savings banks and trust funds in New York State, and during March, 1907, was selling at 92½%, which yielded 3.80%. At that time savings banks and other institutions were large buyers.

How to Invest Under Present Conditions

is disturbing to many of the shrewdest buyers of high-grade securities.

The Income Tax Law

has made it desirable for a great many people to adjust their holdings. We will take pleasure in sending a list of bonds yielding attractive incomes, which are free from the personal tax.

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With this record at hand, certificates of ownership, which under the law must accompany all coupons presented for payment, may be filled out at any convenient time or place without reference to the bonds themselves.

The booklet also contains clear instructions for filling out certificates of ownership and other helpful information regarding the new Income Tax Law.

We shall be glad to send copies of this booklet EB-17 on request, and in every possible way to assist investors in complying with all the complex features of the law.

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To-day this same bond is selling at 82, at which price it yields 4.30%. The intrinsic value of this bond has not been impaired. It is as good now as when it was selling at 92½, but the large purchasers are not buying, and it is safe to assume that the bond will advance to its old price when the banks are once more investing their funds.

Public Utility bonds have been popular with investors during the past few years. The better classes of these companies are showing constantly increasing earnings.

In a great many instances Public Utility bonds show a good margin of earnings over and above interest requirements, and the income yield on the investment is greater than can be obtained from a good Railroad bond.

Nevertheless, great care should be used in selecting securities, as an ill-advised investment, whether purchased in times of depression or in times of prosperity, may result in the investor buying into a receivership and sustaining a considerable loss.

The safest way is to be guided by only reputable banking houses who have their own reputations to maintain.

Some years ago a woman wrote me that she owned a number of different securities and was worried lest some of them might not be good.

She sent me a list of her holdings. She was a wealthy woman and owned several hundred thousand dollars' worth of securities.

I saw that she had a number of bonds of a highly speculative character, which were not a proper investment for a woman. I referred her to a reputable banking house with the advice that she dispose of the speculative bonds and put the proceeds in more staple securities.

The bankers whom she wrote to disposed of her uncertain securities and invested the money in gilt-edged bonds, which are to-day as sound as the day she bought them and pay their interest regularly.

Some of the companies whose securities she originally held have since gone into the hands of a receiver, and would show her if she still owned them to-day not only a loss in income but a substantial loss in principal.

This woman no longer worries about her investments.

Confidence in your banker is as essential as confidence in your physician or your attorney. If you are not an expert in judging the intrinsic value of a security from every standpoint, you must depend upon the advice of a banker in whom you can place your confidence.

A banking house usually maintains a complete statistical department containing information relative to the earnings and progress of all the companies in whose securities they are interested, and data on the majority of all other properties in the country which have an issue of stocks or bonds of any size outstanding.

It sometimes happens that a corporation will endeavor to sell its stock direct to investors instead of having it underwritten by a banking-house and offered by them.

It is difficult under the above conditions for an investor to determine the intrinsic value of the stocks or bonds offered, especially if the company is a new one.

I have had a number of these brought to my attention, where upon investigation I learned the corporation was unable to get a reputable banker to underwrite the issue, as the property would not stand the rigid examination to which it would be subjected by the banking-house.

There are so many unfortunate investors who have purchased stocks or bonds in this manner only to find them of no value when they later try to realize on them.

Of course there are properties which have met with difficulties even after they have passed a thorough examination, but as a rule the endorsement of a reputable banker is a safeguard to the security, as it means that he has made a thorough study of the property before he has used his own money to purchase the securities which he later offers for sale.

The banker acts as a wholesale buyer and then retails the securities in small lots to investors, banks, trust companies and various other institutions throughout the country.

Some time ago a banking house received a letter from a prospective investor asking for fuller description of a bond which the banking house was advertising in a magazine. The additional data was mailed and the investor then called the banking house on the telephone and said that he was an invalid and asked if some one could be sent to see him relative to the bonds.

A salesman called upon him forthwith, and, on being admitted to the man's house was ushered up to his room.

The salesman on entering the room perceived a man of distinguished appearance, with snow-white hair and moustache and a kindly expression. This man had been an invalid confined to his bed for ten years and with no hope of ever leaving it. His mental faculties, however, were keen and alert, and although he had not been able to see from the outside the progress of the country, he had kept up with every little detail.

The salesman explained to his prospective investor every phase of the bond about which he sought information.

He told him the actual physical value of the property, its replacement value, the amount of bonds issued, the equity over and above the mortgage covering the bond issue, the gross earnings of the company, the operating expenses, the interest charges and the surplus remaining after payment of all interest charges and dividends.

The salesman was frank and inspired confidence, the investor was a man of keen perception and was convinced.

The banking house offering the bonds had a good reputation, and the result was a purchase of the bonds was made.

The salesman then told all the latest news of the outside financial world, to which the invalid was a willing listener. When the salesman departed he was impressed with the fine quality and patience of the man he had left and felt he had made a good friend as well as a customer.

The investor realized that the salesman was honest, that he could place his confidence in the banker, and he had additional funds to invest.

The result was that the salesman was sent for many times afterward to give advice and supply his needs as he had additional funds to invest.

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(*) *Quarter-sawed oak costs about two and one-half times as much.*

You will appreciate a copy of the booklet on "Douglas FIR—Its Value to Builders." It is free. Put your name on a postal. Also put on your address. Then mail it. (You'll be glad you did.)

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